The Sun' offers £6,500 to bed Gray

by Cathy Millon

AN EDINBURGH University student was allegedly offered £6,500 to sleep with Muriel Gray and tell all.

Mick Kent was told by a West of Scotland journalist who works shifts for The Sun that the money was available for anyone with a "Fun and Frolics with our Rector" story.

On July 17th Kent, a third year Geography student from Chatham in the South-East, was interviewed by the reporter over an incident in the City's Gilded Balloon bar, where he was working.

When Student attempted to sell Sun News editor Steven Sampson a spurious Muriel Gray sex story he was confirmed that such a sum would be paid, "Especially if they snorted coke."

He said that proof would be required, although when we offered him the (entirely fictitious) stained sheets, he said "Let's not get tacky quite yet. We don't usually get tacky until we go to print."

Sampson then asked us: "And what about her long-term boyfriend? Eh? Does he know about this? I'll have to phone him up and ask him."

When asked why he thought that anyone who slept with Gray would need a "sympathy payment" he replied: "Well, she's pretty ugly."

When Sampson discovered that there was in fact no story he immediately back-tracked and denied that any money would be handed over for any story on Gray as "She is not well known enough."

Sampson said: "The reason I would offer money to people who had a sex session with Muriel Gray would be by way of a sympathy payment for the poor people who had to endure it."

Kent said he got the impression that The Sun is out to get Gray: "The Sun wants to bring Muriel Gray down a peg or two, they think she's a loud-mouthed obnoxious cow."

In the July edition of The Cut magazine Gray was quoted as saying: "Get down to the plant where The Sun is printed and fire-bomb it."

Sampson denied that he and The Sun have a grudge against Gray, he said: "She's just a rather unattractive girl from Glasgow who's trying to make it and good luck to her. We've nothing against her at all."

When Gray heard of The Sun's attempt on her character she said: "If any students are struggling financially just now, they have my complete permission to make up any ridiculous sexual fantasy they can think of."

"After all if The Sun are stupid enough to pay that kind of money for lies then it's a marvellous way to increase University funding."

"It would only improve my image; most people think of me as Miss Jean Brodie which sadly is nearer the truth."

Chambers St Fire

by Graeme Wilson

ONE OF Fresher's Week's most popular events, The Bouncing Disco on Wednesday night, was momentarily interrupted when a fire broke out.

The incident occurred when a jacket was placed over one of the two compressors which fill the inflatables with air, causing it to overheat. Ben McNeil, the Chambers Street Union Secretary, claimed that "the compressors had been placed between the inflatables and the ballroom wall, but with so many people about there was nothing we could do about it."

As a result of the fire the ballroom was cleared for about 10 to 15 minutes while union committee members extinguished it. However, the "bouncing" was able to resume on one inflatable for the remainder of the evening.

The last incident of this kind occurred just under two years ago in the Teviot Union Debating Hall during a The Men They Couldn't Hang concert when the union had to be cleared for about half an hour while the fire brigade dealt with a fire in the building.
Cheap beer at Chambers Street

by Claire Bennet and Alan MacDonald

STUDENTS may in future have to pay to enter Chambers Street Union as a result of the reduction of beer prices there.

The cheaper beer prices, only 70p for a pint of lager, are an attempt to regain the Union's popularity which fell due to the loss of their licence to stage live rock music.

Yet as a result it is proposed that Chambers Street will charge an entry fee of 50p and 75p on Thursdays and Saturdays respectively, with there will be five cabs and discos.

Mr Marion Stewart, the Convener of Teviot Row Union, turned down the opportunity to participate in such a venture on the grounds that it would be unethical to charge Edinburgh students for entry into their own union houses.

Previously it has been the policy of the union houses to keep prices in line with local pubs and bars, preferring to subsidise the food.

EUSA President, Malcolm MacLeod, believes that union houses should provide cheap food as a service to students, who he believes are an almost captive market, in preference to cheap alcohol and would feel unhappy about an increase in food prices to subsidise students' drinking habits.

The Management Committee will be meeting on Thursday to discuss the possibility of entrance charges for entertainments at Chambers Street. Assuming that their approval is given and there is a substantial increase in the house's popularity, the new policy may be adopted on a long-term basis.

Conservative protest

by Ian Robertson

THE VICE Chairman of the Scottish Conservative Society Michael Hirst was hit by food thrown by a demonstrator at the Conservative Pies and Pints and Politics last Friday.

The lone protestor came in, threw the projectile and then ran out, escaping from several Conservative Club members who gave chase. His identity is unknown, but he is believed still to be at large in the University.

Majority opinion suggests that the projectile was potato salad although a sizeable minority favours the cream bun option.

The Students' Association will be paying for his dry-cleaning bill.

The food throwing was the sole incident of rowdiness in a talk which concentrated on "hammering home the message that that woman is good for Scotland."

Mr Hirst stressed that "the continued national economic revival is bringing new jobs, new opportunities, new hope and new confidence to Scotland."

The ex-MP for Strathclyde and Beardsden who was ousted from one of the most middle-class seats in Scotland during the last election argued: "No one can seriously challenge the fact that Government policies are popular in Scotland. Why else have hundreds of thousands of Scots bought their council houses, bought shares in privatisation issues exercised their right to choose their children's school, and set up their own businesses."

"Too many Scots expect and enjoy the benefits of Tory rule, but hypocritically leave the English to vote for it."

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Further information is available from the Careers Service

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Scotts scolds Scots voters

by Ewen Ferguson and Ian Robertson

SCOTLAND is benefiting from Thatcherism, and only the "contra-suggestability" in the Scots character stops them realising this, according to the Conservative MP for Perth and Kinross, Nicholas Fairburn.

This was achieved by a process of freeing wealth from the state to the individual and letting the market decide how to effectively allocate resources by getting rid of uneconomic industries such as Gareloch which was "a salvation army home for 1000s.

Mr Fairburn argued that the inability of the Government to get its message across was partially due to the "contra-suggestability of Scots" in that they love contrariness and like having a hand that feeds them and talked of "Scots yuppies who criticise everything the government is doing while making fortunes.

The press is also to blame in that all the Scotia media has a left-wing bias and "if a hostile press and media are daily against us then people will believe what they say.

A third factor was the large council estates which he alleged maintained a "stranglehold of socialism" by keeping people in debt to the Labour Party. However, Thatcherism will free them from this through housing associations and improve areas such as Easterhouse where there is one chip-chop with iron bars and a portaloof.

NAPIER students are concerned that their students' association has not gained any material benefits from the college's recent change of status to polytechnic. Many pounds have been spent on cosmetic refurbishments and updating the polytechnic image, while the students' association has to manage without any increase in funds, they say.

Students' association president, John McDermott, said that students were "of little concern" to the change from college to polytechnic. McDermott believes the upgrading could possibly bring about an increase in funding from the SED or from private investment but he was not very hopeful. "The SED put student facilities at the bottom of the agenda," he said.

NEWS STORIES

If your landlord is ripping you off, if your lecturer is a biased marker, if there's anything you want to complain, report or write about, contact Graeme or Cathy on the News Section in the Student offices at 48 Piersfield (558 1117).
SOMEHOW, when I watch the people and events of the American presidential race, I have the overwhelming sensation that I am really watching an old home movie, full of toothy, ham actors and stage grins, embarrassing repetitious lines and a general knowledge that the family will forgive any flaw — no matter how great — in its members' abilities and performance with a sympathetic nod. After all, we're all family here, aren't we?

But as I watch the movie unfold, I nervously scratch the back of my neck, embarrassed myself too, that I would stay up till this late hour waiting for that charming scene which will warm my tummy and make me feel good all over. But where is it? I'm perished. Yes, there are hints of its coming: Michael Dukakis drawing comparison with John Kennedy, George Bush recalling traditional American values. I turn up the volume and sit on the edge of my seat, waiting. And waiting. And waiting.

I pinch myself to wake up, realising that I have been-haunting for quite some time. There, up on the screen, is Michael Dukakis, soldier-like, riding a tank. Then comes George Bush, walking around a flag factory. The odd thing is, although both actors are talking, I can't hear them. There must be something wrong with my television, I think, pressing the volume button. But nothing happens. All I get are images, symbols in a sense, without explanation or introduction.

