

EUSA tackles budget deficit

by Anne McNaught

The EU Students' Association has found itself in the position of having to project a deficit of around £25,000 at the end of this session, and inevitably, the reasons for this, and more importantly, what happens now, are now subjects under great discussion within EUSA.

Considering the situation Senior President John Mannix described how EUSA works in terms of both short- and long-term financial plans. When these are not balanced correctly, he reasoned Association funds will logically be adversely affected.

While a number of gains and losses have been made regarding expenditure, the problem at the moment can in one sense be attributed largely to a lack of bank revenue due to imposition of too great drains on resources, too suddenly.

This being the case the prudence of these recent large

projects must be considered. The 1982/3 session saw the renovation of Chambers Street, at a cost of £100,000. Doubts were expressed as to the timing of the expenditure which could, theoretically, have been made to wait, and the Finance Committee pointed out that it might be best at that stage to concentrate making the cash flow situation more secure. Having previously spent £1 million on Teviot, Potterrow, and the Pleasance however, pressure was obviously on to upgrade what was now described as the "slum of the University", and the renovations went ahead.

A second major expense for EUSA came last year when, due to expansion of the Association, it was decided that two more accountants would have to be employed to cope with the workload. The problem arose, however, that there was, literally, no room for two more members of staff in the offices.

So a way round the required appointments was sought, and the proposal was made that EUSA be computerised, the issue aroused much controversy at the time, but was finally passed, costing approximately £70,000.

Thirdly, two years ago the Association formed a limited company, in order to be able to

"avoid cuts by making money through commercial ventures". It was decided to concentrate on the travel business, partly because of the circumstances surrounding student travel at the time, but also because of the great success of the Bristo Square Travel Centre, where queues were discouraging custom. Premises subsequently had to be bought, but in the light of the novelty of the venture in terms of the market being aimed at, some thought it surprising that two shops were taken on at once.

Permanent Secretary Charles Fishburne explained how applications had been made for premises several times, taking a month to be turned down on each occasion. Two applications were then made simultaneously to save time — one of them for the highly competitive Rose Street shop. EUSA then suddenly found itself in the position of being granted both of the applications, and began the establishment of two commercial enterprises.

The shops were expected to break even in two/three years, with an initial projected deficit of £26,000. That projection has now been increased to £40,000, and it is acknowledged that the Clerk Street branch is not doing as well as expected. An appeal is being made by EUSA against the

planned 79 per cent rent increase which would be a further financial impediment.

The timing of the embarkment of these large projects goes some way to accounting for the present "cash crisis". The accumulation of a deficit of this size is neither a sudden nor new occurrence. In four out of the past five sessions, deficits of £2/3,000-£31,000 have been produced by June. The difference is that this year the Executive have decided that positive direct action must be taken.

Possible ways in which the money might be recouped were considered, and finally the Executive, in consultation with Dr Fishburne produced a paper to be submitted to the Student Unions Associations Committee. The paper outlined a step-by-step reasoned argument whereby it was proposed that £13,701 was justified to be paid to the Association.

The paper was concerned with the move of the Societies Council from Hill Street to the Pleasance in 1981. This change, while mutually beneficial in other ways, had meant the Association became faced with considerable extra recurrent expenses due both to the increase in the size of premises, and the cleaning, heating and lighting costs which

had now, unlike previously at Hill Street, to be met by EUSA.

The paper pointed out that there had been no increase in the Association's grant to compensate for this. Meanwhile in 1983, when KBU and PGSU were, required to pay their own running costs, extra funds were made available.

Furthermore, it was stated that, were the proposal to be rejected, likely outcomes would be, (i) union shop prices would be increased above inflation (ii) grants to student societies reduced and expenditure on Debates eliminated, and (iii) non-replacement of the Education and Welfare adviser for the time being.

The outcome of the meeting, was that the paper was commended but nevertheless rejected. However, the important point to come from the discussion was that negotiations will now take place between the Finance Office and the Executive with a view to achieving some 'groupings' of the ten instalments of the Association grant, thereby avoiding the extensive problem of monthly overdrafts in past years.

If this occurs, and no major projects are begun, for example building of the reprographic centre, Dr Fishburne, and the Executive seem confident that the whole question of cuts may be obviated.

Carter condemns poster rip-off

As the EUSA elections reach their climax, with polling taking place today, President candidate Graeme Carter has condemned the actions of members of his campaign team, who were spotted pulling down Devlin for President posters around George Square on Monday night, by Mike Devlin himself.

According to Devlin, former Senior President Ken Shoji, former Honorary Treasurer Mike Conway, Finance Committee candidate Fraser Dinnis, and another person were seen pulling down his posters, and replacing them with those of Carter. Devlin said he faced those who were removing his posters, and apparently implied that it amounted to a day's electioneering.

Carter said the first he knew of the incidents on Monday night was when Neil Dalgleish told him on Tuesday. Although he had not spoken to those reportedly involved in the incidents with the posters, Carter said anyone in his

campaign taking part in such activities would take no further part in his campaign.

He said, "Some of my posters have been pulled down, but I'm not blaming anyone for that. Mike and I agreed that there would be no dirty campaign tricks, and I'm upset that the campaign has degenerated in this way. I completely and utterly condemn the actions of those who took down Mike's posters."

Devlin said that Carter's condemnation of the poster incidents was fair enough. He said, "I know what's going on among my campaign staff, and Graeme ought to know what's going on among his. Above all it's a shame."

Union President Hilary O'Neill said that there was nothing that could be done regarding election posters being removed. However, she did say that it was disadvantages for any candidate to sanction the removal of an opponent's posters.

Alan Young



Student has been awarded the Student Press Award for 1985 by the Glasgow Herald. Editor Audrey Tinline, along with last term's editor, Iain Cameron (centre) and future editor John Petrie (left) collected the trophy on Tuesday. Student was judged best student newspaper in Scotland after being runner-up last year. Full story page 3.

This week
in

STUDENT

Student Election Guide

With the annual EUSA elections taking place today Student presents its view of the candidates in a pull-out election guide. Read our guide before you vote and make your decision an informed one.



Inside The Tube

This week the features pages begin a two part series on TV music. Keith Cameron begins the series by taking a look behind the scenes at Channel 4's Tube.

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NEWS

Universities successful in private sector

Universities' income from private sources is still growing according to provisional figures for 1984 which show a rise of 35 per cent over the past two years.

The Government has encouraged this trend and Sir Keith Joseph, Secretary of State for Education and Science, believes there is scope for continuing improvement.

But the University Grants Committee, who released the figures, doubts whether levels of private income attained in the United States can be repeated here without radical changes in tax laws.

Mr Iain More, director of Edinburgh University's Development Fund Campaign disagreed, with this and said that the real difference lies in the attitude towards giving. "British companies feel no responsibility for higher education and neither do they see the potential return for donating money — whether they're organising research or trying to improve their image," he said.

The Development Fund Campaign was set up at the beginning of the year and it appeals to large companies for sponsorship for a number of projects Mr More said that there had been a lot of interest shown by companies both here and abroad but that the results would not be evident for several

years.

"We have taken a business-like approach when appealing to companies as we are trying to get sponsorship and research contracts. There is no point in looking for charity a large company like GEC with a profit of £10 million hands out only £300,000 to many different charitable organisations. That wouldn't even finance one of our smaller projects.

A scheme set up two years ago to appeal for donations from graduates is having marked success. Over £1 million has been collected from 3000 Edinburgh graduates and 30 per cent of that number are giving for the second time.

Jacqueline Brown

Wee Marys' match Yabs

The debate at Teviot on the motion 'This House would rather be a Yah than a Wee Mary' promised to be interesting and amusing. In the event the absence of any real Wee Marys' doomed the debate from the start.

The evening started well enough with a thoughtful speech by Simon McGrath, who considered himself in a good position to judge the issue, being neither a Wee Mary nor a Yah. Claiming to abhor the social system, which gives Yabs an advantage simply because they speak with a RP accent, McGrath nevertheless argued (in his West Coast accent) that 'getting on' was a matter of expression and of manners which Yabs possess and Wee Marys' don't.

Opposing the motion was Jane Rogerson. Though clearly not a Wee Mary herself she produced a vigorous defence of that much maligned species. Yabs she said, are "the scum of the earth" and easy to identify because of their Benetton jumpers. As for Wee Marys' the reason why they don't speak in tutorials is not that they have nothing to say it's just that they can't get a word in edgeways because of the Yabs. The intrinsic worth of the hard-working Wee Mary should be clear to all however. After all, who holds the top job? None other than 'Wee Mary From Finchley'.

At this point the fact that all the real Wee Marys' were either at the

library or their Bible study groups and all the real Yabs were probably at dinner parties in Stockbridge meant that contributions from the floor were virtually non-existent. Instead we got more speakers, all supporting the motion, from Dundee, Glasgow and St Andrews ("the best English University in Scotland").

The wittiest speech of the night, (and winner of a bottle of champagne donated by Harpers and Queen magazine) went to James Devlin from Trinity College Dublin. It is perhaps a measure of the debate that he won despite being so drunk he could hardly stand and his speech consisted of long pauses, the occasional "yah" and reading extracts from the order of debate handout. Nevertheless, he got the most laughs.

The bottle of port went to Francis Brookes of the Diagnostic Society of Edinburgh for the best speech. While the prize for the best Wee Mary speech went to Patrick Robertson who carried off a bottle of cider for his efforts.

When called upon to enter the division lobbies most of the audience remained resolutely in their seats. The result was sixteen for and sixteen against, with 48 abstentions. The tie was decided by the chair, Fiona Shaw, who admitted hating Wee Marys' and voted accordingly.

David Cline

Cramping our style

Secretary of State for Education and Science, Sir Keith Joseph has been harshly criticised by those involved in University management, over the Government's policies regarding further education.

When Sir Keith met representatives of the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals last week, he was told that he had created an atmosphere in education in which long-term planning concerning both research and future efficiency had been made impossible.

The committee used the recently published Jarratt report on efficiency in their attack. The report, they claimed, is positive about Universities, but condemns the Government for putting financial pressure on them. The reforms it recommends could not be brought in until this pressure was lessened, said the committee, and so "we basically told the Secretary of State that we had had enough, and that he should recognise his responsibilities to enable Universities to plan effectively."

Sir Keith acknowledged that for top quality research to continue, Universities had to be able to encourage and facilitate it. He did not, however, wish to go into the financial details of the situation at that point.

The committee meet with him again this week, together with members of the Jarratt report team.

Anne McNaught

High spirits and hypocrisy within Tory ranks

The basher of Tory students, Chairman of the Conservative Party, and widely-tipped future Education Secretary, John Selwyn Gummer, nearly came to be expelled from the Conservative Party himself, when he was a student.

Mr Gummer was the man who told the Federation of Conservative Students' conference at Loughborough last month that their "Damage, hooliganism, and sheer vandalism is totally unacceptable."

However, it has emerged that Mr Gummer himself was prone to the occasional high-spirited action when he was a student at Swinton Conservative College.

On one occasion, a source

within the Tory Party (probably one of those who want to Bring back Cecil Parkinson) has revealed, Mr Gummer was seen to perform a "cruel" impersonation of the College Principal, and then climb up a lecturn "like a monkey."

This so outraged party officials that an emergency meeting narrowly refrained from expelling him. Presumably, if Mr Gummer is capable of behaving like a monkey, the fact he hears no evil, sees no evil, and therefore speaks no evil makes him a suitable minion for Mrs Thatcher.

Meanwhile, Conservative Central Office is to delay paying for damage allegedly caused by the FCS during their conference at

Loughborough.

The University has submitted a bill for £1,391, but not only do senior Conservatives believe it has to be verified in detail, but it is being submitted to the committee of inquiry which is investigating events at the conference.

This committee, chaired by Sir Donald Walters, a former chairman of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, is not due to report before the middle of June.

Libertarian leaders of the FCS have already alleged the bill is inflated and urged the party not to pay until there has been some form of independent assessment.

Alan Young

Debates make election news

The unprecedented decision to take the fight of Debates convener across campus has resulted in a split between supporters of the two candidates, Tom Reid and Iain McLaughlin.

Previously, the Debates Committee has been "carved up" by people involved the year before. Iain McLaughlin did not support this situation: "Every student is a member of the Debates Club and I don't believe that debates should be run by only 14 people."

year as the £1,000 grant that the club gets from EUSA will be cut by at least 65 per cent. Both candidates feel that debates offers an important function, "it is an unbiased forum for student discussion", said Mr Reid.

The job of Societies convener has not attracted any nominations this year and Neil Dalgleish attributed this to the amount of work that the position involves. Donald MacCorquodale — presently standing for Welfare Convener —



Potterrow the meca for all the candidates who fancy an extra year in Edinburgh, and get their bank balance into shape at the same time. Perhaps Carol-Ann Foy decided that she has everything started out already . . .

The animosity surrounding this latest election was evident at hustings for the position in Potterrow on Tuesday. Mr McLaughlin was asked how he could justify his good intentions for taking the job knowing that five out of seven members of the committee do not support him. This question was loudly booed down by debates members and Mr McLaughlin denied that such a situation existed.

It is evident that debates will face severe money cutbacks next

has agreed to be Acting Soc Convener until the bye-elections in October.

Many students were surprised that Carol-Ann Foy withdrew her nomination for Deputy President. Miss Foy was considered a worthy candidate, having done a good job as Science Convener. She refused to comment on her later decision and would only say that she had "good academic and personal reasons for doing so".

Jacqueline Brown

Briefly...

We're European now

PLANS for an international post-graduate university which would raise a substantial proportion of its funds from private sources and award a "doctorate of Europe" to students successfully completing designated two-year courses are shortly to be announced by a group of French academics. Preliminary details of the proposal for such a University of Europe were given in Paris last week.

Joseph knows something and nothing

AS A Harrow schoolboy, Sir Keith Joseph won only one prize, but he won it every year: the prize for public speaking. He would troop up to the top table and collect it from Sir Winston Churchill, another Old Harrovian, who also judged the competition. The Secretary of State related the story at the National Institute for Adult Continuing Education Conference in Surrey, before making his speech on adult education — a subject he admitted he knew little about — written by Gordon Etherbridge, his assistant secretary.

High-tech Labour

THE Labour Party is setting up an advisory framework to help formulate science and technology policy. The party is already pledged to increase research funding and appoint a Cabinet Minister to oversee science and is now asking scientists to help develop detailed policy. Neil Kinnock says the dual funding of research through research councils and higher education system should continue.

Tories' tut tut

CAMBRIDGE Conservative students have called for the resignation of the students' union executive following a row over the publication of a leaflet on the miners' strike. The leaflet, which was printed with union funds, urged students to demonstrate against the NCB chairman Ian MacGregor, at a speech he was due to give at the Cambridge Union. The Conservative students claim the funding of the leaflet conflicted with guidelines which prohibit the use of student union funds for political purposes.

