Move for Deputy President blocked because of C. of M. vote

Who rules the rulers? Students?

On Thursday 3rd November at 7.30 pm the Edinburgh University Troops Out Society took place. That's a date for your diary, folks, because it was the showing of a video called "The Irish Rebel Songs".

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Compensation finally arrives for Tuttle

The Edinburgh student was accordingly held to be the primary beneficiary. But Mr. Footman, information officer at the University, said that there was the "deepest regret to all concerned" by the University that the accident should have happened. He said the University had tried "to ensure that no comparable accidents occur." A full review of field work has since been carried out by the University safety officers under the auspices of the Department of Forestry. As Mr. Footman admitted, however, the risk will always remain.

Mr. Tuttle was in his final year of his ecological science course when the accident occurred, yet remarkably he was managed to continue his studies and finally graduated in 1982. He is now working part time on his IBM.

The Student Thursday, 10th November 1983 3

New bar opens in Chambers St.

Following an appointment at the beginning of the year, when the bar in Chambers Street House was closed, a new bar was installed for ceiling repairs. Now that work is complete, the new bar is now open with a new bar planned for 1984. The new bar is situated in the library on the top floor, next to the Clock of the Century. As it will be used for functions only, it will bring a lift of visitors to the top floor for the first time in the building when there are three bars in the building.

The Upstairs Bar will improve Chambers Street indistinguishably as a venue for larger events," said Union President Heather Lament. "We've been trying for years to install a bar on the top floor. This chance will allow us to extend the facilities of the major renovation program, which we have been planning for some years."

Launch day for the Library Bar and the reopening of the top-floor bar was a Saturday, when the Cherry Boys appeared in the City Fawkars party.

Alcoholic aphaty

- The new bar in CHAMBERS ST UNION (which?) opened at Saturday night with a flurry of activity. And broke through the walls under the CLAIRE HUNTING waiting for a number of plaster to send them to OCEANON from the great world. The idea of selling it off to the University Staff Club is mooted as a profit. Mr. Footman Optimists hope the £100.000, should be at least three times its value. Something viable. Only free beer for first entertainment session. People presently likely to restore its popularity of days gone by.
Where's Your Democracy Now?

For a couple of years it has been openly acknowledged that the position of Union President is obsolete. The incumbent puts around for a few months up to the President’s Ball, and then idly sits back on his/her sabbatical stipend to the end of his/her period in office. Meanwhile the Senior President cannot be seen for clouds of sweat and cigarette smoke. Eyebrows were therefore raised when last week the Committee of Management failed to pass the extremely sensible and well thought out plans for a Deputy President by the two-thirds majority required for constitutional amendments.

There appear to be two possible reasons for this. First, that the Union House Committees fear a loss in their autonomy, as their new-fangled Deputy President would be related to the Unions through a new committee. This, however, seems unlikely, as the new post will give the DP more to do, and so less time to interfere in the running of the Unions. And second, that it will remove the straightforward step from one of the House Committees to the sabbatical position of Union President, through the abolition of the rule that all candidates must have served on a House Committee for at least six months.

If this is the case, careerism alone is preventing a much-needed change in the workings of the Students’ Association Executive. If so, this is despicable, especially as two successive UPS have been elected with large mandates to carry this change through.

Fred Price's Letter from America: this week

Homecoming Weekends

American University graduates, or at least those League American University graduates, stay in love with their student days long after they close their last textbooks and leave the halls of their colleges. The wealthy, for instance, usually have large letters of membership towards books, libraries, eating halls, residences, pavements, sculptures and even (at Pennsylvania University) the occasions. These four months was an awkward college rebel stay in touch with the institution or their friends, and so cultivate a lasting tie with their carefree days and associated memories.

This year as every year thousands of students and parents meet over the weekend, and as the parents of more than half century, depending on when they left. On such cordial alumni (the name given to graduations) rests the future of the University — it is the past, and not the government, who provide massive amounts of money and advice which give Pennsylvania its status and reputation.

After the buffet, everyone in troops from the centre of the University to the sports field, eager to see their young athletes take on the old enemy. Princeton is full in a stadium, a wave which is so evidenced a boy good humour in the afternoon, and they leave the parents visit their offspring and have a button, and then in their wake.

American university homcoming football game (American football, not College Rivals) sport take it as an annual meeting point for old timers who want to, or have to, get together to see their friends and it is well. As they won’t be notified, perhaps you should have a good time. But if you do, you should write your homecoming contribution, and lobby for the permanent establishment of this fine tradition.

Scurgae

Dear Sir,

Your portrait of Douglas Smith (why call him a fascist when he obviously isn’t?) seemed to invite us into the complex mind of this handsome young scourgé of the student establishment and presented him in a rather flattering light, but perhaps to some extent with an air of my hand. I have consulted your back issues and discovered that the very same Mr. Smith was responsible (along with Mr. G. Sproule who also makes an appearance on the back page) for the disgusting "prank" with a camera in a party last week. We may say this creep be "forgiven."