Here is Dan Quayle, smiling like Robert Redford with his blonde hair and blue eyes, but looking somehow disturbed, awkward, off-course, because his rosy appearance. And there's George Bush, leading a chant in the pledge of allegiance and walking around a Pittsburgh steel yard in a hard hat — is that George Bush? And Michael Dukakis, the Boston suburbanite, hunking around Yellowstone park in a heavy coat.

I wait for the next scenes to come and they inevitably show the waving banners, the crowds now silently cheering, and suddenly, right under my nose, a thought strikes me so quick and powerful that I reel under the weight of it. What if there is no sound? What if everyone's movie is silent like mine, is that all anyone sees are images without words, symbols without language or focus, with which they must identify?

Back on the screen is the pin-striped George Bush, waving to a crowd of businessmen, stockbrokers, churchgroups, well-dressed college students. He stands on a podium before a huge American flag, kissing children, shaking astronauts' hands. And here is Michael Dukakis in a serge suit, speaking to a crowd of workers, engineers, houseswives, university professors. He gestures infrequently, gazes into the audience, and points to charts on unemployment. It would seem that there is a world of difference between the two characters, yet as I watch the film I see that it is the audience, the secondary characters which are more different than the main two actors themselves. It is the audiences which are liberal or conservative, white collar or blue collar, with or without education. They fill the background of the picture and set the mood, the style of each actor's performance, so that the actors become symbols of the audience itself. Images of what the video audience wants to see rather than messages bearing news that is too loud to hear.

The film runs on, but I turn the television off. It's very late, and I suddenly knew I had found that charming scene I was looking for. And now that the sound doesn't work, it's not much good just looking at pictures along with everyone else. I'd rather really hear something. After all, it's not so easy as watching slow, silent images, and if I have to do that, I'll take Charlie Chaplin any day.
WE carry a particularly gruesome story this week about life inside a hanging jail. It doesn't really matter whether it is South Africa or somewhere else.

As the International Amnesty tour draws to a close it is worth reflecting on the number of political prisoners and prisoners of conscience around the world who undergo untold suffering. There is a distinct tendency amongst many first world governments to view this suffering as the unfortunate consequence of 'Real Politik'. It is a view that seems to be prevalent, for example, in Washington. Over the years the CIA and the Pentagon have run up an impressive record of interference in countries overseas. What they have forgotten to take into account in their plans for assassinations, coups and wars (Vietnam) is the human cost of their 'diplomacy'. Not that the Americans ever seem to be responsible for all the evils in the world, but the point is that the human cost of playing politics is often forgotten.

ANYONE up early enough on Sunday morning would have witnessed that undying spectacle of that crawling scorpion Brian Walden interviewing Nigel Lawson. This would, of course, be hardly worthy of comment except that Walden actually managed to force the Chancellor into a rather nasty corner. The question concerned Clause 28 and the Chancellor was asked to justify the clause and its ramifications.

This is a near impossible task — even for the most seasoned political operators, which makes all the more extraordinary that the clause should have sunk so quickly out of the limelight. The centre piece of the legislation is still the infamous term 'promotion' — a phrase that implies that in some way propaganda can influence how you turn out sexually. This would seem rather unlikely, for a start if it did there wouldn't now be any homosexuals. And surely making people aware of homosexuality can only lead to more people being happy with the way they are — people can follow their own path without shame.

 Naturally the Chancellor told Mr Walden that the legislation was the result of parents calling for action (to stop peddling of filthy perversion). Putting across the idea that homosexuality is alright is unlikely to send children towards homosexuality if they are heterosexuals and vice versa. Everyone seems to overlook that there is something rather fundamental in sexuality. Perhaps Mr Lawson is worried just in case he or any of his family suddenly turn gay overnight (and grow boils, become deformed, ostracised from society etc).

First of all, why do they have to offer money as an inducement to sleep with her? Secondly if they do, why such a paltry sum? I suppose it was inevitable that once we had a female Rector The Sun would be down here peddling its filthy driven. Everybody likes to look at The Sun now and then, some more than others. One well known but little remembered fact is that this filth peddling makes a lot of individuals miserable. It may be that television, music and film personalities are relatively fair prey — especially as they usually learn to shrug it off. Still, the rag has a fairly good record for upsetting less resilient characters (the families of rape victims etc). Anyway I fear they are wasting their precious time with Muriel — she's a nice lady, something The Sun wouldn't know a lot about.

The News Editor of The Sun is 3.

Troops Out

Dear Editor,

IN REPLY to Graeme Wilson's 'Comment' Student 6th October 1988 I do suggest that to understand why the so-called 'troubles' in Northern Ireland have persisted for 20 years, it is necessary to put the 'troubles' into context. First and foremost it is necessary to recognise that there is a war on in the six counties of Northern Ireland. A war between the nationalist community fighting for self-determination and the oppressive British state machine which has done them this basic democratic right.

All war is violent and bloody, but as in any war there are two protagonists, least we forget the murderous record of the British Army. The IRA are not "heartless psychopaths", but are freedom fighters, fighting for the liberation of their country; they are ordinary men and women fighting to be free from British domination. The strength of the IRA is due to the support of the nationalist community. It is from the people who elected Bobby Sands MP, Owen carron MP and Gerry Adams MP.

What about the moderates? Is Wilson referring to the Democratic Unionist Party? The Official Unionist Party? If so, these parties are far from moderate. Both parties have maintained policy of systematic discrimination against Catholics. It is not surprising that there is political intransigence when some members of the Unionist parties have proposed the solution to the 'troubles' to "incinerate Catholics".

Wilson's final explanation is that "the people of Northern Ireland have grown accustomed, almost comfortable with their "state of war". This simply exposes the anti-Irish chauvinism of Wilson. No people can be comfortable when they live in a war zone which has an occupying army and police force of over 30,000 men.

There is only one solution to the war in Northern Ireland and that is the withdrawal of Britain, not in 15 years time, but now.

Meryll Williams

Graeme Wilson has in fact lived in Northern Ireland all his life — Ever since 1950.

FREE EDINBURGH STREET MAP

worth £1.25 ... to all students who visit the academic departments of our main bookshop at 53-59 South Bridge, Edinburgh; during October. Just bring this advert with you and show your matric card to claim your free map.

JAMES THIN
SCOTLAND'S LARGEST BOOKSHOP
EDINBURGH'S most popular nightclub, Thunderball, looks set to be another success this Saturday in the city's Assembly Rooms.

Tickets are already selling fast for the all-nighter which features a selection of entertainment and surprises including spoof bands and a restaurant.

Although the organisers, half of whom are Edinburgh University students, are keeping the "cabaret events" a big secret, Student can reveal that punters are needed for the Beauty and Personality Contest.

All entrants will get into Thunderball for free and a chance to win lots of alcohol.

The club, which started during the 1987 Edinburgh Festival, has repeatedly been a massive success each time it has been held in numerous venues, including Stirling Castle!

The last Thunderball at the Assembly Rooms sold all the 1,500 available tickets and it is believed that a ticket which costs £3.50 exchanged hands for £20.

In why the club is so successful, an organiser said: "It's so good because we get a complete mixture of people who want to have a really good time instead of just posing about."

Anyone interested in entering the competition should contact Oddfellows Bar in Forrest Road.

Last Monday Student celebrated its new look with a launch party — The Trash — at Coasters. The event proved to be a great success with just under 1,000 students coming along to play with the balloons, take part in the great free raffle and enjoy the Thunderball-style music.

The money raised will be reinvested in Student in large part to help found the International News Service which was set up during the summer. This service has already established links with student publications in South Africa, America and Europe, but to maintain these lines of communication requires extra funding initially.

The service will start to pay for itself as soon as the process of other student papers paying to register to join the scheme gets underway.

It is also hoped that new photographic equipment may also be purchased with the remainder of the profit in order to improve the quality of photos in the paper, particularly in the sports section.

As a result of the success of Student's first tentative steps into the world of entertainment it is hoped that a second Trash will be held towards the end of this term. Watch this space for details.

