Ten Weeks’ Detention

Ex-student and friend released from detention in South Africa

by Tom Bradley

John Paul, a coloured South African has been released after ten weeks of detention without trial, solitary confinement, torture and brutality.

He was detained at the same time as his white friend John Gordon, an ex-Edinburgh University student, for interception.

John Gordon was released after seven days and was able to publicise his friend’s detention.

He said that the release was due to pressure from outside applied by several groups and individuals including Nigel Griffiths MP, Edinburgh University Anti-Apartheid Society, Amnesty International, the Students Christian Movement and, in particular, various church groups.

“The South Africans,” he said, “are very aware of his public image” and he was worried that adverse publicity might highlight the demand for sanctions in this country.

Gordon’s trip to South Africa was sponsored by the Anglican Church and he worked there for a Community Organisation in Wentworth – a poor, coloured area in Durban.

The organisation is involved in organising social events and educational activities which aim at making youths aware of social problems like alcoholism, drug abuse and - which makes them a target for the police - making youths aware of what apartheid is.

Both Gordon and John Paul were arrested by police at the offices of the on August Seventh.

Police were waiting for them when they arrived at the office and, according to Gordon, they were then “Shoved about and searched — and the whole place was ransacked.”

They were taken to the maximum security section of a prison, kept in solitary confinement, interrogated and tortured.

Then, no reason was given for their detention but he said that they were detained for interrogation about various “organisations and people.”

He added that their main target was John Paul and that they seemed to be interested in “anyone whose sentiments were to be vaguely anti-apartheid.”

Police tried to extract a confession from Gordon, accusing him of “subverting the youth”, “encouraging the youth to sabotage” and “encouraging terrorist activity.”

He said that “everyone in detention is accused of participating in ANC activities because they’re so paranoid about the ANC.”

He was unable to make much of a confession because, he said, “I didn’t know very much.”

They were detained under what is known as “Section 29” which meant, he said, that “you have very few rights and you’re not even given them.” The only contact he was allowed was to see a doctor, a visit which he needed because of various torture techniques that we used on him.

Gordon was eventually released after a week because of the pressure and hard work of the Consulate, his lawyers - who went into action without any prompting and people and organisations in England.

He put the reason for his early release down to the South African government’s anxiousness to avoid adverse publicity, “It was against their interests,” he said, “to let my detention go on too long.”

He was not allowed to see John Paul either during or after his release. John Paul is now back at the largely black Univer­sity of Durban and Westerville where he is studying to be a social worker.

John Gordon will be speaking about his time in South Africa and his detention at Crosswinds in Tollcross at 8 pm on Thursday 26th November (admission free) and will be writing for News Focus on the same subject next week.

Housing Benefit Poll Results

by Neil Rafferty

Over a quarter of Edinburgh University students will lose out by £250 or more when the Government reforms the Housing Benefit system in the spring.

The figure comes from the long-awaited results of the matriculation poll on housing benefit conducted during Freshers’ Week which were delayed by “computer problems”.

From the poll it was discovered that 36 per cent of students live in private rented accommodation, of which 73 per cent pay over £23 per week.

After the Government reforms the housing benefit system the new threshold amount will be raised to between £22 and £23, therefore 27 per cent of those in private flats will be excluded from benefit and the remaining percentage will suffer from reduced contributions.

Of those in private accommodation, one-third pay over £25 per week and although they will be over the new threshold they will still lose £7.25 per week in benefit. This would mean a yearly loss of nearly £300.

The 10 per cent of students in private accommodation who pay between £30 and £35 in rent will face a loss of around £400. Those in University accommodation during the summer vacation will also suffer.

The results of the poll have been sent to Nigel Griffiths, MP for Edinburgh South, and to Liberal Whip Jim Wallace for their use in Westminster.

Cheew Lay-Wee described the impending Government measures as “worrying” and added that housing benefit was “the only way to survive for some students” as “Edinburgh rents are high.” He stated finally that the cut in housing benefit could mean some students will face increased debt or homelessness.

A full analysis of the figures will be given in Student next week.
Presenting . . . a carrot that will take two days to digest

It will, however, leave you feeling satisfied. As the leading European Information Technology company we annually recruit over 90 graduates into our Manufacturing Operations Division. Of these, around 70% will come from engineering or closely related disciplines. And it's at you that we're targeting our residential Insight Conferences.

The Conferences work like this: we bring you into ICL for two days. Here you'll have the chance to find out more about us and have all your questions answered. You'll be meeting graduate employees, engineers and managers – people who arrived at ICL via the same career path as you and can anticipate your questions, doubts and fears.

Before long, you'll be able to decide whether or not there is a career for you in manufacturing at ICL. We'll tell you about our commitment to the training and development of young people. We'll tell you about one of the most advanced manufacturing environments to be found anywhere in Europe. Above all, we'll explain why ICL is a £1 billion company and the most powerful European force in the global marketplace.

To apply for a place on one of these Conferences, (to be held in Stoke-on-Trent and Stevenage in early January 1988) telephone or write for an Insight application form to: Peter Sherratt, Training and Development, ICL, Westfields, West Avenue, Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. ST7 1TL. Tel: (0782) 771000.

We should be talking to each other
Less Library

by Neil Rafferty

The Main Library in George Square has once again been hit by cutbacks in its services. The cost-cutting operation means that the library will now close at 5.00 pm instead of 7.00 pm on Fridays. This measure was seen as the least harmful way to cut costs without affect- ing students.

Mr Peter Freshwater, the Deputy Librarian at George Square, told Student that "the effect of continued cuts on library staff means we are not able to maintain the full range of ser- vices available" and that it was necessary for the library to "re- duce some services in order to keep some things going."

Although Mr Freshwater stated that early closing would be the "only effect of the cuts this session", he added that "a further reviewing of priorities may have to be made."

On the question of extended hours during the run-up to exams, the Deputy Librarian maintained, "we would expect to open at additional times", but once again added, "if unforeseen circumstances occur this may have to be reviewed."

On the question of funding within the library, Mr Freshwater stated that "the library's purchasing grant has again been protected by the University" but that on the whole there would be a "cut in the purchasing grant in real terms."

On a slightly more optimistic note he added that "the rate of support given to the library is 7 per cent as opposed to 4 per cent in other areas of the University."

NCP Car Park to Close

by Cathy Milton

A march by eight students yesterday afternoon saw the main protest of the week against cuts in library services. The demonstration was led by a group of students who had been denied access to the university's computer centre. The students were demanding that the centre be re-opened on a temporary basis.

A musical demonstration was being organised outside the Scottish Office next Wednesday at 11.00 am. EUSA asks all stu- dents worried about cuts to come along.

This action hopes to firstly highlight the position of Aber­ don University students who stand to lose 500 places next year with the predicted closure of six departments.