Yours,

The Lady With A Long Memory
P.S. I completly missed this.
DEATH ON THE CLYDE

As the industry of Glasgow declines, Paul McGlone mourns the slow fate of the Scott Lithgow shipyards.

In the machine shops and engineering works of the Lower Clyde the steady and measured можаномacidad выхода out is to a monotonous whisper. On the roof top of the once-erect building giant Scott Lithgoes of Greenock and Port Glasgow, against mounds as a doomed workforce desire to return to their light for economic and industrial survival against the stacked side of government-bred management. As if in some farcical drama, the ghost of yesterday's industrial clash is fought out against the backdrop of vacant, overcast, and dwarfed by the shadows of skeletal cranes.

The hum of industrial machinery has been cut to a whisper.

Scott Lithgow, a conglomerate of two of the most famous shipbuilders in the world, is today facing almost certain closure; and the subsequent loss of over 4,500 jobs with the attendant ruination of the economic base of the towns of Greenock and Port Glasgow. Indeed, such a catastrophic blow to the industrial heart of the region, coming as it does shortly after the closure of the Clydebank and the Carron Ironworks in Dumbartonshire, would push this once-prosperous industrial region to the top of the national unemployment scale. Yet, as we view this destruction of an entire area of one-time manufacturing splendour let us pause, for it is only the most callous, forever, on the slow death of the shipbuilding legacy on the Lower Clyde.

From a once-urbanising—i.e. industrialising—industry to the ignorance of final closure, the fading memory of former times of bitter class warfare, exploitative capitalism, and paternalism, with (at least) only recently innovative and high quality workmanship.

indeed, since its inception in 1711 the shipyard of J. Scott Ltd., and its associated Lower Clyde shipyards in general, bestowed a legacy of impeccable workmanship on the shipbuilding lineages of the expanding world. The pride and skill of the Clydes, well-bred and ill-educated though they were, was amply reflected in such ocean finery as passenger liners, warships, for those were jingoistic days (and times) and merchantmen of all types. However, long-held assumptions that any British shipyard enterprise do not necessarily imbue an industry with any sense of immortality. Thus with the beginning of the 20th century in so many other industries, the combination of a complete lack of investment (a complete miserly among post-war British industry as a whole), short-sighted management and concentration of a long history of backing (or backstabbing) the steady decline now faced by impending closure.

The pride and skill of the Clydes, the pride and skill of the Clydes, the pride and skill of the Clydes, was reflected in such ocean finery . . .

Yet, ironically, the probability of an eventual closure at Scott Lithgow's stems not only from the disease of 19th century free enterprise but also from the blind political butchery of a government which is not interested in the industry. Yet let's forget that with the advent of nationalisation in 1977 Scott Lithgow became part of the British Shipbuilding Group: leaving the Scott and Lithgow families free to spend their plentiful compensatory compensation on new shipbuilding (for a profit of course) in the "bowl of rice a day" which is the fate of the Clyde today. Ah, the idyl hearts — ruled only by the international laws of economic viability — of our patriotic captains of industry. Thus following the traditions of earlier nationalisation-80 shipyards (as portrayed in the "Free" press) tell us of a collection of run-down archaic shipyards — to go with its proud record of national achievement — with no doubt—dry profit of any sort to be gained.

For the workers of Scott Lithgow itself, nationalisation, as was to be expected, meant little more than "meet the new boss — same as the old boss", although to be fair to the management behind the plan it did purport to offer some form of job security — dependent on the political winds of fortune of course. However, entering the 80s with the new era of Conservative populism at the nation's helm, did not augur well for the shipyards already reeling in the face of bitter competition from overseas for the few orders available. The "resource approach" in regard to British shipbuilders meant a continuation of moves to nationalise the industry, make it more cost-effective and generally spruce up those parts of the industry which could later be successfully hived off to private enterprise. Needless to say there were very few yards with any prospects of regaining profitability with the exception of firms such as Yarrow, who concentrated solely on warship manufacture for the home and export markets. With this policy of future privatisation in mind, the decision to concentrate on specialisation in the shipyards whereby individual yards would be restricted to one type of ship — is understandable. For the future therefore, the potentially highly profitable yards Yarrow and Vickers were given the side route to negotiate contracts for warships. Thus Scott Lithgow (with an impeccable reputation for warship and submarine work) found itself cut off from its only viable outlet — merchant ships and warships — and was, in future to be given work only on oil-related projects — itself a depressed and highly competitive sector of the market.

Workforce and management alike tried hard to make the change . . .

As Scott Lithgow were to find out to their cost, the basic ergonomics of a traditional shipyard, and the lack of relevant technological experience put them at a distinct disadvantage when it came to constructing offshore oil platforms and the like. Nevertheless, both workforce and management alike tried hard to make the switch from conventional shipbuilding to the esoteric needs of the oil industry, however, the time involved for such a drastic shift in output was never calculated (or costed) when thought was given to it. Thus while a half-complete, hulking rig lies off the tail of the bank, on the Clyde, and another project (the most sophisticated of its kind in the world) is only partially complete and may in fact be cancelled by the customer, Bonfil, the prospects are not good.