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

Bye-Elections and 1st Year Elections
Thursday 27th October 1988

Nominations are now open for the following positions within the SRC, University Union, and Faculty Councils:

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<th>1. UNION</th>
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<tr>
<td>House Committee 1st Year Members</td>
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<tr>
<td>— Chambers Street House — 2</td>
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<td>— Mandela Centre — 2</td>
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<td>— Teviot Row House — 2</td>
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<th>2. SRC</th>
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<tr>
<td>Education Convener</td>
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<tr>
<td>1st Year Representatives</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arts — 3 seats</td>
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<td>Law — 1 seat</td>
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<td>Medicine — 1 seat</td>
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<tr>
<td>Science — 3 seats</td>
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<tr>
<td>Social Science — 2 seats</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postgraduates (all Faculties) — 4 seats</td>
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| Faculty Representative Vacancies |
| Arts Undergraduate 2nd and Subsequent Years — 2 seats |
| Medicine Undergraduate 2nd and Subsequent Years — 1 seat |
| Music — 1 seat |
| Science Undergraduate 2nd and Subsequent Years — 1 seat |
| Science Postgraduates — 2 seats |
| Social Science Postgraduate — 1 seat |

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<th>3. Faculty Councils</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Law Students' Council</td>
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<tr>
<td>Honorary Secretary</td>
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<td>Honorary Treasurer</td>
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<td>1st Year — 3 seats</td>
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<td>2nd Year — 2 seats</td>
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<td>3rd Year — 1 seat</td>
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<td>4th Year — 3 seats</td>
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<td>Diploma — 2 seats</td>
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<td>Non Graduating — 1 seat</td>
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| Medical Students' Council |
| 1st Year — 3 seats |
| 2nd Year — 3 seats |
| 3rd Year — 3 seats |
| 4th Year — 3 seats |
| BSc — 1 seat |
| Phase III — 2 seats |

Nomination forms are available in the Association Office, Union Houses (Reception Desks), and Union Shops.

Completed nomination forms must be returned to Reception in the Students' Association Office not later than 1 pm on Thursday, 20th October 1988.
IN THE BALANCE

by Hugh Pinney

ON AUGUST 17th an American built Hercules transport plane took off from the military airstrip at Bahawalpur in Eastern Pakistan. Its load included General Mohammad Zia-ul-Haq, Pakistan's premier of eleven years standing, twenty high ranking officials, the Union of Muslim Assassins Pakistan, Mr Arnold Raphael and several cases of mangoes.

Minutes later the aircraft cartwheeled out of the sky and exploded on the way down, strewn wreckage and bodies over a wide area.

The announcement of death of the military leader in the newspaper the following day met with a surprising and astonishing lack of emotion. Bazars closed down and no crowds stood at streets filled with long drawn faces. It created a paradoxical scene in most of the cities, as three days previously they had been celebrating Pakistan's 41st anniversary as an independent Republic. As a result the burning and 'Viva Pakistan' banners which adorned the streets provided an incongruous backdrop for the mourning crowds.

The possibility of the tragedy having occurred accidentally was quick to be ruled out; a missile attack, likewise was soon discarded as a possible cause, as the plane's fighter escort had detected no incoming missiles. This leads to the inevitable conclusion that someone had planted a bomb aboard the carrier, almost certainly concealed in the cases of mangoes which were accepted as a last minute gift from the people of Bahawalpur.

The natural following question on everyone's lips was - who? Pakistan's traditional enemy, India, was quick to be blamed; Russia, and the Russian backed Afghan regime would undoubtedly have benefited as much as any and more than most, from Zia's death, which deprived the US of a staunch ally in the region. Even the military was not above suspicion, in particular, one high ranking officer, General Mirza Baig, who at the last minute failed to board the ill-fated plane in order to remain behind with the troops. On Zia's death, he was immediately promoted to Army Chief of Staff.

This is not to mention the many opponents Zia had cultivated at home, during his 12½ years in power. Sectarian violence is common within the country and the Shi'ite minority often threatened by the Sunni fundamentalism espoused by Zia. This sentiment was recently heightened by the suspected military supported assassination of the Shi'ite leader Allama Arif Hussaini Al Hussaini.

Of the Afghan qhaz, Zia had always stood firm. He pledged the Mujahidin his support at the start of their war eight years ago and has stood by his word ever since. The fact that he was equipping the rebels with American supplied weaponry, as well as permitting them to use bases inside Pakistan's borders, made him an obvious target for the Afghan and Russian regimes.

He had repeatedly been accused of breaking the Geneva accord, under which Russia is removing its troops from Afghanistan. The Soviet trained Afghan secret service, KHAD, have become 'like puppets' in Zia's state. They have allegedly been responsible for various bombings in public places and refugee camps within Pakistan prior to this incident, and had also been blamed for the massive explosion of a munitions dump near Rawalpindi last April.

It is doubtful that any successor of Zia's, and that includes the interim emergency government under General Ishaq Khan, will have the same personal drive to support the Mujahidin cause. If this is the situation then the Soviet backed Najibullah in Kabul must have an improved chance of survival after the Russians have their troop withdrawal.

The judgement of guilt against the Afghan KHAD is proved correct or not by history, it is an important question raised by the tragedy that must be that of Pakistan's future - both immediate and long term.

In power, General Zia was both an estad and an authoritarian, but surprisingly he claimed not to believe in dictatorship. It has been suggested by observers that he viewed himself as a father figure, but that he more closely resembled an over protective parent, unwilling to allow his children the independence to run their own lives. This attitude would explain his promise of holding elections within 90 days of his coming to power in 1977 - they actually took place 93 months later. The civilian government which had eventually allowed to take office, after an election which excluded the participation of political parties, was not surprisingly weak and therefore kept permanently in a state of dysfunction. The supposed Foreign policy on Afghanistan in May led to the sacking of the civilian Prime Minister, Mr Mohammed Khan Junejo and his cabinet.

Zia then promised elections to be held on a non-party basis, on November of this year. His partiality for non-party elections is less than a well conceived plan to ensure that he maintained a curb on his main political adversary, Mrs Benazir Bhutto and the widespread support he has through the Pakistan Peoples Party. Political commentators see the November elections, if they are permitted to take place, as her best chance of seizing power. It is also possible that the death of Zia, will provide a case to replace him with a successor who can break free of the tight veil of Islamic Fundamentalism.

On his death however, there could be no misgiving the general opinion that he was deeply respected for his faith. A fact brought home by the sight of crowds gathered round public television sets in tears watching the funeral ceremony in Islamabad.

* The fact that Gulam Ishaq Khan has adoped power on the death of Zia, and that he was permitted to do so, suggests that there is at least some degree of adherence to the 1985 constitution, which can only bode well for the immediate future of the country. Undoubtedly, Zia, constitutionally outlined elections, held on a party basis would provide the most stable, democratic base for the country and the only means by which it can break free of the national ethos imposed on it by eleven years of military rule.

The recent government announcement that the November elections will indeed be contested on a party basis is encouraging. It does however seem somewhat that the military will back down very meekly, and so far, General Mirza Aslam Baig has played his cards very close to his chest. With rumours flying around suggesting that the recent massacres in Hyderabad and Karachi were encouraged by the military, to strengthen their position, it may well be worth considering that General Aslam Baig now occupies the very position from which Zia himself uniquely seized power in 1977.

SOUTH AFRICA

INSIDE THE HANGING JAIL

As the fate of the Sharpeville Six still hangs in balance, Sunday Times runs an article by Hugh Lewin on what life is like for those unlucky enough to be at present imprisoned in a so-called detention block, and those who meet their death there.

"IT WAS only as a prisoner — as a bandit in a South African jail — that I began to realise what life is like for most South Africans. I am white. I had to go inside to know what it is like to be black.

"I spent 18 months among ordinary criminals in a maximum security prison in Pretoria. There I learned that you had to look after the food, clean the toilet and wash your clothes and all the rest. I learned that any person, in any society, should know what it is like to live in a hanging jail.