Keep up a front

BRITAIN'S only National Front Student Union President intends to complete her term of office despite a demonstration against her last Monday organised with the backing of the NUS.

'Student' wins award

Student, the Edinburgh University students' newspaper, has won the *Glasgow Herald* award for being the best student newspaper in Scotland, for the first time since the award was initiated in the 1960s.

The award comes to *Student* after it was runner-up to *Glasgow University's Guardian* last year, and fourth the year before. *Student* has won the award for best student journalist in the past — Fred Price won it last year — but

this is the first time the main award has come east.

According to the *Glasgow Herald's* assistant editor, Mr Bob Southern, it was the improvement in news coverage which clinched this year's award for *Student*. He described the news coverage as "informative, wide-ranging, and not just concentrating on Edinburgh University's SRC". Mr Southern complimented *Student* on its attempts to look at what's happening in other universities outside Edinburgh.

Mr Southern said that whereas *Glasgow University's Guardian* received a big grant from the Students' Association in Glasgow,

and had its layout professionally done, *Student* is an independent organisation which does its own writing, sub-editing and layout.

Former editor Iain Cameron said that the three issues of *Student* which were judged in the competition were not individually outstanding, but were the product of two years hard work to get it right "and we've got there".

The improvement in the quality of *Student* has been reflected in an increase in sales of around 25 per cent, so thanks for the award must go to everyone who has bought *Student* over the past year.

Alan Young

Liberals slam loans

The Liberal Party has come out strongly against loans for students in their recent discussion document on student financial support.

The Liberals say they found little support for a loans system, but much evidence that it "would act as a real disincentive to the deserving potential student."

Emphasising the need to place financial support on student needs and independence from assessment of parental income, the Liberals suggest an allowance of £26.25 a week throughout the academic year (including Christmas and Easter vacations), with additions for house, travel and course costs incurred during term-time.

During the summer, students should be entitled to supplementary benefit and housing benefit. Such a scheme, which in 1982-83 would have cost £209 million more than the present means-tested grant system, could be phased in as new students enter post-18 education, say the Liberals.

Mr Clement Freud, the party's education spokesman, said: "This inquiry has produced a credible and affordable system of independent student support divorced from family income and laying the ghost of student loans."

Meanwhile, Loans are also dismissed by a group of moderate Conservative students in a submission to Sir Keith Joseph's review. The Conservative Student Affairs Research Group, in a clear breach of official Federation of Conservative Students policy, concludes: "We believe the disadvantages of a students loan scheme outweigh the advantages."

They also reject Sir Keith's favoured option of a mixed grants and loans system as the most bureaucratic and undesirable system possible — "the worst of both worlds."

David Cline



Only fools and horses

EUSA hack Neil playboy has been! has been playboy Dalglish the last exulted Hon. Sec. was known to be a little displeased following the floats parade at the end of Rag Week. The debonaire Neil, overcome by the spirit of the occasion, offered to lend his ghetto-blasters from the EUSA float, on which incidentally Hilary my bum was felt at Teviot O'Neil's knickers were revealed. However, in the course of the afternoon, the infernal machine met its end in an Edinburgh gutter. Unabashed, Neil tried to claim it back on ESCA's insurance, maintaining that it "fell off the back of a lorry". (We believe you this time, Neil. An ESCA committee member, otherwise known as Liz "Little Legs" Doig is supposed to have replied that, for insurance purposes, this is an Act of God. Surely John Mannix wouldn't do a thing like that?)

Gregory Porgy's one in the eye

IT'S reassuring to learn that everything is still sweetness and light in the good old Tory Club. Tory Chairman, George Who? Shepherd was a keen spectator at Tuesday's Teviot hustings supporting, we thought, Graeme Amy's Dad Carter. Not so! When GCE (Graeme Carter Eulogised) that, in his own stirring rhetoric, "Teviot Debating Hall is structurally unsound." Anything-but-a-Saint George was heard to utter, "And so are you!" Could that possibly be anything to do with the fact that good old fashioned wet Tory Graeme was once a member of the Young Socialists?

The alternative elections

AND so, folks, it would appear to be the Silly Season again. That boring time of the year when all the would-be student nonentities crawl out of the woodwork and tell you why they should be absolutely bloody brilliant at earning £5000 a year and getting their pictures in *Midweek* every single week. But whatever else your all-knowing genius reveals in the pages of this award-winning, hyper-brill, rag, we will not forget the OTHER ELECTIONS! Yes folks, its true, perish the thought that Pollock Hall's JCR superstars could be forgotten by "The Thing".

Fraser's House Meeting degenerated into its usual drunken orgy — and it was REALLY their new Entertainments Rep who, when asked to do something entertaining, smashed his fist through a window? Bang went another £21 caution fee as did Graeme Peanut Carter's membership of the Temperance Society at the aforesaid meeting.

THAT arch-sin-bin of iniquity whose incumbent JCR President, having already had his name dragged through *STUDENT* when he was easily defeated by a droopy spider-plant, was forced to accept the resignations of both Secretary and Vice-President a whole TWO DAYS before the House AGM. But at least Randy Andy "Fatso" Paterson was nice enough to tell Brewster's new warden, Dr David "I got my name in the Scotsman" ponish. Good old Fatso, says "The Thing" — nice to know the old Willie Warmer's JCR integrity lasted till the bitter end!

Edinburgh marks VE day

Today sees the start of a series of lectures, film screenings, and a display of wartime memorabilia, under the academic auspices of Edinburgh University, to mark the fortieth anniversary of the end of the year in Europe, and involving speakers from Scotland and the Soviet Union.

The decision to mount these events by the University came through discussions arising from the *Edinburgh Conversations*, which have been held in Moscow and Edinburgh alternately since 1981.

The fortieth anniversary events have been described by the Principal of the University, Dr John Burnett, as a small contribution to improved international understanding, by giving an opportunity for reflection on wartime experiences of both Britain and the Soviet Union.

Included in the events is a display of photographs, books, and posters held in Adam House, Chambers Street, between 9 am and 5 pm daily, Thursday 9th to Saturday 11th May. Admission is free.

British and Soviet documentary films on the Second World War will be held in the George Square Theatre at 2.30 and 6.30 pm on Saturday, with tickets priced £1.

Joint lectures, to be delivered in English, will be given in the Appleton Tower on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week. Speakers include, on Thursday night at 7 pm, Professor Oleg Rzheshesky, Doctor of History Sciences, and Professor John Erickson, Director of the Department of Defence Studies here at Edinburgh.

Alan Young

Linsey's the star

Edinburgh University third year Chemical Engineering student, and Scots international athlete, Linsey Macdonald has agreed to be the Edinburgh Gathering personality. Events are to take place in the city between 9th and 16th June, and will be part of activities for International United Nations Youth Year.

Edinburgh Gathering manager, Mr Philip Coutts, explained this week that young people from Britain and abroad will gather in the Scottish capital to take part in a

series of events ranging from informal meetings to active participation in arts, sport and technology. The Radio 1 roadshow is coming to the Gathering on 13th June as just over one event during the week's activities.

Mr Coutts said that "invitations had been sent out to young people all over the world, through youth organisations, and the response we have now received is encouraging." He explained that the University's Students' Association are also actively involved in preparations. A £6 registration fee



metres relay at the 1980 Olympic Games in Moscow, and a further medal in the same event at the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane.

She is now training for next year's Commonwealth Games, in Edinburgh, but was unavailable this week for an interview about her role as Gathering Personality. She did, however, sound pleased at having been chosen when *Student* caught up with her briefly last weekend.

Devin Scobie

Medal for Vice-Principal

Professor William Cochran, Vice-Principal of Edinburgh University, and member of the Department of Physics, has been awarded the Howard N. Potts Medal, given for distinguished work in science or the arts, by the Franklin Institute Science Museum, in Philadelphia, USA.

The Howard N. Potts Medal was awarded in person to professor Cochran at a recent ceremony in Philadelphia which honoured a small number of "outstanding scientists and researchers."

Professor Cochran was awarded the medal for his "highly praised and important work in x-ray crys-

tallography of biologically important compounds, the formulation of diffraction scattering by helices, analysis of lattice vibrations in crystals and the soft-mode concept in phase transitions."

As Vice-Principal of the University, Professor Cochran believes that the award is an honour for the whole of Edinburgh University, as well as himself. However, he does not believe that his award will lead to any significant sponsorship or funding for the University from the United States.

Professor Cochran is Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Physics Department, and was formerly Dean of Science. He has a first-class honours BSc in Physics, and a PhD from Edinburgh University, as well as a Cambridge MA

Alan Young

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Wed-Fri till 1.45 am
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IN THIS ALIEN ENVIRONMENT, SPACE TECHNOLOGY IS OUT OF ITS DEPTH

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

PROBLEM:

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

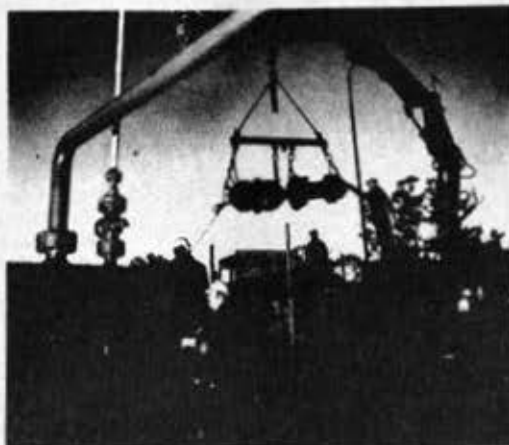
SOLUTION: THE INTELLIGENT PIG

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

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

HOW?

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



THERE WASN'T A COMPUTER SMALL ENOUGH AND TOUGH ENOUGH

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

A 'TOMORROW'S WORLD' TAPE RECORDER

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

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

FROM REEL TO REELS

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

THE RESULT

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

WHY THE GAS PEOPLE LIVE IN THE FUTURE

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THE GAS PEOPLE - WORKING FOR TOMORROW'S WORLD TODAY

Gas

STUDENT

established in 1889

published by EUSPB

Getting it right

The candidates standing for election today have taken every opportunity to ensure us that the Students' Association exists solely to meet our needs. Those needs are varied and ever-increasing, as the student grant decreases. Most of those vying for the privilege of representing us have pledged support to the fight for better grants. The candidates for Treasurer and Deputy President have promised us good quality, cheap union services. The candidates for Secretary have promised to keep us informed about SRC activities and the candidates for President have promised to represent our views at every possible level. All sound ideological stuff and it is up to us to hold next year's executive to their promises.

The run-up to the election is a time for ideology and for discussion; but by tomorrow the results will be known and the discussion over. Then it will be time for our elected representatives to put their promises into action; in a year which is not going to be an easy one for EUSA.

The Students' Association has been running at a deficit for four out of the past five years, the deficit this year is projected to be around £25,000; a large but not yet unmanageable sum. This year's executive have finally decided to start tackling EUSA's financial problems and with good management the Students' Association will be able to continue without further cuts to our services.

The effects of bad management next year could be disastrous. The representatives we elect to manage EUSA and EUSACO for us must be both responsible and capable of handling our money wisely. The consequences of electing an irresponsible or ineffectual executive would be serious for both the Students' Association and its Limited Company; the decision today is up to us — let's make sure we get it right.

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

Dear Editor,

Lynn Whitaker commented last week on the Universities' lack of money. Her solution was to close the Nursing Studies Department, and I agree in part with her argument. But she implies here is the only solution, and necessary to prevent, for instance, combining the Arts and Divinity faculties, "which should surely be kept separate." I would like to see the justification of the existence at all of a faculty of divinity, not discussion of the continuation of nursing studies.

A supply of new books for the library we have to do without, a grant capable of keeping more than a pair of hamsters we have to do without, new members of staff we have to do without — but somehow we can afford to train a bunch of Quacks who really do think they're some God's gift to mankind to subjugate a sizeable proportion of the population to a moral and social hell (just ask any pregnant 15 year old).

The entrance 'requirements' to that place are so slow as to make a complete mockery of academia, not to mention the thousands turned away from Arts degrees — usually thought of, mistakenly, as

an easy option — because they don't have BBBBC or something similar.

Can you imagine the stink of Jews, Buddhists or Humanists of Druids demanded x millions to start a faculty where they could pat each other on the back while learning their personal version of The Dogma and how to indoctrinate folk with it? And quite right too, but it applies to Christians too: there should be no connection between any religion and the state. We should not pay for these Mafia-like troupes to spread their evil words. When our church-going PM practises tertiary education, then things will be different, but till then, Universities should aim to be as progressive, humanistic and honest as possible. So, I'm glad to say, the departments that foster dogmatic anti-ecological hogwash must go. We are in the business of education, which is opposed diametrically to the stupidity of a revealed truth.

God is dead, and we have killed him. I for one am proud to be twisting the bayonet of tolerance and reason in the putrescent gut of his wallowing minions.

Jim Scobbie
Publicity Officer
Edin. Uni. Secular Soc.

Everybody violent in Irish War

Dear Editor,

Richard Henderson's piece on 'Sinn Fein and the IRA' in *Student* (25 April 1985) stresses two points. He says Sinn Fein are a front for the IRA, then argues against the violence of IRA 'terrorists' who are the 'cause' of the 'Troubles' rather than a symptom.

It is no news to any Sinn Fein voter, or to any supporter of the Republican Movement, that Sinn Fein are intimately linked to the IRA. Indeed, it is support for the military activities of the IRA that leads many Irish nationalists to vote Sinn Fein.

To attack the IRA for being 'violent' leaves you without anything sensible to say about the Irish war. Everybody involved in it uses violence — the IRA, the British Army, the INLA, the RUC, the UDR, the UVF. The point is, whose violence do you support? Henderson's attack on 'violence' is hypocritical.

Presumably he supports the violence of the British Army and the RUC. Arguing that Sinn Fein are the 'political front' for the IRA points immediately to another observation. The British Government and their Loyalist friends are a 'political front' for the killers of the British Army and the SAS.

Today's Provisional IRA has grown out of the social situation in the north of Ireland over the past 15 years. Irish Catholics wanted civil rights and social equality with the Protestants in the Loyalist communities. The Stormont government wouldn't grant these requests. The Loyalist 'security forces' attacked civil rights demonstrators. The demonstrators fought back. The British Labour Government sent the troops in. As the British establishment took over from Stormont in directly suppressing the nationalist community in Derry,

Belfast and Armagh, young Irish people joined the Republican movement.

Today, that movement remains a mortal threat to the British establishment. The recent successful attacks on the paramilitary police in Newry show this. So will the highly amusing spectacle of the police and security men going to extraordinary lengths to protect Maggie Thatcher at the 1985 conference.

Volunteers of the IRA are fighting to remove the British establishment from Ireland. It is Britain that has visited division and violence onto Ireland. It is the campaign of the IRA, and activity to get ordinary people in Britain to support Irish freedom, that really points towards the goal of a peaceful Ireland that Henderson claims he wants to see.