The battles of pay and conditions have all been futile.

So it seems the era of the "Clydebuilt" man may be nearing an end. The age-old tradition of class warfare, the endless battles of pay and conditions have all, in the final outcome, been futile. For the workers who moulded the grey steel plates into a product famous the world over there is no discernible future for, in the age-old tradition of capitalist endeavour, the profits of the patriarchal owners were never transferred to the man at the point of production, or given to the industry he gave his life to.

What's On at KB

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<tr>
<th>Event</th>
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<tr>
<td>KB Union</td>
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<td>Open Forum</td>
<td>Tues 15 Nov, 8.30 pm-3.30 pm.</td>
<td>Tickets available from the Psychology Dept. Library, Members £1.50.</td>
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<td>Blood Donations</td>
<td>Fri 11 Nov 8 am -4 pm.</td>
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A Summer in Birzeit

Have you thought about going on a Kibbutz next summer? Perhaps this article will think twice. Three years ago I went on a kibbutz and, I must admit, I enjoyed it, but after leaving Israel a country, that had seemed so ideal, doubts to began to arise.

I finally decided to return this summer to see how it looked from inside.

A horrendous interview (which seemed like an interrogation), with the United Nations, was conducted and secured me a place on the third Kib butz at Campirz Uni iversity, West Bank.

During the first part of my "observation" — industry to the ignorance of final closure, the fading memory of former times of bitter class warfare, exploitative capitalism, and paternalism, with (at least) only recently innovative and high quality workmanship.

the military authorities extreme and arbitrary powers over the area, the University, over the students and staff. Minor events — roadblocks, arrests etc.

Students may be taken from buses or the street for no specific reason, and taken to the military centre, where they may be severely beaten and held for up to 18 days, then released without charge.

Another severe handicap imposed on Palestinian students is the necessaness of censorship of many University books. Israeli censorship not only prevents the publicisation of material which might endanger state security, but actually prevents access to material already published. Books are added to the censored "list without prior permission, a student may well be in possession of material, without knowing it! Periodicals and newspapers on sale in the streets of East Jerusalem, are forbidden on the West Bank. Any such material found in the possession of a student may be used as a reason for his arrest and detention.
Fred Stiven is a constructor: he makes things. His art is con-struction: small glass-fronted boxes containing objects of refined geometry. Words will not furnish a description of his thoughts, only touchstones for our. His ideas are transmitted through his medium. His essence lies in the viewer's mind and its interpretation, instead of being summed up in our senses. Stiven constructs his boxes in ordered geometry; they contain gently honed wooden shapes, grained and textured, coloured with delicacy. The wooden shapes are refined representations of landscapes. They are simple in the same way (as Mr Stiven says) as the basic frame of creativity (like the basic geometry and refinement, his "snakes". Stiven gives delicate delicacies of line and colour reminiscent in framed wax tablets. Several are deliberately simple. Mountain, for example, is sparse lines; a "child-like" sun are its attractions. Eroica too, is a vital part of Park's work: obvious similarities to the sexual power of Klimt and Schiele pervade JANE "Waiting for father" tonight, and Dream of Frankl.

In his introduction to the exhibition, Lloyd Gibson gives a detailed description of Alastair Stiven's Park's visual of setting a table: the metaphor can be extended to the model mental processes of the artist. Park's collection of wax models are exceptionally fine, mass-produced — or at least this is the intended effect — their grey framed frames giving ideas of automation. Within the frames, however, the interior is unexplored.

Giles Sutherland

**Exhibitions**

- ** Gerald Scarfe **
  Glasgow Arts Centre
  Known to millions for his illustrations in The Times, in Nobody's Perfect, and for his cartoons, Gerald Scarfe is one of today's most consistently inventive and perceptive satirical artists. On November 19 an exhibition of his cartoons, animations and sculptures, called 'Glasgow Gallery', is run at the Glasgow Arts Centre. Scarfe's unique combination of producing grotesque caricatures of countless celebrities and politicians leads from his philosophy of biting the heads off statues to their extremities, the resulting imagery having a powerful, shocking effect, often extremely funny. At his best throughout the summer, the most memorable caricature for me, however, is Mick Jagger's mouth, of Enoch Powell, the Home Secretary, which says "I am a marmalade", the many depictions of Richard Nixon (one of these "enemies of the people") and of course those of Mr Reagan and Mrs Thatcher.

Particularly exciting are the huge caricatures of these two, a.k.a. Mickey Mouse and the Iron Lady, the latter having giant ears and holsters full of missiles, the latter a massive, curved nose, amongst other things. The huge red cartoon-lips of Tony Blair are extremely funny. Between all these odd shapes are faceless models realistically made up to resemble scumbag politicians, and rather deconverting to bump into

- **Alastair Park**
  Stiven constructs his boxes in gently honed wooden shapes, grained and textured, coloured with delicacy.

