Maxwell forcing University into donation

Blackmail!

by Gary Duncan and Paula Collins

Edinburgh University is faced with a serious financial predicament, following the use of Pollock Halls of Residence as the Commonwealth Games Village. The University is owed £650,000 by the Games organisation and it is apparently unlikely that it will now be paid this sum, given the precarious financial situation of the Games organisation.

At a meeting of the Games directors in London on Monday, the creditors were assured of successful progress by chairman Robert Maxwell. If the fund-raising consortium, Saatchi and Saatchi, and Arthur Young Accountants, all agree to donate £800,000 which they are owed, and other donations are fulfilled, then, said Mr Maxwell, the company will be able to repay its outstanding debts.

However, the Games director appeared to include Edinburgh University amongst those who had agreed to make donations, this is contrary to the University’s own position.

In a statement released today, the University administration categorically states: “...at no time has the University offered to make a donation towards the debts of the company.”

According to the statement, the University’s agreement to participate in the Games arose out of a feeling in the administration that it had an obligation to the city and the nation. The agreement was made on the premise that the costs of allowing Pollock Halls to be used for the Games Village would be fully paid by the Games organisation. This was crucial, as the Universities Grants Committee, which provides the vast majority of all universities’ money, will not allow public funds to subsidise accommodation for students, or vice versa.

If Edinburgh University did agree to make a donation of the Games by waiving some of the Games’ accommodation charges, then the money would have to be found from the University’s limited commercial income. The alternative to this is to pass on the costs to students in the form of higher accommodation charges. This has been ruled out by University Principal Dr John Burnett. The University has stated, however, that it is considering the proposal that it waive £345,000 of its bill: “... and the Principal has been given full authority to negotiate with Robert Maxwell and the Games organisation.” If this proposal is implemented, the University says that it “will certainly leave us with serious problems on our commercial trading accounts.” It has been made clear that the donation would only be considered if the Games organisation “can satisfy ourselves (the University) and the other creditors of the full extent of the Games’ deficit, and the authenticity of Mr Maxwell’s offer to provide £2 million of new money.”

University Principal Dr Burnett commented on Tuesday: “The University entered into an agreement to provide Pollock Halls through what it considered to be an obligation to the city, and the country as a whole... It is a matter for regret that by doing so, it now faces the prospect of serious financial difficulties.”

Surveillance threat

In an effort to curb a sharp increase in the amount of vandalism and theft of library books, the University Library Committee is currently considering proposals to introduce extensive video camera security surveillance equipment next year.

Approximately 500 library books disappear each year from the George Square Library and many more often quite valuable texts are mutilated or have illustrations and complete chapters removed. Speaking to Student on Tuesday, University Librarian Miss Brenda Moon expressed “deep concern” at the deteriorating situation.

Video cameras installed at various points in the library are the most likely security precaution which is being discussed although the obvious expense of such a move will ensure that the commitment is not entered into lightly. Miss Moon said there was a very real problem of knowing precisely which areas of the library needed greatest protection.

Yes indeed. The editor on a Wednesday morning morning after a hard night’s layout. For other zombies turn to page 12 and WIN A ZOMBIE T-SHIRT!
The results of the poll carried out by the Students' Association at matriculation show that Edinburgh University students are still overwhelmingly opposed to the idea of a loans-based support system for students.

The majority of Edinburgh students took part in the poll and, of those, 86.6% were against the introduction of any system involving loans, 15.7% backed a combined loans and grant scheme while 3.7% were in favour of a support system consisting entirely of government loans to students.

The results were similar to those of an identical poll conducted by EUSA in 1981. However, two differences were that nearly 3% more students were now in favour of some kind of loans scheme while 5% fewer students now believe in a full grant system where the parents’ income is not taken into account.

Iain Catto, EUSA Secretary, commented: “It may be that in the light of the government’s public spending cuts these students are less hopeful of getting money they think they can expect from the state in the future.”

However, with the vast majority of students still opposed to loans, EUSA will not alter its stance. “We shall proceed,” said Mr Catto, “as if we have got the backing of students.”

EUSA plans to include the results in a 4-page submission on loans to the Education Department: a document intended to dissuade the government from introducing a loans system. After the paper has been discussed and ratified at the Students’ Representative Council, it will be sent to the Education Department body chaired by Education Minister George Walden, which is currently examining the whole question of student support.

Miranda Chitty

In last Thursday’s by-elections for the Students’ Representative Council (SRC), the representation-wing of EUSA, Adrian Lea, was returned by a small majority to the senior SRC post of Community Affairs Convener, replacing John Morrison who recently resigned.

Two candidates were returned unopposed, including David Blackall, to the post of SRC Accommodation Convener. Amongst the positions which were contested, Don MacCummedha narrowly beat Charles Pridegon to the position of Social Sciences Faculty Convener. He has now become the senior representative of all Social Science students.

EUSA President Cathy Presland spoke last week at a visit by the Scottish Nationalist Association meeting on a wide range of educational and social issues.

It was claimed that the introduction of a Community Charge would discriminate against Scottish university students, who were more likely to have a low income, and give an unfair advantage to students from England.

Ms Presland said that a recent poll among students revealed that they did not want to have to pay the charge. She also said that the SGPA council was not convinced that the charge would reduce the deficit and that it was more likely to raise the cost of living for students.

The meeting was watched by about 200 people and was described by one student as “a good way to get involved.”

Mr Presland, who is a member of the SRC, is being considered for a post in the Edinburgh University Student Union Council, but she said that she was not interested in the position at the moment.

She believes that there are always some apathetic students but that they can be influenced by more committed ones.

One of the first of his aims is to publish exact details of how much a student can do to help their community. Two examples of this are the Student Community Action Group, project, Mentswell, and the University Settlement, which runs such projects as adult literacy and numeracy schemes.

Another of the Community Affairs Committee’s aims is to survey the students to try and find out exactly how much regulation is having on them; then reporting the findings to Lothian Regional Council.

The first meeting of the Community Affairs Committee will be held on 25th November, in the University offices, all students are welcome to attend.

Anjali Dholia

The cost of the book is a mere £2.95 and it is available at all bookshops and newsagents. In the first print Polygon have produced 4,000 copies, however, they’re going to be “vastly successful” and there won’t be any more copies left.

Student pensions

Edinburgh University is about to become involved in a new scheme which will offer retired people the chance of an education.

This scheme is run by the University and is open to all students who are interested in a particular course of study. Students can earn a degree or DipHE, but they have to pay for the course themselves.

Education, it is felt, could offer retired people an opportunity to develop new interests, as well as strengthening links between the University and the community.
Carrington on the defensive

European security and East-West relations were the subjects of Lord Carrington's speech at this year's Montague Burton Memorial Lecture. The North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO) Secretary-General had just returned from a meeting of NATO Defence Ministers at Gleneged in the Scottish Highlands.

Outside the lecture, about 40 demonstrators, organised by the Revolutionary Communist Party and Edinburgh University CND, were protesting against British imperialist and defence policy. They shouted slogans such as 'black blood on Carrington's hands' and 'Red, white, blue and racist!'. A spokesman for the group called for Carrington to be replaced as a 'warmonger' for his involvement in the Falklands War.

The demonstration was, however, fairly low key and there was no disruption of the kind seen recently in Bristol and elsewhere. Lord Carrington was shielded from any possible threat by a heavy police presence.

Inside, the former Foreign Secretary kept closely to his subject. Not surprisingly, as NATO's most senior official, he believed that although Europe did need a stronger defence identity, "... it is first and foremost to NATO that we should look at the framework in which to develop it.