Yours sincerely

Mike Wall

The Editor,

So, the misquotations — misinformed of the monstrous Devin Scobie continue! What is this so called reporter trying to do? Get on the staff of the 'News of the World'!! The front page article 'Accommodation Crisis' in 'Student' (2.5.85) was (is) a disgrace.

Who said that the meeting of JCR presidents decided the salvation on Grant and Brewster was 'unacceptable'? I didn't hear that said and I was there. I brought the subject of self-catering houses up!

What is a Pollock SRC President? Surely you mean JCR presidents. "The idea was unanimously favoured by the Pollock JCR Presidents." Was it! Who asked them? A few of the Presidents were names at a SRC accommodation committee meeting!

Does anyone know that half of the Pollock Committee consists of the JCR Presidents who were supposedly unanimous. If they were so unanimous, why did the committee continually delay the proposals? Continually indeed! It was only brought up at one meeting!

Pollock Senior Warden Francis Barnes has no need to "play for time." The proposal was out of order — he couldn't do anything for it even if he wanted to! A proposal such as this must come from the Pollock committee itself and this wasn't done. There has been far too little research and misinformation. Both with the proposals and with this so called article.

This is the worst form of journalism and does nothing but harm to any good cause in the end.

An angered JCR President
Gregor Findlay

Dear Editor,

A brilliant idea came to me in Teviot Row at 9.15 one morning as I had looked at the plastic table-top and nursed my hangover. There has been a lot of criticism of ESCA's (lack of) organisation. Coincidentally, we are also approaching EUSA elections. Why not merge the two? Why not create a fifth sabbatical position responsible not only for ESCA, but also for SCAG, Childrens Holiday Venture (CHV) and the University Settlement? Thus, EUSA can do its bit to soothe our tortured social conscience. And the total cost to the students? Nothing! Instead of four sabbaticals at £5000 we have five at £4000; and we also bring the sabbatical salary more into line with the ordinary student grant.

Brilliant!

GFI PDQ SRC
IAW-JONES

LUNCH AT K.B. UNION OFFERS YOU NEW SALAD BAR VEGETARIAN DAY [TUESDAY]

PIZZA'S & BAKED POTATO

EVENING MEALS AT K.B. UNION —

Salad Bar-Baked Pots.

5-6.30

Hot Meals-Pizzas

FILM

Some kind of a nut

Manic American expatriate Terry Gilliam used to provide the surreal cartoons for *Monty Python*. Then he turned into a film director. He has worked on all the Python films, but to great acclaim has also branched out on his own. *Jabberwocky* was followed by *Time Bandits*, and his latest success is the spell-binding *Brazil*. Trevor Johnston talked to him on his recent visit to Edinburgh.

Edinburgh. The second-last stop on a European tour and Terry Gilliam is still jumping around, still jabbering furiously and enthusiastically after being asked the same questions over and over again in every major city from Vienna to Madrid. Glittering demonic eyes and a devilish grin. The man must be on something. You wonder which illicit substances provided the inspiration for his quirky, mischievous films.

And inspired they are *Jabberwocky*, made in 1977, was the middle ages as excremental fairy tale, with Michael Palin as the hick from the sticks who goes off to make his fortune in the city, and through no fault of his own is acclaimed as the killer of the monster, thus winning the hand of the Princess in marriage. A year before Gilliam had co-directed (with Terry Jones) *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, and you can be fairly safe in saying that *Jabberwocky* is his extension of it.



"wrapped up in technology" (2)

1980 saw *Time Bandits*, a runaway hit in the US, and Gilliam's biggest financial success. A band of devil-may-care dwarfs steal the plans of the universe from the Supreme Being so that they can travel through the various holes in time and space dotted about its imperfect fabric. The film is really a series of sketches as the dwarfs hop about time and space, meeting Ian Holm as a height-obsessed Napoleon, John Cleese as upper-class wit Robin Hood, and Katherine Helmond as the devoted wife of Peter Vaughan's ogre named Winston. Michael Palin contributed several cameos as a star-crossed lover with "a personal problem"



trying to woo Shelley Duvall, and Ralph Richardson and David Warner were the obvious choices for the Supreme Being and Eupreme Evil who fought it out at the film's climax. *Time Bandits* is as if Gilliam was a schoolboy gleefully rearranging history to make it funnier, and the whole film is a great example of how imagination can transcend the limitations of a small budget, with such endearing images as the ship on top of the giant's head.

Neither of these two films however prepared us for *Brazil*. Gilliam moves out of the past to present us with a bleak vision of 20th century life. This is 1984 for

1984 (except that it wasn't released until 1985). Jonathan Pryce is Sam Lowry, the Little Man battling against a crumbling but powerful bureaucracy, to win the heart of his dream girl. Perhaps.

"it's interesting trying to get people to laugh at the unlaughable."

The quality of *Brazil* is hard to describe — Franz Kafka meets Frank Capra, maybe — in many places it looks like Gilliam's Python cartoons brought to horrible life. Gilliam admitted that this was his intention — "I love the idea of trying to tell stories through pictures. The pirate movie at the start of *Meaning of Life*, that's what we were trying to do there — a silent movie. What would normally have been a cartoon we did for real. In *Brazil* I've tried to carry that on. There's not many people doing that. And the images aren't just special effects for special effect sake. They're deeper

than that hopefully, they carry some weight."

This element of surreal grotesquerie runs all the way through Gilliam's work; from the beggar in *Jabberwocky* who cuts off both his own feet in order to make more money, to the sight of Bob Hoskins in *Brazil* drowning in his own shit inside his spacesuit. Gilliam makes us laugh at things so horrible that we ask ourselves why we find them funny — "The comedy in *Brazil* is about serious, dangerous, unfunny things in many cases . . . it's interesting trying to get people to laugh at the unlaughable. But I'm using the comedy as a lure for people to put them off balance and then hit them with it."

Yet there is another side to Terry Gilliam, for he still seems to have "a child-like belief" in the "heroes" of the past. The knights in shining armour in *Jabberwocky* (and latterly *Brazil*); the array of Greek warriors, 19th century Husars, and even cowboys in *Time Bandits*;

"I think you've got to maintain a certain child-like belief in things larger than life."

continuing with the huge samurai which Jonathan Pryce must confront in *Brazil*, all form part of a "boy's own" world of heroic deeds and the clash of cold steel — "The kid in *Time Bandits* has grown up into Sam Lowry in *Brazil*; essentially it's the same character. I think you've got to maintain a certain child-like belief in things larger than life. One of the things



"dreaming too much"

that annoys me about Britain at the moment is that everyone is too wrapped up in technology . . . no one has any time for dreams anymore."



Sometimes however, dreams are not enough. In the climactic scene of *Time Bandits*, the assorted heroes from the boy's imagination are brushed aside by David Warner's evil genius. Similarly, Sam Lowry's dreams in *Brazil* may be beautiful and inspiring, but they leave him unable to face the terrible reality that is going on around him. Such is the danger of escapism in the modern world: "*Brazil* is really about dreaming too much, the dangers of not taking reality seriously enough. Escapist

thinking is wonderful, but ultimately destructive if you're not living in a real world of real dangers."

In both *Time Bandits* and *Brazil* the "real dangers" creeping over the world are those of dehumanising technology. David Warner in *TB* wants to rule the world with computers; in *Brazil* that is exactly what is happening as bungling technocrats exert a frightening control over the people. In a world when young boys dream about their first

"Brazil is really about dreaming too much."

Sinclair rather than legendary heroes and villains, Gilliam feels that this belief in technology is destructive because we place it before everything else — "In *Brazil* it's state-of-the-art, it does everything for you, you don't have to think — but finally turns on you and becomes this horrendous

nightmare, I wish so many people didn't believe in it so much. I wish it was treated as just a tool because there are an awful lot of things in life, that are so much more important . . . I mean, I hate the loss of aesthetics. That's what the ducting is doing in *Brazil*. Like the restaurant, where you take a beautiful room and you violate it."

This obsession with technology and realism (inextricably linked, in Gilliam's eyes) runs through Britain today, and certainly extends to the critical reaction to *Brazil*. "On the continent people can recognise it as a piece of cinema and not just a movie. The reviews in London don't distinguish between it and any other good films around — they're all good films but they're not cinematic moments. I begin to



think that the British have no history of fantasy films — but they do, with Powell/Pressburger and Alexander Korda, and somehow it's been forgotten. What seems to be important now is literary films . . .

tedious little films with some people being very serious and dour, behaving as if they're actors. It's all rubbish . . . and I get really angry! Amen to that."

Finally, I asked Gilliam what was going to come next, whether *Brazil* marks a progression towards darker films? "Yeah," he drawled, "the next one's going to star Eddie Murphy!" (laughs)

A veritable laff-riot is our Terry.

Dead in the heart of Texas

Blood Simple

Dir: Joel Coen
Filmhouse; until Sat. 11th

Stumbling out of nowhere like Harry Dean Stanton in *Paris, Texas*, *Blood Simple* is a well-salted slice of American independent cinema. Directed and produced (and written) by Joel and Ethan Coen, this twisted thriller ties up the loose ends of a perfect murder and then unravels them again with accident, double-cross and confusion. And, as the ad-line goes, *It's all dead in the heart of Texas* . . .

Sleazy, vicious club owner Marty (Dan Hedaya) has driven his wife to running off with his barman, Ray (John Getz). He compounds his brutality by hiring a fat private eye (M. Emmet Walsh) to track them down and kill them. It's his bad luck that the detective is an even worse bad ass than himself. From this point on the plot writhes and curls as the characters go "blood simple"; in our language that means kill-crazy.

This American Gothic has not simply shifted the standard Hollywood thriller to an area with thick regional accents, it has refracted those films through the lens of the European New Wave. Just as Chabrol and Truffaut learned from Hitchcock in films like *Le Boucher* and *The Bride Wore Black*, The Coen brothers have exploited the European approach.

A disadvantage of this is that the film, while packed with startling Grand Guignol images, moves at a funeral pace rather as if it were dead on its feet! This, however, is compensated for by the naturalistic playing and good locational camera-work among



You can't keep a good man down
the Texan oil derricks.

The Coens worked with Sam Raimi on *The Evil Dead* and have kept the black sense of humour of that film and this relieves the touches of Old Testament morality which run through their own narrative.

It is certainly true that *Blood*

Simple is more thrilling than your average art film and more arty than your average thriller, but these qualities do not quite make it as satisfying as it should be. Still, a splendid debut from Joel Coen and his brother.

Andrew J. Wilson

The Collector

One Man's Choice

A personal selection by Dr. Henry Roland; Gallery of Modern Art

One Man's Choice is an exhibition neatly described by the title, and the man in question is Dr Henry Roland — a London dealer and collector of twentieth century art. The variety of different art forms and movements represented in his collection is staggering, indeed the only real winning feature is the obvious appeal each piece has for Dr Roland (which is interestingly described in the notes beneath each picture) the paintings and sculptures include not only a galaxy of internationally famous artists (Nolde, Ernst, Picasso,

Bonnard, Rodin, Cezanne and Matisse) but also a representative selection of successful British artists of this century (notably Graham Sutherland and Henry Moore).

My personal favourites included a typically decorative Bonnard landscape, vibrantly coloured expressionist water-colours by Nolde and Henry Moore's "Animal Head" which has the magnetism of a panther but changes mood and expression with every new viewpoint. However the variety is such that there must be something for everyone. It is sad that the Gallery of Modern Art isn't in a more central location — also that you have to see yourself reflected in the glass of every picture — but an exhibition like this is definitely worth making the effort for.

M.E.B.A.



Nolde: Portrait of a Boy

King of Comedy

Chaplin: His Life and Art

David Robinson



In this hefty biography David Robinson, veteran film critic from *The Times*, presents an unprecedentedly authoritative version of Chaplin's life and times. The emphasis is very much on Chaplin's working methods and creative input rather than on his glittering social life. At the same time Robinson makes clear from the start that he is not going to indulge in psychoanalysis, nor try to interpret Chaplin's every action and utterance. The result is a refreshingly unpretentious and straightforward work.

From the mid-1920s onwards Chaplin enjoyed the immeasurable benefits of total artistic control. He had very definite ideas as to what constituted good acting. By preference he always used in his films actors and actresses who had no formal training. This was because they were in general more receptive to his working methods. Chaplin would himself act out every part and then demand from the actor imitation of that, rather than any individual innovation. That is why some actors found working for Chaplin

very restrictive, it curtailed their freedom of expression.

The universal appeal of Chaplin's films is underlined by Robinson. Rather than theorising on the reasons behind this, he gives a vivid account of the delight and enthusiasm generated by the appearance of every new Chaplin film. In the southern states of the USA audiences laughed so hard that the screws and bolts on the cinema seats had to be tightened after each showing; British radio once made a live broadcast from a London cinema entitled simply, "Five Minutes of Laughter from Charlie Chaplin"; at the Berlin premiere of *The Gold Rush* one sequence was greeted with such wild enthusiasm that the film was stopped, rewound and the scene played again, quite a unique occurrence!

The wonderful season of Chaplin films shown on BBC 2 over Christmas proved that Chaplin is as funny today as he ever was. With silent films in danger of becoming a forgotten art form, it is to be hoped that this biography will help to perpetuate the Chaplin legend and to increase awareness of the silent film per se. Robinson's approach to Chaplin is sympathetic though not idolatory, his narrative eloquent and to the point. A model biography.

Keith Dinnie



David Robinson
Photo: Chas. Ross

An artist all at sea

Between Tides

Robert Callender

Talbot Rice Art Centre; until 1st June

For anyone interested in what the sea throws, gives or spews up, this exhibition, the culmination of many years observation and two years planning is a must. Seaweed and bottle-tops rub shoulders gracefully here; the ribs of huge workaday boats yawn, lazily but inescapably announcing their solidity. There is, however, much confusion when many of those present realise, as they did on my visit there, that appearances can be deceptive.

For the majority of these heavy, solid-looking working and fishing boats are made of paper-used in



Made of paper. Pretty impressive, eh?

one form or another (—"Well, I must say — he had ME Fooled!")

Not for one student, though; "Huh! Duchamp did it in 1914. Very pretty, but there are far more important things for artists to communicate, these days. 'Chacun a son gout'."

Even if you have only a few spare minutes, it is well worth a nip in: it's better than staring at the noticeboards in DHT, that's for sure. And while you're about it, bear in mind what happened in 1914...