- **3C - Alternative Eyes**
  What is it? What does it hope to achieve? Can we excurse me if I begin with a short case-history Thursday afternoon. Third Cinema was held in early May to inaugurate a club "to develop the public art of Scotland in independent film and video culture." The principal ways in which this was to be achieved included:

**Exhibition:** Third Cinema would show films and video works available for public screening.

**Production:** To stimulate the production in Scotland of independent films and videos, at all levels.

**Education:** To extend a dialogue among independent film-makers and their audiences. (after post-screening discussions)

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The working class unrest on Clydeside in the First World War was a threat and an embarrassment to the Lloyd George government. Mass walkouts by the people was a threat and an embarrassment to the Lloyd George government. Wanting Bill Bryden clevely recreates the Clyde and not even the use of conflic to which Kitchener did a nice enough line in robotic dancing, and were even opposite, terribly medical, what with their mechanical policeman. To be frank (Hi, Frank!), I enjoyed myself! Mr Dowie aside, the artists were young and keen enough to be worth seeing, professional or not. Mr Dowie was ace.

But the atmosphere was forced frigid. The way you might feel if you hitched a ride on a truck marked as ' wm'. I feel I a little offended at the notion that Scottish punters are only now ready for 'Alternative Comedy' four years after the Comedy Store hit London. So — the Comedy Club kicks off, tickets cost £2.90. the venue is the Queen's Hall, cultural enclave of swinging squares. There is a lively disco, but the audience might be dead for it all matters. Three acts follow smoothly in succession, so that it's all very well, but they want to settle back into the old routine summved up by Willie's Pat. 'I'm not interested in politics, I just voteLabour like everyone else.'

The play was well performed, but you don't have to fly too hard with a Clydeside audience keen to laugh at every opportunity (and intend to do so, as they keep an eye on the clock). Willie's booby observations were more than just comic relief, but part of an edge of social commentary which might otherwise have been missed.

There is a powerful play which transcends the political and historical trinities of the plot to deal with a confrontation of generations, a confrontation of potent adversaries and age, an end to the constraints of a dominant ideology which they believe to be wrong.

Mr Dowie

Mr Dowie

what's New

Books

Clanjamfrie

Literary Broadsheet

Let us take as our text a short quotation from Edwin Muir's book Translation published in 1926: 'The things which is a most essential that the critic should understand is the things of the moment: the present: the books which are being written, the books which might be written, the books which have not still found a decisive direction.' There is so much of this kind of criticism going on at the moment, at least, it would be overly depressing to assume otherwise, but it is certainly not going on in Edinburgh, for apparently not anywhere else in Scotland. That it should be arguable, of course; but two students at the University are so convinced that there should be a platform for literary criticism dealing with "things of the present", that they have gone ahead and organised it. But the only worthwhile form of criticism is the critical and thoughtful. What is being is criticised; other forms are absurd contemplation, so that the only criticism going on is in the heads of the two students. This genuinely critical criticism will be applied to a number of manuscripts which have been collected, the object being to sift out the pieces of highest quality and greatest interest. When the best pieces have been found, they will be printed in a new publication: the end of all this applied criticism will be called CLANJAMFRIE.

CLANJAMFRIE should appear approximately quarterly, with the first issue coming out near the end of this term. its most unusual feature will be its format: it will come in the shape of a large poster, printed on both sides, with space given over to photos, drawings, and other graphics, as well as writing. The writing will consist of poems, short prose, or anything else in whatever styles exist; the only editorial criterion (apart from an interest in "dealing with the present") will be quality. There should not be too many problems on the last score, for contributions have already been given by (amongst others) the following: Liz Lochhead, Roderick Watson, Edwin Morgan, Paul Edwards. Hermann Palsson, Valentine Gilhes, George Mackay Brown and James Meek.
**Film**

**ABC (229 3030)**
- *Staying Alive* (1)
  - The disco beat goes on and on and on as John Travolta takes to the dance floor in another highly improbable flick.

- *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* (2)
  - A provocative portrayal of human cruelty and misunderstanding. Tom Conti stars as the Japanese-swallowing British prisoner of war who strives to penetrate the minds of his captors — but Europeans and Japanese alike are stifled by their own codes of honour. David Bowie proves himself as an improbable flick.
  - (229 3030)

- *Caley* (229 7570)
  - *One From The Heart* 6.00, 8.00
  - If one-quarter of sexual high jinks in the life of a group of obnoxious American teeny-boppers was not enough, second helpings in bad taste are available.

- *Education Rita* 6.00, 8.00
  - Its early days are stifled by public get what they want as making sure the public want what they get.

- *Octopussy* (2) 2.00, 4.45, 7.45
  - More "amazing" gadgets with the usual bevy of cover girls. Action-packed adventures with Matthew Modine in action again (with additional help from his stuntman this time) as our hero.

- *Gregory's Girl* (3) 3.10, 5.20, 8.15
  - Delightfully entertaining film made on shoestring budget concerning schoolboy's fantasy about the girl on the school football team. Naive and innocent with marvellously funny moments. First major success for Bill Forsyth.

**Dominion (447 2660)**
- *Pauline at the Beach* 7.30 pm Sun 13th
  - Edinburgh cinemas swap and overlook their tired old films — only the Filmmuseum plus variety. Not so much be a matter of making sure the public get what they want as making sure the public want what they get.