NATO's defence efforts should be seen, Lord Carrington emphasised, "not as a fence to hide behind, but as a basis on which we can work for a safer Europe"... The argument, Carrington, by firm, not the failure to conclude an arms control treaty, was that "the present strategy is if we were going to give up our armament, we would be to "maintain a credible deterrent and an effective counter to nuclear blackmail without an adequate nuclear capability of its own". His answer was a definite no.

He concluded with the warning that "we shall achieve a disarmament settlement more quickly by throwing our defences overboard and sailing over the rocks".

Laura Libby

Guardian journalist lectures

This year's Kenneth Allsop Memorial Lectures, organised by Edinburgh University students' publications board, will be given by James Naughtie, the Guardian's Chief Political Correspondent.

A graduate of Aberdeen University, James Naughtie started his journalistic career with the Guardian, and then went on to his present post at The Guardian.

Mr Naughtie is considered by many to be one of the best political journalists in British today. He appears regularly on television and radio as a political commentator.

The winner of many awards for journalism, he is the author of Playing the Palace, a collection of selected speeches and writings from Westminster.

Described as a man with a "fond of stories", James Naughtie will be speaking in Lecture Hall 'A' of the David Hume Tower on Thursday, 13th November, at 2.30 pm.

The lecture is an annual event in memory of the former Rector, Donald and then went on to his present post at The Guardian.

Jeff Sinton

SUSAN MOUR

NUS v. Loans

In a talk at last week's Labour Club meeting, President of the NUS for Scotland, Pauline McNeill, revealed plans for a massivc campaign to oppose any government's plans for a scheme of mixed loans and grants.

The job of the NUS will be to get the message across to the public that there is an alternative to loans because, she claimed, "it will only be a matter of time before a scheme of mixed loans becomes one of full loans".

As for involvement of non-university groups to the NUS such as Edinburgh University Students' Association, Miss McNeill stated that "the NUS would have to be the ones to set down the rules" in a campaign which is to include "lobbying and imaginative stunts".

Examples from other countries in which a loans scheme is already in operation show that generally students were taking longer to finish their course, in some cases up to seven years, and many were obliged to take up some form of part-time employment. They tended to choose easier courses in order to finish more quickly, and many abandoned their studies because of the resulting pressure of having a large loan at a young age. Moreover, Miss McNeill described the system as "an administrative nightmare", with a high default rate in the paying back of money.

Asked what the Labour Party's alternative to loans would be, Miss McNeill stated that Labour were at the moment prepared to offer a minimum weekly allowance of £207 to all students in education. However, she also expressed concern that the present cost of living was not giving enough attention to the problem.

Miss McNeill stressed the fact that the prospect of a loan was preventing those groups previously encouraged by the Government to enter further education, such as mature and disabled students. Also in jeopardy were those from low-income backgrounds with a different attitude towards finance and a fear of loans.

Gillian Drummond

Funds ESCA

Edinburgh Students' Charities Appeal launched in 1986/7 rag mag on Saturday night at Chambers Street. The launch was early this year as part of ESCA's aim to break their record total, currently standing at £21,000.

The evening raised over £247 with rag mag sales topping 300. ESCA Convener Hannah Taylor said: "It's been a great start to the year and here's hoping it will continue."

Lionne large above the proceedings was a furry beast called Boris, in his capacity as ESCA mascot. Organisers plying rag mags became a shade over enthusiastic with their water pistols.

The evening was further death trap for dancers. The evening raised £278 for ESCA and we can all still help ESCA to raise more money by buying the rag mag, costing 40p, which is on sale at any Union shop, and ESCA mugs, with their mascot, Boris, engraved on them, which can be bought for £1 from the Union shop at Potterzok or from the office of 17/19 Guthrie Street.

There will be a meeting for all ESCA members next Monday. Future fund-raising events include a Dance Marathon at Winton House the 8th and 9th November, a Mini Rag Week from 5th to 8th November, and Carol Singing from 4th to 7th December at several places.

Laurence Simpson

Hip Hop in Edinburgh

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Laurence Simpson
... gets religion...

Now, to digress for a moment, "Dianetics" is a worldwide con- trick perpetrated by one L. Ron Hubbard, a third-rate hack science-fiction writer. About 40 years ago, the late L. Ron had the one decent idea of his life: how about a religion, bolstered not by the usual trappings of faith and mysticism, but instead by a spuriously objective science? The result of all this money for Ron, much misery for his victims. There are a lot of gullible people in the world.

Ron's "personality" test consists of many choice questions. Lots of them. But it doesn't make a blind split of difference what answers you put, because the inevitable result — after half an hour of "processing" your answers — is (surprise, surprise) that "you came to us just in time, because you really need help — you're angry, insecure and desperately unhappy."

"But fear not! A cure is at hand — you too can have an exciting and vivacious personality just like our zombie at the door! This cure lies in the collected writings of L. Ron Hubbard, or, if you really feel lucky, a series of our weekend seminars..."

None of this, you will gather, comes cheap. Tacky paperbacks such as "You much win in yer yang" and "The importance of Jet- Tonic" are to be had from about a fiver, while de luxe editions cost considerably more. Basically, your money goes to L. Ron's inner circle of devotes (the great man himself having died a few years back), with a cut for the lackeys in Edinburgh.

The extortion technique is the old sniff/nausey man routine beloved of Hollywood gangster movies. Even when convinced of their charlatanism, it is very difficult to leave without making some financial commitment, or at least giving a false address. Physi- cal as well as psychological intimid- ation is the norm — at one stage the heavy had me physically pinned against the wall, because he KNEW I NEEDED HIS HELP.

What frightens me about this is the number of people (dare I say, lonely, or just plain naive) who I see in the centre. They are cultivating their own loneliness.

Therefore, if you are interested and helpful. The combination of fear and gullibility, combined with the promise of inner peace and tranquillity, is still a potent one, and I saw at least four people all young, leaving with copies of Mother Hubbard's books.

"Don't be one of them: pack a Magnifying Glass."

True Blue or Orange?

The Main Library of the University of Edinburgh is only open from 9.00 to 12.30 on Saturdays and is closed all day Sunday. These limited weekend hours fail to excite rather odd looks from the passers-by, and in any case I was considerably more. Basically, your money goes to L. Ron's inner circle of devotes (the great man himself having died a few years back), with a cut for the lackeys in Edinburgh.

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"Don't be one of them: pack a Magnifying Glass."

True Blue or Orange?
**NUS facts**

**Dear Sir,**

At the risk of being caught up in the current vigorous correspondence between the chairmen of the Library Societies (and other people), may I request some information? Would it be possible for you to give some advice or, perhaps in an article why EUSA is not associated with the NUS; who another is our University and the advantages and disadvantages of the present position are.

I assure you that this has been discussed before, but (like many other things) then and I would be grateful if these facts could be made available.

Yours faithfully,
David Harris

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**and figures**

**Dear Sir,**

I was interested to read Ian Catton's letter in last week's Student and was surprised by his phrase, "it is the duty of this university who do not wish to belong to a student association, domi-

The study of a student is not a waste of money. It was not an unmitigated, if a little mi-

tion was made to me, that a substantial number of students who have been with us the past year 1980/81. In order to clarify the situation I have attempted to calculate the figures.

Over 90 per cent of UK students are democolonised through the "left-wing" dominated NUS. A reflection of being out of a "left-wing" world for most students today.

