Four Hundred Years
Who Cares!
A quick look through the publicity for Edinburgh University’s two City Days made the point of all hard to avoid. Packed with trivia and hackneyed expressions like “town and gown” and “town’s college” clearly the “University in the City” was after the man in the street. Emily Smyth sampled the latest 400th anniversary event.

Talking to Ray Footman, the University Information Officer, he said that the City Days were the third part in the highly organized quatercentenarian celebrations, the other parts having been specifically aimed at graduates of the University. The previous year City Days was to open up the University to the people of Edinburgh and as such was to be different from yet another open day for prospective students. For this reason the displays, talks and demonstrations are designed to be of general interest and not to baffle people with science. So who did come along? Well, there certainly were prospective students (I think I can safely assume that the smartly dressed teenagers hadn’t come looking for video games). There were senior citizens interested in the programmes and finding everything interesting, and individuals of certain cast and determined Americans tourists finding everything very exciting. On the Saturday there was evidence of more family groups at whom most of the demonstrations were specifically aimed. You could have your tap water and garden soil analysed, your blood pressure measured, you heartbeats counted, play on the computer and weather permitting watch a hot air balloon take off from the Meadows. All much more interesting to most than the other hot air being sounded off in the lecture theatres on such exciting topics as “Eclesiastical History” or “Vibrations, Friend or Fool?”

All very nice but clearly there is more to a large and expensive project like this than remembering the University’s origins as the Old College. With cuts in education spending the University is financially under considerable threat, a position which rightly or wrongly the Principal feels he can rectify using his own initiative. As Ray Footman had to admit a successful public relations exercise such as the City Days encourages business interest and investment in the University. So that clearly just as when earlier in the year graduates were encouraged to take a renewed interest in their old University, the driving force behind the celebrations was money.

FROM RUSSIA WITH EXPENSES?

Edinburgh University hit the national headlines two weeks ago because of the four hundred anniversary celebrations, nor Mr Staggs the health, but rather as a result of the “Edinburgh Conversations”, Ian MacGregor reports.

Directly coinciding with the Korean jumbo jet disaster, the Principal, Dr J. Burnett, and Professor Erickson, managed to persuade the Foreign Office to allow the arranged visit from the Soviet party (which included the editor-in-chief of Pravda and a senior defence diplomat) despite the ban on all Aeroflot flights. The “Edinburgh Conversations” began on 9th September, when the chairman of the

Smashing Start

The BALLROOM IN Chambers St. Union was out of action last Tuesday when a six foot long section fell out of the ceiling. As Union President Heather Lanko explained, “We had the University surveyors in to examine the whole ceiling, and they found it highly unsafe. It had been standing over the club that fell last week. There would certainly have been killed. Repairs are going to take at least four weeks, and the cost has yet to be evaluated, but four figures numbers are being aired. Presumably this comes as quite a shock to the student body considering the fact that the much vaunted renovation over the last year cost around a hundred thousand pounds. Now they are faced with yet another uphill struggle to dispense with the long-standing seedy image.
DAVEY GRIERSON said goodbye to the University last week and if you don't recognise the phone, then 79-year-old Davey has been one of the faithful serivtis at the Pleasance for the last 14 years. Commenting on his record he proudly declared: "I've worked since 1915 and never been out of a job. One.' "I'm with the University." Photo by Fraser McWilliam.

**New Rev**

The Presbytey of Edinburgh has appointed the Ordination of the Rev. Norman J. Shanks, Associate to the Chaplin to the University, for 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, 12th October, within Greyfriars Tolbooth and Highland Kirk, to which staff and students are warmly invited, and afterwards to a reception in the Chaplaincy Centre.

**G.M.**

NO MORE CLASHES for General Assembly meetings this year for Monday is GM night. The first General Meeting will take place on the 31st October, and among the several constitutional changes to be proposed is the idea to change the role of the Union President to that of Deputy President, retaining a specific responsibility for Union affairs, however. This would mean that this year's Union President, Heather Lamont, would be in direct charge of the Societies Council.

**Loans**

The SMALL LOANS SCHEME provided by the Students' Association which allows loans of up to £20 which has been increasingly over the last few years. During the last academic years 91 students used the scheme as opposed to 52 in 1979-80. The Students' Association hopes the Money Advisory Centre can give some positive advice on how to avoid such problems from workable, and one might suggest that the decision to hold a referendum on reallocation to the NUS also reflects this more responsive attitude.

There has been a growing desire over the last year to settle the question of Edinburgh's relationship to the NUS for the foreseeable future. But the new Executive has every intention of finalising its position on this subject. 'We've generally agreed that it should take place sometime in the second half of next year, either late February or early March. The important thing from our point of view is to organise and try to control the campaign so that they don't get out of hand, and that we don't increase the tensions in the student community.'

*Ken Shoji sees the NUS debate as having been resolved in the community, however, and stresses that if the immediate future issues such as the reduction of next year's fee increases are more important. The new Executive seem determined to pursue a more down-to-earth approach for next year ahead, which is probably more in keeping with the reality of the student body than the rather rough and ready negotiations of last year. Highlighted by the unevenly squibbed which the Rector himself, to the Rector which threatened to prevail over more important questions. Hopefully this leadership will build on their success in saving the Day Nursery, and provide a new initiative for student representatives to take on the problems for the University community. Perhaps, for a change of pace, students will be more important than the political leaders. Iain Cameron.*

**Bust**

FOR A MERE £500,000 you can have your bust, in the style of a portrait, displayed in a hall of benefactors. If that's a little too much, there is the option of a bust with your name on it, to be provided by the University, for £60. This would mean that the bust is packed daily with several hundred pounds and joins the bust of Sir Charles MacKenzie, who is not in halls of residence. This would mean that the bust is stuffed to the seams, as is Mylne's dome to try and give a helping hand. Tim emphasised the need to improve standards for student representation based less on bureaucratic lines and the organisation of mass demonstrations (which student apathy has made to seem more and more outdated), and more on getting into the student's head and responding to their needs. A working party is already involved in plans to restructure the Student Representation system in order to make this attitude more widespread.
Do You Really Give A Toss?