- *Total War* (1)
  - Highly plausible tale of high stakes: a propaganda unit operating in England during WWII. Directed by Walter Hill, it cuts through the usual bevy of cover girls. Action-packed adventures with Matthew Modine in action again (with additional help from his stuntman this time) as our hero.

- *What Would Happen If ...?* 2.15 on Sat
  - Find out in 1945 government film Total War in Britain. After you’ve explored the consequences of destruction, enjoy the more wholesome film of the same title.

- *Still of The Night* 6.00, 8.00
  - Meryl Streep’s talents are sadly underused in this ponderous, pseudo-Hitchcock thriller. Roy Scheider plays a psychiatrist trying to discover the murderer of one of his patients. The difference between a slick, sparking film that moves at breakneck speed and a long, boring one is just when you thought you’d uncovered all of the surprises.

**Filmhouse (228 2688)**
- *Pauline at the Beach* (2)
  - Edinburgh cinemas swap and overlook their tired old films — only the Filmmuseum plus variety. Not so much be a matter of making sure the public get what they want as making sure the public want what they get.

- *The Woman Next Door* 6.00, 8.00
  - Featuring Blair Brown who plays a vintage Belushi as a crazed WW2 vice versa. He simultaneously uncovers all of the surprises.

- *Total War in Britain* and *Coline et Julie* both on Bateau Wed 16th 6.45, 7.30
  - Venue: Pleasance
  - What would happen if ...? Find out in 1945 government film Total War in Britain. After you’ve explored the consequences of destruction, enjoy the more wholesome film of the same title.

- *Total War* (2)
  - Worldwide release.

- *Coline et Julie* 6.00, 8.00
  - Venue: Pleasance
  - What would happen if ...? Find out in 1945 government film Total War in Britain. After you’ve explored the consequences of destruction, enjoy the more wholesome film of the same title.

- *Stayin’ Alive* (2)
  - Edinburgh cinemas swap and overlook their tired old films — only the Filmmuseum plus variety. Not so much be a matter of making sure the public get what they want as making sure the public want what they get.

**Odeon**
- *Blue Thunder* 7.00, 9.00, 4.50, 7.50
  - Fast-moving, high-tech film with Roy Scheider in fine form as ex-Vietnam vet gifted, with a new “multi-purpose, helicopter gunship”. Aerial battle sequences and cinematography are worth seeing. Malcolm McDowell also stars.

- *Wargames* (2) 1.45, 4.50, 7.50
  - Highly plausible tale of high school kids who break into US defence network via computer games. Credibility and interest are maintained throughout by excellent character performances, notably from Matthew Broderick and Ally Sheedy.

- *Educating Rita* (3) 1.50, 4.55, 7.55
  - Pygmalion from the 1930s with an Elsa from the hair salon and an Open University Higgins. The somewhat blurry line between tutor and student is what could have been a collage of university stereotypes. Willy Russell’s very funny play travels to the silver screen with great success.

- *Licking Hitler* 2.00, 4.50, 7.50
  - Venue: Pleasance
  - What would happen if ...? Find out in 1945 government film Total War in Britain. After you’ve explored the consequences of destruction, enjoy the more wholesome film of the same title.

**Festival Theatre**
- *Beetlejuice* $5
  - Venue: Caley
  - Meryl Streep’s talents are sadly underused in this ponderous, pseudo-Hitchcock thriller. Roy Scheider plays a psychiatrist trying to discover the murderer of one of his patients. The difference between a slick, sparking film that moves at breakneck speed and a long, boring one is just when you thought you’d uncovered all of the surprises.

- *Licking Hitler* 2.00, 4.50, 7.50
  - Venue: Pleasance
  - What would happen if ...? Find out in 1945 government film Total War in Britain. After you’ve explored the consequences of destruction, enjoy the more wholesome film of the same title.

- *Street Fighter* 2.00, 4.50, 7.50
  - Fast-moving, high-tech film with Roy Scheider in fine form as ex-Vietnam vet gifted, with a new “multi-purpose, helicopter gunship”. Aerial battle sequences and cinematography are worth seeing. Malcolm McDowell also stars.

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**Festivals**
- *Educatina* (1)
  - A strange little flick about the death of a priest, to the killing. Interesting conflicts of familial and religious loyalty. One image that is an admirable attempt to recreate the glamour of the Golden Age of Hollywood complete with flashing lights, sequins and beautiful Nastassia Kinski, Teri Garr and Raul Julia.

**Another forthcoming column goes from Workshop from Tuesday.**
**Music**

**Queen's Hall**

- **Tango for 5**
- **The Exorcism**
  - Thur 10th-Nov 12th 7.30 pm £5.00
- **Meditations on the End of the World**

**Reid Concert Hall**

- **Lunchtime Concerts**
  - Tue 15th 1.10
  - Thur 11th 1.10
- **Francisca Greene sings songs by Berlioz, Thomas, Verdi, Wolf, Schubert, Chabrier, Granados, Audry, Ljungh, Franz, Delius and Leghtons**
- **St Cecilia Singers**
  - Thu 10th 7.30
  - Music by Bach, Percy Grainger, Delius and Leighton.