Susie Dufort

A Bedlam reformation

Bedlam AGM

Deep in the entrails of this University lies The Bedlam Theatre, obscured to some by their own timidity. New elections held last week bring the hint of a fresh new start. Sally Bates swept to the position of new president by 50 votes, without opposition. (There were rumours of a last minute capitulation since Sally was seen to exchange nervous glances with a Mr X right up until the meeting started). The veteran co-producer of *Hamlet*, Keni Davison, exploiting voters' doubts about the 'buck'-passing the buck; stopping the buck-defeated the soft-hearted duo Sophie (Scrubber) Chalk and David (handyman) Hopper to

become vice-president by 22 votes to 15, only to see them (now inseparable) get his old position as manager, again without opposition. Siward Atkins having only been elected last term(!) went through the formalities of yet another unopposed vote with 18 abstentions, 30 for him, and one man with a silly beard against him, to remain as secretary. Peter Ashton received unanimous support for his (unopposed) bid to become technical director. And thanks to the unskilful manipulation of the out-going treasurer — who waved our right to vote — 'someone' became the next treasurer.

The Bedlam is well aware of its somewhat exclusive — all English — image, but the lack of competition is this meeting and a

result that looks slightly like a game of musical chairs is simply a reflection of how many people are put off and not how few people can take a part. (That is assuming the rumours of pre-casting are not true). Throughout the meeting people were trying very hard to think of ways of attracting new people to the theatre. They are needed.

Confronting the petite and genuinely un-arrogant form of this all-Scottish new president is, however, enough to dispel all fears. She is set on increasing the number of people involved by improving the standard of lunchtimes and publicity.

Anyone and everyone are invited to turn up at their meetings every Monday at 6 pm and help: the new committee settle in.

Ben Simms

FILMS



Falling In Love

ODEON

(667 7331)
Tickets £2.40, £1.50 conc.

ABC

(229 3030)
Tickets £2.70, £2.30

Amadeus

Loud, lavish, and very American version of the Peter Shaffer play, about the divine rivalry between boy-genius Mozart and Mr Frustrated Salieri in the Viennese Court. Deprived of its score, there would be little to recommend this 'firework' of cinema.

A Private Function

Feet, food, flatulence and fundament are the basics of this witty film of life in the hardships of rationed Post-War Britain, with a brilliant performance by Geraldine McEwan as the mother-in-law.

Brazil

(1.50; 4.50; 7.50; Sun 4.50, 7.50)

Despite Trevor Johnston's melodramatic gush in last week's *Student* this film really has very little to offer. Clever in its 1984 parody conception but self-indulgent and overlong. Somewhat redeemed by sets and effects.

A Passage to India

2.10, 7.40 (Sun 4, 7.30)

Much recommended film concerning racist attitudes of the British Raj. Victor Banerjee wins everyone's heart with his excellent portrayal of the ill-fated Azis, nobly supported by the likes of Peggy Ashcroft, Judy Davies and James Fox. Surely one of this year's most outstanding films.

Falling In Love

(2.15, 6.15, 8.15)

Despite the casting of Robert de Niro and Meryl Streep in the leading roles, this film, overbrimming with sentimentality, uses the now overworked "Brief Encounter" plot. Bring your own Kleenex.

Death Warm Up

1.45, 5.20, 8.50

Award-winning new-wave/science fiction thriller with a frenzied pace. Murder and mayhem, humans transformed into mutant-killing machines, and a hospital specialising in cranial surgery, with the latest in drills and bone-crunching saws, go to make this tongue-in-cheek film quite unique!

DOMINION

(447 2660)
Tickets £1.20 conc.

A Passage to India

1.30, 4.30, 7.45
Handsomely photographed version of the novel about the fateful clash of cultures during the Raj. Tense trial trauma, tears, trains and terrific scenery.

Beverly Hills Cop

2.15, 5.15, 8.15
Weak story line, redeemed by Eddie Murphy's talent in this long-running comedy of detective misadventure on the West Coast of America.

The Killing Fields

2, 5, 8.00
Oscar winning film of journalists in war-torn Cambodia. Moving but realistic portrayal of relationships. A British film to be proud of!

FILMHOUSE

(228 2688)
Tickets £1.50 conc.

Annie

Sat 11th, 2 pm
Film version of the musical with many of the better numbers removed. Set in New York, Annie, an orphan waif, charms a millionaire and solves all the President's problems. Ponderous dancing and distinctly uneasy acting go to confirm this as one of those 1981 gems of celluloid. With Albert Finney.

Under the Volcano

Thur 9th-Sat 11th
6.00, 8.15
Disappointing film version of the Malcolm Lowry novel, with Albert Finney drinking himself to death in Mexico. Anthony Andrews and Jacqueline Bissett should have known better.

Blood Simple

Thur 9th-Sat 11th
6.20, 8.30 (plus 4.25 Sat)
Simply bloody (awful). A Texas barman, spends the night with his boss' wife and sets in motion a chain of murders and duplicity. Blood, sex, blood, violence, and blood. Clotted humour mingles with the lethe.

Once Upon A Time In America

Sun 12th-Sat 18th
6.30 (Wed 1.30, 6.30)
What's On pick of the week. This superb film set in three periods: 1923, 1933 and 1968, traces the lives and deaths of a gang of four Jewish-American hoodlums as they move their way up the ranks of organised crime. One of the best films (if not the best film) of 1984, despite the violence of many scenes, with breathtaking photography, an award-winning musical score and a talented cast.

Catch 22

Sun 12th, 6.15
Mon 13th, 8.15
1970 "comedy" almost admirable for its intense tedium. In a Mediterranean US Airforce Base during WW2, the officers are killed, one by one. A stoic survivor paddles towards neutral Sweden (no doubt with the intention of queuing for the 1985 Eurovision Song Contest). "The picture keeps going on and on, as if it were determined to impress us" *New Yorker*.

Expanded Cinema — Super 8x3

Tues 14th, 7.30
Blind Moments, *Monkey Puzzle* and *Passion Triptych* are just some of the wondrous delights on offer in this compilation of "independent" films in home-movie format. Introduced by Mike O'Pray and Jo Comino.

Swann In Love

Wed 15th-Sat 18th
6.15, 8.30
There's no escaping this one... its back again and its oh so slow. Jeremy Irons and Omella Muti as the lovers, relived from some of the tedium by impressive couture and sets. Dubbed into French and subtitled in English.

Thirst for Love

Sun 12th, 8.45
Mon 13th, 6.15
Subtitled Oriental extravaganza about the developing passion between a young widow and a rugged farmhand on a large farming estate. Japan's answer to *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

FILM SOCIETY

(557 0436)

White Dog

Fri 10th, 8.35
GST
Oddball thriller with distinctly racist overtones about a dog trained to attack blacks only. Sam Fuller's intelligent study of racism in the American South.

Blazing Saddles

Sun 12th, 6.45
GST
(*Alias Blazing Salads*)
A black railroad worker and an alcoholic ex-gunfighter foil a crooked attorney and his henchmen. Wild western parody with Mel Brooks.

The Missouri Breaks

Sun 12th, 8.30
GST
A dreadful western about Montana ranchers and rustlers fighting over land and livestock with hired killers and horse-thieves interspersed for fun. Stars Marlon Brando, Jack Nicholson and the inevitable Hairy Dead Skeleton (Harry Dean Stanton to his mal). "A pair of million dollar babies in a five and ten cent flick." *Los Angeles Times*.

The Cranes are Flying

Wed 15th, 6.45
Pleasance
Sleek, moving love story about a girl who refuses to believe reports of her lover's death on the battlefield. A very Russian film starring Russian heart-throb Tatiana Simoiova.

October

Wed 15th, 8.30
Pleasance
One of the masterworks of all cinema. Sergei M. Eisenstein's exemplary agit-prop celebration of the October revolution, commissioned on its 10th anniversary, is immensely uplifting.

WHAT GU



UNIVER

Thurs. 9th May

New Maths for Old Bones
Dr John Searl discusses this old calculating problem. Bring your own corpse.
Sixth Level Common Room
JCMB, KB 1.10 pm.

Blood Transfusion Service
Help meet the everyday requirements of our hospitals by giving blood at KB between 10 am and 5 pm.

Do Animals Have Rights?
Discussion and debate
With Prof. R. G. Frey (Liverpool University) and Prof. T. L. Sprigge (Edinburgh University).
Teviot Row Debating Hall 7.30 pm.
All welcome.

Jazz at the Pleasance
9 pm.
Happy Hour
Drown your sorrows at Chambers Street, 8-9 pm.

Fri. 10th May

Peter Porter poet, critic and broadcaster, will be giving a talk on literary journalism. DHT conference room, 1 pm. Admission free.

Give Blood
Help a haemophilic by painlessly parting with a pint of the ruby fluid.
KB Union, 10-4 pm.

"Living Under Unfair Rule"
A talk by David Wright.
Chaplaincy Centre 8 pm.

THEATRE

Traverse Theatre

(226 2633)
Tickets £4.40, £3 members

8.00 pm

Dead Men
Set in Switzerland before the Russian Revolution. A powerful yet comic play which compares Romantic and Real images of revolt.
8.15 pm

Through The Leaves

A warmly written Franz Xavier Kroetz play concerning a small town German love affair. Terribly torrid!

Royal Lyceum Theatre

(229 9677)

May 6-11

Tickets from box office
Ruddigore
by Gilbert and Sullivan, presented by those redoubtable old troupers *Edinburgh Savoy Theatre*.

May 13-19

Tickets from box office
Anything Goes by Cole Porter, performed by *Edinburgh Music Theatre*.

Lyceum Studio

(229 9677)
15th-18th May 7.30 pm
Tickets £1.60, £1.30

Animal Farm
Edinburgh Youth Theatre in a production of Orwell's novel adapted by Ian Woolridge.

Netherbow Arts Centre

(556 9579)
Tickets £2.50, £1.50 conc.

8th-25th May 8 pm
A Doll's House
The Netherbow Actors Company in a production of Ibsen's classic.

FILMHOUSE

PATRON: BELL'S SCOTCH WHISKY

88 LOTHIAN ROAD

Cinema 1

Until Sat 11 6.20/8.30 (Also 4.25 Sat 11)
BLOOD SIMPLE (18)
Violence, double-crossing and murder, but all good fun.

Cinema 2

Thu 9-Sat 11 6.00/8.15 (Also 3.30 Sat 11)
John Huston's masterly adaptation of Malcolm Lowry's
UNDER THE VOLCANO (15)
Albert Finney stars as the former consul who, guilt ridden and abandoned by his wife, descends into hell.

Cinema 1

Sun 12-Sat 18 6.30 (Also 1.30 Wed 15)
Sergio Leone's epic film of hoods and family life from the 20s to the 60s
ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA (18)

Starring Robert De Niro, with score by Ennio Morricone

Cinema 2

Sun 12 at 6.15 and Mon 13 at 8.15
If you want grounded because flying's making you insane, you must be sane and therefore have to fly. That's
CATCH 22 (18)

Alan Arkin is wonderful as the bewildered bombardier; the cast also includes Martin Sheen, Jon Voight and Orson Welles.

Cinema 2

Sun 12 at 8.45 and Mon 13 at 8.15

In the Japanese writers' season

GATE OF HELL

(15)
Set in the 12th century, a warrior tries to win over a young girl, who finally sacrifices herself to save her husband.

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MUSIC

Sun. 12th May

Coffee, Chat and Testament
Prof. George Anderson speaks on "Old Testament" at Nicolson Sq. Methodist Church. 7.30 pm. Everyone welcome.

"God in our Midst"

Joint University Chaplaincy/Greyfriars Tolbooth and Highland Kirk Service with Rev. Martin Reith, Honorary Assistant Priest, Holy Trinity, Stirling. 11 am.

Carvery

Six hours in which to eat your way through Teviot's larder. 12-6 pm.

Tues. 14th May

Labour Club AGFM

Election of office-bearers and SRC co-ordinators. Report on the year's activities. All members advised to attend.

Seminar Room 2, Chaplaincy Centre. 5.15 pm.

Playgroup Support Group AGM

Election of committee, punch and pizzas. All members please attend. Pentland Room, Pleasance. 7.30 pm.

Debates Committee AGM

Election of members and office bearers Balcony Room, Teviot Row, 1 pm. All welcome.

Wed. 15th May

Sin, Law and Grace

Midweek service with Rev. dr Ruth Page, Systematic Theology. Faculty of Divinity. Chaplaincy Centre, 1.10 pm.

Thurs 16th May

Presenting Yorkz Past to the Future

Peter Addymnan talks on behalf of the EU Archaeological Society. Arch. Dept. 19 George Square 7 pm.

Super 8 x 3



Thurs. 9th May

Richard Thomson

Queens Hall (Clerk St)
Ablly supported, no doubt by Clive Gregson. Doors open 7.30 pm.

Maze

Playhouse (Greenside Place)
American Soul featuring Frankie Beverley.

The Crucial Xylophones

Moray House (Holyrood Rd)
As part of the Fan Club. Tonight the guest DJ is Davie Henderson from WIN.

Working Week

Coasters (West Tollcross)
Simon Booth's Latin/Jazz tinged trio, backed by a large band who have successfully managed the cross over from Jazz to Rock.

Skanga

La Sorbonne (Cowgate)
Edinburgh's own reggae band. Still looking for a manager?

Fast Breeder

Preservation Hall (Victoria St)

Deaf Heights

The Jailhouse (Calton Rd)
The newest venue with bands on Monday to Saturday, roughly 8.30 onwards. A late licence is in the pipeline but the place shuts at 11 pm at the moment.

Fri. 10th May

Talking Drums

Wilkie House (Cowgate)
Scotland's exponents of Perfect pop, supported by Tik Tak.

Volunteer Slavery

Art College builds up to its end of term revel. Remember the Wee Red Bar inside the building.

Good Friday

La Sorbonne.

East Coast Rock

The Jailhouse

Dewey Redman Quartet

Queens Hall
Jazz with Clyde Criner, Fred Hopkins and Eddie Moore 10 pm.

Sat. 11th May

Al Stewart

Queens Hall 8 pm.

Breakfast of Champions

The Jailhouse
Good Edinburgh band in pursuit of a contract.

Balaam and the Angel

Potterrow

The Primevals

Moray House
Glasgow thrash with a little more edge. th?

Still Thinking La Sorbonne

George Roy Jazzmen

Preservation Hall
Lovelee, Lovelee jazz from 2-4 pm.

Sun. 12th May

Pop Wallpaper

Hoochie Coochie (West Tollcross)

Tam White and the Dexters

Preservation Hall
New Orleans jazz in the evening. Good way to pass a Sunday night.



Working Week

Classical

Queens Hall

Scottish Sinfonia
Neil Mantle conductor
Bryn Turley piano
Michael Rigg leader
Korngold Sursum Corda
Rachmaninoff Piano Concerto no. 2
Tchaikovsky Symphony no. 5
Student reductions 7.45 pm

Days of 29

La Sorbonne.

Classical

Reid Concert Hall
Concert by students of the Faculty of Music
Admission Free. 7.30 pm

Wednesday 15th May

Edinburgh Labour Club

Pleasance
Len Graham and Finton McManus entertain.