"Hangings usually took place on Tuesdays and Thursdays. We lined up at the end of breakfast, four-by-four, waiting for the instruction to march off. On Tuesdays or Thursdays sometimes both days, there would be a delay, some minutes extra for you to chew a piece of final broken bread, or to try to catch an extra puff or two in cupped hands, hiding behind the back of the man in front. You would be leaving your hand to disperse the smoke so that no wandering warden would see it.

"On Tuesdays and Thursdays, after the unusual delay in the section after breakfast, you come through into the soccer yard and stand waiting in teams. The gate opens — the gateway into the wall of the gallows building — is shut. You stand, silently waiting.

"The workshop warden, in their overalls, stand waiting too, silently watching to see that you stay silent. You can hear knocking. From behind the wall, ahead, the wall beside the gallows, you can hear a distant knocking which gets faster and faster, coming from the soccer yard. The early morning and hear knocking, sometimes not much knocking — as they put on the coffin lid.

"The small room on the left as you go through the gate is the laying-out room. The bodies are brought through the door on the right, up the steps and across the passageway into the small room on the left, and into the coffin.

You don't see any of that, waiting in the soccer yard. All you see is the locked door in the wall. And you hear the knocking of the coffin lid being put on. Then there's a long silence, broken at times by the distant sound of a truck piling off, or by a warden ahead opening a gate and peering through, and coming back to wait until it's all right for us to walk through to the shop.

"Until everything's been cleaned up and finished. Then you're marched off, two by two, up through the door in the wall and along the short passage on
Inside the Hanging Jail

continued

the other side, past the steps going down on the right and a glass door on the left, and through the large double gates leading to the workshops.

Once — it was in early May, I remember — we were kept waiting a particularly long time, and there had been considerable knocking. I glanced into the small room on the left as we went past. The windows that were usually shut were open.

Inside was a table, like an operating table. Flat and hard. On it lay a pair of khaki shorts, the operating table, flat and hard. On it happen when it does happen.

Sometimes I think I saw dust scattered on the ground.

Why sawdust, I asked? For the blood, explained one of the young workshop warders. There's often lots of blood at a hanging, he said. It comes from all over the place. When they hang women, he said, they have to strap them up between the legs beforehand. They scatter sawdust on the ground so that on your way to the shops you don't step in the blood from the bodies on their way to the coffins.

One day at the shops — on a morning in the week when we had waited in the soccer yard — another of the young shop warders came in, looking grim. He was normally a sunny sort of person and spent quite a while chatting to Jackie and me in our welding bay. This day he looked bad, green about the gills.

We laughed at him, joked, and made some remark about people who came to work with hangovers. He had been to his first hanging.

Our early mornings when the lights came on were cold, silent times; it was always difficult waking up, returning to the reality of the mats and the blankets on the floor and the cold cell.

Every warden is required, at least once, to attend a hanging. This was Henning's first. He said he didn't want to see another. There was this girl, this kaftan, who was hanged and the rope sort of came up and pulled his face off. His whole face sort of came off.

All the skin from his chin upwards was up over his nose. All the blood around and everything. They leave them hanging for 20 minutes or so to see that they're dead. It's a hell of a mess, said Henning.

He didn't want to see another hanging like that.

The first thing you notice as you come into Central is the singing, the sound of the Condemned. Up behind the huge sign in the hall saying Stills/Silence, the Condemned sing, chant, sing through the day and, before an execution, through the night.

At times the chant is quiet, a distant murmur of quiet humming, softly. The itswells; you can hear a more strident note in the swell sounding through the Prison, singing the hymns that will take them through the double doors into the gallows. Fifty, sixty, sometimes seventy at a time, waiting, singing their fel lows through their last nights.

My cell in C Section was right at the far end of the corridor, on the outside, away from the inner way. Once in my cell, the singing receded — only occasionally, especially late at night before a hanging, the swell of the chanting would surge through, eerily filling the night.

But those in A Section — the privileged As and Bs of the prison were directly opposite the Condemned in B2. For them the singing, the sound of the Condemned, woke them up.

"Abide with me, Abide with me" — all night. "Abide with me" — swelled with intensity towards morning and then, as the lights came on in the cells around the prison, a final intense burst and sudden silence, silence as the double doors open and close.

They brought the woman through as the lights came on. Into the silence and darkness outside our windows there was a sudden whimpering and crying, deep sobs of crying moving across the yard.

A woman, a young woman it sounded like, gulp deep whoops of weeping.

I thought at first I was asleep, dreaming the nightmare cries, then I turned in my light-drawn blankets and saw the black polished floor and the light bright in the ceiling and I lay puzzled, listening, then cold with horror. I realised where I was and what it was, and I followed the cries past my window in the yard doors below and round the corner, disappearing inside.

And I lay, cold still,imagining how she walked up at the iron stairs and along the passage, and then through the heavy doors leading to the gallows.

They had to bring her through, said the warden later, strapped up in a straitjacket. She was an African who had smothered her child. She had hysterics when they hanged her. She didn't go well.

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Woeful Decline

The appearance of two British golfers in the Suntry World Match Play Championships on Monday came as a welcome relief to British sport after what has been a rather disappointing year of our fair tide. Indeed, apart from the notable exceptions of hockey, golf and snooker, British sport is in a state of woeful decline.

The English cricket team had more captains this summer than their soccer counterparts scored goals in the European Championships; British tennis players continue to make as much impression on the world circuit as Frank Bruno’s verbal contributions make to an intellectual discussion; and Britain’s athletes won as many gold medals at the Olympics as Berwick Rangers have won matches so far this season.

It is probably just as well that India will not be playing host to England’s cricketing fraternity this winter. England were not impressive against the West Indies over the summer. Four of the five test matches ended in draws. Matt Gatting decided to channel his energies towards female company at a hotel rather than concentrating on stemming the tide of defeat on the cricket pitch. John Emburod did not last long to find another side for two matches, losing them both and thus securing his eviction from the dressing room. Jeremy Cooke’s son did not even last two matches.

Thank goodness for Sri Lanka. The poor standard of pitches, the influx of foreign players, and the growth of one-day slugging competitions have left England trailing in a sport that used to be the hallmark of their national heritage.

While the Scottish soccer team spent last season recording mundane draws against such mighty opposition as Saudi Arabia and Luxembourg, the English team returned home from Germany with no points and no естьу for the European Championships. Only their supporters succeeded in making an impression on the Continent.

The main problem that the English team faces is the absence of any experience in European club competition for the majority of their players. Scotland, however, are beginning to find some form in the prelude to the World Cup, although as yet they have only played the fijord farmers from Norway.

Wimbledon remains an embar- rassment for our so-called British stars in the world of tennis. Jeremy Bates always displays great courage, stamina and determination on court, but the net result is usually a defeat in five gruelling sets. Unfortunately, there is still very little money of opportunity for young home-bred players to reach the top in their sport. Indoor courts, willing sponsors, and inadequate training facilities are all sadly lacking in this country, and the youth of today have no national flag to look to for inspiration.

The handful of Swedes that have now sneaked into the world’s top twenty, including Winderlen and Egberg, were undoubtedly inspired by the former mastery of a certain Bjorn Borg. It is very difficult to become equally enthusiastic about the likes of Jeremy Bates and Andrew Castle.

Yet all is not doom and despondency. British hockey has taken great strides forward in the last five years, culminating in a gold medal at Seoul; the performances of Linford Christie, Liz McColgin, Colin Jackson, Peter Elliot and others in Seoul have confirmed Britain’s strength in athletics, despite the disparity in Mes- sieurs Cram, Thompson and McKechnie; and British golf has never been in a healthier state.

The consistency of Faldo, the casual brilliance of Lyle, and the power of Womann have succeeded in squashing the American ego. This, if nothing else, is to be applauded.

Cari Marston

Churchill Closes Coffin

The 3rd XI which turned out to play Grange V’s can only be described as the most motley crew ever to assemble on the Superturf at Peffermill! With a left back in goal, two goalkeepers at left wing and the dour playing Sports Union President as striker the odds did not seem to favour the University side.