Secondly, the students will demonstrate both their con­ tinued opposition to any ban system, and the desire that the present scheme be revamped to give students a better deal.

It is hoped that all the Univer­ sity's musical clubs, which have previously been banned, will be able to participate. On top of this the organisers, Edinburgh Uni­ versity Students' Association (EUSA) are confident of the sup­ port of MPs at the demo.

And use of one bar of the gift fire twice a month.

by Ian Robertson

This Wednesday EUSA launched its Bastard landlord campaign to warn students about unsuitable landlords.

Anyone who comes into the Student Centre in Potterrow will be given a form to fill in to detail any complaint against his landlord. All complaints will then be filed, so anyone who is con­ temptuous of renting a flat can consult it for advice.

EUSA will also write a letter of complaint to the landlord involved in the hope of encouraging him to improve his service.

Finance blacklisted

by Ian Robertson

The Students' Representative Council has refused to allow the finance society to affiliate to the Students' Association. This unusual move was taken by a vote of 16-14 and means that the society will have to pay to use parts of the University and be denied access to the rest.

Speaking to Student, EUSA President Jane Rogerson said that while she had no objection to the society others felt its aims conflicted with EUSA's education policy. This was based on the aim of the Finance Society "to enhance Edinburgh University's reputation as a top recruitment centre for high flyers in all careers and as a Uni­ versity of high worth and valu­ able in real potential."

Speaking to Student, Finance Society President Andrew Hicks echoed this, saying that this would only be involved in financial matters.

Among the activities of the society detailed by Mr Hicks are assisting in a £3000 student society's boot sale, and a £10,000 trust fund for charity which was donated by the landlords and by students. The "Regis­ tered Representatives" exam to qualify as Stockbrokers.

Shelter

by Jane Kelly

Last Wednesday the plight of the homeless was brought home to students when a Shanty Hut was constructed by Third World First in Bristol Square.

The construction was used to publicise National Student Fund Raising Day and the Inter­ national Year of Shelter for the Homeless.

Third World First told Stud­ ent "In Britain today 250,000 are homeless with a further four million living in sub-stand­ ard housing. We usually associate charity huts with developing nations, however, closer to home Craigmiller has been designated a Third World Area in a recent Oxfam report."

The day-long event raised £85 which will be used by Shel­ ter to help the homeless in Scotland.

Leith update by Claire Wyburn

A public meeting was held on Tuesday 11th November which discussed the £450 million plan for Wardie Bay, outlined in Stu­ dent two weeks ago.

Edinburgh Martime — the backing company — was con­ spicuously absent. The company had withdrawn from the meeting at short notice and agreed only to send its chairman in person. The meeting was supposed to be for the general public to voice their opinions, however the authorities did not want any proposal that might stop their plans. Mrs Wardlaw, a Liberal District Councillor for Links, expressed the selfishness of Edinburgh Martime.

Yet Edinburgh Martime still says that they are perfectly will­ ing to meet individuals or small parties to provide advice, consultation and discussion, but their refusal to attend the meeting shows they are obvi­ ously unwilling to take any criti­ cism.

After the Riots

Nairobi University has been shut down by the Kenyan gov­ ernment following accusations of student involvement with the forces of apartheid and follow­ ing riots on campus.

Several hundred students had previously been battled by par­ amilitary troops in protest at the arrest of five elected student leaders after they attempted to attend an international meeting in Cuba.

However, in a statement, Pres­ ident Daniel Arap Moi asserted that "the actions demonstrated student involve­ ment with white South Africa, the university and the group had been attacked by Boers and want to destroy the black man."

He did not refer to the arrested students.

This statement regarding "Boers" (South African Afrikaners) was apparently a reference to a recent effort by South African government to attack white political groups. The principal architect of the alleged conspiracy is said to be US mis­ sionaries backed by the white supremacist organisation the Ku Klux Klan.

In an official response the US solidarity group in Nairobi said that the group had not been involved in the riots. The leader was apparently beaten, with such violence that one of the group's50 members is in intensive care.

British, West German, Swiss and American students have lodged strongly worded official com­ plaints to police brutality towards their nationals.

New Nazism

"Gas them all" is a slogan seen frequently daubed onthe walls of buildings in East Berlin. This is apparently a reference to third world students who are only one of the groups targeted by the increasingly audacious neo-fascist groups currently enjoying a disturbing reem­ ergence in the German Democratic Republic.

Other groups include environ­ mentalists, pacifists and even state-operated youth groups. These have all been the subject of violent attacks by black-­ shirted bully-boys, sporting cropped hairstyles and black motor scooters. They patrol the streets at night. They make jokes about Jews that older people still believe in.

The government has gone on record frequently to declare East Germany an anti-fascist state and claims to have bro­ ken a new type of German completely dis­ associated from the Nazi past.
Cuts

Edinburgh is to lose £2.7 million in funding over the next two years. The motion calls on EUSA to write to Robert Jackson, Margaret Thatcher and Michael Foot to "inform them of our objections to the destruction of higher education". Already made tutorials which were weekly take place fortnightly, and the loss of two library staff may not be the last cut there.

Apartheid

This motion condemns "apartheid in South Africa [which was] costing them a lot of money exploiting cheap black labour". One potentially contentious issue is the so-called 'progressive capitalists' such as Anglo-American 'must be corrected - they offer no solution to the black workers of South Africa'.

Mandela

Nelson Mandela has been nominated as Honorary President in one motion and another goes to the President of the Student Centre the Mandela Centre.

SA Education

Condemns the South African education system as racially divisive and calls for the establishment of a new authority - the Mandela Centre for South Africans to Edinburgh.

given by Robertson

Six years ago

In Student

The Editor wrote: "The Student offices have been visited several times over the last six weeks by a group of medics who had what they thought was a novel idea for a quiz. They were busy taking photographs of each other with pens (theirs) in, respectively, erect and flaccid states. The idea was that the photos would be printed out of the group with an idea to be matched to that for a prize. Although we appreciated the medics' desire to advertise their wares in this way, we politely declined to participate."

Tits and burns, perhaps, but no fronts (and especially medical fronts) to grace our pages.

New in the centre issue - when Student looked like the Sunday Sport front page.
Heaven knows I’m miserable now

Some first years will now be beginning to experience the pressures of university life. The essay rush is now on, and some may find the university learning system too alien and too difficult to adjust to. Falling behind is too easy when you’re left to your own devices.

What have I done to deserve this?

Students from all years, however, will be aware that university life is no bed of roses. The pressures are perhaps worse than they have ever been. Some may suffer from parental pressures to do well. Many students also have severe money worries with overdrafts almost becoming the norm. The slashing of Housing Benefit is only going to cause more stress, and perhaps result in some students having to give up university altogether. Some also find it difficult to budget in a rational manner.