Charlie McNair

Wed. 15th May

Tube Space

La Sorbonne

Modulation

The Jailhouse

Classical

SCO - Family Concert

Queens Hall
Sir Alexander Gibson
Deliis First Cuckoo in Spring
Deliis Summer night on the River
Holst St Paule Suite
Elgar introduction and Allegro for Strings
Handel Water Music Suite

Mon. 13th May

The Monochrome Set

Coasters
Peel's darlings return.

Just Us

Preservation Hall
This week they drag you to another bar for your enjoyment.

The Heights

La Sorbonne

Boys of the Bayon

The Jailhouse

Tues. 14th May

After Eight Mince

The Jailhouse
Wild Geese
Sean Cannon
George Square Theatre

EXHIBITIONS

City Art Centre

Market Street
Mon-Sat 10 am-6 pm
The Workers
continues till 18th May.

for Africa

Band Aid of the Art world.

69 Gallery

High Street
Mon-Sat 12 noon-5.30 pm

Anatomy Lesson

Work by Ian Hughes. Runs till 18th May.

Fruitmarket Gallery

29 Market Street
Tues-Sat 10 am-5.30 pm

Between Dark and Dark

Thomas Joshua Cooper. An exhibition of photographic works between 1970 and 1985. Till 1 June.

John Walker

Painting from Alba and Oceania series 1979-84, continuing till 1st June.

Gallery of Modern Art

Belford Road
Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm,
Sun 2 pm-5 pm

One Man's Choice

A tribute to Dr Henry Roland, collector, dealer, and lover of art.

The Scottish Gallery

94 George Street
Mon-Fri 9.30 am-5.30 pm,
Sat 9 am-1 pm

Barbara Balmer

Paintings. 1980-1985.

THE PLAYHOUSE

WED.-SAT. 15th-18th MAY
SCOTTISH BALLET
(SWAN LAKE)

TICKETS: £10.00 £8.00 £6.00 £4.00

MONDAY, 20th MAY

THE FIRM

TICKETS: £7.50 £6.50

SATURDAY 25th MAY

BON JOVI

TICKETS: £4

THURSDAY, 23rd MAY

RICKY SKAGGS

TICKETS: £6.00 £5.00

SUNDAY 26th MAY

BARBARA DICKSON

TICKETS: £7 £6 £5

FRIDAY, 24th MAY

SPEAR OF DESTINY

TICKETS: £4.00 £3.50

MONDAY, 27th MAY

MAGNUM

TICKETS: £3.50 £3.00

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MUSIC



In this week's **Spotlight**, our series on Edinburgh bands, **Alan Munro** Profiles the enigmatic **Pop Wallpaper**.

One often wonders if those in the record industry who are responsible for the selection of new talent ever wander south of the cosy Home Counties and actually make an attempt to seek out the vast wealth of Scottish talent. If they did they would surely have discovered **Pop Wallpaper** by now.

To be honest, one independent single (mainly self financed) and one wonderful session of Radio One courtesy of Janice Long, just isn't good enough. If you had heard much of **Pop Wallpaper** you would know what I mean.

Pop Wallpaper's first vinyl venture was the twelve inch single *Over Your Shoulder* (which was released last August), and it sold pretty steadily in any of the few areas where it could be promoted by the band. It was hoped that the single would inspire further interest in the band and although the Radio One session was forthcoming, a reasonable contract still eludes the band. This is the most surprising thing about **Pop Wallpaper**, when you consider their many strengths.

What little attention has been bestowed on the band by the Press to date has mainly focussed on **Audrey Redpath**, a sweet girl with an incredible voice. It is a dangerously easy thing to do. **Audrey** is mysteriously dark, agonisingly introverted with a voice of unbridled power and voluminous range. The girl can sing, and sing in a way which is entirely her own. It would be wrong to do what is so often done and disembodiment that voice from the rest of the band.

Pop Wallpaper are a group in the most collective sense of the word. There are no soloists in **Pop**

Interiors

stack. If they ever come unstuck it is visually. **Pop Wallpaper** are about music, they have no recognisable image to project. Where many bands would take a few back paces and leave the young lady to hold the limelight, **Pop Wallpaper** don't. They would even be hostile to the notion. It is the music which has the driving power, no contrived image, no clear leader - these things are not necessary when you are as musically complete as **Pop Wallpaper**.



accredited with great musicianship. The essence of their performance is simplicity. Solidity in the rhythm section is fattened out by twelve string guitar and embellished by **Evan Henderson's** scratchy six string. A simple but effective sax style is adopted by **John McVay**, an extra, non-human voice bouncing along behind **Audrey's** vocals which dive and float like a kite on a light spring breeze.

Live, the band produce all the promises of the recorded sound, the volume produced by a good more if you take into consideration

Pop Wallpaper remain difficult to package. A voice which demands attention and defies easy expectation. A blunt refusal to exploit sexuality or define image. A layered sound which is loosely connected and yet rigidly tense. A strong tendency to dissolve in identity as soon as the music stops. They are intensely enigmatic, infuriatingly elusive but wonderfully satisfying if you can break through preconceptions about what a pop product should be and absorb aurally what this band is: good Pop, no **Wallpaper**.

Thrilling Fields

The Colourfield

Grab Grab the Haddock

Coasters

Terry Hall is the singer and conscience of the **Colourfield**. He likes **Manchester United**.

Ron Atkinson spent lots of money on players and gold bracelets, yet he's still going to end up empty handed. **Chrysalis** have spent a not inconsiderable sum on **The Colourfield**. They showed real promise with *Thinking of You*, but are they really First Division material? Footballing metaphors will be abandoned with this report on **The Colourfield's** first ever live performance.

Grab Grab the Haddock can't sing, can't play, have no songs no good jokes and yet they've been signalled for "your attention". Well I don't like your attitude: to dress in romper suits, play out of tune, sing of "last" goodbyes and "not unpleasant" loneliness and generally refuse to grow up into a nasty world is now third hand and more than a little tired. Yes, its time come out of the play pen or at least get onto solid food. If that's a little harsh perhaps you can start on some rusks.

Here they come and yes its the same old Terry: leaning on the microphone stand, Mr Laconic without a smile. His cynical world

weary tones are intact; whole songs sung in inverted commas. The set takes in most of the new album. The themes are familiar: he "Still lives in a flat" with a cat. His lack of enthusiasm and humour that verge on the maudlin are open to misinterpretation. When he tells us "that we're even uglier than he expected" he is in fact making a joke.

The band with excellent backing vocals from an ex-strippagram girl, Ms Katrina Phillips are enjoying themselves. During the "buffoonry" that accompanies the one that goes, "can't get enough of you baby" Mr Hall even breaks into a laugh and has to rush to the back of the stage to regain his composure.

Seems Terry is now determined to react against what he sees as the tryingly caring attitude of some pop stars today: Mrs Thatcher up the bum its disgusting. Does he feel others are moving into his area; the social worker of pop. Mr Hall was never afraid to show concern on songs such as *The More I see (the less I believe)*. But, now he's got a new slogan: "Just fuck off." Does this herald a new nihilism? No, its just Terry telling jokes again.

By the time *Thinking of you* is played things are going quite nicely. Good tunes with some good lines: "you can take me for a ride but only if I get the window seat", fine presentation with no frills. The **Colourfield** may well find themselves in Europe, pretty soon.

Roy Wilkinson

Syndicate

Hoochie Coochie Club

It was some six months ago that local band, **Syndicate** last made an appearance in Edinburgh. Harpooned by a dodgy PA and with the band resorting to covers of Bowie songs, the gig was something of a disappointment, particularly as it coincided with the release of their promising debut single, *Golden Key*.

However, on Sunday night Jamo Stewart had consolidated his forces sufficiently to play a set that exuded considerably greater power and confidence.

It's the keyboards and Jamo's nonchalant vocals that define Syn-

dicate's sound. His voice is distinctly nasal, but much less grating than before. *Golden Key* is typical of the band's material, with its propulsive beat and neat guitar line. It is to be re-leased on Alan Campbell's *Supreme International Editions*, in an extended twelve inch format; an encouraging sign. Incidentally, the single was produced by Jo Callis, of Human League fame, and bears something of his hallmark.

Syndicate's short set contained several other fine tracks, which were presented in a polished and convincing style: this can only get better. They have decisively proved themselves to number amongst the Edinburgh bands that we should be looking out for and being positive about.

Alastair Dalton

Bee Himself

DEADBEAT

TEARS FOR TEARS C2
FUN BOY THREE



Deadbeat is one of Scotland's most prestigious fanzines. Costing a mere 10p, the magazine packs an awful lot (interviews, gigs, record reviews, local music news etc.) into its pocket-size format. Since its inception in August 1982, **Deadbeat** has gained a circulation of 1,400 per issue and can be found lurking on the shelves of music shops from Inverness to London.

The brain behind **Deadbeat** is **Alan McEwen**, alias **Vinny Bee**, an amusing and unpretentious chap who seems to like the odd can of beer or three! With a little help from his friends, **Keith Burnett** and

Hilary (impressive graphics), **Deadbeat** has become a healthy alternative to the national music press and a living part of the Scottish music scene.

So why did Vinny start the fanzine?

"Well, I was on the train to Glasgow and I thought, I quite fancy setting up a fanzine, as easy as that! I wasn't very happy with the music press at the time who were charging 30-35p and I thought they were a rip-off. All people want is a little up-to-date information for a reasonable price. Also I was in a band at the time — **Life Support** — and there was nowhere that I could send a demo to, so I thought I'd like to become a sort of middle man who could get stood on. ..."

His aims are quite simple: to give people an alternative read at a fair price. Unlike the aforementioned, the mag is definitely not intended to be a commercial venture. When quizzed on this topic, Vinny laughs, pointing out that in fact **Deadbeat** loses a lot of money — something he doesn't enjoy doing.

"Issue 28 is a perfect example. It

Photo by Dave Yarrow



ON THE HOOK FRONT

cost us £128 to print at Edinburgh University printers and from that we got back £70."

Perhaps the most helpful outlet for independent bands is the **Deadbeat** tape. This is a compilation of 'alternative pop sounds' which Vinny chooses from tapes sent in from numerous groups. At Pier House studios in Granton the chosen tracks are transposed on to a master tape and then transferred on to cassettes for sale to the general public. Vinny offers the philosophy behind the tapes:

"Initially the idea of the **Deadbeat** tape was to put out the ideas of bands who weren't going to get their work heard anywhere else. Although publishing **Deadbeat**, I feel it is not up to us to cast our opinions on bands. I always want people to hear the bands that we write about, especially the good ones! If we could help any of the bands along the way that'd be great!"

"We send the tapes and the mag to record companies — just to let them see what's happening in Scotland. It was quite gratifying when we announced the release of **Deadbeat** tape no. 2 because within a week about six record companies sent us £2 for their copies. It meant that the bands were actually getting heard, because no one would pay money for a tape they wouldn't listen to."

"One of the things I'd really hate would be to be 'responsible' for getting bands signed up. But we have seen bands reach the dizzy heights, for instance, in edition 16, July '83, we featured **Strawberry Switchblade**. And they're STILL wearing the same outfits! I don't think we did them any harm, but at the same time I wouldn't claim any responsibility for their success."

Jane Humphries

Dating Regularly

ON THE HOME FRONT

When you go to see a concert in Edinburgh there's a fair chance that it will have been put on by Messrs Regular Music. Yes, they're promoters and do so for the majority of big bands venturing north of the border. Just "what" do these invisible backroom boys get up to. Roy Wilkinson gets "behind the scenes" and finds out just what it takes to "the" Colourfield on at Coasters.

Regular Music began life in the heady days of the late seventies. Initially they were but one man, Barry Wright. He was joined by Pete Irvine in 1978. Barry (an ex-editor of *Student* no less) and Peter promoted a miscellany of bands at what was then Tiffany's and is now Cinderella Rockefeller. Soon they were moving across to the Playhouse and then onto

So has this rags-to-riches rise to big turnovers removed them from the grass roots where they began? This poser certainly gets Barry going. Are these the paranoid rantings of a man who realises he's hopelessly removed from the seedbed of exciting "new talent" etc. or just a keenness to impress that he still knows "what's going on"? Whatever, he is keen to stress

the English bigwigs to organise tours in Scotland. Happy to encourage bands to get up above Glasgow and Edinburgh, he cites examples such as the Bunynmen's Highlands and Islands extravaganza as examples of Regular taking risks. Pete chips in with his theory: "If you don't promote nasty things happen" — know what you mean — "Maybe the world sees us as money men but we don't." I ask you, are these the quotes of a mere "money man".

Last Thursday Regular put the Colourfield on at Coasters, the band's first-ever gig. Barry explains how this came about:

"First the agent phones to let us know the band want to tour. We send in a set of projected budgets for Scottish dates. There follows a period of bargaining. Finally we come to a deal and we can then set about organising the tour."

The promoter then has to organise the concert and all that goes into it. This includes everything from tickets and flyposting to the hiring of humpers to prepare the venue. In this case it includes putting a stage in — Coasters don't have a permanent one. The venue provide doorstaff and barstaff but Regular have to provide "responsible concert security" — yes your friends and mine — the enlightened bouncer. The roadcrew put the PA, lights etc. in the night before the concert. The band will arrive about midday the next day. At this stage it's important to receive the band properly. A band on tour are only aware of details: they assume all the major problems have been taken care of, but your temperamental artiste will certainly notice if the specified flower arrangement isn't there. By this time, Regular's aim is "to be invisible" — not easy when you're selling tickets.

This Colourfield concert is badly timed from Regular's point of view with *Thinking of You* fading from view and the album and present single, *Castles in the Air*, yet to make an impact, the band don't have the immediately high profile that can make all the difference to ticket sales. As a result an atten-

dance of only 550-600 is expected for a venue that can hold 1,000. Regular are expecting to lose money on this one. The sums look like this:

| | |
|------------------------|--------|
| Maximum ticket sale | 1,000 |
| Ticket price | £4 |
| Max gross from tickets | £4,000 |
| Total fixed costs | £1,655 |
| Band's fee | £1,250 |
| Total commission | £200 |

Total fixed costs include everything from the hire of an electri-

band's concert in Glasgow at Queen Margaret Union (in concert and hopefully build a working relationship with them and in this case they have worked with junction with the Union Entertainment body) and will make money on this gig but it is still doubtful that they will break even overall.

So why put on this sort of concert? Regular say they like to get in and promote bands early in their



Barry, Mr Entrepreneur!

Photo: John Lindsay

bigger things still ... In 1979 they promoted a festival at Ingliston with Talking Heads and Van Morrison topping the bill. They lost £60,000 in the process. Fainter souls might have given up then, but not the Regular boys. Putting on more bands, they wrote of their loss and stabilised as major promoters, determined to "claim anything that moves across Hadrian's Wall".

Regular's contribution to the establishment of a Scottish club circuit where young bands can cut their teeth. He is aware that "we are already seen as old beards of the recording world", but it has to be said that they do still put on smaller concerts where they may well lose money. They are performing a function and with no major indigenous Scottish promoters they are better placed than



Pete, Hello Matey!