Yours sincerely,
Robbie Foy

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**Hot Air**

It was nice to see the debates society grappling with the weighty proposition that Student should carry a weekly picture of a scantly (if at all) clad young lady on page 3, although it was a shame that we were not invited to comment on these developments in turn. While this patently ridiculous motion gave everyone present a few laughs and some much-needed publicity to the debates, it also brings to a considerable degree of soul-searching amongst the assembled hacks in the pleasantries. What the hell DO you want on page 3, or indeed any other page of Student? Come to the meeting at 1.00 pm this Friday in our offices at the Pleasance and AIR YOUR VIEWS.

Published by EUSPB Estb. 1887

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**Mandate to fight loans**

Well, just 7 per cent of you out there in Studentland bothered to vote in last Thursday's EUSA by-elections, which isn't bad considering the nature of most of the posts being fought. (And some of you did ring in your votes by post, however, is the fact that a goodly number of you for some reason feel fit to fight the EUSA poll on grants and loans carried out during matriculation. Shame on you. However, it is clear from the figures printed out today that if students at Edinburgh University oppose the introduction of any shape or form, and are firmly committed to the retention of some sort of system of grants for all students.

The Student mandate for the sabbaticals - particularly President Creasy/Presley and Secretary (and therefore in charge of publicity) Iain Catton - to mount an active and forceful campaign against loans, that other necessity, have; that in Ian Catton's recent remarks about "living in the real world" rather than "clamouring for Utopia," it remains to see whether such a campaign will be mounted. Students have proved in the past that they can organise with reasonable success. Now we must fight again against loans.

And if Iain Catton isn't totally committed to this cause then perhaps he ought to make way for someone who is.

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**Political cartoon by DARYL PASK**

**In the club**

Dear Student,

The majority of letters which appeared in last week's Student (October 21st) contained petulant and personal attacks on myself. Paul Greatrix and EU Labour Club Secretaries were evidently in response to a letter I wrote concerning student society membership.

Personal attacks are not pleasant but do not concern me as future of a country depends on the minds of Edinburgh University oppose the introduction of any shape or form, and are firmly committed to the retention of some sort of system of grants for all students.

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And if Iain Catton isn't totally committed to this cause then perhaps he ought to make way for someone who is.

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**Dirt pas**

Dear Student,

Perhaps Mr Catto's petty grudges against the "left-wing-dominated" NUS has something to do with his past membership of EU Conservative Association.

Yours sincerely,
Keith Cameron

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**Sincerely,**
Mike Davies.

PM: It most definitely won't be "you're redundant" (worse word, but I bet you can guess).

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**Books**

**BOUGHT AND SOLD CASH PAID**

TILL'S BOOKSHOP
1 Hope Park Crescent (St Andrews Street)
D67 0NN

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**In the club**

Dear Sir,

The cartoon on your letters page of Student (22nd October) sums up the total pettiness of the squabbling between the "major" political clubs at this university and, unfortunately, between their respective parties in the union. It is a wholly. It is obvious to me and to many of the students that the policies in this issue is the largest political club in this univer.

The largest club, I may be forced to define it as such, is the one that contains all the other students (AT EU that have not got, or never and will never be in any political party/club/association.

The members of this "club" can count on more than 1000 members. It is a political party (or larger) than any other. In fact, they ridicule the people who they see as "fanciers" of the student body, because they offer a more attractive way of voting in elections, by not being affiliated with any student association.

Yours,
Carolyn Morgan.
Happy Hour?

THE HOUSEMARTINS
Assembly Rooms

The Housemartins have come a long way since last year's No. 10 placing in the Peel Festive Fifty. But after a promising start they seem to have grown in quantity more than quality.

The tireless and expectant crowd gave a lively response to the rather dodgy support, The Proclaimers, but went totally wild when The Housemartins appeared. The four Hall lads gave the audience exactly what they wanted; all the hits with half a minute of the band being plain silly between each song. However, these comedy breaks got rather tiresome, and spoilt the continuity of what was musically chirpy, up-tempo and very good.

After 50 minutes, the band said goodbye, only to return and play for another hall-hour (unplanned encoring, c'th). At least the audience seemed fooled. Unfortunately the end of the set was pretty awful, with the crowd chanting whilst the band did the Quick-Fit-Fitters dance on stage. Then we were treated to a puke-inducing Rock Around the Clock, culminating in the drum solo. Mantled, carried around the stage and put into a bucket.

The Housemartins have, even considering their relatively short existence, acquired a reputation for being open, accessible, and generally not acting like "pop stars". But as they head rapidly towards megastardom, how can they keep this up? "People are always assuming that we'll have stopped acting like that by now. I think it's a question of how much energy we've got to keep it up. It would be easier to stay in hotels (the band currently stays at the homes of people coming to see them when they are on tour) but it's quite depressing since you don't meet anyone local and just get boded basically."

According to Stan there are differences now, whereas before you could be like anyone off the street who was asked in to stay the night, now people were conscious that you were one of the band, but still feels that helps the band to remain human.

"All this whole pop-star thing is a question of how you act as a person, if you act all cool and distant then you can't really get an aura about you. One thing that pop music can do is turn you into a wanker really fast."

For a band that have made a point of attempting to get their political message across, The Housemartins have been particularly unsuccessful at it.

How effective is a pop song as a way of spreading the message? "As pop musicians it is the only way open to us, but we didn't join the band to become politicians, the politics is in the music. In fact we couldn't stand on stage and say, Hey, this is good politics."

Tonight you have GOT to go and see The Men They Couldn't Hang in Teviot. Why? Because EUSA's Big Band guitar needs you to support it now so that it can book some decent bands later on in the year.

Sitting in the corner of The Housemartins' dressing-room at the Assembly Rooms with Stan Cullimore, guitarist. The rest of the band are trying to kick a football into a bucket.

Tonight, Goodbye Mr MacKenzie are undertaking their first Edinburgh gig in ages at the Hoolie Coochie, and it might be worth going just to see if the band are as good as their brilliant 7-inch singles. But at Satruday, Robert Cray is at the Usher Hall, and this extraordinarily gifted performer should not be missed. On Sunday and Monday, Ultravox are in the Playhouse, and they should be missed. Don't go. They're awful. Another awful band in the same venue, The Playhouse, on Tuesday next, and that's OMD.

However, maybe Big Audio Dynamite, next Wednesday at the Playhouse could prove that they're a force to be reckoned with, and not a fake.

Tonight there is a bash in aid of The Lewis Edwards Memorial Fund aka Student Aid at Chambers St. It costs 50p to see Bill Barclay and Company Policy and to do your bit for a good cause. For those who want to follow the benefit concert for the same cause at Counters a few weeks back, there is an hour-long video cassette featuring footage from the evening available from Channel 5, 54 Shandwick Place, EH2 4RT, costing £6.99. It features The Shop Assistants, Jesse Garon and the Desperados and other fine young Scottish bands. Well worth investigating, I should think.

TV time. The Tube is back at 5.30 pm tomorrow (Friday) so it will be a straining time for pop music fans. The format of the programme has been changed somewhat and by all accounts the first hall-hour is being aimed at younger folk such as Smash Hits readers. Sounds patronising and needless to me, a devoted Smash Hits fan, especially when the remaining 3 hours of the programme seeks to retain its "de-sensationalised audience. Chuffin' back! Anyway, tomorrow's teenage half-hour includes Geraint Stewart, Trouble Funk and Nick Kamen (the Levis model, singing). The mature hour boasts Bob Geldof, Spandau Ballet and Frankie Goes to Hollywood. I think we may be in for a treat. The band cocked up the order of the bands, but at least the nation's youth will be spared listening to Bob Geldof singing if they only watch the first half-hour.