**McEwan Hall**

- **Organ Recital**
  - Fri 11th 1.10
- **Dance Recital**
  - Thur 10th 1.10

**St Cecilia's Hall**

- **Georgian Concert Society**

**Theatre Workshop**

(226 5425) **Sensolos**

- Tue 15th-Sat 19th 8.00 pm
- Lumiere and sons become the first experimental company to stage a full-scale opera. Psychopathology is the key behind "Senseloses", illustrated with original visual effects and improvisation.

**Traverse**

(226 2633)

- **Young Playwright's Festival**
  - Thur 10th-Sun 20th 8.00 pm
  - Maybe a preview of future big names, anyway a taste of the aspiring writers of the Scottish. Youth Theatre's Young Playwright's course. After their Scottish Tour. Edinburgh sees Never a Full Moment by Jackie Boyle and Patricia Burns. Picture Paradise by Elizabeth Montgomery and Reflections by Fiona Thornton.

**Universit**

- **First Night**
  - Thur 15th November
  - FESTIVAL 83
  - NOV 10-12 and NOV 20-23 pm
  - in collaboration with the Scottish Youth Theatre. Script awarded the author three weeks free to spend working on his script. Mon-Fri 8.30-10.30 pm, Sat 1.00 pm.
  - Tel. 031 557 2692

**Friday 11th**

- **Catholic Students' Union**
  - Bread and Cheese Lunch, 12.00-2.00 pm

- **SCAG Babysitting Project**
  - Volunteers required for new project. SCAG room, Pleasance, 7.30

- **The President's Ball**
  -Teviot Hall, 1st May
  - Not The President's Ball – Chambers Street.

- **Happy Hour and Live Folk**
  - "Blown in Trouble" – Chambers street, 8-9.

**Saturday 12th**

- **March and Rally**
  - No to Health Service Cuts. Assembly Waterloo Place 10.00 am.
  - Free Disco in Park Room, Teviot.
  - Ballroom Disco and Live Band.

- **Green Banana Club**
  - Free admission.

**Sunday 13th**

- **Catholic Students' Union**
  - Talk by Fr. Jock Dalrymple on "Developing the NHS".

- **Chaplaincy Centre**
  - Remembrance Sunday service. Upper Library, Old College, 10.20 am.

- **Happy Hour and Live Folk**
  - Teviot Hall, 12.00 pm

- **Monday 14th**
  - **Catholic Students' Union**
    - Fellowship Meal, 6.00
  - **SCAG Babysitting Project**
    - Volunteers required for new project. SCAG room, Pleasance, 7.30

**Tuesday 15th**

- **Happy Hour and Live Folk**
  - "Blown in Trouble" – Chambers street, 8-9.
The pity of war must now be in the music; words can only warn. Words emerged since 1914 which handfu1 of symphonies adequately express horror and waste through a combination of listening to the remarkably intense Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8 is acceptable disc; perhaps a bit dance feel to the song. Slightly octaving bass line gives a good drumbeat coupled with the Work for Love in the vocals - strained, emotional, soulful teenage sound; the qualities (?) of which that ever-so-boring Liverpool Colour manifests themselves most clearly.

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George Shepherd takes a bite of the cherry (and spits it out) boys.

So this was the new renovated Chambers Street Ballroom. No decor, new bar, new lighting and a fresh young band from Liverpool called the Cherryboys. Amongst all this newness then, support band The Quick were a bit of an anomy. Despite having a trendy bassist, they looked and sounded dated coming over a cross between Dire Straits and Journey. They played a song called 'Lady of Love' so I went to the bar. The most exciting thing happening there was Mike convoy eating a plate of scamph. Things were not looking too good.

Around midnight the Cherryboys decided they would grace us with their presence, so while the Thunderbirds theme tune heralded their appearance the four lads bounded onto the stage and stood there while the Thunderbirds song played on and on and on. Then just as we were all expecting Lady Penelope to slink on stage left, the tape finished, the lights came on, and the Cherryboys were in action.

As I had feared their music was bland throwaway pop, indicative of so many of the new Mersey groups. All their songs had snappy drum beats, cute choruses, and neat hooklines. Now this kind of thing is alright if the group in question don't take themselves too seriously, but these four lads from Liverpool could hardly muster a smile between them, and this was coupled with their cute white uniforms resulted in them looking rather sily.

There was no real depth in their music although some serious music types in front of me obviously thought there was, as they sat cross legged throughout the gig discussing each son as it came up. They might as well have been discussing Kazapogoon, and at least they've got nice haircuts.

Perhaps if people had danced the atmosphere might have been better, but the lead singer introduced their new single, and urged us all to rush out and buy it. It's called 'Shoot the Big Shots', but I don't think the Cherryboys ever will.