Then, of course, there are accommodation problems. Students spend half of the year worrying about where they’re going to be staying the next year. Lack of Housing Benefit is also going to cut down the choice of affordable accommodation. It is not that easy to find somewhere to live where you feel comfortable both with the place and the people. If you can’t relax when you’re at home it can make life very strained.

Also, university seems to place us in a kind of time warp. Friends at home may have left school, got a job and mixed with older people. If students have problems they only have fellow students whose experience is as limited as their own. Friendships and relationships can also be transient and superficial, depending, of course, on what “clique” you’re trapped in. There is no outside viewpoint of students being seen as social leeches by taxpayers.

Don’t leave me this way

What’s the reasoning behind this depressing editorial? Concern for the fact that this difficult and busy side of student life is not talked about enough. Concern for the fact that at least one in three students suffer from some sort of mental stress. Depression is far too common an illness amongst students and it is too often overlooked. If you do feel that everything is getting on top of you: do something, but not that difficult to walk into the Student Advisory Centre. If all these suicide worries we hear occasionally are true, then this situation must be faced, not ignored up as a pressure which gets worse. More help, support and understanding must be made available, especially if a life is at risk.

Dear Editor,

I’m sure an ex-police officer is well qualified to lecture us on the evils of “cottaging”, otherwise known as the use of public toilets to procure gay sex.

The police are notorious for their staking out of toilets and entry in case of any men: well documented cases involve plain clothes officers masturbating at urinals in the hope of provoking an approach from a gay man who is then promptly arrested.

It find it incredible that the police can find the time to devote manpower to such a futile exercise when there are so many other things to do. The priority for which there is such an appalling low police clear-up rate.

As a gay man myself who is fortunate enough to be in a stable relationship, I personally regard cottaging as sorted and unpleasant but it is also clear that sexual aberration caused by the persecution of gays and lesbians.

To condone it out of hand as “perversion” and to treat it as a criminal offence meriting such obsessive attention from the police is despicable, especially coming as it does from an ex-police officer whose former colleagues are chiefly responsible for this persecution and all its consequences.

Men cottaging are not a threat to society, nor are they using public toilets and do not force themselves upon anyone who happens to be standing about having an innocent peep. Indeed, the extraordinary lengths to which the police go in order to provoke an approach is proof of this tall in the line of duty, of course (exception being the line of duty, of course).

If we want to discourage cottaging, we must change social attitudes towards gays and lesbians so they are able to come out of the water closet and live their lives openly and with dignity, free from persecution by the police on the one hand and homophobia on the other. Why do all these cottagers exploit the vulnerability of gay men.

Yours for peace,

Adam O'Brien

BULLSEYE

Dear Editor,

First of all I’ll try not to make this a PhD thesis, as Adair Lee does that better than all of us.

Hasn’t the Arts Council just killed the Axe article on the MA General and General Honours was brilliant. Can I be situated with General Honours last year having had a bad third year, mainly because I’m interested in philosophy, not hassle, not my D of S — who was fired up all the way through.

There are too many problems with the University Students’ Union — and by that I mean too many students are getting bad degrees or failing. Can I be situated with the Arts students’ help? The Arts Students’ Council is conducting a campaign to try and ensure that D of S are now informed and able to help students. But we need evidence of the number of problems people are having. Please come and see me at EdinCamp or tell the Asst Council to try and ask to see me or Murray Simpson at the Arts Convener. Then we will be able to present it to the Arts Faculty as evidence that something needs to be done.

Once again, well done.

Love,

Sally Greig
What Presence?

EDWIN COLLINS

Qu'est-ce que "Edwyenne!" Edwyenne!" came the ecstatic shout from several fans at the front. Despite looking more like a latter-day Elvis Presley than the fresh-faced young laddie we knew and loved, he did certainly perform on Thursday night.

Pros and cons at first, the old rocker seemed to relax and enjoy himself more as the set progressed. His new material is of a very similar vein to Orange Juice's "lyrical, wacky guitar", and rhythmically (he had his old drummer). Nothing outstanding, but good. Like most of his material, it will probably grow on you. And he played some old faves as well — ya beauty! Scorned into us by New York and Falling and Laughing the best among them. What am I bloody sick of apathetic Edinburgh crowds, less than 20 of us turned up for it. Has everybody forgotten how to move or what? There was even an old hippy who sat outside throughout. Anyway, I for one hope the whole thing will continue his romantic crombie for a good while. He's the best.

Finlay Wilson

THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET

The Venue

Take one Jools Holland, multiply it by four, and transpose the result to the swinging East-End of Lon­don about twenty years ago, and you might get some idea of what the James Taylor Quartet are like.

Despite attempted exuberance and enthusiastic solos they came across as flat and monotonous. This certainly wasn't helped, and may indeed have been caused, by the mixing deck, where what was presumably a Moulten Mixfilex blunted the sound to a homogenous, porridge texture. None of this mattered to the majority of the audience. It was clear from the beginning that the purpose of the evening was the authentic recreation of the "sixties". Only sightly cynicism prevented complete immersion in the past: "We love the music, but those faves are so naïve. Hadn't they heard of 501's?" A mop-topped supporting band, sporting a red-haired Levls obliged, providing appropriate dress and saying "Yeah!" a lot. Between bands polonecked cadavers gyrated to the walls of lead pop-stars in the Venue's sepulchral gloom.

The James Taylor Quartet were impressively oblivious of the audience's aspirations, accompanying with the BBC World Test Cricket theme tune. Undoubtedly a competent dance band, they seem content with supplying the soundtrack for their audience's sixties nostalgia movie, and must therefore remain meaningless to the rest of us.

Ben Cooper

THE BATHERS

UNUSUAL PLACES TO DIE

Go! Discs LP

Perseverence is the name of the game when it comes to listen­ing to The Bathers. "Unusual Places To Die" is characterised by the tightness and delicacy of Chris Thompson's guitar, and the strength and "un-delicacy" voice. On hearing a track like "Blind Surfer" his vocals tend to boom-larg­e over everything, suffocating the instrumental, giving the vocals a slightly un-trendy sound.

The Bathers are Scottish, on Go! Discs and have produced a briliant debut. Not only is the s​ingle Works like this .

Craig Mclean

THE GUN CLUB

MOTHER JUNO

Red Rhino LP

In between the masterful Miami and The Las Vegas Story, their last album before temporarily splitting, there arose the unexpected; three unfortunate things happened at this Gun Club. (1) Jeffrey Lee Pierce discovered good production. (2) He discovered the grandioses melodramatic choruses and (3) Kid Congo Pow­ers became the band's lead guitarist.

This is a brighter album, and Jeffrey Lee Pierce with a little more power and a little less threat. Still, something like melody and Thundra­head recall The Fire of Love, an essential album for anybody's collection.