Soup came back this week as well, and a welcome return it was too. Don't miss it on Tuesdays at 11.15 pm on C4. There's a lot of vintage comedy on BBC1 and BBC2 over the next week, including Monty Python at 9 pm next weekend.

What can one say of The Men, except that they are secondary Popesque-type merchants, probably very enjoyable in a large drunken crowd.

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Feedback

The crew of Soup

This is Back to 1986, the BBC is celebrating 50 years of TV, as you no doubt recall. This week it's back to the late 80s, and the first generation of names in celebration of this half-century, like Dickie Davies and Mr Yarwood, Fanny Braggody and Dixie of Dock Green, The Goons and so on. More papers for exact times and days.

Very Cleazzy
JESSE GARON AND THE DESPERADOES
Splashing Along
(Narodnik)

Yel Classic pop single time. Built around a bass-line reminiscent of the Verve, "European Son, Splashing Along" is a guitar-filleted tale of life, love and rain that is so effortlessly moving that it bowls me over, just like that. Splashing along, through George Square/Trying to judge the Vanishing Barrett, the Whizz. They're funny! The flip is a cover of Blondie's "Heart Of Glass" which still marks for its appreciation of pop culture but only half for its somewhat laboured execution. Splashing Along comes out top on both counts.

Buy it.

FELT - Rain of Crystal Spires (Creation)
Classic Felt, from their new LP, Forever Brutes the Lonely Ward. Lawrence's poetic lyrics and country-styled vocals slide over grittier guitar melodies. Princely stuff.

JOHN OTWAY
This That and the Greats

From the opening idiot grin, and brutal murders of House of the Rising Sun and Green Grass of Home, right through to the appallingly stupid closer Going Down the Road, it was obvious that John Otway had returned to top form.

Happily bereft of his crotchet sidewick Wild Willy Otway was accompanied only by the baby-faced Robin, who sang sweetly and played guitar like the bastard son of Mark Knopfler with a grudge. Otway himself came on like John Doe with a guitar (i.e. hilarious) with a set liberally laced with ridiculous versions of "classics" such as Blackbeard, Space Oddity (re-written for Lancastrian pigeon fanciers) You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet (during which he set fire to the entire gallery with a dangerous gymnastic feat). Possible highlights include Body Talk where Otway inserted drum pads into various parts of his trousers and proceeded to play himself (I believe Andy Williams drove over after seeing Otway's show at the Playhouse last Friday). If all of what I've written sounds very cynical it's because I have that feeling that in six months (or maybe even six weeks) the definition of hip will have changed and Otway will be returned to his place as music for the middle aged.

Just when you thought you were safe from the curse of the Fuzzbox, this Alun Graves, all girly choral twenties. More about that later. As for Fuzzbox, this EP gives us three flops and one pretty reasonable effort, not a ter­ri­fically good release. But Fuzzbox is just too inanely NICE, I Give You My Heart and Steaming Train hurl along in new wave, thus leaving the un­promisingly titled Mmm... He's So Dreamy as the surprise bonus, a slow, wide­eyed tale of wor­thy uncertain how the Mary Chain would sound if they were women.

WATCH WITH MOTHER
Suzanne (Sarfing Pic Records)
Some piano misery enlightens this barstomming pub-rocker that would indeed be a boy's mysterious voc­als. Nothing unexpected, but nevertheless typically good.

SUPERTRAMP
The Same Thing (A&M)
Clearly someone at A&M's idea of a sick joke, here we have the release of a song so trite that not even the boy's mysterious voc­als could make it an admittance. Responsibility: Dad keeps mourning about your Bossed LP and lets him do that — that'll teach him.

THE COCTEAU TWINS
Love's Easy Tears (4 AD)
This shows a return to pre-Victorian industrial material. Echo­ing bass lies beneath the boy's mysterious voc­als. Nothing unexpected, but nevertheless typically good.

Despite all this hilarity, do not jump to the conclusion that John Otway is some kind of novelty act. On several songs — Medicine of Winter, Montreal and Geneva — a disquieting sadness creeps in and indicated perhaps that he has the potential to be more than the entertaining clown he was for most of the show. This man deserves to be in the charts. Forget the Honeymooners, buy one of John's records instead.

Thomas Lappin

ALOTER GOSHAL - Beatin Boy EP

...The list goes on.

BMX BANDITS - Cat From Outer Space (33rd and 3rd)
BMX Bandits in a non-wimpy rock shock record! BMX Bandits sound like the Fall shock horror!! Yes, the Fall of course. Cat From Outer Space sees the BMX-ers hold their gauche antics in check and make a Good Record that does indeed hold resonances of the Fall in its hollow guitar lines.

THE SMITHS: Ask (Rough Trade)
Youta Joyce's the cover star, Morrissey's singing about the bomb, nature and a love triangle. It's almost too much exposure, not a reasonable effort, not a ter­ri­fically good release. But Fuzzbox is just too inanely NICE, I Give You My Heart and Steaming Train hurl along in new wave, thus leaving the un­promisingly titled Mmm... He's So Dreamy as the surprise bonus, a slow, wide­eyed tale of wor­thy uncertain how the Mary Chain would sound if they were women.

James Jarz stayed at home Friday to listen to the new Courtney Pine album...
Still in Cinema, the stunning adaptation of E. M. Forster’s novel about a young girl’s enlightenment, I’ll go early as Cinema 3 is quite small. Well worth seeing.
THUR 30 OCT
BLUES 'N' TROUBLE
Preservation Hall
10 pm; Free
Highly recommended and it's free, so you've no excuse for not going.

THE MENS THEY COULDN'T HANG
Teviot Row
£3.50 at the door, £3 in advance.
The Men sound very like The Pogues and The Kings can be very
good live.

FRI 31 OCT
WARP FACTOR TEN
Preservation Hall
10 pm; Free
Never heard of them.

SAT 1 NOV
THE ROBERT CRAY BAND
Usher Hall
7.30 pm; £4 and £5
Recently escaped from prison with his twin brother, or am I thinking of someone else, Robert
provides some highly entertaining blues.

THE ALICE HOUSE
The Cavern, Cowgate
Free

RED SMITHEREENS
Chambers St
7.30 pm
Post-cinema, free entry.

TUE 4 NOV
POMPOLOGY
Willie House
5.30 pm
Find some of those long-lost muses.

THE BLOCK BROTHERS
Preservation Hall
10 pm; Free
The Brothers perform covers of some well-known songs.

PURCELL QUARTET
Queen's Hall
7.45 pm

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THUR 2 NOV
UNIVENTS MUSIC
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THUR 2 NOV
UNIVENTS MUSIC
Suis j'un héro in quel sorte?" demonstrates the need to use a relationship to satisfy personal preoccupations rather than making the relationship itself the focus of energy. He continuously denies Catherine the doubtful pleasure of sacrificing herself to the obsession that she has nurtured; the obsession that she is a substitute for a genuine relationship between them.

The realization that their suffering is self-inflicted and unnecessary only comes to John, too late, at Catherine's graveside, when, struck by the devotion of another mourner and in contrast to the terrible paralysis wait we have just witnessed, he burks himself on her tomb in order to positively avoid the metaphor of "Bête de la Jauge."

Andrea Spenser-Cooke plays Catherine with great sensitivity. She responds convincingly to John, played by Brian Carson, whose unyielding stare is symptomatic of his self-absorption. The success of the play depends heavily on the ability of the performers, the stasis of the action drawing attention to the lack of polish in the dress rehearsal.