When you leave this place, you'll take with you a pile of fedoras, a load of dust and a feeling of depression. Not a lot to show really. The University as a whole has been churning out these and other such like objets for 400 years, in a routine and imparting role learning on staring eyed students passing through its portals for an all too brief three of four year sojourn. And obviously the City has not been too impressed — particularly if the turnout at last week's "City Days" is anything to judge by.

But is the learning that important? The most notable legacies of Messers Appleton and Humee are two towers — pretty nasty. The benefits of reading and writing themselves are also pretty doubtful: a Mr Levi-Stauss for instance has argued that the arrival of writing in a society heralds a major advancement for the expulsion of repression. The argument apart being that your name, address, sex, activities, etc can be recorded by those that are interested, taxes can be extracted, and you can read the laws you're meant to keep. And for you, the University student, numerous hours will be daily passed in the confines of the Library. Now far be it for this column to advocate any form of reading and absorbed in the insular one person clique of your bedroom/study. Bugger that essay occasionally, leap to tears: type — pretty nasty. The benefits of reading and absorbed in the insular one person clique of your bedroom/study. Bugger that essay occasionally, leap to tears: type — pretty nasty.

University of Sussex, Brighton

Situated near the quaint seaside metropolis of 'Brighton as the residents would have it. Unsuspecting holidaymakers have been known to get Brian confused with Bigor, thus ending up on campus instead of at Butlin's. They are seized by Sussex dons (confusingly known as 'readheads'), and tarred with a left-wing brush. If they ask the way to the Glamorous Grammes Competition, they are sometimes feathered too.

University of East Anglia, Norfolk

Very popular for English Literature, Schizophrenic whizzkid Malcolm Bradbury teaches. The Quintessence of Postmodern Ideology: The Meta poem by day, by night, he dons his wilhelm Reich T-shirt and becomes Howard Kirk. Has been known to leap out of telephone boxes, lecturing young freshers on 'patrarchy'. Job prospects should remain untainted here, the same cannot be said for purity. Superkirk points out that the famous Broad are 'very accommodating for punsters.

University of Birmingham

Also popular for English Literature, taught by David Artful Lodge, author of bestseller Making Money. Professor Lodge's series of lectures on 'Levi-Strauss — More Than a Pair of Jeans?' and 'How I Ripped Off Structuralism and Made Myself Famous', despite their dubiously progressive titles, are unlikely to tar the careful student with more than the smattering of the left-wing brush, which a carefully balanced curricular vitae (eg Rugby, Cricket, Studio Audience for Crossroads) should manage to eradicate.

University of Stirling, Scotland

Marxist-Leninist infiltrators have been known to take students into dark corners to point the inherent contradictions of capitalism at this Government-run concentration camp: an awful lot of students never go to any lectures at all besides the three times since has inauguration. Kirrin's famous Gang of Five should not be tarred with the same brush as the Leftie Maasai and Oewnib forobears. The Wogs Out of Toytown Dining Club! They founded is still the best place to go for flooded air田 revolution. immaculate C-Vs and hard-boiled eggs.

University of Edinburgh, Scotland too

See overleaf.
As every student knows, reminding mum how much she enjoyed doing your washing is just one of the advantages of having a Young Person’s Railcard.

The Railcard gets you half price Awayday and Ordinary tickets on most trains. So you can afford to go home more often as well as seeing more of the country.

The Railcard lasts a whole year and costs only £12 – it could easily pay for itself the first time you use it.

And anyone under 24 can buy one.

Pick up a leaflet with all the details (including certain minimum fares) at your Student Travel Office, most stations and at British Rail appointed travel agents.

If you bring two recent passport size photos, proof that you’re under 24 and £12 with you, you can buy a Young Person’s Railcard on the spot.

You won’t regret it. (Though your mother might.)

This is the age of the train
Shakespeare, Shakespearians

Theatre: Hamlet

Hamlet is a masterclass in acting and directing. The performance is a testament to the enduring appeal of Shakespeare's text. It is a timeless work that continues to resonate with audiences across generations. The audience's engagement is palpable, and the production is a shining example of theatrical excellence.
If, like me, you hail from a provincial backwater, you will no doubt have experienced the frustration of a very limited programme at your local picture palace. For those without a video, opportunities to catch films outside the US-dominated mainstream are limited to those offered by television. While no one would deny that mainstream cinema, insular as its ostensible function is to entertain a broad audience, does perform a valid function; equally few would deny that the possibilities of film far exceed simply the provision of light, escapist entertainment. Film, with its immediacy and compact form, is a medium allowing artists to produce works which stimulate not only the emotions by the intellect.

In Edinburgh, we are lucky enough to enjoy a range of film facilities to satisfy all tastes, from those simply escaping the monotonous routine of home to those seeking the highest level of intelligent entertainment. There are four cinemas (with a total of 10 screens) which provide mainstream film. The ABC is a three-screen complex on Lothian Road. Like all ABCs, it tends to "restrict itself to a fairly provincial selection of Smash Hits."

Due to this, when advance booking is impossible, it is advisable to arrive well in advance, particularly at weekends.

Further down Lothian Road is the Kalei, notable for its gorgeous interior and its policy of screening films which have been featured either elsewhere or nowhere else.