Edin. Univ. 2; Grange V’s 0

However, the lack of elegance and finesse was easily compensated for with a heroic team performance by the whole team and the home goal never really seemed threatened. Indeed, had the other end fail to Turnbull converted a penalty stroke and Andy Churchill firmly knocked the coffin lid firmly on Grange by putting away the rebound from a Turnbull shot. Most of us could have followed with goalkeeper Jamie Maclean coming close twice.

With two teams through to the next round the Hockey Club could find themselves in the embarrassing position of having to lose a match because we cannot afford too long runs but this small cloud on the horizon does not detract from a successful weekend’s hockey.

Brian Jenner EUMAC

In Brief

Attention all clubs: In the sixth week of this term’s Student there will be a mega sports supplement of eight sheets, no particular club to be small and insignificant at present. A brief article, however, can change all this and put your club right back on the sporting map. Submit your articles to the Student offices at the Pleasance.

FRESHERS’ SUNDAY OF SPORT

Last Sunday in the Sports Centre over 350 Fresher took part in the first Intra-Mural event of the year. The Fresher’s Sunday of Sport. People were put into teams, told the rules and made to get on with it. There were no ball boys, no substitutions, no basketball, indoor hockey and ladies football was played, nobody remembers or cares who won because the event was played for fun and not for any serious competition.

Last Sunday at the Sports Centre. See you there.

Andrew Sherwood

Intra-Mural

C-O-M-M-E-N-T

Disorder has already reared its ugly head two months into the football season. Following disturbances among supporters in Germany this summer, this season could have been the opportunity for players and managers to reverse the growing trend of violence within the game, and thus give less legitimacy to those who came trouble in and around soccer stadia. Also, after Terry Butcher’s brush with the referee following Rangers’ game with Hibs, in England, the breaking of South- ampton player Glen Cockerill’s jaw by Arsenal’s Paul Davis, the opportunity has been wasted.

Butcher was suspended by Aberdeen police after the door to the referee’s changing room was kicked. The Rangers and England defen- der had previously questioned the referee’s competence as players and officials left the pitch.

Even if the police do not charge Butcher, referee, Louis Thou, is to report the incident to the Scottish Football Association and the game will have been tarnished still further.

The anger of the Rangers players — and manager Graeme Souness — stemmed from a decision not to send off Aberdeen’s Neil Simpson, for a foul on Jan Duran which will leave the midfielder out for months.

The foul is excusable, but the amount of publicity surrounding a deci- sion that is meant to be final can only result in the game into disrepute.

Souness could well face a hearing with the SFA following his criticism of the referee’s judgement. Discipline should come from the top if unruly behaviour from followers is to be stamped out, but it is difficult to see how this will happen while losing managers question decisions and — in Sou- ness’s case — commit similar fouls when actually playing.

It was hoped that the angry exchange between Celtic and Rangers players last season — resulting in court appearances by Butcher and Woods of Rangers and Celtic’s Frank M‘Avennie — was to be the begin- ning of the end of the Poland movement in football, but that now seems to have been false optimism.

The English clubs and authorities are doing their best to keep the police off the pitch. Alan G B Dave’s right hook at Highbury, Arsenal were pressured by some to sack the player. The club responded by fining him severely, and he has been banned for nine weeks, although he will appeal this week. Putting the outside order is the only way for clubs to calm hysteria and prevent the government becoming involved in a sport that it does not understand.

Now that the card system the result of governmental involve- ment in football following pressure to solve the hooligan problem, one wonders what will be suggested if players and managers do not refrain from such amputating public displays.

Simon Perry

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MIDNIGHT

SUBMIT TO THE...
Simmers Sells a Dummy

Edin Uni 1st XV 24 Dumfries 12

THIS COULD be an extremely good team. It could have been a very entertaining match. Unfortunately I couldn't escape the feeling that Edinburgh could have walked away with this one — and they didn’t, quite.

They are blessed with a young and extremely talented back division. Chris Newton at the back looked very solid, particularly under the high ball. J.J. Wilson at centre and Chris Simmers at fly-half both have a touch of class. Wilson especially is fast and agile and difficult to get hold of. Garth McAlpine at centre didn’t miss a penalty all day and both the wings looked dangerous when they got the chance, although Ted Linehan could have done with holding onto a few more passes. They all had their moments on Saturday and at times made their opposite numbers look like boys scouts on a Sunday school picnic.

Sadly nothing really began to tick. They spent too much time messing around in their own half, giving away a few stupid and a few dubious penalties. The pack looked solid and fed Nick Barnett at scrum half with some good, clean ball, but towards the end they looked unlit and were much too slow to the breakdown. Dave Stevens makes a hell of a difference to the game as a whole — he seems to manage to get everywhere and seems quite happy to get down on the deck and do the dirty work. Steve McKinty on the open side flank is quick and covered well to make at least one saving tackle but doesn’t seem very willing to get his hands dirty and occasionally seems to have an anemia to hard work.

The final score line of 24-12 wasn’t particularly reflective of the two teams abilities. It could have been a whitewash. There were a few nice breaks from the pack — by Stratton in particular, and a few moments of class from the three-quarters. Simmers started a lovely dummy switch towards the end that led to a try but on the whole there was a general lack of cohesion and purpose.

Still, there’s no mistaking that this is a team with great potential.

Tom Bradby

In Brief

DO YOU get bored on Sunday afternoons? Then come down to the rifle range in the Sports Centre. Pleasance for a go at target shooting.

The range is open every Sunday from 2-5 pm and all the equipment you need is provided free of charge. Some coaching will also be available for complete beginners.

Starting on 30th October is an Intra-Mural Shooting Competition. This is run on a handicap basis so everyone has an equal chance of winning a medal. If you aren't interested in competing, come down anyway — you'll still be welcome.

One small snag is that our insurance requires you to be a member of the Rifle Club before you are allowed to shoot. This costs £3 and gives you all the benefits of full membership of the club.

For more information contact Alan Richardson at the rifle Range most evenings and on Sunday afternoons.

Alan Richardson

Colts Backfire

THE UNIVERSITY'S most successful soccer team of last year, the Colts XI, were brought down to earth by Meadow Thistle, in their first game of the season at Peffermill on Saturday.

The team, which had one of its best seasons in the Lothian Amateur League and won its Inter-Lands Championship last year, got off to a bad start, giving away three early goals. Not disappointed, the Colts kept their heads, played some controlled football and were rewarded with a goal shortly before half time.

Kevin Murphy, always influential in midfield, received possession on the half-way line, after a move of short passes brought the ball out of defence.

He released Alan Dickson, beating the fragile Thistle offside trap. The return pass left Murphy in acres of room, and with the simple task of putting the ball in the net.

The second half started well for the Colts and early pressure brought another goal. After a series of corners, the Thistle defence was looking rattled and Paul Rogerson exploited their nervousness with a brilliant solo effort.

Picking the ball up just outside the penalty area, he beat two defenders before characteristically rifling a shot to the top corner of the Thistle goal.

Concentration, and perhaps match fitness, played their part in the Colts eventual downfall as Meadow Thistle fought to increase their lead.

A 25 yard shot made the score 2-4, and the two late substitutions were not enough to stop Thistle adding a fifth and putting the game beyond reach.

• The 1st XI are well into their campaign and have had a promising start. Saturday, however saw them go down 3-0 at Pencraigton in the East of Scotland League.

After going one goal down, the Uni pushed back and Milan Goven hit the post with a blistering shot from 18 yards.

More pressure was not turned into goals, and a Pencraigton punch was taken as the ball went over the line, and the referee's whistle was blown.

The final score was 1-1, but the effort was there for all to see.

Championship positions will be decided over the next few weeks and for the Colts to stay at the top, they must improve their play.

The team was dominate in the second half and should be confident of a win.

Boris

In Brief

TENNIS CLUB FRESHERS TOURNAMENT

Over 30 budding Stellas and Steffis turned up at King’s Buildings on Sunday ready to play in the Tennis Club’s annual freshers’ tournament. Unfortunately no results can be given due to the inevitable downpour at the semi-final stage. Nevertheless an enjoyable day was had by one and all. One tip for next year’s organiser though — try to consider the necessity of tennis balls in a tennis tournament a little before 11 am on the day. We’re not going to let you forget that one Boris!