The MARRIAGE OF PARANGUARD

Assembly Rooms: 27-29 Oct

Something was going on, as the excellent Housemartins very nearly sang in this same hall just three nights previously. Medievalists in white tie and crinoline greets in the Free Pimms for the Minns.

But no. Wrong. In one scene, "The Marriage of Paranguard," Rabelais satirizes students at the Sorbonne. Next door, Edin­burgh's Yahs were demonstrating that they are perfectly capable of doing it themselves. Still less, they provided interval entertain­ment: either side of which the Medieval Players presented a slightly less consistent performance.

The MARRIAGE OF Paranguard is an adaptation of books two and three of Rabelais' Gargantua and Pantagruel which first part of a tril­ogy which is to be performed over the next year. The play begins just before the birth of Paranguard and, through a succession of episodic scenes, shows his associ­ation with Parangue, bon viveur and wit, and the latter's deliberation on marriage.

Medieval playing is usually strongest in the raw theatricality, and this was no exception. Despite being handicapped by a sort of over-large, sort of grime, sort of everyday wearing comedia dell'arte masks, made imaginative use of fairly simple set of a world, frame and various curtains (represent­ing everything from a vagina to PantAGRnGUs mouth). Particularly effective were the several puppet and dummy shows which, together with interludes of music and dance, added much-needed variety.

At times the tone became a little too self-indulgent, and the first half might benefit by the cutting of a scene or two. Nevertheless, the theatricality and the excellent per­formance of Mark Knowles, Paranguard carried the evening.

Colin Hancock

In entertaining a predominantly young audience by the introduc­tion of a caricature of a wild fre­ttersman sporting a Davy Crock­ett outfit who hangs out women in the front rows and occasionally Pelts the audience with marshmallows.

The New Vic Theatre Com­pany is distinguished by its phys­i­cal energy and its zany humour to create the necessary distraction from the same time amusing, tone. The coherence of the plot, however, is obviously of secondary importance and the first act degenerates into a series of short disconnected sketches. However, this is compensated for in act two where the action becomes more concentrated and the characters become more evident. "The Odd Couple" is a very competent and amusing interpretation of a rather dull book.

Claudia Moncada

TSO

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Initially, Atkinson's work might appear as large-scale images depending wholly upon the force of the work to create impact in the role of Salieri. It is difficult to comment that the use of language does play a vital role in some elements works in order to mock the depth of seriousness in the whole of society. This can be detected in the series of paintings depicting huge front covers of reputable financial newspapers from financial Times and the Wall Street Journal. Humorous statements primarily leave the viewer laughing inexplicably: it is obvious that, from the above statements, "Donatello advocates % for Art Scheme in Lewisham" and "Ger­man Chancellor gives press conference up­side down dressed in a costume".

Akonock the seriousness of the whole of society.

Cumbria, and secondly as a monument for the Coal and Iron Miners of West Cumbria. Drawings for the latter show studies of simple, yet potent, symbols of mining life, eventually to be cut out of one-inch thick lead and hand shaped steel plates. The strength of the mining images is reminiscent of the hammer and sickle used by the Bolsheviks: the use of simple images by the artist enables direct communication with the onlooker.

Certainly Conrad Atkinson's pieces, both in the finished and mid stages, evoke never-ending fresh thought from the mind of the viewer. His unique works strengthen the immense fortune of Edinburgh University in having Conrad Atkinson for the current artist-in-residence.

CONRAD ATKINSON
The Architecture School, Chambers Street; until 31st Oct
Look me up at 33 W. Street in order to expand your horizons in relation to the world of contemporary art. For the above address is that of Conrad Atkinson, Edinburgh Uni­versity’s new artist-in-residence. To launch his arrival, an introduc­tory exhibition has been mounted in the Art Architecture School, Cham­bers Street. Here is the chance to view paintings, cosiously know­ing that if questions arise in one's mind at the exhibition, the res­i­dence of the artist is at such close quarters that one can discuss issues through a visit to his studio, and therefore the myth that an artist is an "unapproachable demigod" in society is erased from one's mind.

EXHIBS

SNO
Usher Hall; 24th Oct
The circumstances surrounding the writing of the Mozart Requiem are so surrounded by mystic, Fri­day night's SNO programme did nothing to dispel this. As a pre­lude to the Requiem, we were offered Rimsky-Korsakov's one­ act opera, Sadko, giving the familiar but false account of Mozart's poisoning by an envi­on. For a concert performance it contained an unusually high degree of drama, particularly because with the revolving round monologue there was little sense of a musical event. The whole first stage had to be provided, but also largely because of the beautiful singing of Russian bass Anatoly Samodurov. The orchestra, under Matthias Bamert, were suitably restrained in this lyrical score, incorporating much of Mozart, notably an extract from the Requiem with whispering chorus.

COLLINS MOODIE

It was perhaps this rather romanticised view of the Requiem in the first half which explains the disappointment in some aspects of the Mozart performance. Con­cluding a reduced string section, Bamert avoided the temptation to follow Rimsky-Korsakov's romanticisation. In general the playing was admirably incisive and the tempo steady. In his desire to maintain this tyrannical assurance, however, Bamert was unwilling to allow a broadening of the sound. This was particularly noticeable in the opening measure of the Introitus where a slightly lower tempo could have allowed the chorus to convey a greater sense of resignation.

Nevertheless, the chorus and well-balanced quartet of soloists sang well, producing an ultimately satisfying if not exceptionally moving performance.

SOUTH AFRICA IN BLACK AND WHITE
Stills Gallery; until 22nd Nov
David Goldblatt is a photo­grapher; he is South African and white. He believes that because of these last two facts there is only one kind of photographer he could be: "I would have liked to have been a lyrical photographer, but if you live in South Africa the situation cannot be ignored. I had to raise my voice." He is also Jewish. As a boy he too suffered racial persecution, which left him with strong sympathies for the vic­tims of apartheid long before it was fashionable to be so. How­ever, his way of showing his feel­ings about apartheid is not that of the photo­journalist: there are no horror pictures of necklace mur­ders or burning cars. Rather this is South Africa when the smoke has cleared and the newsmen gone home.

There are not an enormous amount of pictures in this exhibi­tion (more of Goldblatt's photographs can be seen on the accompanying video) but there is a variety of differ­ent approaches. His first aim is to record the everyday life of both black and white South Africans, as in the series on miners. With these pictures Goldblatt has a political point to make but he lets the situations speak for them­selves: men travelling on the 2.30 am bus to their daily work; chil­dren in Soweto whose playground climbing frames are burnt out cars. As a racial outsider, he can turn a fairly objective eye on the Afrikaner, whose auster­ity character he explores in several shots. His photographs reveal the white people to be victims, to a certain extent, of the barriers they have created.

Goldblatt also feels strongly that his work should be in some way a document to what is hap­pening in South Africa. He has started recently a series of pic­tures of those who have been detained and abused. One par­ticularly striking image remains of a young lad whose black skin con­trasts sharply with the white plas­ter-casts protecting his broken arms.

As well as this he has a deep interest in environment: the treasures of his country from city building to crossroads shacks. People in their own environment too have fascinated him — to the extent that he once offered a free portrait service in order to be able to photograph strangers in their home spaces. He does not ask his sitters to pose, or say "cheese", but to ignore the camera — just to look at it. The power of the image lies in the communication between the spectator and the sitter. Faces, unsmiling, but aware that their images recording will record not only them, but also the part they played in this crazy evil sys­tem.