Photo by Chas Ross

clan, cashier, humpers to flyposting and hall rental.

So with a maximum ticket sale Regular are working with an excess of in the region of £900. In the event ticket sales were less than 450. This radically alters the situation and in fact on this gig Regular carried a loss of around £800. Now they are promoting the

Terry Hall's previous incarnations. The Specials and Fun Boy Three. Of course most of the promotions will make a profit and keep Regular flourishing and they aren't exactly impoverished. They are willing to put smaller bands on now and again and aren't solely in it for the money — on the whole they do a good job for Edinburgh.

DOG SEX HORROR!

Teenage Dog Orgy

Potterrow

Jesus and Mary Chain without the songs. Indeed. So this is the culmination of Paul Hullah's four year bid to become the world's most famous part-time pop star.

With finals looming he looks back on his forays into the world of pop, and sees nothing but failure: firstly as an out-and-out pop star with *Tell Me A Colour*; and secondly as one half of that melodramatic synth-pop duo *Kitsch and the Night Set*, who were beaten to the post by Soft Cell.

Where, he wonders, is the success which has eluded him? Where, he muses, is the critical acclaim he so richly deserves? Where, he continues, is that class medal for pop? As dark clouds loom on the horizon, he begins to plot his revenge.

Firstly he avenges himself on his long-time friend and collaborator J. B. March. There is no place for him in the black ranks of Hullah's final project. Secondly he avenges himself on pop, the very field which has

proved so barren for him. He calls his band *Teenage Dog Orgy*, but Hullah is no teenager, and has declared war on plastic pop.

Hullah could not be a pop star, so he will be anti-pop star instead. Tonight he will avenge himself on the public, the stupid and misguided souls who have consigned his four years in Edinburgh to the Trash can. And so, aided by various external stimulants, Hullah degenerates before our eyes to the antithesis of his former plastic persona. Amid the drunken cartwheels and repeated crotch massages he seems at last to have found sexcess.

Yet he has to go further. He still has not laid to rest the ghost of plastic pop, and, in a final act of retribution he demolishes the band's equipment, but curiously leaves the feeble Potterrow PA intact. So much for anarchy. What a pose.

Thus another failure, albeit a heroic one. But as the audience drifted off, appalled, I reckoned he finally deserved a medal for his heroic performance in the battle against plastic pop, if only for gratuitous simulated sex beyond the call of duty. Brilliant.

Peter Carroll

record reviews

The sound of not so young Scotland: some fine new product from Scottish labels *Swamplands* and *Supreme International Editions*.

The High Bees
Some Indulgence
(Supreme International Editions)

The High Bees are Malcom Ross, David Ruffly (Aztec Camera) and Squeez Buckley. This is their first release and its on Edinburgh's very own supreme label.

A big mellifluous sound underpinned by a relaxed rhythm that hints at South America without going all the way. Powerful melody from Ms. Buckley with Malcom Ross' guitar putting the icing on the cake. Yes its another choice release from Supreme and most certainly a "song for the summer".

Paul Quinn
Ain't that always the way
(Swamplands)

This single was previewed on Muriel Gray's show a few weeks back and Paul Quinn looked a trifle nervous about the whole business. He shouldn't need to worry however, because he possesses a wonderfully deep, smooth voice that graces Edwyn Collins' collaboration on guitar. Sounds ever so slightly like the potential Elvis Presley of the eighties. This is of the same calibre as last year's *Pale Blue Eyes*, so as far as I'm concerned it can't go too far wrong.

Memphis
You supply the roses
(Swamplands)

Another worthy release from the *Swamplands* label. Despite the tragic demise of Orange Juice the boys have all gone on to do great things. On this single James and Steven create a lovely summery sound for all those hopeless romantics out there to take on picnics with them: "You supply the roses, I'll supply the wine, give the sun half a chance and it will shine" I love this record.

Suzanne Doran

Win
Unamerican Broadcasting
(Swamplands)

The single of the year so far, make no mistake about it. Davey and Ian used to be in the Fire Engines but *Unamerican Broadcasting* far surpasses anything they've done before, a song that leaps out from the speakers and you instinctively know that this is going to be good. But when Davey Henderson starts to sing then this is clearly rather special, for there can be few people who can so effortlessly sing out of tune and get away with it. A combination of genius and madness, the whole feel of *Unamerican Broadcasting* is just perfect.

Keith Cameron

LATEST!

Television Latest

Studio One tonight (STV, 7.0), introduced by Muriel Gray, looks at Scottish music, with Alan Home (ex-Postcard boss and now running the *Swamplands* record label), NME's Glasgow correspondent, Andrea Miller, and *Daily Record* rock journalist, Billy Sloan. Playing live: *Sugar Sugar*.

Mirror Image, later tonight (Ch. 4, 8.0), features *Orange Juice* (retrospectively).

The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle, the infamous *Sex pistols* film, made in 1979, is shown for the first time on television on Friday, Ch. 4, 11.30.

Don't forget **Max Headroom** on Saturday (Ch. 4, 6.0). Britain's MTV?

Radio Latest

Radio Forth (96.5 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!

This is the last time you will hear Colin's programmes in the present slots. We understand changes are on the way: watch this space for further details.

Compiled by

Alastair Dalton

FEATURES

Coping with the Experience

This Easter holiday, a group of ten Edinburgh University students boarded a plane for Toronto on a trip called "Experience Canada". Just recovered from her subsequent hangover, *Shona Finlayson* reports on an experience she — and Canada — will never forget.

Once upon a time Grant, Adam, Shona, Ai-Lien, Karen, Colin, Gavin, Guy, Nick and Charles enrolled in one or another of three available Canadian Studies courses. Little did they know that because of a five year sponsorship by Northern Telecom of Canada they would be eventually chosen to supplement their course by actually experiencing Canada first hand.

Particularly important research was done into the typical Canadian pub — the Pig's Ear, Red Dog and Cat's Arse . . .

The first two weeks of the three week tour were spent at Trent University, Peterborough, Ontario, with one student based each week in families, flats or residences, which in all cases they found to be most friendly — as were the lectures which they attended and the people who helped them with

obsession with animals) where they experienced real student life and views in Canada. A two-day trip to Toronto was the highlight of week one — spent walking round the city; discussing trade; and even for some, becoming TV stars.

They became the Canadian pioneers of their lectures — three feet of snow; no running water and no electricity. However on waking up at 3 am to find himself frozen, one member of the party admitted to the sudden reservation that he was a city person!

The time at Wanapitei was spent snow-shoeing (or in most cases falling down a lot) skiing, canoeing

From the luxury of a five-star Toronto hotel, our heroes spent their first weekend at Trent University's wilderness camp.

and learning how to spend evenings without electricity. Dr Ged Martin, from Edinburgh, proved once and for all to his students that lecturers can actually walk on water — but only when they snowshoed across the frozen lakes of the north.

Their return to Peterborough heralded such projects as a joint one hour radio programme on British music; more media coverage (as this was the first trip of its kind by a British University); and the inevitable visit to Niagara Falls, made even more impressive by the winter snow and ice. The terri-

ble ten then hid out, with Canadians and lecturers in tow, at their second, more civilised, wilderness camp — Windy Pine, while their radio programme was broadcast in Peterborough.

Ottawa was the venue for the third week of "Experience Canada" where they were kept to a hectic, but interesting schedule of meetings with High Commissioners, MPs and journalists in and around the Parliament buildings. Somehow time was found for the making of friends at Carleton University and a trip to "feel" French Canada in Montreal. The highlight of Ottawa was, unanimously, a meeting with ex-Prime Minister, John Turner, Pierre Trudeau's successor and leader of the opposition. He welcomed everyone with great charm in spite of some rather tough questioning on his past in politics from the ten students who gathered material for essays which will be read in no newspaper (unless another one of them has journalistic aspirations).



No, not Glasgow — the Parliament building, in Ottawa.

some research which was done on specialist subjects. Particularly, important research was done into the typical Canadian pub — the Pigs Ear, Red Dog and Cat's Arse (no reason was found for the

From the luxury of a 5-star Toronto hotel our heroes spent their first weekend at Trent University's wilderness camp — Wanapitei. For most of the party this was the highlight of the trip.

SCAG's active service

Many people in the University have never heard of SCAG, the Student Community Action Group; and many of those who have could not tell you what it is or what it does. *Jenny Dunn* went along to the SCAG office at 60 the Pleasance to find out.

SCAG had just finished their preparations for their float in the Rag Week procession, and had not quite cleared up: the office reeked of fresh paint and there were still paintbrushes lying among the cups of coffee, notices, letters and photographs on the desktop. As usual, the group were getting involved, although this time is a purely University context, rather than their usual role, bridging the gap between the human and the academic.

The declared aim of the Student Community Action Group is as its name suggests — to bring the ordinary student out of the ivory tower and into contact with some of the realities of life which they may never really have thought about before. It is fact that students, all too easily, become isolated from many of the harsher aspects of life. SCAG provides a vehicle for heightening their community awareness and is the catalyst for a two-way process — the education of the student is a broader context than that of the examination room, and the provision of help for less fortunate members of the community — either practically (such things as babysitting) or else socially. A change of company can be as good as a tonic for a lonely or handicapped person.

The peripatetic nature of the average student means, of course, that there can be no guarantee of permanent or sustained commitment on the part of SCAG's eighty or so members who are at the moment actively involved with the community. Holidays, essay crises and exams

confined to their own specialities.

The projects run by SCAG work in vastly differing areas of the community. One of the most successful is Mentswell, operating with over twenty volunteers helping to care for mentally

for example, there is a proposed future involvement in adult education for some time in the future, and the promise of a crash training course for interested members of SCAG. The group also wants to see the University making more of its resources and facilities — for example, its archives — open to the general public.

SCAG is in fact part of a much larger national organisation, the Student Community Action Development Unit, partially funded by the Home Office. "In Belfast, for example, SCAG is much more politically aware than it is in Edinburgh". Edinburgh's SCAG, however, is essentially city-based; and it is registered with the Societies Council.

The organisation is represented within the SRC by the Community Affairs officer, who must be an ex officio member of SCAG. Nonetheless, they feel that they are largely excluded from more general representation, and would like to think that more help and support could be available from the Students' Association. Like other available organisations within the University they cherish the ultimate hope of a sabbatical post being created to help establish firmer links between town and gown, although there is no immediate prospect of this.

Like so many other societies, SCAG has suffered in the past from failures in its publicity machine and — again like others — still suffers from a general lack of student awareness. Now, however, they have improved their general organisation, having monthly lunches, holding training days and workshops, inviting outside speakers and ensuring that the office is regularly manned.

SCAG always welcomes our volunteers and can be contacted at 60 the Pleasance between 1-3 pm on weekdays, or by phoning 557 1211 at that time.



Bringing a smile to a face.

frequently disrupt any intention of regular weekly or twice weekly activities and a fear of having to make such commitment deters many more potential helpers.

Even so, SCAG continues to thrive. There are eight major projects on the go in this academic year, some of which will continue next session. Some of these are directly initiated by SCAG while others result from suggestions made by local community groups. Each project has a separate organiser from within SCAG, although these leaders are not

handicapped women from Gogarburn, Gingerbread, another popular project, is a babysitting scheme aimed at single parent families, whereby students look after children so as to give the parent of much needed breaks. At the request of staff, SCAG, also send volunteers — eighteen in all — to help at the Cowgate day centre. There is an increasing trend for SCAG to be contacted by local organisations rather than having to make the first move.

There are plans afoot at SCAG for the larger undertakings still —



Northern Telecom tower, Toronto.

On Saturday 6th April, the party (accompanied by Dr Martin, his wife and his secretary) returned, almost sadly, to Scotland. Not only were they much wiser but they had taken part and coped with experiences (good ones) to remain with them forever; broaden their horizons; and change their ideas. Lectures and books on anything faintly Canadian or political will now have a real fascination for them, and Canada will have at least three immigrants from the group (if they let them back in!). So the next time you sign up for an outside course

Not only were they much wiser, but they had taken part in and coped with experiences to remain with them forever.

ask yourself what you could be doing in the next Easter vacation and whether you are prepared to have your views on life changed completely.

The Edinburgh students would like to extend a very special thanks to Northern Telecom who treated them so well; the students of Trent University ("we love you all") and to their hero Dr Ged Martin. If any Edinburgh student who will be in North America in late September wants to go to Wanapitei they should contact Dr Martin, Canadian Studies, 21 George Square.

Part One of a two-part series on TV music

Pop goes the television Tube

There have been a few changes in the world of TV pop-programming in the last three years. From the days of an impalpable once-weekly dose of *Top of the Pops* and the sedative *Old Grey Whistle Test*, we have started a new regime of at least one pop-related music pill per night to swallow.

This week, **Keith Cameron** looks at the production of the programme that heralded this new era of "anarchic" pop-programming — *The Tube*. Next week, **Roy Wilkinson** visits the BBC's *Oxford Road Show*.

There must be few things as disappointing as having one's illusions about someone or something shattered. Like finding out the truth about Father Christmas, for instance. Or that the acts on *Top of the Pops* aren't really singing. Maybe my illusions about *The Tube* weren't quite shattered, but

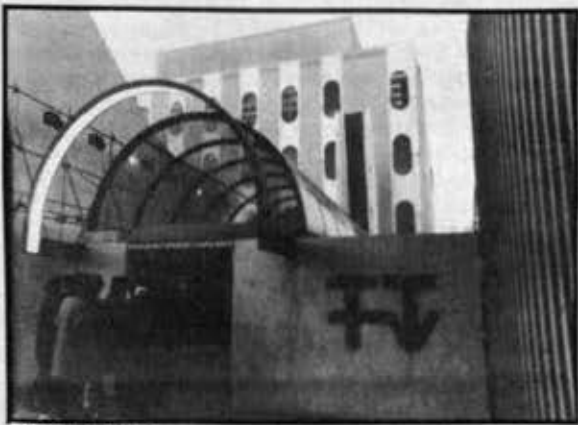
off the street to check out some action" — with exquisitely coiffured ten-foot-tall hairstyles. The epitome of today's youth, just oozing with street-cred, right? Wrong. The epitome of today's youth (i.e. you and me) have been hurriedly ushered out of the way and told not to stick their pimply little faces

not green for a start. But if you think — as I used to — that here we have a très posh, roomy pad overflowing with booze, food and painfully famous people, then think again because in fact it's uncomfortably small with nowhere to sit down and if it overflows with anything its liggers (hangers-on with probably rather tenuous excuses for being allowed there at all).