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In Brief

THE HOT AIR Balloon Club will be flying every weekend from now on (weather permitting). Meet at the Greendykes Pub on Friday 8.30-9.30 or ring Caroline 667 2915 or Fridays 6.30-7.30 for details.

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Simon Perry

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In Brief

Photo: Steve Chittenden.
Surely U2 are stretching it a bit. The release of this album is even more meticulously timed than Joshua Tree: the radio stations had it last Wednesday and the release is simultaneous throughout the entirety of Western civilisation. The selling pace of Rattle and Hum will depend on this business strategy as well as on its quality. The machinery continues, forcing a book and a film on the public within two weeks of the record’s release. This set-up dictates that many music fans will do nothing but listen to, watch, or read about U2 during the autumn of ’88. Is music quality sacrificed because of U2’s business empire? Will music fans keep listening to U2 for years to come? Neil Finnie reviews the album and looks beyond the hype.

I was hard to believe that U2 could possibly have grown after The Joshua Tree album and tour. The epic proportions of this era had the feeling of being the peak achievement of a band whose following has grown steadily since the release of the U2-E.P. in 1979. But if the band’s success on the independent scene in Ireland. Each U2 album release increased the following until it was so huge that the hordes buying the third album War caused it to crash into the album charts at No. 1. In 1983, U2 were a stadium rock band by the time of Live Aid and the following increased even further making The Joshua Tree the fastest selling album in musical history. This has caused even more interest and more fans still. It won’t be surprising to see Rattle and Hum sell even faster than their last LP. The current U2 bears absolutely no resemblance to that which existed during the Under a Blood Red Sky period. The band at this time was still distinctively Irish. Bono still lurched in the tones of that country’s accent dressed in black canvasses and T-shirt, waving a white flag, and writing songs such as Surrender and Reason. The band are now American, using words such as dollar bill” in their songs and recording all of this album save three tracks in the home of capitalism: Cashing in and being as big as possible (very American) does seem to be a theme as the U2 machine takes over the world. The very character of the band has changed as they act in their documentaries and, no doubt, in their ensuing film, using such props as artificially worn clothes. We are now being sold a product named U2 rather than being presented with just another band. So far, though, the music has been unaffected, and no doubt, in their ensuing film, using such props as artificially worn clothes. We are now being sold a product named U2 rather than being presented with just another band. So far, though, the music has been unaffected, and no doubt, in their ensuing film, using such props as artificially worn clothes.

This album, consequently, is not only overwhelming in its hype and distribution but also overbearing pretentious in its conception: Bob Dylan and BB King both make significant appearances on this album; they dedicate songs to John Lennon and Billie Holiday; and U2 wish to align themselves with almost every musical style that has existed in the 20th century, including folk (Van Dieman’s Land), blues (Where Love Comes to Town), and soul (Angel of Harlem). Why not, though, Modern musical styles are derived somewhere along the line from one of these areas. Although one of the main features of U2’s previous five studio albums was their originality, even that distinctive U2 style had its influences. Why shouldn’t they now be direct in acknowledging them?

The band, in some ways, seems wish to go backwards after The Joshua Tree. The experimentation on some of the songs here is blatant emulation rather than acknowledgement. U2’s moulding themselves into these styles falls down notably on side three. Bono, here, attempts to sing soul on Angel of Harlem and falls abysmally. The Memphis horns do nothing to enhance this piece which would have sounded far superior with Diana Ross on lead vocals. On this side, U2 stray too far. I’m sure the situation would be equally bad if Lionel Ritchie tackled Bullet in the Blue Sky. Bono’s voice belongs to rock. When Love Comes To Town (their trip into blues with BB King) also appears on this side and is very entertaining. But that’s all. It would be great at a party to see BB King jump up on stage with U2 for a jamming session but it’s definitely worth putting on record.

All Along the Watchtower, U2’s live cover of the Dylan classic, is spoiled by Bono trying to get his voice to sound like Bob Dylan. Why he does that here is beyond me, yet it’s a real letdown. The production manages a very touching rendition of Love Rescue Me, which he wrote and sings with Bob Dylan. It is almost as if Bono is not happy with the rock figure he cuts, for himself and in pretending to various other significant idols as substitutes. This does not work. U2’s sound is still recognisable instantly and shouldn’t be interfered with. Bono’s voice throughout the whole album is controlled power which has developed throughout U2’s career. Adam’s bass pounds solidly through the speakers over Larry’s raucous drums, while The Edge guitar manages a very strong rhythm and bass line.

The new studio material, not corrupted by pretensions to other styles, is astounding. U2’s ability to write atmospheric songs (most obviously on their first album Boy) continues, forcing a book and a film on the public within two weeks of the record’s release. This set-up dictates that many music fans will do nothing but listen to, watch, or read about U2 during the autumn of ’88. Is music quality sacrificed because of U2’s business empire? Will music fans keep listening to U2 for years to come? Neil Finnie reviews the album and looks beyond the hype.

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B because of the live feel of the studio tracks, the mixture of live performance and studio hangs together remarkably well. Of the live material I’d pick Pride as the highlight. It is often said that this U2 classic doesn’t carry too well, but not here. When Bono says “For the Reverend Martin Luther King, sing”, you do. The grinding force of present-day live U2 translates superbly to this LP not least on Bullet The Blue Sky, surely one of the greatest rock songs ever written.

The politically poignant song sounds more desperate and personal here than it did on The Joshua Tree, enhancing the effect. The song is satirical of, even aggressive towards, the US, U2, however, have become American in their dress and music; a contradiction of which they are all obviously aware. And so the highlighting of personal problems such as the drug addiction of
It was probably Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons' celebrated Watchmen saga that brought most attention to the comics medium. Here was a radical reworking of the tired old theme of costumed superheroes righting wrongs, which mixed politics, sex, violence and realism. With its release to the world of the '80s and '90s, the idea of comics as being for kids only was quickly shaken. As sales of other more adult-oriented comics (2000 AD, V for Vendetta continue to increase, Tim Daniels takes a look at the medium everybody's talking about.

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S
ince the fifties the decline in comics' standards has made them open to much criticism, corrupting the imagination, childish, unrealistic and worthless fantasy. Stereotypical superheroes, bad scripts and unimaginative artwork have given them a bad reputation as pulp escapism for kids. This has not been undeserved, yet a dip into the pages of '80s comic fiction would show those whose impression has been based on past or casual encounter quite literally a whole new world.

Old influences have handed over to new, and those new creators have moved on to do their own thing. Many of today's writers and artists no longer want to keep spewing out the same trite fiction, and a radical change in style, ideas and presentation has taken place. The comic has become a more adult phenomenon, and is once again big business. 2000 AD and the other wide sel- ler Viz are the British contributions to the comics world, although Vis is exceptional to the movement: part parody of the Beano/Dandy genre, part "wist- lessly foul-mouthed cartoon strips" (London Evening Stan- dard), it does little to dispel the overworking of the pre-'80s man-with-amazing-powers type for- mula. Rather it prefers taking

ing houses have boom ed. Dark Horse, Comic Co. and First Eclipse are examples, aiming at the more adult market. Well, "adult market" is perhaps something of a misnomer — late teens and twentys are more appropriate, but First Eclipse is one very good example of how lucrative that market is. They've found their niche in the demand for glossy graphic novels and it's from such novels that big things have come about.