Somewhat off the beaten track is the Dominion in Morningside, the interior (very pseudo) and a star-spangled ceiling, retaining rather more character than is usual in modern cinemas. While basically commercial in its programmes, it is still rather less predictable than its competitors. Again, advance booking is advisable at weekends. Those seeking films outside the mainstream are equally fortunate in that Edinburgh now possesses a three-screen complex, the Filmhouse, recently converted from a three-screen complex on South Clerk Street. The Filmhouse boasts a pseudo-classical interior (very pseudo) and a star-spangled ceiling, retaining rather more character than is usual in modern cinemas. While basically commercial in its programmes, it is still rather less predictable than its competitors. Again, advance booking is advisable at weekends. Those seeking films outside the mainstream are equally fortunate in that Edinburgh now possesses the recently converted Filmhouse, not far from the ABC on Lothian Road. Tickets are cheap — only £1.50 for students with matriculation cards. Since reopening, the Filmhouse has enjoyed success by showing a diverse range of fine films which nevertheless lack broad enough appeal to be shown in larger cinemas. Important new releases are regularly featured, enabling film fanatics to keep in close contact with contemporary international cinema, while in Cinema 2 more specialised films and retrospective seasons are featured. Most refreshing is the fact that while definitely high-middle brow in tone, the Filmhouse has not restricted itself to "arty releases", so everyone should find something of interest in any one season. Their excellent monthly programmes, available free at the cinema, give full details and descriptions of coming films, allowing you to plan your evenings well in advance.

£15 of your precious grant will buy the most dedicated film fans membership of the Edinburgh Film Guild (equivalent to the Filmhouse) and a season of 15 films over the year plus entry to the Filmhouse’s clubroom.

For further information, look out for their leaflet, or call PLATFORM (031-226 4179).

FRIDAYS at the QUEEN'S HALL
10 pm-late
SUNDAYS at the CALTON STUDIOS
6 pm.

what's on art's

All Mouth and Trousers

Staying Alive, as most will know, is the sequel to Die Croupioously successful Saturday Night Fever and follows the fortunes of the street-wise Brooklyn groover Tony Manero (again played by John Travolta) as he struggles to break into the competitive world of dance. Tony is convinced of his ability and determined to make the break. His girlfriend, played by Cynthia Rhodes, with a resignation inspired more by the misery of her lines than the demands of character, is similarly convinced, and, loving Tony as she does, supports him. She suffers his arrogant abuse like a true martyr. For Tony’s ego demands satisfaction, not simply on stage but also between the sheets. Seeking fulfillment with brief success the star of the show, a fabulously rich beauty who is cold and aloof and so must be English — and to bed, albeit briefly. Abused by the ice-queen, Tony returns to his devoted girl, assuring that inside that masochist exterior is a gentleman trying to get out. Needless to say, by the film’s end Tony (faced with a new determination, naturally) has won back old faithful and, in a bid to outdo the show. And in rejecting the ice-queen we can be sure that while bitterly he may not be in the sumptuous penthouse apartments that he once enjoyed, morally she is sure as hell isn’t.

Like Saturday Night Fever, Staying Alive relies heavily on Travolta’s screen presence and suffers badly for it. Like Richard Gere, Travolta has a silly walk — bad enough. Now, however, he has muscle as well, and spends much of the film demonstrating the newly developed shoulder-flex which as a screen irritant place him light years in advance of Mr Gere. Perhaps I am unfair, considering that Travolta has to contend with dialogue that is mind-numbingly poor, and deals constantly with such all-American qualities as pride, anger and determination. If the dialogue is wooden, the acting is equally so, as is the direction of Sylvester Stallone. Best known as the small-time imbecile boxer in Rocky, Stallone is obviously a man of film talents — chiefly in his own ability, one feels, upon learning that he has produced and co-scripted the film in addition to directing. No doubt with his brief Hitchcock-like appearance in the film Stallone seeks not only a fast buck but credibility as a writer-director. He will have to wait.

MARA OR HOUSE PRESENTS

the best of black dance music from
DOCTOR DAVE

SUNDAY 13TH OCT

MORAY HOUSE PRESENTS

the risk that goes your feet...but not their return.

the best of black dance music from
DOCTOR DAVE

THURSDAY 13TH OCT

GRAND OPENING

BILL WILLIAMSON

 Platforms:

October
Fri. 7th BRIAN KEDDIE QUARTET + ZIPS FOR LIPS
Sun. 9th TOMMY SMITH TRIO
Fri. 14th BIRELLI LAGRENE ENSEMBLE
Sun. 16th CHARLIE SAYLES
Fri. 21st LEE KONITZ QUARTET

November
Fri. 4th TONY GORMAN OPERATION + THE HIP OPER:ATION
Fri. 11th BOBBY WATSON & TRIO
Fri. 18th JOHN SURMAN & KARIN KROG
Fri. 25th FIONNA DUNCAN QUINTET + GUS ANDREW QUINTET

December
Fri. 2nd BOBBY WATSON & TRIO
Fri. 9th CAROL KIDD/SANDY TAYLOR + LARS ERSTRAND TRIO

Platform show Hitchcock’s mastery of plot development, as Staying Alive proceeds fittingly to a very flat ending. To be fair, it must be hard to sustain a plot when one also has to put in the necessary quota of songs for the horrid Boe-Gees to make another horrid smash album, as well as innumerable dance routines. But as the film kicks its1501 way towards 90 minutes one feels such were, in fact, welcome means to pad out a slender script.

All of the above would be important the film to work as a melodrama. However, melodrama, like all escapist films, depends on an emotional identification with the leading figures. Here this is impossible, when Tony is simply a harsh sexual inadequate and his girl a mere doll. Perhaps this is why, in pure box office terms, the film will be a smash, even though Stallone has abandoned all art and creativity among his perfect bodies and flashing lights.

Bill Williamson
Filmhouse

**Filmhouse**

**Android**

Klaus Kinski returns to the screen in a typically manic performance as a mad scientist in a Frankenstein whose work on a perfect female android is interrupted by the sexual awakening of a previous android and conflict on the base space of fugitive criminals. A successful and stimulating mix of drama and comedy. Like Dark Star it has been made for peanuts and seems destined for similar cult status. See review.

**Diva**

Sun 9th-Sat 15th 6.40, 8.30

**Apphcahon** (also 10th Wed)

Thu 6th-Sat 8th 6.45 and 10.15

A successful and sustained by Beineix, a stimulating mix of drama and wit. An American comedy. Worth a visit.