Indeed, most things on *The Tube* are smaller in reality than they appear on the screen. "It's all to do with wide angle lenses," a photographer colleague observed knowingly. Whatever it is, it certainly works. The studio itself, which on TV looks so cavernous, with its numerous stages and milling audience, is, disappointingly, just the size you'd expect a TV studio to be. Jools Holland, it must be said, is not a very tall chap. And as for Paula Yates... Paula is absolutely tiny! I remember hanging about in the foyer before the start of the show, wondering who the pretty little girl with Jools Holland could be until I realised that it was the scriptwriter's nightmare herself. ("Oh, pooh! I'm getting everything wrong this week!" she was heard later to exclaim and for once she'd got it just right.)

But there must have been the odd megastar here and there, I hear you cry. Actually, the edition of *The Tube* covered by *Student* was pretty diabolical in terms of content, due mainly to the absence of *Bronski Beat* which left only the execrable *Go West* and *The Bangles* — bad name, even worse band — as live "attractions". Indeed, perhaps the best live music came when Jools and a few chums got together for an impromptu blues jam, purely to fill in time. The acid-tongued Mr Holland is most eloquent of all on the piano.

However, *Student* was fortunate enough for its jaunt to Newcastle to coincide with a visit by the



Outside the Tube

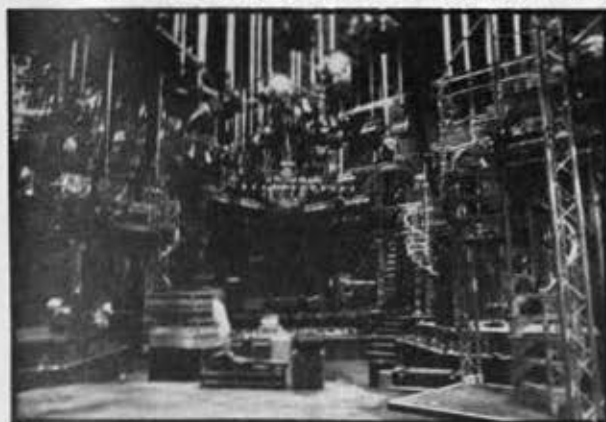
megastar to end all megastars — yes, Timmy Mallett himself. My impression was of a really nice, likeable guy; an absolute wazzock, but a really likeable guy. Together, he and Jools provided the most amusing moment of the evening is a piece where Timmy had to virtually assault Jools, waving an "ORS" sweatshirt under his nose. Beforehand, Jimmy seemed a little unclear about when to make his entrance, but Jools reassured him that he would make it "bloody obvious". Sure enough, after an extremely obvious cue, Mallett leapt onto *The Tube* presenter, practically strangling him with the shirt and squeaking "ORS! ORS!" like some demented dourmouse. A unique character, to be sure.

Finally, I'm not at all convinced that *The Tube* is still "the indisputable leader" in the TV music rat race. To these eyes and ears, at least, the revamped *Whistle Test* — thankfully free of the repellent Anne Nightingale — is now more than a match for the Tyne Tees production. The team of David Hepworth and Mark Ellen has slowly grown in confidence and proficiency over the last few years and, now augmented by the loqua-

cious Andy Kershaw, they offer a programme that is busy and enjoyable to watch, making the most of occasionally indifferent content.

The original reason for visiting *The Tube* was to interview Muriel Gray. Now, at the risk of finding myself in the minority here, I feel that Muriel comes over as a real smart-arse on *The Tube*; which is a shame because having met her twice, I think she's a genuinely nice person and her stand-in nights for John Peel on Radio One were excellent. But on screen it's all predictable snide witticisms, suffused with an air of "Ha! Ha! I'm clever but you're stupid." In the interview she was courteous and candid but had barely a good word to say about anything and I found it all a bit symptomatic of popular music's current malaise — depressing.

The Tube was the catalyst for this transformation, its visual anarchy giving TV's pop-programmers a much-needed kick up the backside. Now its anarchy seems forced and stale and its producers need to prevent it from becoming just another music show, a parody of itself. The next move is theirs.



Inside the Tube

some aspects of the programme are definitely not what they seem.

You want examples? Well, call to mind the beginning of each programme where we often find the presenters introducing the show from the Tyne Tees foyer, as a long line of incredibly cool young people files slowly past. All are clad in precisely the 'right' sort of gear — "Hey, man, just walked in

near the camera. This assemblage of hepcats that begins the programme comprises the hand-picked cream of the crop, a select few deemed beautiful enough to maintain *The Tube*'s reputation as a barometer of youth culture.

What a bummer, eh? But there's more, my friends. Take the near-legendary Green Room. Well, it's

Women in the limelight

Imagine a network of women whose aims are to promote women's participation in the arts and media. And then picture, if you would, that same network encouraging women to learn, share and develop performance skills. Call the network "Women Live", provide it with a venue and you have the ingredients of a festival with a difference.

"Women Live" consists of a number of women from Edinburgh and elsewhere who have come together as individuals or in ready-formed groups to present a festival of art which promises to be as interesting as it is different. The festival will take place between the 26th May and the 3rd June at the Pleasance. All material is written by women and most of it will be performed by women, though performances are open to both women and men.

"Women Live" has its roots in a London-based group called

with the general Edinburgh women's movement. The formation of an arts group for women gave them the chance to opt out of a male power-structure.

"Women Live" has held festivals in the past (1982 and 1983). Organisers started off concentrating on "Alternative Art" but now give as much prominence to women's campaign groups. This is reflected in the varied content of the proposed festival workshops.

Not all of the members of "Women Live" are "radical separatist feminists" but most express a relief at being able to work with women rather than competing with men. They describe the male way of working as an oppressive system of goals and ambition and talk of negative experience in mixed groups where men had tended to take over. They explain that women have tended towards separatism through women-only groups not because they are necessarily anti-men but as a means of re-establishing their autonomy. Lots of women have been given a start through "Women Live".

Over the years "Women Live" has developed to encompass a broader definition of what constitutes art. One of the aims of this year's festival will be to break



District Council. Entry to all shows and workshops will be free.

The festival's programme is varied and emphasises creativity and communication. Well-known Scottish women writers will be performing. Jessie Kesson, the distinguished novelist and author of *Another Time, Another Place* and *Rosalind Brackenbury*, the popular novelist and poet, will give a reading of six short stories. Rona Munro, the playwright, and Tessa Ransford, who founded the Scottish Poets' Library, will be presenting poetry and play-readings. There will also be a cabaret on Friday 31st May and a women's ceilidh on Saturday 1st June (women only).

Videos to be shown treat a variety of subjects: "One of Us" is a play-comedy written by an Asian woman about the life of an Asian woman in Britain; "Girl's Talk" is a video made by young women for young women; "Lass Tak Di Sock" is a video about Shetland life; another video by Creel Films of Musselburgh is a documentation of women's support of the miners' strike. "Women Live" also hopes to have a team of young women making videos of the whole festival. Drinks will be served at the Pleasance bar and a crèche offers child-care facilities.

Programmes will be available shortly from "Womanzone" at 119 Buccleuch Street (tel. 667 2926). "Women Live" hope to start off more meetings in autumn and can be contacted at the Women's Centre at 61A Broughton Street.

Tilly Suadwa

Joe Cool

ear clipse

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FEATURES

Tory furore

Last month the government finally found the excuse it had been waiting for to clamp down on the Federation of Conservative Students. The FCS has been a growing source of embarrassment to the government as a result of their increasingly more right-wing and libertarian politics. It was the vandalism at their annual conference in Loughborough last month which finally caused Party Chairman John Selwyn Gummer, MP, to effectively suspend all FCS activities. *Devin Scobie* considers the changing face of the National Federation, and looks at Edinburgh University's own Conservative Association.

The Federation of Conservative Students was founded in 1931 by author John Buchan, who has been better remembered for his *Thirty-nine Steps* than for establishing the FCS. The Federation survived more as a social club for young (Tory) gentlemen than as a section of a major political party, and even through the student upheavals of the late 1960s and '70s it had virtually no political impact whatsoever.

Three Scottish chairmen in succession changed this picture. Peter Young, Tim Linacre and Brian Monteith were elected as part of the backlash which swept Margaret Thatcher into Downing Street in 1979. Between these three, FCS was transformed from its moderate centre stance into the tough, radical, and hard-hitting organisation which reared its ugly head at Loughborough last April.

Edinburgh University's own Conservative Association has also, this session, witnessed a similar and more marked shift in political emphasis. A former senior committee member of EUCA said, after this session's much more politically minded Executive had been elected: "We have become a political association once more. Until these elections we were more of a social club, with politics being an interesting 'aside' to well-organised social events."

Interviewed by *Student*, EUCA's Vice-President (Internal) explained how the club had started in the mid-19th century in the wake of Lord Randolph Churchill's electoral registration societies. It certainly seemed to be alive and active by the time Disraeli stood as a candidate for Rector, and EUCA was instrumental in organising his nevertheless unsuccessful election campaign. In recent years, EUCA has become an established breeding-ground for Conservative MPs.

But there is an uglier side to FCS now. Their conference at Loughborough witnessed some of the worst vandalism ever seen at



Tory mole

any student conference. Carpets were stained with beer and vomit, fire extinguishers let off, delegates intimidated at night, door handles removed, and a shower used as a toilet. Initial reports spoke of "thousands of pounds worth of damage".

These reports were soon dismissed as exaggerated mutterings, to

the Press, by the "lefty, pro-Heathite" factions within the clearly split-ridden FCS. EUCA itself claimed that only £14 worth of damage had been done, but this week a bill for £1,391, from the university, was received by Conservative Central Office to pay for all the damage of FCS hooliganism at Loughborough.

Even all this could just about be dismissed as "student antics" were it not for the steadily drifting ideological viewpoint of the FCS; a viewpoint which EUCA, as direct affiliates, openly support.

The Federation's policies have now moved so far to the right of conventional Conservatism — even compared with the right of centre Thatcherist policies Britain has seen since 1979 — to be almost irreconcilable with the popular British Conservatism of even a decade ago.

The FCS, and presumably EUCA, openly support "drastic reduction" of the EEC's regulations and restrictions; the abolition of the already battered grants system for undergraduates, and the privatisation of all institutions of higher education — including Edinburgh University. The legalisation of heroin, child sex, even the privatisation of the Royal Family have all been vigorously denied by the FCS executive yet have, at one time or another, been recently advocated by one or two FCS activists.

One genuinely concerned, non-executive EUCA member spoke candidly about their particular opinion. "I am becoming increasingly more angered about FCS's continend move to the right, and away from the values of traditional Conservatism. One token member resigned for his petty racist opinions but a lot of members still privately share these views."

Edinburgh University's Conservative Association has also expelled one actually current member of the National Front, Paul Deacon, plainly rejecting such extremist organisations and anyone associated with them. Vice-President Michael Conway stated "these organisations are tiny, their membership derisory, and their views nut-case".

With the major EUSA and SRC elections only a week away, the University Conservative Association enter the throes of the campaign without official support for any candidate. Unlike other political societies, EUCA clearly believe that the Students' Representative Council should remain non-political. Mr Conway, however, was sure of wholehearted support being given to Graeme Carter's campaign for President.

Looking to the future, it is uncertain in which way either EUCA or the FCS will go. Edward Heath, arch-enemy of Mrs Thatcher, and the scourge of the FCS, has been invited to speak at the University later this term. Mr Heath was unceremoniously sacked as Life President of the Federation at the Loughborough conference, having previously refused to resign from the position. He spoke at Teviot Row last year.

As for the FCS itself, it does not now, and never has, carried much weight or authority within the Conservative Party. When it is an embarrassment, as at Loughborough, it is a nuisance; when it is sycophantic, it is accepted.

The implications are dangerous as British politics itself continues to polarise between left and right. Little can be predicted with any accuracy, but it seems very likely indeed that the policies and actions we saw at Loughborough point to a new beginning in student politics. And if this is so, then it is something which deserves only to be strangled at birth.

Opinion

A question of democracy

President Reagan has recently attempted to secure military aid to the Contras, fighting in Nicaragua against the democratically elected Sandinista government. This has brought much attention to the situation in Central America. Misconceptions about Nicaragua are still widespread as illustrated by the letter published in the first edition of *Student* last term and this necessitates a clarification of the real situation in Nicaragua.

Nicaragua before the revolution was controlled by the American-backed Somoza family dynasty for 40 years. This family owned 50% of arable land, most of the manufacturing sector, banks, and had almost overwhelming control of the media. Anastasio, the last of the Somozas, was renowned throughout Latin America for the repressive measures carried out by his private militia, the National Guard. Torture, imprisonment and the massacres of whole villages were commonplace. For example, over 200 "campesinos" (farmers) and their families "disappeared" between 1975 and 1977 in one rural province alone.

Popular resistance to the regime exploded into revolution in 1979. Churchmen, businessmen, the banks and even some of the sons of Somozista families joined with the peasants and working classes in spontaneous uprisings that swept the country. Headed by the Sandinistas the country defeated Somoza, expelling the hated National Guard.

Post-revolutionary Nicaragua is often attacked as being a totalitarian, Soviet satellite. In fact, last year's elections proved Nicaragua to be a far more democratic country than the US backed El Salvador. In the Nicaraguan elections freedom was given to the 12 opposition parties to participate though the Sandinistas distinguished between legitimate opposition and armed counter-revolutionary opposition (10 out of the 12 parties stood. European MPs and International Relief Organisations (eg David Ashby, Conservative MP for Leicester, Lord Kennet (SDP), Lord Chitnis (Liberal) etc and Oxfam observed the first fair and democratic elections in 40 years, in which the Sandinistas won 60% of the vote.

The Sandinistas have preserved the freedom of the press, the only exception being the closing down of a Trotsky paper, *La Prensa*, representing the most antagonistic of the anti-government forces, has admittedly been censored. However this censorship has been limited to matters of security as Nicaragua is effectively at war. The two main papers *La Prensa* and *La Barricada* (the Sandinista publication) have widespread circulation and both are generally read by most people.

The grassroots majority of the Catholic Church in Nicaragua has played a fundamental part in the revolution and in the construction of a new, democratic society. Sadly, part of the church hierarchy, in particular the Archbishop Monseno Obando y Bravo, decided to take a stand in line with the official Vatican view; these dissenters, however are still free to make their criticisms of the government. Thus people of Nicaragua are free to express both political and religious views and beliefs.

However these have not been the only advancements. The main emphasis of the Nicaraguan government has been to improve the standards of living of the people. This has been indisputably shown in the areas of

health, education, and land and industrial reforms.

Health: Vaccination campaigns and preventative health programmes have greatly reduced malaria and eradicated polio completely. An infant mortality rate of 50% has been cut by one third since the revolution. Basic health care is now available free of charge to those in need.

Education: The literacy campaign in Nicaragua was hailed as the second victory. Literacy has been reduced from 50% to 12% and now stands at a lower rate than in the United States.

Land and industrial reforms: The Sandinistas employ a policy of mixed economy. They operate certain controls over the private sector, thus ensuring a guaranteed minimum wage and availability of cheap music commodities. Indeed 80% of the land is still in private hands, the remaining 20% under state control was left by the fleeing Somoza family and has been divided up into state farms or co-operatives. In industry the same general policy has been pursued, with the emphasis on the interests of the workers.