The majority of Atkin on's works are now surrounded by myth; the writing of the Mozart Requiem is erased from this. As a pre­lude to the Requiem, we were offered Rimsky­Korsakov's one­ act opera, Sadko, giving the familiar but false account of Mozart's poisoning by an envi­on.

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Ever seen a bogey like this? Sid with Johnny Rotten in Sid and Nancy.

Living Dangerously...

SIX AND NANCY

CAMEO

Dir: Alex Cox

There should be two reviews of this film. One should be marked Repo Man fans only; the other, everyone else. I'll do the latter first. "SIX and NANCY" is a straightforward take of the love and death of Sid Vicious, bans- biter (I hesitate in saying bass-player) of the Sex Pistols, and Nancy Spungen, his girlfriend, who he murdered on October 12th, 1978.

The first review, for Repo fans would say: this film is a heap of shit. To explain, Repo Man was the debut feature of Alex Cox. Sid and Nancy is his second. The first was a film crowded with incidental detail, banal character, witting plots and sub-plots, smart lines and anarchy. No shot was wasted, running jokes and in-jokes abound. It was the busiest film I had ever seen. Sid and Nancy is a straight, no-nonsense biopic; the story of a remarkable love-affair between two remarkable people in a remarkable environment.

The film opens with Vicious, catatonic after Nancy's death, in interrogation with the NYPD. Where did you meet? he is asked. Cut to Vicious kicking in the windscreen of a parked Rolls Royce, the better to see a little dog therein. Cut to Nancy, hysterical, being chased by friend. Brick shatters friend's window. The boys, Vicious and Johnny Rotten (played by Drew Schoolfield, TV's Scully), enter with aerosols. Love at first sight. Well, almost.

Sid, in fact, for all his stupidity and boorishness, comes out as almost likeable — his destruction is playful rather than malicious. One might lend him a tenner with all his stupidity and boorishness, comes out as almost likeable — his destruction is playful rather than malicious. One might lend him a tenner with one moment, and says Sid Vicious. The kids run off at double speed. Only does the sense of humour survive. S and N are tripping over a derelict site to get their next fix. Some kids are playing, and Sid tells them to stop. Who are you? they ask. Sid thanks for a moment, and says Sid Vicious. The kids run off at double speed. There are some remarkable sequences. Sid and Nancy kiss, leaning against a skip in an alley, while rubbish falls from the sky around them in slow motion.

The film is by no means bad. But after Repo Man I found it appallingly bland. Go, but go with an open mind.

LEGAL EAGLES

ABC

Dir: Ivan Reitman

Legal Eagles is a movie whose success will probably lie in having Robert Redford as star. The story concerns Tom Logan (Redford), an assistant district attorney, who becomes involved in litigation against one Chelsea Dearden, played by Daryl Hannah. She claims not to have stolen a painting of her father's, saying it was dedicated to her on her birthday. The plot plods happily along.

Redford is portrayed as an amiable, but clumsy, professional who has something against defence lawyers. Through the cunning of Deputy Attorney and a Gentleman Winger, who plays Laura Kelly, a defence lawyer, he later has to swallow his pride and share an office, even a desk, with this presumably lesser form of the legal profession. Logan is nominated to be the next district attorney.

The sweltering, attractive Chelsea turns up at his apartment and asks for help, as she thinks she's being followed. ..Redford's bid for a touch of blond on blonde. And why not? I hear you ask? The pair are caught in the sack by a couple of detectives who burst into the bedroom and accuse Chelsea of murder. I'm sure it couldn't have been that bad! Logan subsequently loses his job, which makes me think, don't I? The reason for this is due to the fact that I am the only one of the four who doesn't have a good reason for being there.

Logan thus turns his attention to the case of imaginatively stagnated, cheap attempt to camouflage a severe case of imaginative stagnation. Yet, why should this put you off? Yes, the plot is corny, and yes the film is well worth seeing.

FREE TICKETS

Zombie Competition Shock!

A double Day of the Dead ticket, or a chie Day of the Dead T-shirt could be yours! The photograph below needs a caption. We need your entries at the Student Office, 48 Pleasance, by 1.00pm this Monday. You could be an entertained or very trendy winner, courtesy of the Odeon.

DAY OF THE DEAD

ODON

Dir: Georgio A. Romero

Only a few humans remain alive in a world infested with zombies. Taking refuge in an underground missile silo, tension simmers as the psychological effects of government begin to take their toll. The survivors are running low on food, ammunition and medical supplies, and as patience is wearing thin, Dr. Logan must find a medical solution to keep the "Living Dead" in check.

The doctor's progress is slow, but he has discovered that the brains of the zombies are still active, and that although these creatures are grotesque and sickening, they nevertheless have the desire to eat.

Day of the Dead is the third in a series of films by Georgio A. Romero, which began in 1968 with the classic Night of the Living Dead. It is a film which has been acclaimed as a "landmark" in the genre of horror movies, but in the hundred minutes of showing time I saw little to support this remark. The zombies looked like a group of disorientated Goths staggering around Post, terror after a heavy night's drinking, and the human characters came across as equally lifeless and shallow.

With lines like "I'm ready to take the first train out of here!" and "Out of the frying pan into the fire," the script was almost nauseous as the disorientating of the zombies' victims. And as for the ending, certainly it did seem the all-too-familiar attempt to camouflage a severe case of imaginative stagnation. Still, why should this put you off? Yes, the plot is corny, and yes the film is full of the usual cliches, but it is an unusual mixture of the comic with the gruesome. So, if you're nothing better to do with your time, and you want to see some heads explode, some limbs being chopped off, or a just a stilly channelled through a zombie's skull, then the film is well worth a look.

James Bannerman

Gordon MacInnes
The Punk Revolution burst into our living-rooms ten years ago. Without it, 1976 would have been yet another lame year musically, with energy and commitment fast being replaced by contrivance, formula and repetition. Chart-toppers included McCartney’s Silly Love Songs, The Wurzels’ Combine Harvester and Showaddywaddy’s Under the Moon of Love. A pretty tragic situation and stunning indiction of a record industry which is once again now showing grave signs of ill-health.

So end your minds back to 1976. Films included all The President’s Men, One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest and Taxi Driver. Springsteen was the big new act in America, hailed by rock critic John Landau as “the future of rock ’n’ roll.” By the end of the year, however, amidst an abundance of media coverage and all-round notoriety, Punk had awoken the silent majority to a new boutique. You could turn the establishment upside down, make a hell of a racket on stage and get away with it.

Alex Cox, writer and director of Sid and Nancy, maintains that although the context of his film is obviously important, it shouldn’t be seen as any definitive study of The Sex Pistols but as a love story between the winging, gobbling Sid Vicious and his no more illustrious girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, who both died in 1978.

From the beginning, Cox approached the film as a study of two people, not the punk epiphanes: “They weren’t representative punks anyway. Sid betrayed all that punk energy and rebelliousness. Punks were born out of a serious hatred for junky rich rock ’n’ roll stars who were isolated from their fans and sitting in large hotel rooms, shooting up drugs and watching TV.

Sid turned into something else; a rich punk watching TV because of his affair with Nancy. His own lack of a feeling of self-worth, the break-up of The Pistols after their American tour and a bunch of other elements I can only guess at.”