A fine album, certainly, but it may become overpowered by the low production, slide guitar grunge and that overriding production, that "goth" feel. I've turned the record over a couple of times, and I'm still in love. A pretty ironic name for this, quite honestly, boring song.

Jane Bowie

THE TRIFFIDS

CALEN TUR E

Island LP

Calenture the album — cover, title, lyrics and drums — is all about lushness. Everything is perfectly wholesome, a flawless example of The Triffids' and producer Gil Norton's talents.

The simple melodies in Bury Me Deep in Love and A Trick Of The Light are built upon with sweeping keyboards. Elsewhere country guitars pop in (Hometown Farewell Kiss), as do Sale Of The Century type organ, even more charismatically than Nicholas Parsons. But overiding all this is the rich ness and depth of The Triffids. The Triffids' songs are so well written, so well played by the band that it is like accidentally walking into the past to discover another fabulous band. The Las Vegas Story is an essential album for anybody's collection.

Stephen Barnaby

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

GORGEOUS

Beggars Banquet 7"

I wasn't sure at first whether "gorgeous" was the boys' title, or whether they were referring to the song itself. At first sight the album is a town just like the song itself; "there's not much going on!". The album is low production which gives a more near-interesting part of the song. A couple of guitar licks and you play it.

The B-side is irrelevant titled "Primitives" and it leaves you wondering if you actually tuned the record over at all. Whatever Gene Loves going on Way Down South that made The Fire of Love and Miami albums of such depth and soul.

Stephen Barnaby

What Presence?

EDWIN COLLINS

Qu'est-ce que "Edwyenne!" Edwyenne!" came the ecstatic shout from several fans at the front. Despite looking more like a latter-day Elvis Presley than the fresh-faced young laddie we knew and loved, he did certainly perform on Thursday night.

Pros and cons at first, the old rocker seemed to relax and enjoy himself more as the set progressed. His new material is of a very similar vein to Orange Juice's "lyrical, wacky guitar", and rhythms, cally (he had his old drummer). Nothing outstanding, but good. Like most of his material, it will probably grow on you. And he played some old faves as well — ya beauty! Scorned into us by New York and Falling and Laughing the best among them. What am I bloody sick of apathetic Edinburgh crowds, less than 20 of us turned up for it. Has everybody forgotten how to move or what? There was even an old hippy who sat outside throughout. Anyway, I for one hope the whole thing will continue his romantic crombie for a good while. He's the best.

Finlay Wilson

THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET

The Venue

Take one Jools Holland, multiply it by four, and transpose the result to the swinging East-End of Lon­don about twenty years ago, and you might get some idea of what the James Taylor Quartet are like.

Despite attempted exuberance and enthusiastic solos they came across as flat and monotonous. This certainly wasn't helped, and may indeed have been caused, by the mixing deck, where what was presumably a Moulten Mixfilex blunted the sound to a homogenous, porridge texture. None of this mattered to the majority of the audience. It was clear from the beginning that the purpose of the evening was the authentic recreation of the "sixties". Only sightly cynicism prevented complete immersion in the past: "We love the music, but those faves are so naïve. Hadn't they heard of 501's?" A mop-topped supporting band, sporting a red-haired Levls obliged, providing appropriate dress and saying "Yeah!" a lot. Between bands polonecked cadavers gyrated to the walls of lead pop-stars in the Venue's sepulchral gloom.

The James Taylor Quartet were impressively oblivious of the audience's aspirations, accompanying with the BBC World Test Cricket theme tune. Undoubtedly a competent dance band, they seem content with supplying the soundtrack for their audience's sixties nostalgia movie, and must therefore remain meaningless to the rest of us.

Ben Cooper

THE BATHERS

UNUSUAL PLACES TO DIE

Go! Discs LP

Perseverence is the name of the game when it comes to listen­ing to The Bathers. "Unusual Places To Die" is characterised by the tightness and delicacy of Chris Thompson's guitar, and the strength and "un-delicacy" voice. On hearing a track like "Blind Surfer" his vocals tend to boom-larg­e over everything, suffocating the instrumental, giving the vocals a slightly un-trendy sound.

The Bathers are Scottish, on Go! Discs and have produced a briliant debut. Not only is the s​ingle Works like this .

Craig Mclean

THE GUN CLUB

MOTHER JUNO

Red Rhino LP

In between the masterful Miami and The Las Vegas Story, their last album before temporarily splitting, there arose the unexpected; three unfortunate things happened at this Gun Club. (1) Jeffrey Lee Pierce discovered good production. (2) He discovered the grandioses melodramatic choruses and (3) Kid Congo Pow­ers became the band's lead guitarist.

This is a brighter album, and Jeffrey Lee Pierce with a little more power and a little less threat. Still, something like melody and Thundra­head recall The Fire of Love, an essential album for anybody's collection.

A fine album, certainly, but it may become overpowered by the low production, slide guitar grunge and that overriding production, that "goth" feel. I've turned the record over a couple of times, and I'm still in love. A pretty ironic name for this, quite honestly, boring song.

Jane Bowie

THE TRIFFIDS

CALEN TUR E

Island LP

Calenture the album — cover, title, lyrics and drums — is all about lushness. Everything is perfectly wholesome, a flawless example of The Triffids' and producer Gil Norton's talents.

The simple melodies in Bury Me Deep in Love and A Trick Of The Light are built upon with sweeping keyboards. Elsewhere country guitars pop in (Hometown Farewell Kiss), as do Sale Of The Century type organ, even more charismatically than Nicholas Parsons. But overiding all this is the rich ness and depth of The Triffids. The Triffids' songs are so well written, so well played by the band that it is like accidentally walking into the past to discover another fabulous band. The Las Vegas Story is an essential album for anybody's collection.

Stephen Barnaby

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

GORGEOUS

Beggars Banquet 7"

I wasn't sure at first whether "gorgeous" was the boys' title, or whether they were referring to the song itself. At first sight the album is a town just like the song itself; "there's not much going on!". The album is low production which gives a more near-interesting part of the song. A couple of guitar licks and you play it.

The B-side is irrelevant titled "Primitives" and it leaves you wondering if you actually tuned the record over at all. Whatever Gene Loves going on Way Down South that made The Fire of Love and Miami albums of such depth and soul.

Stephen Barnaby
Spacious displays, with dramatic lighting; Manzu's sculptures cannot fail to be impressive, upon stepping into the gallery's centre the Large Seated Cardinal (1985) appears, huge, within a simple cloak, his geometric and simplified form calmly presiding over the whole exhibition.

This is the first exhibition in Britain of Manzu's work since 1960, and as a retrospective, marking his 90th birthday, justifies his high international acclaim. The majority of work displayed is housed at the Manzu Collection at Ardea, in his native Italy, and covers various themes that have dominated his life: dancing, sensuality, social issues, crucifixions, war, peace, and death. Renditions though are not only in bronze or ebony. There are paintings, drawings, prints, jewellery, collages and theatrical costumes designed for Oedipus Rex by Jean Cocteau at Teatro Dell'Opera in 1954.