The US fears Nicaragua because of the advances made by the Nicaraguan people, which have threatened US influence in Central America and in so doing damaged the interests of big business.



Thus, America has provided financial backing and military training for the two Contra groups (made up of many ex-Somoza National Guards) in Costa Rica and Honduras. This has been one of the biggest CIA covert actions since Vietnam. It has met with disapproval by many sectors of the American people — a fact which was made all too clear recently by Congress's refusal to give further military aid to the Contras. However President Reagan will attempt to secure "humanitarian" aid for the Contras this week which means in practice supplying the Contras with everything they require to continue their offensive other than guns and bullets.

It is important that the public be made aware of the anti-democratic and indeed inhumane actions being carried out by the Contras and the USA government against the Nicaraguan people in the name of democracy.

If you wish to express your support of Nicaragua this can be done by adding your name to the Support Pledge being organized by the Rev. Norman Shanks at the Chaplaincy Centre.

EU Latin American Solidarity Society.

Slobhan Bygate

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CARTOONS

EXTRACT
FROM A
LETTER

...I will trust anyone who tells me they're mad. Just a little bit crazy. Ha ha. It's the normalities you have to watch out for. Sit down at Waverley Station and there is some wreckage sitting down next to you with the racing results AND NO CIGARETTES. So you make a big thing about giving him a Benson and Hedges then point across at the gent with the bulging travel bag and thin ankles (why people won't wear clothes that fit is beyond me) and say, "That gent's got some cigs too, go and try him".

And the gent suddenly gets very interested in the time tables or strides out like his train is pulling out and not forty minutes late. So the old soldier shuffles back and asks if you've got a cigarette. You say "Yes, but you're not having one" and all the world cringes. They can ignore the drunk, but not your announcement. And all the world, that likes to think of itself as just a little bit crazy (office parties, nights out on the beer), is wondering, as the old veteran lurches towards them, "Why me?"

So you reel home, past the shops of offal and fish heads, men sweating beer hulking halves of cows in and out and dripping stringy bits on the pavement, have sarnies and cigarettes for break fast and fall in love with this city...

The folk take such pride in lining up all those dead things. Fish shops heaped with marine ovaries and offal. Exquisite butchers, vaulted, airy dens of marble and glass. Some put up blackboards telling you which farm the meat comes from. You could go and watch it running around, then, a few days later see lumps of it lovingly laid out amongst plastic ferns and china sheep. I spend hours dreaming in front of fishmongers. Flying-fish and squid and spider crabs and a hundred other things dredged from the bottom of the sea. Then some ten year old comes up and says "gotta ten p, or 'will you buy me some glue' and the whole things is ruined."

It's back down the Dalkeith Road, past all those men with cardigans "lipped over beer-guts, flares for aerodynamic stability and tinned beer for ballast. The police are cleaning rugby debris off the streets as it crawls round every Scottish backside in a size 17 Savacentre tweed. Yes, that drunk

Michael Jeffries



NECROPOLIS

A TALE OF SUBURBIA

He sprinted crisply down the midnight streets, sweat forming a liquid sheet between the frosting air and his overhead body. On and on he ran; out into the suburbs, where the squares of the housing become rectangles, and finally blocks, between the roads. The lights of the city nucleus had been left well behind, and even the over-spill of their glow was gone. Only the blurred orange of isolated lamp posts broke out in the darkness. The houses lay like black mouths, lurking well back from the pavements at the ends of driveway tongues.

Once into these darkened precincts he left the road, and, ducking low, slipped to the back of a house. For a moment his gaze stroked the black forms beyond him, and then he dashed to the bottom of the long garden. Hurling the fence, he began to run along the lawns and borders of the white-collar homes, leaping fences, climbing railings and pushing through edges. He used the stratified landscape as an assault course, a test of his stamina.

His charging legs punched a stamp across the virgin borders, carelessly crushing flowers underfoot and staining the ground with sap. Smiles slid across his face as he thought of the impotent shock that would corkscrew through the guts of these householders tomorrow. My God! Someone has been on our property — the hideous realisation that their little castles were not as secure as they had thought.

The glow from television screens drew sketches on curtains which twitched and jumped like spastic jugglers; company cars, solid as tanks in the dark, crouched jugglers; crouched at the sides of houses; greenhouses dimly reflected the night sky like boxes filled with dreams. His face cracked another smile: did they really think these icons gave them sanctuary? Sniggers whistled through his teeth as his devastating feet made another joke of the thought.

"So why do you do it," Fox

asked him as they swapped a bottle of vodka one night.

"I like it," he told Fox mildly. "It stretches me, it pushes me further than I would normally have to go."

"Oh yes, my will's not strong enough to make me do anything more than try to do my best with something as intrinsically boring as running. It just happens to be what I'm best at, so I need something to drive me to do my best. I need a motive."

"Like the possibility of someone finding you in their flower-bed," Fox had smiled.

"I need to feel threatened," he had said simply.

They had laughed.

His breath mimicked a snort of laughter now, but it was just his lungs panting for more oxygen to quench their never-ending demand. He gasped again as he leapt a small rockery and leapt through a maze of plastic gnomes. Shadows swarmed over his body as he lunged from one area of dim visibility to another, while plants and trees clutched at him with inquisitive roots and branches. He scrambled on unhindered. Far to his right the moon shone like a splinter of glass.

As he plunged into yet another garden he slowed his headlong steeplechase; a pole in the middle of the well-groomed lawn had distracted him. It had a ball attached to its upper end, and in the shadows of the trees, without the aid of a lamplight, it almost seemed like a giant lollipop.

He crouched in a neatly tilled border, puzzling over what the shape could be, until he had convinced himself that the house was dead.

When he finally crept up to the pole he found that the object was not a ball, but some kind of vegetable. He could make out nothing in the blackness, so he put his hands out and felt it. The skin gave beneath his probing fingers; it was cold and fleshy to the touch. Grasping the base, which was spongy and dampened with a sticky liquid, he jerked it off the pole. The end had been sharpened and barbed.

Bringing the thing up to his face for closer inspection, he discovered that his second judgement had been wrong as well. The clot-dripping globe was a guillotine head.

He shrieked and hurled it away, twisting to run, but he slipped, falling on his ankle. It cracked. Whimpering, he clutched at it, in the light of his terror the house seemed to focus its windows on his writhing form in a ghastly stare.

He tried to eliminate the pain from his mind and began to crawl back towards the fence. A light flashed on and the glare drenched the lawn in a sheet of white. He dragged himself desperately away, making for the side fence, the next garden, another house and sanctuary.

There were voices behind him; a door opened.

The fence was low wire mesh. He flopped over it and, staggering wildly, got to his feet to thrash through the decaying leaves surrounding the bushes.

Flailing arms, he hobbled towards the other house. It was low, but it had a peaked roof, almost like a church. The shouts of the searchers opposite reached him as he hurled himself against the back door and started to pound it. It was only after a while that he began to ring the bell.

A light went on in the room above him and a window opened. In the light he saw only a silhouette. There was talking and then thumping footsteps on the stairs. He sagged with relief, tears blurring his eyes.

The door swung open and the brightness of the light blinded him. He shielded his face with his hand and choked, "Next door — they've killed someone!"

He wiped his face and jerked his head up.

A woman stood in front of him. Her body was smeared with blood from a ritual killing.

"We know," she said, a grin peeling across her face like a scar.

The huge knife sheared down like a bolt of lightning.

And his head fell away.

A. J. WILSON



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T. BAKER '85

STUDENT SPORT

Edinburgh have a Field Day



The competitive element of Sunday's Sports Day is very obvious in this early round of the rugby-sevens

Mixed Fortunes for Uni

A week is a long time in politics but it pales in comparison to seven days in the life of Edinburgh Uni's 1st XI as their recent fluctuating performances would illustrate.

The week began well with a crushing eight wicket victory over Glasgow Uni. After a spirited fielding performance when the visitors were dismissed for 121, Jim "Health Robinson" McDonald returning figures of 4 for 30, Goron McGurk then demoralised the opponent's attack with a doughty 80 not out.

With spirits riding high Edinburgh then travelled to Stirling on Wednesday and to a pitch akin to a strip of Portobello sand. Showing

an alarmingly cavalier approach and lack of application Edinburgh were dismissed for 81, only "jumbo" Sale remembered his bucket and spade, and he dug his way to an unbeaten 41. Edinburgh then showed their inexperience at back cricket, as the home side went on to win by five wickets.

Thursday evening saw the first round of the Masterton Trophy and a tie against Edinburgh Academicals. Having chosen to bat, the University then showed plenty of character and forced their way to an impressive 119-8 in their allotted 125 overs, with Gordon "Stonewall" McGurk hitting a dogged 55. The University then produced a magnificent bowling performance to dismiss the Accies for 71 — Malcolm Grant 5 for 16.

And so to a cold (beans, pies,

potatoes, showers, wind) Sunday in Durham, as Edinburgh played their part in Durham's warm-up for their three-day match against Nottinghamshire this week. After being under early pressure Durham's middle order batsman took control to amass 225-8, Steve Wyatt 3 for 36. There then followed the march of the lemmings, as Edinburgh, determined to put the promising form shown on Thursday right behind them, regained their old "savour faire" and crumbled to 88 all out. Dennis "Skinner" Jackson top scored with a solid 24.

After a week that is best forgotten, Skipper "Bunny Boy" Gamet will be hoping for more consistency from his boys this week!

Dennis Jackson and David Colgrave

The gap between rounders and rugby seems to be unbridgeable. The latter is rough, tough and highly competitive. The former seems to be reserved for a sunny evening in Holyrood Park after a heavy tea. Yet on Sunday at Peffermill that gap was bridged at the Edinburgh University Sports Day. Both events, together with many others shared the same stage.

The day started with three events taking place simultaneously — football, rugby and hockey. Standards varied greatly as did the seriousness with which some competitors viewed their event.

The football was won by the Hangovers who beat Baird 2-0 in the final. In conversation with John Watters, one of the leading lights of the Lee House team, it was revealed that the Hangovers contained a number of University players. But this did not mean that all the others players were outclassed. Students own Dave Yarrow scored a magnificent goal (similar to Daiglish's v. Iceland) driving the ball into the corner. Watters in a typically sporting manner concluded that it was indeed a great effort, especially for a man who otherwise looked out of his depth. Forms for Dave to play with Montrose are already in the post. All in all the event was patchwork of skill, competitive-

ness and professionalism (Carolina T. S. even had their own strip).

In the rugby event the Agrics beat Club 69 in the final by the resounding margin of 22-0. The hockey event was drawn between the dentists and commerce society.

All three of these events were well subscribed, eight teams entering the rugby competition, thirteen involved in football. But according to Anna Prouchazka, the organiser for the day, the real sports day atmosphere did not materialise until later in the day when the sprinting, relay, tug of war, volleyball and rounders events took place.

The mens 100 metre dash was won by Allan Watt but pride of place must go to Alison Britton in the womens 100 metres as she won in the fast time of 11.8 seconds. Volleyball was won by Carolina T.S., the tug of war by (surprise surprise) the Agrics, the womens egg relay by the Jets team and the mens by Baird.

But perhaps it was the rounders event above all else that surmounted the disappointment caused by failing to get the hot air balloon into the sky and made Sunday afternoon a good day out and a sports day to remember. With over 200(?) people cheering madly, teams, some culled from other events, completed at a fast and furious pace in an event that has no particular importance or respect in sport but which affords fun to those who join in. And that folks, as they say, is what it is all about.

Kenneth Addy

Aided and abetted by John Walters



Big time for Nick

One student who perhaps is well informed to talk of the influence of nerves and tensions in sport is Nick Bannerman, a first year Social Scientist from Turner House. With Hawick's Colin Gass on tour with the make shift Scotland squad in Canada, Nick has been called up to fill in the vacant stand off position for the Scottish Champions. While delighted at such an opportunity

the build up to his debut against Langholm last Tuesday was characterised by obvious nerves; Pollock breakfast amongst other things was not enjoyed with the usual fascination. However internationalists Deans and Murray clearly excrete a calming influence on Nick, as he, like the immortal cliché advised: "Just went out and enjoyed himself."



Boat Club on the move

The summer regatta season is now well upon us, and Edinburgh University Boat Club are well on course for another successful year's rowing. With winter training for all the crews severely disrupted, the hard work put in at Durham and on the

canal this term is at last showing signs of paying off.

The Fosters Draught Clyde Rowing Weekend provided the club with its first competitive outing this term. All the crews gave a good account of themselves especially A. Patrick, F. Houston, J. Bell and P. Evans who showed great determination to beat five other crews to take the womens

novice fours title.

The Scottish Milk Regatta at Castle Semple last weekend gave the club its first taste of multi lane racing this season in the womens open eights, EUBC beat their rivals from Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities but were just pipped by a very good club crew from Aberdeen. H. Green, C. Haigh, K. Isaac and V. Boylles just failed to join the ranks of womens senior C rowing but came a creditable second in womens novice fours. Having starved themselves most of Friday to make a 70 kg (11 stone) average weight, the mens first crew were first to the scales to weigh in for lightweight coxless fours and then first to the finishing line. This followed a fine performance in Elite coxed fours, where they were only just beaten by the scottish National Heavyweight Squad crews.

The club's AGM midweek elected the office-bearers for next year with the top job of captain going to Nick Bramwell — well done and good luck for 1985/86. Also elected as honorary Vice Presidents were Robin Jack — this year's captain, Alistair Moir and Neil MacFarlane — the mens and womens coaches and Archie MacPherson.

M. Pacher

Sport in Brief

Canoeing

Last weekend saw Edinburgh University Canoe Club in action again, this time at the slalom on the River Teith near Callander, on Saturday there was mixed success with 2nd places for Dave Black in Novice C1; Lynda Turner and Callum Urquhart in SUSF C2, and the novice team of Alistair MacPherson, Jonathan Scales and Scott Turner, but several swimmers as well. Sunday saw several of the Novice men being promoted to Division 4 with Jonathan Scales in 5th being the highest placed. In the Division 4 event Simon King, coming 4th, narrowly missed promotion to Division 3.

Shooting

EU Rifle Club have shown their superb quality by winning the "Scottish Cup", a knockout competition organised by the National Small-bore Rifle Association and shot throughout Scotland, by club teams of six. Each shooter fired 20 shots (ex 200) in each round for a total score out of 1200. In the final the Captain Gordon Wipch maintained his unbroken record by shooting a maximum 200 and so not dropping a point in any of the five rounds. Other members of the winning team were S. Riley (199), W. Murray (198), W. Mitchell (196), C. Ogle (195) and D. Westgate (194) to finish with a score of 1182 who beat the opposing finalists "Wick Old Stagers" by four points.



Cowan House v. Agrics

0-18

Christian Hogg v. Douglas Althison
KOs 1-0