The Sex Pistols came after London S&S and The Hollywood Brats, and before The Damned, The Buzzcocks and Joy Division. They became the prime instigators of punk through the guidance of Malcolm McLaren, astute entrepreneur and owner of the Chelsea boutique Sex, the charismatic John Lydon’s imbecile screaming and ebnoxious behaviour and later Sid Vicious (née John Ritchie, who replaced Glen Matlock as bassist). By 1977, having been ditched by EMI and A & M, The Pistols were set for fame and notoriety via a BBC ban (the Jubilee celebrations being upset by God Save the Queen) and Virgin Records. This is approximately where the film takes the story up, spring 1977. Eighteen months later, Sid and Nancy were dead in the Chelsea Hotel, New York. Sid had already been charged with Nancy’s murder.

“Toward were two alternative titles for the film; Mad Love and Love Kills. The film slows down to a very sombre mood for the last half hour, it has to. Before that it’s different; there’s Sid up on stage and jumping into crowds at concerts. He was so happy just to be playing, just tripping on the whole thing. And Nancy, she loved having him up there on stage. That’s why she liked him.”

Amour Fou is a term that’s been thrown around a lot recently in reference to Betty Blue and in the past to such films as Truffaut’s Jules et Jim. Cox reaches the same intensity in Sid and Nancy (largely through the acting of Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb) in a relationship which echoed a strange memory recounted by Luis Buñuel in his autobiography:

“In the 1930s, when I was living in Residencia, there was a double suicide in Madrid. A student and his young fiancée killed themselves in a restaurant garden. They were known to be passionate in love, to love so much, so that the double suicide? I still don’t have the answer except that perhaps a truly passionate love, a sublime love; that reached a certain peak of intensity, is simply incompatible with life itself. Perhaps it can only exist in death.”

Cox naturally found the fate of Sid and Nancy more intriguing and cinematic than what became of The Sex Pistols:

“I started talking to people who’d known Sid and Nancy at the end of 1984, in London; to Alan Jones and Debbie Wilson who were members of the original Bromley contingent, to McClaren who thought the film was a bad idea; Lydon and other friends who had known them. Then I talked to more people in New York and together with Abbe Wool, a friend from LA, carved out a story out of these facts into a makeable film. The only written material were two letters Sid had written to Nancy’s grandmother. Half the money came from Zenith and half from Embassy Home Video. The script was ready by February 1985 and we started shooting in October. That took another eleven weeks.”

Gary Oldman plays the snotty-nosed, spotty punk and Chloe Webb his girlfriend: “Chloe was an instant choice. Gary was the only young British actor who could do Sid — he was chubbier than Sid was, but there was something about his face with that crocodile smile from ear to ear that worked perfectly.

We always thought the actors in Sid and Nancy would come up with better scenes than those we’d written. No one anticipated that they’d get as close to the text as they did.”

Cox had the songs rearranged by Glen Matlock and additional music by Strummer, John Dale, The Pogues, Steve Jones and a Californian band, Play for Rain. Strummer had also been involved in Cox’s next film, Straight to Hell, a spaghetti western filmed in Spain. “It’s funnier than Repo Man; more intense and the jokes are better.” Also involved were Grace Jones, Dennis Hopper and Elvio Costello. In January he begins shooting Walker.

“…a bad man, who in 1855 invaded Nicaragua to bring it into the Confederacy and ran it for two years before eventually being kicked out and executed. It’s a comedy about the foibles of grandeur and imperialism.”

By any comparison, Cox is a more creative and energetic film-maker. His mood is like his films: quirky, off-beat and imaginative. He films where and what he likes. Sid and Nancy, I feel, is a very personal film about two social misfits: “I was in LA when the Pistols came around. They really excited us and gave a lot of people hope. The film does romanticise Sid and Nancy but I set out to make a romantic film. However, I don’t think it glorifies them and that’s an important distinction.”

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N.B: Closing Date — November 21, 1986.
Environmental protection and a hardline anti-nuclear policy have been the hallmarks of New Zealand's deteriorating international reputation over the past two years. Giving his only press interview during a recent two-day visit to Scotland, David Lange, the country's Prime Minister, discussed the controversial anti-nuclear stance with Devin Scobie.

A lifelong socialist and devout Methodist, David Russell Lange believes he is a man with a mission. The 44-year-old former preacher entered parliament just nine years ago, yet rose quickly to become one of the most influential figures in New Zealand's Fourth Labour government. Within a matter of months he sailed into a storm of criticism at home and abroad, leading him to announce his mission for a visit by the American naval vessel Buchanan on the grounds that it was nuclear capable.

Today Lange has managed to stubbornly stick to this initial refusal to allow any nuclear armed, or even nuclear unarmed ships inside his country's territorial waters. He argues that this policy is not merely a "retreat", but a fundamental gut reaction against nuclear weapons, which he believes, may diminish New Zealand's national security.

"Quite simply, we are in a place which is not the subject of nuclear weapons targeting. We are a thousand miles from our nearest neighbour, and that's a fact, so we are in a different situation from that which other countries find themselves in. This was our own response."

Lange comes across rather like an apostle Neil Kinneke. David Lange: "a sincere and crusading individual", term in which he may well come to be studied by the historians. It is from the Institute of Nuclear0 Affairs that he and his colleagues, and the world, have been able to make the decision not to arm. "To step back from the brink is a very difficult thing to do, but to walk towards it is seemingly a modern political imperative."

The very idea of nuclear power was swiftly dismissed as an anathema by New Zealanders, arriving from the experience of having overseas interest from the North testing their nuclear weapons in the South Pacific area. "We would be foolish to have nuclear power in New Zealand because it would be more expensive than the renewable resources we can harness at the moment."

Lange admits, however, that his blanket refusal to allow any military vessels into New Zealand waters is a blatant abuse of the Anzac defence pact which includes the United States. He feels there is confusion abroad about the nature of his policies since many world leaders see his anti-nuclear stance as a personal crusade. But Lange knows that if he were not Prime Minister today he would be in jail, and the question of what to do with him remaining in jail, is very often asked.

"... it was an act of State-backed terrorism."

The Prime Minister doesn't deny the great strain his actions have put on the Anzac Pact. So great was that strain that the Americans have withdrawn from the pact, and the chairman of the US Secretary of State George Schultz said in June of last year, shortly after the American withdrawal, "We part company as friends -- but we part company."

David Lange's reputation as the standard-bearer for the defence of international conservation achieved worldwide prominence 18 months ago when French government agents blew up the Greenpeace protest ship Rainbow Warrior in Auckland harbour. One crew member died and the two agents were subsequently tried and found guilty of the terrorist attack.

When the bombing took place, Lange was inactivated and viciously hounded the French government for an apology and some form of financial reparation. "I would regard the action as all sorts of things," he says, "but one memorable platitude that came at a recent press conference at g'o'clock in the morning was that it was an act of state-backed terrorism."

"We had a real problem tackling the whole issue because the French government denied any involvement. It was perfectly obvious to us, within a few days, that they were responsible and we all knew that we were going to be living with the consequences for a very long time. We regarded the French government as helping people, whilst we were being made to suffer intrusion on our sovereignty and something which ought to have been the subject of reparations and apology."

The Prime Minister faced severe international criticism in July when he agreed to hand over to the jailed saboteurs to the French as a result of United Nations arbitration. In return for modest financial compensation, at the expense of what many press reports call "humiliation" for their judicial system, David Lange allowed those convicted of his personal position by reneging on an original promise "never" to hand over the two culprits.

Lange deserves some sympathy for his vehement anti-nuclear initiative, and his stern denunciation of a vicious act of French-backed terrorism. Prague was a tragi-comic example of the same principle. Yet although he sounds like a sincere and crusading individual, he sometimes speaks like a man who has had perhaps too much to do, and as a result, done too much. Perhaps he feels there is confusion abroad as to his personal crusade."We do not arm, but to arm than it is to make the decision not to arm."