Most of the new awareness of comics stems from two such books: Frank Miller's The Dark Knight Returns and Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons' Watchmen. Moore and Gibbons come with pedigree records from 2000 AD and Doctor Who Weekly, but have wider credentials too. Moore's extend to Swamp Thing for DC, with its organic graphics and

innovative scripting, Morlocks and (currently being reprinted as a ten issue series) the downbeat thriller V for Vendetta. Miller is an artist-turned-writer, and previous work includes Romin, a Samurai futuristic novel. V is arguably the best of this bunch, in which the masked anarchist, V, stands alone in a neo-fascist Britain of the future. Moore makes his feelings clearly known about the UK of today. All this success is impressive in itself, but it's through Dark Knight and Watchmen that they've had their greatest influence and reaped the high financial rewards. The Dark Knight Returns is a Batman story, but underneath the becomes something close to evil, The gadgets have been snapped up so the Batmobile looks some- thing close to a tank, having been modified "during some nasty riots 1915 years ago", whilst the superfi- cial and characterless cast of the stories have been treated ruthlessly too. The original Robin was a prattish Peter Pan in tights (the new one is a young girl with dope-smoking parents). Commis- sioner Gordon is unimpressive in a crime-bent city and surrounded by bureaucrats for refusing to arrest the Caped Crusader, and Joker becomes something close to evil in his insanity. (There is a develop- ment of the idea of a personal feud between Batman and Joker, a theme continued in The Killing Joke, a book by Moore.) Likewise a whole host of the old superheroes are given the 20- years-on-and-past-it treatment, with the exception of Clark Kent, the only real Superman, portrayed as a kind of earth-bound god.

By far the most striking change is in the Dark Knight him- self. Batman has aged, gets hurt, has rages, and is no longer so con- fident in what he's doing. Behind him lurks a question throughout the whole book: are he and his lik

Above: From Batman — The Killing Joke, © 1988 DC Comics Inc. All rights reserved.
valid crimefighters, or just maniacal gun-crazed vigilantes? Think of this as he tells Two-Face's henchman (who he's just thrown through a window): "You've got rights. Lots of rights. Sometimes I count them just to make myself feel crazy. But right now you've got a piece of glass shoved through a major artery in your arm... I'm the only one in the world who can get you to a hospital in time."

Miller gives criminal rights a firm right hook to the jaw, and Batman secretly pays the fees of his captured foes' psychologists only to have them condemn him for the damage he's done to their psyches. Ironically the Joker kills his analyst on live TV anyway.

The Dark Knight Returns takes a look at crimefighters from an adult viewpoint and questions the rights of individuals by concentrating on established characters.

Whilst Miller raps some dirt on the shining men of steel, Watchmen, Moore and Gibbons' brainchild is questioning on a far larger scale. All the characters are new, from the useless Captain Metropolis - a subject of ridicule for trying to emulate comics - to Rorsarch who creates morality where he sees none.

One of the appeals of the book is in the way it refers to both its own ideas - such as the patternless Rorsarch blot - and others in this case Nietzsche, though Einstein, Jutt and many others appear too. Apart from setting the mind racing the eye is kept alert too as the book abounds with recurring symbols, shapes and images, and operates on a subliminal level with picture details including, for example, posters for events occurring later in the story.

By several techniques, Watchmen steps outside its own world: a pirate story is slice-sliced through-out and read in conjunction with the plot itself, and the characters are given a chance to explain themselves. For some the costume is an escapism ID, others "a sexual thing", and for another publicity for a modelling career.

It's a book designed to make you think, if you can spot the clues. A blood-covered clock face moves a minute nearer midnight at the start of each chapter. It's a fast-paced story to which there is little else comparable. I find it hard to think of books from any genre that I've enjoyed more.

With the arrival of these two books the comics industry must have felt like it had been hit by a lump of green kryptonite. Sales soared, interest and awareness shot up and everyone rethought their ideas about their own stuff. Not surprisingly, two things happened - people tried to emulate the new formula, and people tried to knock it out.

Those who tried parody ran into trouble after a while. Eastman and Laird's Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - a direct spin-off serialised issues. And the punters agree. The Science Fiction Bookshop on West Causerway is a treasure trove for any of this kind of material. (They deserve a plug for their help in compiling this article.)

But beware, while some of the stuff around is very good - such as the, well, weird but visually stunning and original Stray Toasters by Bill Stienkewicz — other material smashers of DC and Marvel trying to join the boom. Sales of Green Arrow, for example, are pretty much gratuitous and it's a book that really wants to be Dark Knight.

Similarly, Pat Mills and others from 2000 AD seem intent at trying their hands at being Alan Moore - hence the arrival of Crisis, a new magazine. In it, Mills' "Third World War" is predominantly a well-researched attack on the corporate company and its treatment of the third world. It's a sound story (so far), well presented, if perhaps tending towards being "trendy lefite".

"New Statesman," the second half of the publication, is another attempt at the what-if-Superman really-existed? category. Mills and Co. do it well, but they're neither Moores not Millers yet. Yet they will make more money undeservingly than others.

2000 AD continues, having just gone bigger and glossier after being bought by Robert Maxwell's Fleetway Publications. It too continues to flourish, so far without needing a rethink.

Moore has had his last word on superheroes really and has gone on to set up his own company Mad Love Graphics whose AARGH! (Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia) is to come out soon, all royalties and fees being waived to promote awareness about Section 29.

Miller is doing a graphic novel for DC's Electra and has contracted for a six novel series called Liberty, with Dave Gibbons as illustrator, and as an artist himself Miller should be able to feed Gibbons ideas better than Moore.

Look out also for newcomers Gaiman and McKean's Black Orchid, tipped to be stunning, and a whole host of Batman books next year to celebrate his 50th anniversary - particularly Dave McKean and Grant Morrison's Arkham Asylum. A Batman film in the style of Dark Knight is being made, too, for which Pinecone have converted five blocks into a Gotham similar to the city in Brazil. The whole thing's to have a Bladerunner feel to it and is to star Michael Keaton, Jack Nicholson and a 15-year-old unknown as Robin. An abridged Watchmen movie is being planned too.

That these two should transfer to screen seems fitting. It's largely due to their impact that the whole comics industry is alive again. There's much worth reading, whatever your views on comics. It's the sceptics that lose out, and these days they have an awful lot to lose out on.
THE WONDER STUFF
Queen Margaret Union

SUCH IS the splendour of Glasgow University's Queen Margaret Union that even the disco before The Wonder Stuff hit the stage stumps all over anything seen or heard in any of our unions for a long time. With such an opening (the exerable support band notwithstanding), The Wonder Stuff couldn't fail. An enigmatic non-stop rock'n' roll monster charged straight into the audience, maining disconcerting anyone too pathetic to handle the groove (machine). The music exploded in your head, letting your heart and feet do nothing save yell "Yeah, Yeah, yeah!" Total devotion to the sound is mandatory, and guaranteed at that.

The twin towers of The Stufles set the singles Give Give Give and A With Away, are unleashed upon the audience; leaving not a hope for sanity. As the crowd gibbers senselessly, groove after groove rockets through the air: Poutine, Merry Go Round, Ailey In The Noon, they just keep coming.

But it is Unbearable that delivers the killer blow. A slower, chugging version is delivered, and its the crowd's reaction that The Stufles can do better, coupled with Miles' precocious little boy arrogance, that makes everybody save that last litre of sweat. And then it comes, as do the audience: mass fatal-organic burns out Unbearable charges across the soundwaves.

In the aftermath of the battle, broken and bloodied ghosts, hips, skinheads, trendies, leather and chains, thrashing stick insect. The depth is quite a catchy something going on here.

Craig McLean

THE BEAUTIFUL SUIT
Oddfellows

1988, AND IT'S just like Postcard never happened before. Scotch bands seem interested only in bland white-boy funk or in trying to sound like Steely Dan. Only Paisley's Close Lobsters seem capable of rising above the drudgery. And maybe The Beautiful Suit.

Just maybe. Since I last saw them they've lost a key harmonica player and added a rather redundant second drummer but we'll forgive them for that. What they still have is that edge, the suggestion that however they sound now, they'll be ten times better in a year's time.

RAPEMAN

THE BEAUTIFUL SUIT

LIKE normal people, Casuals have no conception of originality or individuality. So it was that this mass jumping up and down at the front of the crowd was less to do with the quality of the music than with the mute rule at a football match.

The Indian Givers had similar problems in their sound: the basic quality of their songs was overshadowed by the sheer quality of the sound. There was simply far too much going on, and despite the Queen's Hall giving their music much needed space, it still leave the listener cold.

And so to The Big Dish, I fear for them after hearing the over-produced complexity of the "Creeping Up Dr Jesus" album, right. Enough these, and the entire audience could also have been slotted straight from the LP, and while some may remember a live show is the hidden promise of something more, an added plus that some groups can count on recordings? The Big Dish gave me neither thrill's use something more.