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The national music press has recently been caustically deriding the work of the Michael Schenker Group in general and of Michael Schenker in particular. This is a considerable turnaround from the situation three years ago when the first MSG album was released to critical acclamation and fan acclaim. In a review of their first concert in a slag carpet of ex SAH8 Bass player Chris Glen and of vocalist Gary Bards. History students may like to note that the former is still pulling the same pants and poses he used with that great band ten years ago.

A fair portion of the blame for the last album was placed at the feet of Barden's mediocre vocal performance but he withstood the pressure admirably and sang with confidence. In this he was added by a new boy Dore St. Holmes who helped with the vocal duties in addition to playing rythym guitar. My only gripe was the unnecessary inclusion of two old UFO songs. After four albums there is no need for this when a classic song such as Lost Horizon is left out.

The main reason for the MSG backlash can be traced from a certain loss of creditability after the debacle involving Graham Bonnet and from the downbeat bogged approach by one music paper journalist who certainly has it in for Schenker. If this band split up, because of the adverse criticism, plunging up against them it will be a crying shame because I have now seen the band three times and have yet to come away disappointed.

Peter Foster
The present situation in Lebanon is extremely complex and confused—who is fighting whom, and why? Andrew MacKichan attempts to fill in the historical background.

From the declaration of independence in 1943 until 1975, the Lebanese government was in control of the country. The government was a system of confessionalism, whereby each sect was represented in the government. This was based on the belief in the traditional religious hierarchy, where the presidents were to be elected from the Maronites, the prime minister from the Muslims, and the speaker of the parliament from the Christians. This system was designed to prevent any one sect from gaining too much power, but it also prevented any real progress or development.

The various communities had to work together in order to make the government function. The government was a system of checks and balances, where each sect had to work together in order to pass any legislation. The government was also concerned with the economy, whereasics the various sects had to work together in order to establish a system of trade and commerce. The government was also concerned with the military, where the various sects had to work together in order to maintain a strong and stable army.

The government was also concerned with the environment, where the various sects had to work together in order to establish a system of education and healthcare. The government was also concerned with the arts, where the various sects had to work together in order to establish a system of culture and entertainment.

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Dave Liddle spent an evening with budding Cartier-Bressons in the Photographic Society, demonstrating the pressures and conditions of on-spot photography by snapping other Pleasance Societies involved in yoga and trampolining.

He is a passive photographer in that he uses the situation given, with the aim of producing something "spontaneous", whereas others would dominate the scene, organising it to build up a picture. When asked what proportion of negatives ended up as photos, Dave replied "spontaneously". "About one in every ten, but film is cheap."

Dave enumerated the growing hazards of photo-journalism: "There are fewer and fewer openings, so you have to be freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't just take freelance making your hobby pay for itself, you can't 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Difficult shapes and passive clothes — the New Look for the '90s, here we go...

If you have ever visited that centre of the alcoholic universe, Bannerman’s Bar, then you have been within spitting distance of a modest little shop which sells some of the most original “designer” clothes in Edinburgh. A little over a year ago, Jay and Sandra received a modest grant from the Prince’s Trust in order to set up a shop, making and selling their own designs. They called it, Bannerman’s Bar, then you have been within a distance of a modest little shop which sells some of the most original “designer” clothes in Edinburgh. A little over a year ago, Jay and Sandra received a modest grant from the Prince’s Trust in order to set up a shop, making and selling their own designs. They called it, Bannerman’s Bar, then you have been within a
distance of a modest little shop which sells some of the most original “designer” clothes in Edinburgh. A little over a year ago, Jay and Sandra received a modest grant from the Prince’s Trust in order to set up a shop, making and selling their own designs. They called it, Bannerman’s Bar, then you have

Skirt and tunic by Jay

Sandra said, “I do a lot of the craft fairs. it’s there where I get quite a lot of slagging from old ladies coming up to say that’s terrible, you could make that in five minutes, but I don’t really bother about comments like that because I’m not making stuff for people like them; people who wouldn’t buy it even if it cost a quid. You’ve got to remember that you’re paying for the idea as well as the materials and time.” Quite.

However, there was some disagreement in the ranks over prices - Sandra, for example, said: “I look at something I’ve made and ask myself how much I’d pay for it. And because I’m pretty mean, it’s usually not much!” As a result, her designs are comparatively cheap. While on the subject of prices, tops sell at £3-£15; trousers £8-£18 and likewise for skirts — prices very depending on the materials and work involved. Most of the fabrics used are new, and many things will match simply because they’re made from the same cloth.

Lack of Male Interest

It must be said that guys are not really catered for; previous attempts at designs were not very popular with the perhaps a little too conservative male clientele; but ideas are always welcome. Incidentally, if you want something to measure providing it’s not ridiculously complicated you can have this done. The workmanship is surprisingly good, and Jay is proud of their record. “We’ve only had people returning things because they don’t fit, not because they’ve taken apart of whatever.” In fact customers include such prominent Edinburgh personalities as Muriel Gray, Caroline Dempster and bands like the Wild Indians, Gallery Macabre, Brains Trust and the Revillos. Why not join the stars and boogie on down to the Fashion and Dance Show featuring the Ivy League at the Art College on 11th November. Tickets available at the shop. See you there.