**Coup de Torchon**

Mon 10th 5.45, 8.15

One of current Filmhouse programmes. It concerns the Scottish institution, a well-observed story of adolescent love and other growing pains.

**Dominion** (447 2660)

**Toolie (1)**

2.00, 4.55, 7.45

Dustin Hoffman seems to rank with Dudley Moore as the hottest property in US cinema and is becoming equally charming as his star value increases. The time-worn device of sexual role-change is exploited here for sometimes amusing, largely banal routines, in the style of a desperate actor assumming female garb and gab to get work.

**The Missionary (2)**

2.45, 5.30, 8.10

Solo effort from Python's Pat Tottie, which is charming where Tottie's isn't, and tells a funny, bad good lead performances, one of America's defenders, triggering a violent strike. Alarming, plausible, and rarely directed with good lead performances, one of the best recent American films.

**Psycho II (2)**

1.20, 4.20, 7.35

Far more than a routine sequel: the makers of Psycho II sit themselves a tough task following Hitchcock's masterpiece, and succeed. True, many of the gruesome effects are routine, but the plot rambles along nicely, with humorous touches, based on a superb performance by the inimitable 'Perkins' as good old Norman.

**Educating Rita (3)**

5.40, 4.45, 7.35

Adapted from Willy Russell's West End hit, the film stars Michael Caine and Julie Walters, and tells of a simple plebisan lady's desire for education. Russell has expressed his disappointment but the play — in fact transferred very well and is sensitively played by both leads. The film is much more than a homely melodrama, its view challenging the easy assumptions of all involved in higher education.

**Love by Request**

Wed 12th 5.20, 8.20

Comedy in season of new Soviet cinema which "explores the gap between the real and ideal in Soviet life". Like its theatre, Russian cinema has resisted much of government's attempts to impose a utilitarian aesthetic, partly by means of prudent self-censorship. Strongly recommended: the sense of glimpsing another world is far stronger than that given by the most melodious science fiction films.

**Odeon (667 3805)**

**War Games (1)**

Teenage computer wizard inadvertently gains entry to US defence computer, triggering a nuclear strike. Alarming, plausible, and rarely directed with good lead performances, one of the best recent American films.

**Pinky's II (2)**

2.00, 4.50, 7.50

Dreadful sequel to hit of last year. Pinky's II returns for more wacky fun. Continuing that American cinema (save American Graffiti) is unable to look at adolescence without excess.

**The Meaning of Life (3)**

11.30, 5.05, 8.05

Monty Python return to the sketch format for their latest film, which inevitably means that the end product is even more uneven than previous offerings. This good bits are very funny, bad bits are truly dreadful, and one can't help feeling that the shock tactics adopted here smack of bankruptcy creativity.

**Caley (229 7670)**

**Return of the Jedi**

5.30, 8.00

Probably needs no introduction as the third in Star Wars series. No doubt it won't be the last, but it should be, as any semblance of plot is abandoned for special effects and "humour" of limited appeal. True, some effects are impressive, but the film suffers from its failure to grip, which is precisely where its predecessors succeeded.

**Film Society**

**Reds (Caley)**

Sun 9th 6.15

**Slaughterhouse Five and Farewell 451 (Pleasure)**

Wed 12th 6.45 and 8.35 respectively.

**Music**

**Usher Hall**

Scottish National Orchestra

Sir Alexander Gibson conducts first concert of his "Silk Jubilee Season", which features Beethoven's The Planets, Mozart Piano Concerto No. 20, and Handel's Overture in D minor.

**Dancy Factory**

(at Playhouse)

The Alarm - support

Tue 11th 9.30-2.00 am

**Buster Brown's**

The Invitation and Colour Me Cupid

Wed 6th

**Fruitmarket Gallery**

**Mercury Gallery**

**Music**

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The Invitation and Colour Me Cupid

Wed 6th
**THEATRE**

**Bedlam**
(225 3614)

- Penny Dreadful
  Mon 3rd-Sun 9th 7.30 pm
  An absurdist interlude by Duncan McLeay. Well acted and well written: clever use of language catapults the movements of the plot, which proceeds just as it seems to progress. Worth seeing.

- The American Dream
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th (Not Wed)
  10.00 pm

**Churchill**
(447 7597)

- Marathon of Musicals
  Tue 6th-Sat 7th 7.30 pm
  A medley of favourites from all the great hit musicals of stage and screen. Oklahoma, South Pacific, The Sound of Music — too much to see, too good to miss.

**King’s**
(229 1201)

- The Scottish Ballet
  Tue 4th-Sat 7th 7.30 pm
  (Matinee Sat 3.00)
  Tuesday to Thursday — La Sylphide by Bournonville and Symphony in D Haydn, choreographed by Jiri Kylian. Friday to Saturday — Paquita, set to music by Minusks, The Prisoners, not Patrick McCarthys but a 1907 creation by Peter Darrell; and La Ventana, a suite of Spanish-style dances choreographed by Bournonville.

- Scotland the Flat
  Mon 10th-Sat 22nd 7.45 pm
  Popular Scottish comedy show.