Sensuous nudes are removed from us into a calm eternity, yet they look (and indeed sound by their gaze or manner. For example in Tebe Seated (1983), the young girl's back is to us; but turns her head to see if we are looking at her. The strong curve or tension in the figures, the visual emphasis of the subject and dominates these lifelike figures.

Many of the base-reliefs and drawings favour a more political view - perhaps the animal and the war-time artist would have praised.

"The porn is there to be inflamm­atory; the violence is no more than a Walker about the show. "Of course some people might be offended by the work and yet others, people were offended by the graphic and gratuitous sexual violence that the artist represented; men gorging themselves upon Mars Bars and raw onions. More likely they were offended by having to pay to see a show that involves a lot of the same things."

"The base-reliefs and drawings favour a more political view - perhaps the animal and the war-time artist would have praised.

In the first act, three men presented images of excessive physical appetite, sexual and otherwise. In the second act, a girl narrator appeared. At one point, the monologue concluded with a question of whether the narrator was intelligent to say about it. This kind of work gives experimental theatre a bad name.

In the first act, three men presented images of excessive physical appetite, sexual and otherwise. In the second act, a girl narrator appeared. At one point, the monologue concluded with a question of whether the narrator was intelligent to say about it. This kind of work gives experimental theatre a bad name.

This is the first exhibition in Britain of Manzu's work since 1960, and as a retrospective, marking his 90th birthday, justifies his high international acclaim. The majority of work displayed is housed at the Manzu Collection at Ardea, in his native Italy, and covers various themes that have dominated his life: dancing, sensuality, social issues, crucifixions, war, peace, and death. Renditions though are not only in bronze or ebony. There are paintings, drawings, prints, jewellery, collages and theatrical costumes designed for Oedipus Rex by Jean Cocteau at Teatro Dell'Opera in 1954.

Sensuous nudes are removed from us into a calm eternity, yet they look (and indeed sound by their gaze or manner. For example in Tebe Seated (1983), the young girl's back is to us; but turns her head to see if we are looking at her. The strong curve or tension in the figures, the visual emphasis of the subject and dominates these lifelike figures.

Many of the base-reliefs and drawings favour a more political view - perhaps the animal and the war-time artist would have praised.
Has the Festival Fringe lost its spark and become too commercialised? Simon de Bourcier investigates.

The Fringe, like God, sex and Eastenders, is many things to many people. Indeed, with 1,005 shows in the 150 venues across this year, it has room to be. But in the 40 years since its conception, when eight serious theatre companies who were not invited to the main International Festival set up the first Edinburgh Fringe, it has something of the initial spark been lost.

"As with most theatre, it had to stick its neck out a bit more to get money to get audiences. This year saw the birth of a new phenomenon, the "Fringe Fringe Society", whose declared aim was to "get the fringe back where it was". It has become, they said, "far too commercial, with no space for late-comers". But put some of these criticisms to Trisha Emblem, the "official" Fringe Society's Assistant Administrator."

The Fringe has, she agree, become more commercialised. "As with most theatre, it's hard to stick its neck out a bit more to get money, to get audiences. Fringe groups have had to push themselves a bit more, maybe print a programme for their venue, that sort of thing." But she insists, the Fringe has to be a free market. "If it's governed by anything more than market forces, it's not the Fringe." True enough: the essence of the Fringe is that there is no artistic control; that control is in the hands of economic forces. This may or may not be an ideal situation, but the precedent set if the Fringe's administrators were to intervene in any way would be a dangerous one, and could be disastrous.

Fringe Act: a loss of spontaneity?

The Fringe Fringe Society claims that prices here will soon match those in the West End. "Is that," they ask, "what it's all about?" But the bubble, in fact, looks set to burst. This year saw a marked swing in ticket sales away from the larger venues, and more performers are forsaking expensive theatre halls and theatres for the open air.

As a street performer you are completely free. Free from the masses of bodies for a venue four months in advance; free from the constraints of performing at a particular time; and free from the worries of trying to push your particular show to the public. You simply head for the streets, and there they are, waiting for you. I felt quite guilty that my spur-of-the-moment, barely rehearsed performances reached a wider audience than some shows that had obviously been months in the preparation. To one in play in which a company of three performed to an audience of barely three times that number! Performing in the open air allows one not only to stop outside the controversies of administration and economics, but also to look with some detachment on that bone of the performer's life, the critics. Of course no one believes the standard lie, "Naturally, Tony, I never read reviews..." but it is true that reviews in general mean less than nothing. Camarade, for example, the Scott—Imer's write-up of Rik Davis's "No Further Cause for Concern" to the review given to any play in City Limits. The former described it as "powerful, relevant... an electric piece of drama"; the latter concluded that "plays such as this should move an audience to action. No Further Cause for Concern is more likely to send them to sleep." All these reviews really do confirm that, diversity not least, is what the Fringe is all about.

The whole evening was spent sitting amongst plastic plants, and after eight Theatremakers' Clubbers, garish red dungarees, a boob-busting shirt three sizes too small and a naff baseball hat — an outfit that I'm sure will not be in the wardrobe of Kangaroo Chubbies.

"Polite, pleasant and persuasive" enthused the Personnel Manager on my first Sunday, as I sat watching videos on the history of the hammer.

And the persuasiveness was a key feature among certain members of staff, as a blonde-haired lass started screaming in my ear, "Come to my party then, it's a eighteenth, you've gotta come..." I was about to decline politely, I overheard her say "Anybody who disnone come to my party is getting a battering." Well, naturally, not wanting to appear the unfriendly type, I obliged, only to find out that the party was in the exotically named Atlantis—a shed 20 miles out in Southfield.

The following day as I cleared away the umpteenth half-bitten cheeseburger, milkshake spattered trays, and attempted to mop the floor, I was accosted by a young boy grinning at me with a toothy, stained face and a free Wimpy hat on, whining, "Sing me the Wimpy song please." I nearly stufFed the mop up his nose there and then. Only five hours later, and the Wimpy party still to come. Just as I was about to decline politely, I overheard her say "Anybody who disnone come to my party is getting a battering." Well, naturally, not wanting to appear the unfriendly type, I obliged, only to find out that the party was in the exotically named Atlantis—a shed 20 miles out in Southfield.

The whole evening was spent sitting amongst plastic plants, and after eight Theatremakers' Clubbers, garish red dungarees, a boob-busting shirt three sizes too small and a naff baseball hat — an outfit that I'm sure will not be in the wardrobe of Kangaroo Chubbies.