We are a people who deplore, bemoan and deplore nuclear weapons. The great was that strain that the Americans have withdrawn from the pact, and the chairman of the US Secretary of State George Schultz said in June of last year, shortly after the American withdrawal, "We part company as friends -- but we part company."

David Lange's reputation as the standard-bearer for the defence of international conservation achieved worldwide prominence 18 months ago when French government agents blew up the Greenpeace protest ship Rainbow Warrior in Auckland harbour. One crew member died and the two agents were subsequently tried and found guilty of the terrorist attack.

When the bombing took place, Lange was inactivated and viciously hounded the French government for an apology and some form of financial reparation. "I would regard the action as all sorts of things," he says, "but one memorable platitude that came at a recent press conference at g'o'clock in the morning was that it was an act of state-backed terrorism."

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Environmental protection and a hardline anti-nuclear policy have been the hallmarks of New Zealand's deteriorating international reputation over the past two years. Giving his only press interview during a recent two-day visit to Scotland, David Lange, the country's Prime Minister, discussed the controversial anti-nuclear stance with Devin Scobie.

A lifelong socialist and devout Methodist, David Russell Lange believes he is a man with a mission. The 44-year-old former preacher entered parliament just nine years ago, yet rose quickly to head New Zealand's fourth Labour government. Within a matter of months he sailed into a storm of criticism at home and abroad, leading him to announce his mission for a visit by the American naval vessel Buchanan on the grounds that it was nuclear capable.

Today Lange has managed to stubbornly stick to this initial refusal to allow any nuclear armed, or even nuclear unarmed ships inside his country's territorial waters. He argues that this policy is not merely a "retreat", but a fundamental gut reaction against nuclear weapons, which he believes, may diminish New Zealand's national security.

"Quite simply, we are in a place which is not the subject of nuclear weapons targeting. We are a thousand miles from our nearest neighbour, and that's a fact, so we are in a different situation from that which other countries find themselves in. This was our own response."

Lange comes across rather like an apostle Neil Kinneke. David Lange: "a sincere and crusading individual", term in which he may well come to be studied by the historians. It is from the Institute of Nuclear0 Affairs that he and his colleagues, and the world, have been able to make the decision not to arm. "To step back from the brink is a very difficult thing to do, but to walk towards it is seemingly a modern political imperative."

The very idea of nuclear power was swiftly dismissed as an anathema by New Zealanders, arriving from the experience of having overseas interest from the North testing their nuclear weapons in the South Pacific area. "We would be foolish to have nuclear power in New Zealand because it would be more expensive than the renewable resources we can harness at the moment."

Lange admits, however, that his blanket refusal to allow any military vessels into New Zealand waters is a blatant abuse of the Anzac defence pact which includes the United States. He feels there is confusion abroad about the nature of his policies since many world leaders see his anti-nuclear stance as a personal crusade. But Lange knows that if he were not Prime Minister today then "some other woman or man wouldn't have been able to say exactly the same". He is at pains to emphasize that this is not only a personal one, but that of a government of his country well.

"... it was an act of State-backed terrorism."

The Prime Minister doesn't deny the great strain his actions have put on the Anzac Pact. So great was that strain that the Americans have withdrawn from the pact, and the chairman of the US Secretary of State George Schultz said in June of last year, shortly after the American withdrawal, "We part company as friends -- but we part company."

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Hairy Assault

It was the men's National Relay Championships on Saturday, held at a wet and windy Kilmarnock. The Hairy assault on this most prestigious of events came in the form of three diehard teams, with conditions to turn in most commendable performances for the second weekend running.

Ian Haines ran the first leg, a breezy 13 mins 20 secs to 23.7th place, respectively, in a closely contested race won by the redoubtable Edinburgh South. Tom Callan blasting home the day's fastest leg in 12 mins 2 secs. It has to be pointed out that while those who turned out ran their big hearts out, it was yet another disappointing outing for yours truly having the dubious pleasure of running two legs for Aberdeen's third team. We organised training sessions for which their is much cheer, despite strong pressure at the back. A few goals to one. Consequently squashed by the Glenrothes defence who had the best chances to snatch the winner, forcing Clydesdale into conceding a few successive short corners. The final whistle left us isolated.

The Alisos Memorial Lecture

will be given by

JAMES NAUGHTIE
(Guardian Chief Political Correspondent)

on

Thursday, 13th November 1986

at 7.30 p.m.

in

The David Hume Tower,
Lecture Hall 'A'
A Shakespearean Tragedy

Edin. Univ. 2:

The stage was set for an epic performance in the true Shakespearean vein at Perren mill last Wednesday. Imagine the scene: Edinburgh, fresh from their recent victorious expedition to Stirling (though they declined the chance to capture the hosts' fortified castle), entertaining a wild, barbaric tribe calling themselves the “Dundee” clan. The scene for this epic play was the Perren mill plains, where a battle was to ensue on the 1st XI football pitch. Let the play commence...

Scene one: A week before their scheduled invasion of Edinburgh, the Dundee tribe overcame a totally insurmountable enemy from the north. This ill-disciplined mob, heralding from Aberdeen (‘Tis rumoured that this is a small, cut-away up north where no man dare venture) were routed, receiving 12 mortal wounds. (Yes! Dundee smashed them 12-2!)

Scene two: Meanwhile, back in Edinburgh, preparations are being made for the female approach of 11 courage-ons up north where no man dare venture) were routed, receiving 12 mortal wounds. (Yes! Dundee smashed them 12-2!)

The ball fell venom in the direction of the Dee defender, he steadied himself and then struck the ball with venom in the direction of the Dundee goal. It was a repeat performance of his goal against Kelse in 1973. The Dundee defence were scored!) Grant Craven and Milne were then denied by the Edinburgh team

Andy Woods, candidate for the goal-of-the-season award

Yet I did not label the Dundee team “heroes” for nothing. The Dundee defence were exposed—time and time again as Gavan were then denied by the Edinburgh team (though Mr Palmer has still not scored!) Grant Craven and Milne were then denied by the Dundee goal-keeper, before Edinburgh’s other full back, Andy Woods, seemed the goal of the season. From 30 yards he had the chance to attempt a chip which daily sailed over the goal-keeper and came to nestle up against the net.

Immediately afterwards the half-time whistle sounded and the dressing-room buzzed with the true milling style, resting on a 2-1 lead. One began to fear that the whole team had failed to imagine the chance to emerge from their haven. Had they bucked off over home! It turned out that they were running against a tactical move, whereby they sit in the warm dressing-rooms for 10 minutes waiting for the opposition freeze to death outside. Cunning, eh? It was a great plan, but alas it failed.

The second half was a tale of work for the home side; Grant Craven hit the bar from two yards, McKie wanted chance after chance in the Dundee penalty area; and then the inevitable happened. Dundee equalised in the 61st minute, took the lead for the first time in the match after 73 minutes, and the last nail was rammed in when Ramsay Cameron tripped over the ball in his own penalty area and thus presented Dundee with a gift-goal.

Five minutes later the curtain was down. Yet another spell of play had ended in tragedy. The bitter cold will resume their onward march through the Scottish countryside, terrorising everyone in their path, while Edinburgh are left to nurse their battle wounds for the next 40 minutes of action next week. Only one question remains: why does such a mighty team in Dundee display these words on their vests — “Tally Ho!”? It doesn’t really fit the much-admired image!