**Tynecastle**

- Hearts v. Motherwell
  Sat 8.30 pm

**Peffermill**

- Edinburgh University v. A Hearts XI
  Wed 12.30 pm

**Hampden**

- Scotland v. Belgium
  Sat 8th 3.00 pm
- H earts v. Motherwell
  Sat 8th 7.30 pm
- Everton v. Liverpool
  Sat 8th 8.00 pm
- The Scottish FA Cup
  Sat 8th 3.00 pm

**Netherbow**

- Penny Dreadful
  Mon 3rd-Sat 9th 7.30 pm
- The American Dream
  Mon 3rd-Sat 9th 7.30 pm

**Theatre Workshop**

- Edinburgh Festival Theatre
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 7.15 pm
- Hamilton’s House of Horror
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 9.00 pm
- The Sound of Music
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm
- A reconstruction of Wordsworth’s The Excursion
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm

**Renewables**

- Edinburgh Festival Theatre
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 7.15 pm
- Hamilton’s House of Horror
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 9.00 pm
- The Sound of Music
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm
- A reconstruction of Wordsworth’s The Excursion
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm

**Traverse Theatre**

- Edinburgh Festival Theatre
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 7.15 pm
- Hamilton’s House of Horror
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 9.00 pm
- The Sound of Music
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm
- A reconstruction of Wordsworth’s The Excursion
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm

**Universe**

- Edinburgh Festival Theatre
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 7.15 pm
- Hamilton’s House of Horror
  Mon 3rd-Sat 30th 9.00 pm
- The Sound of Music
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm
- A reconstruction of Wordsworth’s The Excursion
  Mon 3rd-Fri 7th 7.30 pm

**Scotland the Flat**

- Delightfully entertaining and informative.
- Includes scenes from the notorious melodrama The Bells.

- Much Ado About Nothing
  Tue 4th-Sat 22nd 7.30 pm (Not Mon)
- Antony and Cleopatra
  Tue 4th-Sat 22nd 7.30 pm (Not Mon)

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In one of the great storms of rock music that the man who claimed to have finally killed it off, Johny Rotten, in fact demonstrated more than anyone else that it is still alive. Or rather he showed that rock is some kind of great slumbering beast that can be woken into vigorous activity by a kick of sufficient violence. The last few years have underligned the sad fact that after a short period of activity, the beast slowly sinks back to sleep again: a quick look at the charts or the gig scene will leave no doubt that in 1983 the beast is snoring and festering in its pit. Yet no one seems to care. Radio 1 and TOTP carry on cheerfully, pretending every second single released is a "pop classic", students and real-people on cheerfully, pretending every second single released is a "pop classic", students and real-people.

Is rock dead? Was it ever alive? Does it matter? Duncan McLean avoids these and other questions. 

A demand still existed for the new music, but with its originators dead, debauched, or (in all, how was it possible, the handful of record companies soon came up with a new formula: a good-looking guy or a group of good-looking girls and gals and got them into the recording studio with the best producers and musicians available. That the performers could barely sing, let alone have any musical inspiration, was not important: this could easily be covered up with choirs, orchestras, and applause and screams to simulate live performance (an event that the singer had never taken part in). On the whole, the results were dreadful, but the public swallowed them anyway, much the same as they swallow Duran Duran and Culture Club today. They had to have something to dance to, after all. With only a negligible exception of relatively minor talents like the Veryly Brothers, who returned to C&W with some success, and Sam Cooke and Lloyd Price, who went bankrupt when the music industry discovered that the success of Little Richard was the aural equivalent of artificial whipped cream.

In short, within five years of its creation, the rock beast had gone into hibernation. It was not to rest for peace, for no one: everywhere there were signs of resistance: groups of people who looked to the gutter of 56 when rock was real, and refused to accept the new. Finally they started making the type of music they would do themselves, no one else was doing it for them: once more rock was out of the hands of the companies and in the kids. One of the strongest outposts of this was The Jam, Liverpool.

Need I go on? Suffice it to say that The Beatles rocketed the old beast into life again it was more self-conscious, adventurous and clever, but just as loud and lively. Then, after a longer spell of inactivity, a properly longer time asleep than first time round, it has to be kicked awake far more violently than ever before. The question is: was it the Sex Pistols that brought rock round again. Bends such as The Clash, The Dammed and The Buzzcocks all contributed important ideas and brilliant records, but they can only be seen as following (sometimes closely) the wake of the Pistols, who were the first punk band to make any impact on more than a London clique during the hot summer of 76. It seems equally obvious that today the music has woken up again. Indeed, despite the interests of the National Geographic version of groups like SLD, The Specials and The Undertones, even the last four of the four main heroes of the 'new wave' has become far more firmly and deeply asleep than ever before. So far this has been a fairly standard "history of rock" as you're likely to find by some intellectual boy or on the Sunday Times magazine, and if it has bored you, I apologise. But I think I have needed as essential background for the last, and important point I want to make. It was 'good reason why the beast was asleep after 1966 for twice as long as before, and why no one is all minds, or even seems to care, that at the moment it is virtually dead. (The beast's hibernation is worryingly prolonged and inanimate.) And the name of the reason is Paul McCartney.

After a few years at the top, making truly creative rock music, The Beatles reached the point where their heroes, like Elvis, had broken down into debauchery and artistic disaster. These pitfalls were avoided (just, largely thanks to McCartney's self-discipline and domineering personality, but these same character traits also led him to have an increasingly powerful say in the way the group's music was developing, following his own tastes. The music that influenced him reveals his (almost arrogant) eclecticism: 30s ballads, 40s movie tunes, jazz, country, and (event) classical. The end result was often beautiful music, but it wasn't rock. Over the last half of The Beatles career, by extending the boundaries of what could be put on an LP, to include songs that would please the grandmas (Wings For To and Toddlers (Yellow Submarine) as well as teen-ager.

Duncan McLean in turn is a member of the band of which Paul McCartney's hibernation term "rock" almost means in the hands of a lesser man this wouldn't have mattered. McCartney's seemingly infinite supply of memorable hits, his unfolding talent for publicity, sold the band publicly into a state of mind they did not make the LP they were listening to in the slightest "rock". So to get back, or forward, to really chant (really rock) music, what is it? Is it not enough just to list pop's records, because of that uniquely huge influence we also forget their contents such as The Rolling Stone Kings, The Velvet Under and Deep Purple. We must stop taking notice of press rehearse like Tracie and Questions and Paul Young. The person who can only point Paul McCartney completed it all, and the person who can make truly exciting and looking music, rock.
Jazz in the Uni/ Pollock area: Jane Hooks reporting


The fact is that there are only two kinds of music good and bad. It is only because of its familiarity and all-pervading presence that most of us hear nothing but poprock, and it is only sensitive to make an attempt at broadening our musical tastes when in a place like Edinburgh, which presents numerous opportunities for doing so.