"Po...
Ever thought about gambling as a means of supplementing your grant? Mark Eccleston reveals what you can expect.

"Gambling stands in precisely the same relationship to stealing that duelling stands to murder. Consent of the victim and chance of being a successful winner does not lift the least degree of the moral character of the act."

Didactic words indeed and ones I decided to put to the test with a visit to one of Edinburgh's four casinos. As I tentatively approached the gaming house's entrance, the security guard looked at me with some sympathy, as if to say, "Where do you think you're going, son?"

"Where do you think you're going, son?" he said.

I drew his attention to the pair of black socks that I was wearing, but it was to no avail. He soon impressed upon me that jacket and tie would be more suitable attire and that two days had to elapse from signing up as a member before I could gamble.

Forty-eight hours later, I returned to the same foyer, and before I continued pondered on what I was licensing ahead. A James Bond-type scene, white tuxedos and jewel-encrusted females, moustached croupiers everywhere so often explaining "Magnificent Assurance!" and showing tettering stacks of chips across the green baize. As I entered the main hall I soon realised the magnitude of my disillusions. A large, tawdry chandelier illuminated the smoky hall, panels of mahogany looked awfully reminiscent of an Indian restaurant-style wallpaper while saloon girls waited hovered around the leather sofa (reminiscent of the celebrated chester of "21") and ordered some sandwiches and a coke. I was soon joined by a tall, dark, stocky man whom I later found out was a fellow student at Edinburgh University.

"How much have you won or lost already," he asked.

"Bout three or four thousand," I replied heavily, "how's your system?" he enquired.

"I mean dublin up 'n that, eee no, just zero and their walks up 45°-degree angle hills for six hours a day, slipping down narrow muddy paths (it was the rainy season), but I bore the pains of over-exercise in order to see the magnificent Buddhist culture of Thailand and the panoramic verdure of the hills and the primitive tribal villages. We washed in streams, ate rice at every meal and went to bed by candlelight, "bed"

"I, it's a gamble isn't it?" he said, dispatching breadbaskets.

Just then the waitress returned with the sandwiches and coke, and as she leaned over I half expected Len to thrust a pound note down her cleavage. Instead, he quickly, and in uninterrupted flowing movements, transferred the contents of the plate to his mouth.

"It's a gamble isn't it?" he said, dispatching breadbaskets.

beco you can win 1's pose," he replied.

"It's like playing the Stock Exchange," his face became drawn as considered what he had just said.

"Well, before you know it, he added painfully.

Blackjack appeared to be unfathomable in terms of calculation of the odds but I took up my "box" all the same. On my right was an "old timer" of the type figure smoking a large cigar, while his unshaven man who had what appeared to be a giro's worth of £1 chips in front of him, which he shunted out portions of his HATE-tattooed knuckles, collecting the winnings with his LOVEmbedded other hand.

The bet has to be placed in the box before the two cards are dealt, and after this the croupier offers further cards if required. My first hand totalled seven so when the croupier faced me I naturally said "Twist." Apparently saying "Twist" is like taking a "His Masive's Voice" style record player to a compact disc shop.

"Just say 'stand'," growled the man on the right. The next card turned out to be a ten.

Through no particular skill on my own part, I found myself making a financial statement as I had started the evening with "last hand", was called at one minute to four (am). As the dealer prepared to distribute the cards I "bought in" £5 worth of coloured pence chips, which were randomly distributed across the board without much success.

I decided to take some more refreshments and contemplation of the £5 loss, and was soon joined by a tweed besuited man who lived somewhere north of George Street and was also studying social anthropology at Edinburgh University.

"Why do you gamble?" I asked.

"Consent of the victim and chance of being a successful winner does not lift the least degree of the moral character of the act."
Return to Eden

Forsyth’s escape from Scotland

Bill Forsyth upholds Scottish Culture highest in his principles of filmmaking. This of course is assisted by his vastly Scottish background and is reflected in films such as Gregory’s Girl, Local Hero and Comfort & Joy.

His latest film Housekeeping though shows a noticeably new angle away from his past obsession.

Housekeeping was not available to screen at the Edinburgh Film Festival in August and Bill Forsyth, whose links with the Festival go back to the beginning of his career was eager that it should benefit from a special Scottish Premiere prior to its opening in Edinburgh on December 4.

The film recently was awarded Two major prizes in the Tokyo Film Festival and stars Academy nominee Christine Lahti.

Bill Forsyth is due to attend a special Benefit Screening of Housekeeping at 7 pm on Sunday 29 November at the Cameo Cinema.

But prior to this we sent an aspiring young film reviewer from Student to see it and give her opinion.

HOUSEKEEPING
Cameo
Dir. Bill Forsyth

This is another of those odd and evocative films that Bill Forsyth pulls out of his hat every now and then.

There is a reassuring sameness about the whole thing: awkward adolescence, the passage of time, the transience of human relationships - most of the themes to be found in Gregory’s Girl, Local Hero and Comfort & Joy reappear here; the difference is that Forsyth has given Scotland a break and shifted his attention to the northwest American town of Finger Bone, where two sisters, Ruth (Sara Walker) and Lucille (Andrea Burchill), deserted by their mother and traumatised by the strain of living in a town with an exceedingly silly name, have come to terms with the unexpected presence of Aunt Sylvie (Christine Lahti). Sylvie is different. Her idea of a good time is feeding marshmallows to invisible children and smiling at hoovers.

The plot centres around the reactions of Ruth and Lucille to her, and the way in which the relationships between the sisters changes and polarises.

The acting performances are strong, the most noticeable being that of Sara Walker as Ruth, a girl who appears to be turning into a human stork. Great performances are also turned in by some extremely photogenic pine trees.

As usual, Bill Forsyth directs subtly and with great delicacy. Housekeeping never loses its feeling of concern with real people. It is a marvellously human and very poignant film; the pity is that it’s also a bit slow and inconclusive.

For Bill Forsyth lovers, Housekeeping should be satisfactory, and if you liked Gregory’s Girl, you’ll probably like this. For the rest of us, the film is somewhat less scrutinising than its title.

Debbie Gallagher

BEST SELLER
Odeon
Director: John Flynn

One would normally expect a film from Hemdale (who brought us Salvador and Platoon) via Orion pictures (responsible for, amongst others, all of Woody Allen’s films) to be of an above average quality at the very least. It was with this in mind that I spent most of the first three-quarters of this film wondering whether I was in the right cinema.