Y. Westwood

• All photos by Fiona McPherson, a third year photography student at Napier College.

The latest and greatest (though it’s questionnable, ’Works to Wear’ by Madelein Shephard, Fawns Rent, Joy Kirkland and Caroline Conway can be seen in this way-out, out-of-the-way (the back room-of-a-shop) job exhibition of “sculptured” clothes and accessories. Quite frankly one does prefer just to stand back and let the full impact of these “creations” hit you full in the face. These designers, none of whom have had any formal art training certainly believe in “doing their own thing”. Many items in the exhibition are guaranteed to provoke an “I could have done that” attitude. Examples being, Joy Kirkland’s hand-knitted bin-liner top (a good piece of plastic rubbish) and Madelein Shephard’s electrical wire jumper (a shocking piece, but not for comfortable everyday wear!).

The 50s style hats, bags and belts are made out of cut-out knitting patterns, magazines and sticky-back plastic. A leather jacket takes on a completely new look when sprayed with car paint! These clothes may be “works to wear” but they are certainly not work-wear!

Fun is the name of the game — though please don’t tell the others. The exhibitors have tried, with a certain degree of success, to forget the conventional and commercial ideas. Although some of the articles are for sale and commissions can be placed for others. There are two mail outlets based at 23 Nicolson Street (Cento) and Niddry Street (The Ivy League).

These are worth checking out; especially if you want to portray a very different kind of image at the Presidents’ Ball.

The price range makes these pieces of designer wear very accessible to students: tops range from £7 to £15, dresses cost from £15-£25 and jewellery is from £2.50 upwards. These clothes are not for the timid: textures and colours abound — often clashing — still the clothes themselves retain a “home-made” look in that they have been designed without patterns; have a delightful crumpled effect, i.e. unironed and the fraying edges with hanging threads also have their own quaint charm — it spoils the whole garment.

The items themselves were either pinned to the walls or hung on cardboard dummies, there were also a few black and white photographs sprinkled around the room depicting the clothes in actual people! Therefore, no comments/criticisms (constructive or otherwise) are made purely from the two-dimensional angle.

Monica and Katha
The inaugural meeting of the Edinburgh University Tennis Club was held on Friday, 2nd Flat Eight, on Friday 11th November at 1.30 pm. Videos of such champions as Arkle, Nijinsky, Sir Ivor, Neil Reel and Shergar will be shown and forthcoming events and entertainments will be discussed. All racing enthusiasts welcome.

FOOTBALL

MORAY 3-EUVC 1

With "Handy" Fisher ill at the helm this week we set off to Ellin at the last minute - and duly lost.

The problems of playing football at Edinburgh University are well associated with finding the place.

The totally unforgettable location of our pitch, unfortunately located right behind the Zoology department, forces us to meet our friends from nearby universities, a fact that further compels us to get permission from the Zoology Department in order to hold our matches.

Further details and registration forms are available from the Secretary of the University Sports Office (ext. 4546).

The Student Project Group is on Monday, 14th November at the University Centre for an opening at 19.00.

MOTOR CLUB

Edinburgh University Motor Club and several local university tennis clubs of the Tumshies Turnout recently held the Forth Valley road rally series.

The event took place on Friday the 11th November and went off without a hitch in Balgownie, and received a good ECU McEwan vote.

The rally, culminating of several month's hard work by the Lanarkshire Car Club Ltd., went off without a hitch in Balgownie, and received a good ECU McEwan vote.

A short section of loose tarmac offered motorists most crews an opportunity to try out their vehicles against good surfaces, (with a touch of youthful exuberance), but the road surface was smooth and testing the frequent pot-holes removed most of the hazards driving in the area.

EUVC crews were in attendance on the second and third sections as the first few competitors came back. Unfortunately none of the competitors were stopped for any reasons.

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DISLIKES
Letters from the bank
People who pretend to be thick
Bills
Prejudice

POETS
T.S. Eliot
Dante
Robert Burns
S Patricia Smith

LIKES
Independent thought
Imagination
Rebelliousness
Books

PUBLICATIONS
Encyclopedia Britannica (11th edition, before Chicago took over)
Chambers Encyclopedia
After Many a Summer—Alfred Huxley
Metaphron—Men—Woodford Peck
The Galloway Gazette

ACTORS
Terry-Thomas
Jack Lemmon
Alastair Sim
Margaret Rutherford
Nicol Williamson
Andy Loveridge

TV
Don't watch much

TV (can't watch it much)
The notch films on Channel 4 or on Friday Night
The Prisoner
The Avengers
BBC Drama

ARTISTS
Velasquez
Titian
Van Gogh
Picasso

FOOD
The roast beef at the Carvery

PUBS
All the Union Bars
Barton’s

AMUSEMENT
Charmers—Fishing
The Greyfriars Bobby
The Clive

HEROES
Sigmund Freud
Jean-Paul Sartre
A. J. P. Taylor
Hugh MacDiarmid

AMBITIONS
To get a job with the maximum amount of money with the minimum amount of work — academic, lawyer, British factory manager etc.