One of Scotland's major jazz promoters is Platform, based in Dundee Street Platform puts on weekly late night shows. In Friday in the Queen's Hall, Clerk Street. Also, there are occasional gigs in places like Calton Studios. Brilliant young alto saxophonist Tommy Smith is playing there on Sunday, for example. But I was the latest Friday night gig I went to.

First on were Tony Conduct and Lachlan McColl, guitarists, plus a third saxophonist. Tommy Smith is playing there on Sunday, for example. But I was the latest Friday night gig I went to.

On the act), try to pay as big a

There was a slight raggedness

The thing, however, was that

A very good effort overall

The group were reasonable
tune, but keyboards and sheet music.

He is very good at playing for
tune and all percussion. Though

In the beginning, the group were
tune, though the rhythm section

Dissatisfaction with the
tunefulness and brightness)

The group were reasonable

The drummer kept

The group were reasonable

The drummer kept

Two songs, "Dolls" and "A
tunes, though the rhythm section

The drummer kept

Two songs, "Dolls" and "A"

A very good effort overall

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Two songs, "Dolls" and "A"

A very good effort overall

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Dear Diarea

THE ILLEGENDY'S GUIDE TO LITERARY DEPRESSION.

Ah! that's life in the old foggy yet!

You thought Dick Grossman, Hitler, Rosellen Comlander, COUNTRY LADY, and Scott Collard wouldn't be rare enough!!!

SPEAKING OF WHICH - SPENT 3 DAYS A FRESH (FRESH) ELLERY TO SCURSE (SCURSE) AMERICANS

ON THAT ONE BY RONALD REagan made this old man cry!!!

I think that's a perfect symphony of (Pianos) (Pianos) by (PIANO) (PIANO)

REAS THE KID OF A BEAUTIFUL NIGHTMARE, ANY SPIN!

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

BYE-ELECTIONS
THURSDAY 27th OCTOBER
1983

Nominations are now open for election to the following vacant positions for the current session:

ASSOCIATION WIDE POSITIONS
Finance Committee Ordinary Member - 1

STUDENTS' REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL
Freshers:
Arts-3 Medicine-1
Law-1 Science-3
Social Science-2 Postgraduates (all Faculties)-2

Other vacant positions:
Postgraduate Convener
Environment Convener
External Affairs Convener

Other Faculty Representatives:
Arts Undergraduate 2nd and subsequent—2
Arts Postgraduate—1 Science Undergraduate—1
Science Postgraduate—1 Veterinary Medicine—1

Nomination forms are available from the Association Offices (Student Centre House), Union houses and Union shops. Forms must be handed in personally by the candidate to reception at the Association Offices no later than 1 pm. Thursday, 20th October 1983.
Mike Conway sizing up to the Secretarieship.

He takes size six shoes, and says that he is bigger than Ken Shojo. He denies that he is an alcoholic, but knits the eyebrows and presses the lips together in the firm conviction: 'I never trust a man that does drink water.'

He comes from Wiglown, Galloway. 'The origin of the two former secretaries,' he remarks with interest. 'At school he enjoyed being a comfortable drinker, threatening among other things to become the new member of the National Union of Students. With flair for acting (or exhibitionism) he has played "small parts" in various Bedlam plays, usually cast (in his own words) as the swivelling sneak. Conway has risen from the ashes of the gossip columnist "Poison Dwarf" to fill the new role of Union Secretary. Disillusioned with some of the play-politics students, and "voting holder" that has formerly represented the SRC, he stood for election in protest feeling that "enthusiastic students" should be given more responsibility instead of having "hand-picked" candidates on the Executive.

Mike's flair for publicity man, aiming for better communication with students and current events. He also hopes students will rely on the Union to solve any difficulties they might have. When he isn't reading historical tomes he can be found at Burns suppers reciting the "Fare and Brief Fare" prayer of a protestant Willie, or at two o'clock on a Friday night, in a gutter quoting Burns's own words, "I warned you, but just had plenty."

Ken Shojo taking the show on the road

A gold, quiet October evening and Ken Shojo (our hero) is eating a solitary meal in Tavec Court. When James Husband, Conservative hack and headhunter for prospective principals, approaches. Ken nimbly agrees to stand for the SRC elections and having waited through two years of promotion offers and down Glasgow backstreets, accusations by Husband, gallons of Union coffee, and paper work, an "accidental" issue of the Blue blazers is made. The comprehensive policy of 1983-4's Senior President.

Self-professed workaholic Ken's final degree with its often incompatible history course and practical work in sculpture lends a self-discipline to his character and his students, a much needed ingredient in a Senior President who must fulfill the dual role of 'Golfer' to hundreds of students, and be the head of the student body - the SRC. Ken's 11 years of English education in Cambridge have eroded earlier Japanese influences but he retains his instinct for strong organisation and efficiency. He feels that last year a great deal of rhetoric took the place of practical action, especially in regard to students' cuts and wishes to reverse the situation, by setting up such a show that the SRC Office Centre to deal with the financial problems of some students to spice up the SRC, tending nimblly in the foetid ears of his Senior President, Ken Kennedy, who left a year ago. For Ken has 'done' and then cover new ground paving the way for a financially sound SRC.

The 22-year-old, who asserts that he 'looped-foot' in the SRC and Mike Conway, dislikes publicity but is not dabbling in sculpture he can be found around the student-union buildings comparing the SRC roadshow.

Mark Smith whets his knife, sticks it in, twists it round, and pulls some entrails out.

Heather Lamont—Union President

"Mountains" emerged from her power base in Student TV and a job selling cloakroom tickets in Chambers Street Union to best her two opponents — a clown and a crook. Blowing up her election photographs to 20 x 20 foot and placing them with Double Mint Emulsion, she found her election is whitewash (or should be whisked away).