In Best Seller the talented but increasingly typecast Brian Dennehy (who starred in Silverado, Cocoon, First Blood and Legal Eagles) plays (yet again) a cop, this time one who has turned to crime writing after being the sole survivor of an armed raid on a police evidence depository. Forty years later he is contacted by a man claiming to be the hit man for a new, large corporation who helped him get off the ground fifteen years earlier by driving the van used by the raiders. This man offering to help Dennehy, who is suffering from writer’s block after the death of his wife, to write a book exposing the corporation and its violent methods. Simple, you think, except for the fact that the cop refuses to believe the hit man and for most of the rest of the film we see the pair of them flying around America as the hit man tries to persuade the cop that it’s all true, which is not really very interesting. Eventually the cop believes the hit man, but by then it’s too late as the baddies have kidnapped the cop’s daughter and before you know it it’s final shoot-out time.

If that doesn’t sound too interesting then you have discovered the main problem with this film. Plots are allowed to be implausible but they ought to be gripping in what is, after all, a “psychological thriller”. Director John Flynn (who co-wrote the screen-play) fails to infuse his film with any tension or much excitement, and even when the plot begins to take off the dialogue remains quite dreadfully stilted. Dennehy gives another fine performance and James Woods (Salvador, Once Upon A Time in America) is excellent as the increasingly, neurotic hit man, but one wishes as they have to deliver lines “I’m a killer, you’re a cop, we’re just two sides of the same coin.” I can’t help wondering if the Orion executives were as disappointed as I was.

Toby Scott

YOUR NAME IN PRINT

HOW?

Simple — Just think of a name for the new competition.

Typesetting, Printing and Design Service
due to be opened at the Pleasance
from January 1988.

All suggestions gratefully received and winners justified rewarded!

Deadline — end of Week 9

FILM
Scrambled

Edi Uni 3 Lochside Rovers 4

The University team's performance seems to have been most disappointing for many years. After going two goals up against Lochside, our boys had a chance to make an impact in the first round of the Sutherland Cup.

It all seemed like a sweet dream at the beginning. In the first five minutes, the Edinburgh lads took the lead with a remarkable display of soccer know-how. At this point, all was going well, as the road to victory could be expected. The University boys were making miniatures of the opposition. Some of the spectators from Oban, who had so badly battered "Crusher" Grant and the rest of the University to the extent of two weeks ago, still suffered from after effects, and so were forced to retire (not very well) instead.

Very quickly though, this dream turned sour and soon it seemed that we were in the midst of a nightmare of extreme proportions. Goals were conceded by a shaky defence and a sleepy goalkeeper sticks up and stir away keeper to allow Oban boys to take a two goal lead. The University now had an uphill battle.

Sticks up and stir away, to allow Oban boys to take a two goal lead. The University now had an uphill battle.

-publishing company is able to assume control of Walter Scott's assets and which is the family will then be in the unique position of controlling three different first division clubs, for he is already chairman of Derby, and manager of similar clubs in Liverpool.

The quality of music enter into such an argument? One family owning one of the first division clubs proves conclusively the extent to which Britain's number one club is becoming a capitalistic business venture. It is evident on the field of play where money is literally buying success. In England, Liverpool remain the premier team, for their wealth is large enough to accommodate the cost of Messrs Bearside, Barnes and Aldridge, a rather "handy few" to have at their disposal.

Liverpool is able to afford such stars because of her financial acquisitions from league and cup successes over recent years. A winning team means more financial investment and a greater proportion of which improves the bank balance still further. Success breeds success. Both are interdependent.

Losing or winning, Liverpool enjoys the world of Sneaker. One only trusts and hopes that such self-made attitudes towards winning or losing will not infest themselves deeper into the sport, otherwise in years to come a world class player may lose the courage to lose. This team belief of success becomes the game of soccer is, to all intents and purposes, intrinsically dead.

Arguably, the role of a chairman is of a business-like rather than a footballing nature. Even so, there seems to be somethingimmoral in a foo the shareholders are all too willing to have at their disposal. He proves that he does not commit himself solely to one team. Derby supporters complain, rightly I think, that Mr Maxwell is a double edged traitor. "Dennis Watford, if Mr Maxwell's wishes are granted today, will resemble an internal, domestic, "Maccabellian" or "Footballer" rather than a big business man. If the two are supposed to own a club, they will not infest themselves deeper into the sport, otherwise in years to come a world class player may lose the courage to lose. This team belief of success becomes the game of soccer is, to all intents and purposes, intrinsically dead.

Carl Marston

In Brief

Although not quite "sabres at dawn", the Scottish Universities Teams Fencing Competition did start uncomfortably early on Monday, 7th November, in Oban. The competition was hosted by Edinburgh University Fencing Club at the Pleasance, Inverness. The first round was won by Marcellus Maxwell, showing Edinburgh's commitment to ladies' fencing. The winning foil and epee teams were: Sally Cross, Jenny Anderson and Gillian McNeil and the other team was Amanda Maxwell, Sally Cross and Jenny Anderson.

The Edinburgh men's team was slightly less successful, coming second after Aberdeen and second Aberdeen and second. In the debate contest the first team was Mungo Carstens, Niall Anderson and Gordon Campbell, and in the debate the second team was Niall Anderson, Gordon Campbell. In sabre, the two Edinburgh teams tied for third and fourth places, the teams being: Gordon Campbell, Gary Roberts and Paul Piper; and Andrew Cameron, Niall Anderson. In Edinburgh also distinguished itself in the competition by entering the greatest number of "biggers". This is part of the EUFC's attempts at the recreation of involvement at the expense of restricting competition to the select few. In fact it is not too late to take up fencing this year and have fun at Edinburgh University, either for the well-balanced exercise or for the swash and buckle, just come along to any of our weekly casual sessions and meet "The King of Upper Lothian", Rupert Hunter, at 6.30pm on a Wednesday afternoon, or in the Combat Salle on a Monday between 5.30 and 7.30 pm. Everyone welcome.

Over 100 people turned up to the Sports Hall on Sunday afternoon to take part in a indoor hockey tournament. In the end, the best two teams, other than the "Dirty Beasts" who were off form on the day, reached the final with "Bob Ramage's Famous Five" winning a closely fought contest.

Mac - it is today that the Football League will meet to decide whether or not Robert Maxwell's publishing company is able to assume control of Walter Scott's assets and which is the family will then be in the unique position of controlling three different first division clubs, for he is already chairman of Derby, and manager of similar clubs in Liverpool.

P RICES

20 VICTORIA STREET

Tel: 226 6745

VITAL BEAUTY

Very Competitive Prices

Open:
MON-SAT: 10 am-6 pm
SUN: By Appointment Only

CAROLE FLYNN

BUILD-UP NAILS AND EXTENSIONS

MIXED SUCCESSES FOR THE HOCKEY TEAMS THIS WEEK, WITH THE THIRD ELEVEN LEADING THE WAY IN A 2-1 HOME VICTORY AGAINST MERCATON. JIM LAING AND SIMON MORGREY WERE THE ONLY PLAYERS IN THE CLUB ABLE TO SCORE, WITH THE FIRSTS DRAWING 1-1 WITH THE GALES LOSING 1-0 TO STEPPS IN THE CUP.