She calls herself of her own diversity and throws her substantial weight around in the dizzy heights of power. Last year's mug failed in changing the title to Deputy President and the job's remit to give him something to do, and it is predicted she will attempt the same. Whatever it is called the Union Presidency can be the most useless job going as the House Chairman (Mr. — "Chairperson") and the various sub-committees on committees, etc. do everything more or less autonomously. Sadistic students can sit back and enjoy the Schadenfreude of the hapless Union staff and wretched Union committee members carousing with this latter-day Brundhilde. More sympathetic souls are, conversely, advised to put a recall motion to the first General Meeting.

Puraham Churchill lost it!

She is the only elected member of the "nightmare scream" of "Scomce Evans, "Humphrey Cushin" Walter and harsha of the Stalinist "scream tickets" failure must now rely on the Permanent Secretary Charles Fishburne to fix the books, leaving her to make the tea and order the toilet rolls. Nevertheless, her election was more difficult for her than her predecessor, Lennie Lawtey, Communist, who got the job through the classified ads of Marxism Today (the election was afterthought). He now looks forward to being an ordinary student again.

Ken Shojo—Senior President

Ken, with his patent-leather donky little suit and crocodile skin briefcase is an easily recognisable figure around the University.

His origins are a rarely revealed enigma wrapped in an enigma. His father is rumoured to be a shipping magnate dubbed the "Onasis of the East" and apparently still thinks the war is on — the 1902 Russo-Japanese War that is — which explains his sons conservative anti-Soviet paranoia.

Mike Conway—Hon Secretary

With his diminutive crumpled suite, Mike (inappropriately a student of Byzantine History) looks like an unemployed brush salesman. This belies his calculating mind moulded by The Price, Main Kampf and 1944 — behind this pint-size physique hides a ten-gallon ego.

Needless to say he has few scruples and no principles except self-interest — and alcohol intimidation. With his office in the Peartree (or whenever his suit might need lead) he claims the constitutional changes to keep him in office for a thousand years. He is the latest example of the Wigtowns Mafia. He used to be a salesman. But it is predicted she will attempt the same. Whatever it is called the Union Presidency can be the most useless job going as the House Chairman (Mr. — "Chairperson") and the various sub-committees on committees, etc. do everything more or less autonomously. Sadistic students can sit back and enjoy the Schadenfreude of the hapless Union staff and wretched Union committee members carousing with this latter-day Brundhilde. More sympathetic souls are, conversely, advised to put a recall motion to the first General Meeting.

Teresa Bray—Chaplain

"Donky" Bray whose sartorial taste makes Golda Meir look sexy in comparison, is the daughter of Dr. Jeremy Bray, Britain's least known MP whose only recorded words in Parliament were "you please shut the window — I'm cold!"

A Stalinist-Feminist-Existentialist-Masochist, she did not win the election, her opponent

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Edinburgh on an Empty Stomach

Before I copped out, was hit on the head and given a degree, I spent four glorious years studying my fellow students, their sage academic advisors and that strange thing that is the University. I need not have bothered; the Sunday papers have done it all for me. Both the Observer and the Scottish Sunday News have been pondering upon themselves to encapsulate British Universities in Autumnal, pre-UCCA, nutshells.

When it comes to Edinburgh, however, neither article is quite in accord with the institution that has now confused me completely by calling itself my Alma Mater. As it droops in band I have now the Wisdom of the Ancients. No problem with library facilities guppies the Sunday Times. In some first year subjects, "class numbers can approach 300", though they do get "much smaller" later on - that's much nearer the mark.

First year English Language lectures approach 300, but were much smaller later on, about a dozen by the third lecture.

The Observer tells us what I already know from my own chilly morning observations in the shaving mirror, "Large numbers live in flats with no heating and look thoroughly ill.

For some reason Edinburgh doesn't get a mention in the Observer's section on Drugs, Drinks and Sex. Maybe we are too under-nourished for there to be any sex to worry about and for drugs and drink is as well that we can do with them.

Edinburgh does get into the High Society section (and I don't even have my Millenium Club card yet). Indeed Edinburgh is a marque of Edinburgh University. They quote a "weary, Scottish student" on the subject of the Rah: "I don't think that there is more of them there than really are.

The Rahs congregate, upstays in Tinfoil we are told and would not be seen dead in Chambers Street or Potterrow. Apart from the fact that there is a fair chance a Rah might find the room, the phrase is a bit old fashioned. Indeed, on a Friday night, there isn't much to be done with the air-conditioned Stag pub when so resents the Rah that he rents a castle in the country and drives into class.

Maybe, it is a Wee Mary - a particular breed of Edinburgh student identified in a notorious article which appeared in Student during my first term, and which is sure to be included as a significant document.

Richard Ray Hollis's research into Edinburgh University ("that is north of Perth") country and drives an article which appeared in the Observer tells us what I (and the Observer) was told about Rahs: "The University is a country of a million pounds."

The answer lies toward the academic, hardworking life. The time poorly improving accommodation situation, an improvement noted by the observer. Disregarded of flats without glass in the windows the student has an old space heater and Anglo Saxon and the George Square Library. The student of today is just too well fed - before you know it, people will be coming to the University to put on weight.

"It reminds me of the metaphor - of a father giving his son his first meal in Pollock hall at 40 years old - a fact perfectly obvious to anyone at the University."

120,000 have graduated from Edinburgh University boasts. This, considering 890 under- graduates pass through the system every four years or so (according to the Sunday Times),

Edinburgh has been around long enough to be a reflection of the student's life. It is for his paper 'A Guide to Wee Marys' that Mr. Hollis will be remembered although his parallel research into the Scottish man and English female equivalents, The Big Jock and How to Kill It, and The Tweedie Clane and How to Make it Pronounce its Com- ponents, respectively, are likely to be equally valuable to the student.

Sadly, apart from the afore- mentioned study of the Rah (unfortunately uncorrelated in comparison to the work of Mr. Hollis) little has been done to continue the anthropological survey of Edinburgh University. The popular medium's notorious attempt in the field 'Campus' was remembered, continuing a relation of relationship to reality. Of course the little itself was a misnomer. Edinburgh doesn't have a Campus unless it be that completely. The rubbish skating which took as much work and as much time as that is very little work and a very long time. Obviously, the RAF, higher degrees, is almost useless and is called, confusingly, Bristo.

Freshers will be pleased to hear that none of those people in Campus really exist. There is no such thing as a "wee Mary", whose eyes only light up when the voice over is reading the freshers' first venture, responsible for a million pounds passing through her fingers every day. Nor is there a Principal, grinning like demanted Sir Peter Parker, leaving around in the Universities getting to know students. Indeed, that same year of 40 years old - a fact perfectly obvious to anyone at the University.

The Football Club's annual trek to the storm-lashed shores of "Cannonball" started with a significant commencement of the new season, once again failed to realise its objectives. The casual observer wouldoubtedly have been the University's pre- eminent intellectual, igniting the incomparable and genial social scene would have been the proper conditions for the preparation of her offspring, the footballers. The casual observer would be wrong.

The trip started ominously when "Rahl", the Rogers, the man who has replaced with Ginns, his "Rahl" as club captain, went "for it" and decided to include items of clothing in his luggage which "Rahl" would not be seen dead, in. Captain "Wham" brought along his distressed leather jacket covered in holes, the jolly coloured, and embarrass- ingly tight Berman trousers. After spending months manicuring his clothing, another sensation, description of the shadow beneath his nose, in anticipation of the people watching him, he was going to leave behind the "equipment'

Edinburgh's pre-eminent intellectual, Prof. "Wham"'s pre- eminent intellectual, Professor "Cruising", was an unmitigated disaster. What he needs to change is that his tuxedo, he argued, would be far more suitable.

In an attempt to exploit the inevitable invincibility social torpor, the football squad spent a significant amount of time slowly improving accommodation situation, an improvement noted by the observer. Disregarded of flats without glass in the windows the student has an old space heater and Anglo Saxon and the George Square Library. The student of today is just too well fed - before you know it, people will be coming to the University to put on weight.

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The severe lack of distracting physical activities. The severe lack of distracting social entertainment should have meant that the players could concentrate on playing football. However, not unexpectedly, this was not the case. One squad spent a significant quarter of the time in the Chave McCaig Book of Excuses, now out in paperback, to avoid participating in any physically demanding activities. Fraser, "Cannonball" Carter and "Zico" Clark were the main culprits. Fraser, through the influence he forced the coach to remove the offending, tome to promote their personal circulation.

The return to Edinburgh brought the players back to the realities of the academic world with an overwhelming sense of doom. The depressing predic- tion of students and the occurrence of the falling has not altered this year and the fact appears to have been over-exaggerated. Suffice to say the Football Club is once again looking for new recruits with a little more than fresh air between them.
SHUKOKAI KARATE CLUB

Urgent University Cross Country champions, the men were fourth all four years. The club has a history of strong facilities, and as well as enjoying training and playing games, there is a tradition of travelling to Paris at the end of the season.

SHINTY

Do you get tired of fighting on the terraces? Is rugby too mainstream? Do you think hockey for just a schoolgirl's sport. Last year we organised two very successful mixed tournaments and also coached several complete beginners.

HARES AND HOUNDS

The Hares and Hounds is Edinburgh University Cross Country Club. As a club it caters for all abilities, and as well as being Scottish students' sport, it is just a schoolgirl's sport. Last year we organised two very successful mixed tournaments and also coached several complete beginners.

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Mark Porteous
Student

"I don't think Edinburgh University has learned a lot from 400 years. When my Dad was at University there were risks, and nobody takes the blindest bit of notice of what the students say. On the 'Campus' programme, Burnett's (Principal) ideas on Education were that, especially mature students coming here with kids, is a connection with closing the Day Nursery. 'If you've had the choice to have kids, why should you have the choice to have education?'. I think that applies an awful lot around here, because they seem to think that you should have certain privileges to enjoy education, whereas it should be for anybody. With their nice salaries, they don't really have any idea of what it's like to live on a tenth of that sum. If the University is going to be open at all, it might as well be open for a reasonable length of time, and it should be accessible, it should be open to people who are interested in the history of the place, and that's not the right attitude; it should be open to people who are interested in the real life that exists around the place."

Graham Gamble
Chairman of Publications Board

"Total disaster. I just hope that all 400 years haven't been as abysmal and uneventfully represented as this particular one. the public have stuck two fingers in the air at Edinburgh University - I think it's the only way of interpreting the City Days. The public didn't seem to want to know very much about what we were doing. It's not really surprising! if it's only been open to the public for two days in 400 years. What else can you expect?"

Tony Martin
Photographer

"I really can't think of anything worthwhile to say about Edinburgh University, and that probably about sums it up."

Richard Demarco
Gallery Director

"As far as I'm concerned, Edinburgh has two internationally recognised institutions. One is the Edinburgh Festival, and the other is the University of Edinburgh. I suppose you could say that the Duke of Edinburgh is an institution in himself. internationally known, and you could consider that he is part of the University itself, as its Chancellor I am sad to think that in the 400th year of the University's existence, there is not a more celebratory note in the physical reality of the University and in Edinburgh itself. I thought this would have been the opportunity to have banners all over the city, street decorations reminding the citizens of this great celebratory year. This anniversary proves that Edinburgh can produce a climate for the education of young people from all over the world, which can affect the minds of all Western European educated human beings."

Anthony Goodier
Edinburgh Schoolchild

"It was interesting to see what the University could be like, but as my brother was here I already knew what it was like. I only found out about the City Days through the school, though I was impressed with some of it, but it doesn't really give you any idea of what it's like to actually be there as a student."

Alastair Prentice
Student

"I just think that 400 years of Edinburgh University - I think we should just close it down immediately. It's done nothing constructive, it's got nothing new to say, I think we should just, um, raze the place and go back to poletechnics."