The Presidents Ball

Unfortunately, this week, hackdom has eventually managed to overpower our stringent editorial control and infiltrate our pages. Sadly that most awesome (awful!) event the Bible (or rather precisely the Delegates Ball) has claimed such authority that it can’t be ignored — so apologies said we’d mention its goings on here...

Well, if you wanted to live out your fantasies, what would you need? A real Marxism Today filofax covered in Gucci leather? Five houses, thirteen cars and a seat in the House of Commons? Or an idyllic life with your true love in red rose cottage, Docklands? Enough of this yuppified rubbish, you know the only way to spend a night of fantasy is dressed in a hired Dinner Jacket dancing to a ceilidh band in Teviot Row Union. Well, you would, wouldn’t you.

The thing about writing Presidents Ball articles is that it’s very difficult to capture eight hours of drunken debauched behaviour in 300 words. However there are certain things that stand out.

So what of the Big Four? Well, the last I heard of Jane Rogerson, El Presidente and self styled dictator was that she was upstairs in the library — and that she was very much in the wrong. Never one to miss a chance for a good publicity stunt Douglas “Cute Alexander” had arranged for the phone directories to collect Tamworth College and at the Delegates Ball.

Mike “no big beers please I’m skinny” Lytley was having a ball, and by all accounts he enjoyed it. The Secretary seemed to have her head in the clouds — but so would you if you were sitting on the collected London telephone directories. And so to the Treasurer — while everyone else was chowing over their dinner, the Treasurer seemed to be having a great time. Must be the thought of EUSA making a profit.

Interesting to see the Labour Club — so well represented this year, even meriting a table of their own at the Delegates Ball. (The Alliance didn’t even merit a seat — so what’s new?) They all looked absolutely super, darling, little red roses and lipsticks and filofaxes with a babysitter for the night. Never one to miss a chance for a good socialist argument, Douglas “Cute and a big nose” Alexander, Chairman of the Labour Club and socially right on, was seen late on in the Teviot Bar espousing the need for a good woman to enable him to bear the responsibilities of his vast political nose (Any nose?) Has he but known of the vast array of ardent admirers present, he would be looking forward to a high (finance?) society event in Teviot next Freshers’ Week. Other socialists what do you mean “socialists” — ed) were more restrained.

Andrew Grey, doyen of the RCP, apparently heard that the barricades were in the Debating Hall — and then blamed the Association for taking them down. Nevertheless, he seemed to enjoy life in a Penguin suit — perhaps the British Antarctic Survey could arrange it.

Malcolm NO political ambition whatsoever — honest! MacLeod stood up for the idea of a classified directory. And so to the Treasurer — and that prat from the financial department he seemed to enjoy it. And out union(s), hold debates, give talks, organise themselves.

THURS 26 NOV 1987

Vox Pop

By one of your ever caring Presidential candidates for 1988.

WHO AND WHAT ARE THE SABBATICALS?

Julie Carpenter, 2nd year Science: “President’s Thingy Rogerston, Deputy’s David Lytley, Treasurer’s Chinese, Sally Greg’s Secretary — they work full time for EUSA.”

Sarah Beevisw, 1st year Vet student: “I haven’t got one — I imagine one of them would be President or something.”

Ian Clove, 1st year Soc Sci: “No idea.”

Sally Low, 1st year Soc Sci: “No idea.”

John Innes, 1st year Science: “I’ve no idea.”

Anon, 2nd year Agric: “The Famous Four. Jane Rogerson, Chewey Lay-Wee you had ‘em red hair, Mike Lytley, Sally Greg’s.”

Richard Henderson, 2nd year Science: “The four people elected last year, that Chinese guy, Jane Rogerston — don’t remember the rest.”

John Sutcliffe, 3rd year Arts: “They’re the people who get a union job — and they get paid for it.”

Elaine Ferguson, 2nd year Science: “Warfare — Gill Troop, Treasurer — the Chinese guy, President, Vice-President — Mike Lytley.”

Anon, 2nd year Science: “Jane Rogerson, Chewey Lay-Wee, Mike Lytley and Sally Greg.”

John “the Wag” Parker, 1st year Soc Sci: “A religious group or something?”

Fiona Robertson, 3rd year Arts: “Jane Rogerston — the mouth, Chewey, Sally Mike Lytley.”

WHAT SERVICE DOES EUSA PROVIDE?

Muriel King, 1st year Arts: “Alcohol probably — but that is a service or a sub-service?”

Sarah Beevisw, 1st year Vet: “Mac — is that right? Don’t they just run the unions?”

Jem “the Wag” Parker, 1st year Soc Sci: “The produce the newspaper, lobby for key issues, and they have a Presidentale Ball. One of the sabbaticals came to our house free door night.”

Ian Clove, 1st year Soc Sci: “Advisers, social functions.”

Paul “Gerry Corish” Turner, 2nd year Arts: “Very little for me — all the stuff that’s in the handbook.”

Andrew Crane, 2nd year Science: “Everything, food, welfare, union entrance, halls.”

Anon, 2nd year Agric: “Nothing — support you if you protest against the poll tax, hold debates, they organise two or three things, set out union policies.”

Alison Hutchinson, 3rd year Medics: “Subsidise Travel Centre, shops, unions etc.”

Kirsty Ragan, 1st year Music: “Mid-week, advice, general help for students.”

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF EUSA?

Sarah Beevisw, 1st year Vet: “Vet. Wait, the unions are all right so they must be okay; if they’re supposed to be political, they’re not doing very much about present situations.”

Anon, 2nd year Agric: “Seem to be fairly concerned with what’s going on” (football) in “Hi, hal!”

Richard Verman, 1st year Arts: “I’ve only been here five weeks — I’ll tell you next year.”

Kirsty Ragan, 1st year Music: “Don’t know enough about them.”

John Innes, 1st year Science: “Well, I don’t ponder on it very often.”

Sally Low, 1st year Soc Sci: “Fine from what I know.”

Eline Ferguson, 2nd year Science: “I think they do a lot of good.”

Alison Hutchinson, 3rd year Medics: “Subsidises are overpaid when the rest of us struggle on £5000 a year.”

Paul “Gerry Corish” Turner, 2nd year Arts: “EUSA is useless — well intentioned but doesn’t do what it’s supposed to.”

Scott Henderson, 2nd year Science: “A good idea.”

Ian Clove, 1st year Soc Sci: “They protect people’s titles, students which is fine if it’s for a good cause.”

Douglas Carpenter, 2nd year Science: “Not a lot, never really heard anything about them — other than who the sabbaticals are.”

Elaine Robertson, 3rd year Arts: “I think it’s alright. Could do more to publicise themselves.”

Twenty out of 21 people knew that EUSA stood for Edinburgh University Students’ Association.