Sadly this extended to the more simplistic and consequently better, but none of them to be considered Unbearable charges across the soundwaves.

In the after maths of the battle, broken and bloodied ghosts, hips, skinheads, trendies, leather and chains, thrashing stick insect. The depth is quite a catchy something going on here.

Craig McLean

WIN

The Venue

IT WAS probably the fact that it's been a while since we'd heard anything from Win that did it for me. Then there's the fact that this would be something special but I'm sad to say that I wasn't as impressed by their performance as I had been last year at Coasters when the band seemed set for big things.

A year or so on from Superpig's Overhave Hands down, Win, they've given us the groove commercial jingles and adopted a harder sound making them sound like any other ordinary household band. Maybe because they were playing the Venue they felt they had to do over the groove. However the new single What You Do Til Sunday is quite a catchy little number and they succeeded in Win to receive the recognition they deserve. If only the band could get behind this follow-up album as Davie Henderson's ego they'd be doing fine. It was a short set with their claim to fame You've Got The Power as an encore, to keep the fans happy — which it did. I was bored, but what I am to argue with fifty Easter Rave cause?

Lee Murray

BAND OF SUSANS/RAPEMAN

The Venue

These two noise bands worked in different directions, but each achieved success in their formats. For the sonic catharsis to be complete, a degree of drunkenness was probably required to contribute towards that magnificent absence of orientation and judgement.

Dessie Faby

Band of Susans was quiet between songs: there was no help given towards the meaning of each song. Even the lyrics were inaudible as words — instead the vocalist was just another layer to top the richness of drums, bass and three screening guitars. A song began with grabbing the bass rhythm, which usually remained the same, growing too feazy at the climax, as the guitar/vocal whirl branched out into new dimensions.

A girl bassist is a great thing: this one sounded earthquakes, headaches, maybe the accent of decision and no turning back. The rhythm section signalled the main instability of whatever the guitarists made that absence, that resolution, soar, collide, reproduce, fall back to earth. Speed metal at its height is your blood bubbling.

Whereas the first group's sound was a basic headbang beat which grew richer in tone. Rapeman's years depended entirely on the caprice of Steve Albini, the lead guitarist. This band did not work in layers — Albini was the sole screech. His drum/bass colleagues looked young and naive, and watched the Big Black Gentus all the time. He jerked around, making the audience continually aware of his recklessness, like a thrashing stick insect. The depth of the main group seemed more than Band of Susans' three guitars, but it was too loud and you suddenly in silence and expectation. Although this was exciting, and you were never quite limited that would happen next, the sound was harsher, more violent, than the first band's orchestral richness.

James Saltor

FOPP TOP TEN

New U2 (2 LP) £7.99
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LOVE & MONEY

Venue

I was worried about this one as I was expecting a reasonable concert from a band that should have made it big years ago. But I was proved wrong, as James Grant and the boys were brilliant.

JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET

Potterrow

NOT TO be confused with an aged hippy blessed with the same moniker, the real James Taylor is a virtuoso of the Hammond organ and a well-defeated geezer to boot.

Forgive the stilted verbs, but this lot really looked as if they might presage a 1989 Mod revival. The recent recruitment of youthful stickman and former Style Councillor Steve White is surely no coincidence. Though it may not be difficult to activate an audience of freshers, the quintet tautly did not lack Sixties sartorial splendour. Blood, sweat and dapper threads all the way — reflecting the hallowed modernist orthodoxy of "clean living in a hostile environment." Curiously however, their new single The Theme From Sanky and Hutch evoked a more recent memory — that of Saturday afternoons spent sipping cocoa while awaiting Match of the Day. Great days indeed.

Paul Rogerson

MAN FROM DEL MONTE

BIG BLUE 72

Teviot

BIG BLUE 72 are on the verge of achieving success and if the acclaim they received from the Teviot audience is anything to go by it will be very soon. Enthusiasm and professionalism mixed with their brass, soul fuel to create the latest sound from Dundee.

which the harried drinker often confronts in this modern-day cavern. How often do those murky depths play host to an accordion?

Pleasantly bare-faced, the mood was at once joyous and decidedly bracing; no stone barbs here. 'Honest' was certainly their middle name, in deed as well as word. A gib comparison might liken them to a more whimsical version of The Housemartins — more Build than bold.

One reservation; they did seem a bit one-paced, even through their finale, a roaring, red-neck country partiche was anything but. Away the lads.

THE HONEST JOHNS

Nécigants

ALL MALE semi-acoustic troupe The Honest Johns offered a degree of musical sophistication which scarcely befitted the venue. Nevertheless, though Tuesday night in Necigants generally attract a diffident audience, this quintet of offbeat Geordie romantics soon had them all rolling in the aisles.

Their precise melodies and deftly observed harmonies contrasted agreeably with the 'juste bred' of 'toned down guitar-hero

PET SHOP BOYS

Introspective

Parlophone LP

I get out of bed at half past ten, Phone up a friend who's a panty animal.

And so it begins, the remix album by those miserable buggers, the Pet Shop Boys. Along the same lines as The Guvnors album with last year's Christmas No. 1 sounding like an early Depeche Mode song and the flip single Domino Dancing in all its glory.

The Pet Shop Boys are hilarious. Neil Tennant's pop-faced delivery and precious sensitivity are the perfect format for his trival, neurotic songs. There's the Patst Kernst-leer version of If I am Scared, the B-side I Want A Dog and the new ones (I think) Left To My Own Devices and the pretty boring (actually it's Alright).

The only problem is the sheer length of the songs — shortest is over six minutes. For me the appeal of the Pet Shop Boys is their three minute radio-friendly jingles and to stretch them over nine minutes loses their popiness. Dead good though.

James Hallburton

BUMS ON SEATS

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0131-229 9697
A WORLD APART
Cameo
Dir: Chris Menges

OUR KNOWLEDGE of apartheid entails paradox. Nine black letters on a white background with a furry and rage that is intestinal to its very definition. For a country five thousand miles away South Africa is rarely far from our television sets, rarely near to our thoughts.

Despite its clumsy failings, we desperately require films like A World Apart to make a point that the suffering caused by apartheid is as passionately real as the newspapers that report it.

South Africa, 1963: the story of Ruth First (Barbara Hershey) is seen through the eyes of her thirteen year old daughter Molly (Joah May). As an active journalist she finds her commitments to political action engulfing upon her responsibilities for her own family, leading to her own detention under the 90 days law and the alienation of her daughter from friends and family. Molly's only source of solace lies in the township black communities where she discovers her own independence.

By the moving close of the movie we find mother and child reconciled in the bonds of a powerful solidarity of politics and family as their world erupts into violence around them.

The narrative structure is metaphorical insofar as Molly's education through experience mirrors that of the audience. Menges' cinematic style (honed as cinematographer on The Killing Fields (The Mission) is tilted with the crude cliches of agitprop, but then again, the aesthetics only exist to present an ethical answer to apartheid.

The dogmatic presentation of this suggested solution, namely that South Africa's problems can be solved through internal violence and revolution, will hopefully have the film's audiences spilling out of the Cannes cinema and arguing in the pouring rain for many weeks to come. Absolutely unmissable cinema.

Stuart Allardice

Barbara Hershey and Joah May are A World Apart.
THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN
Royal Lyceum Theatre
7-22 October
SEAN O'CASEY'S The Shadow of a Gunman is widely regarded as showing only flashes of the poetical and emotional brilliance that were to become the outstanding features of his later works. The current production at the Royal Lyceum fails to suppress this criticism.

Set in Dublin in the 1920s, the play centres on the fortunes of one Donal Davoren (played by Jamie Newall) who comes to stay with his friend, Seamus Shields (Stuart Hepburn). Davoren, a young poet, is mistaken by the local residents as an IRA gunman on the run. Bemused, he encourages this misconception because he enjoys the obsequiousness of the residents and, more importantly, the attention he receives as a result from the pretty Minnie Powell (Lisa Grindall). However, this light-hearted pretence turns to tragedy when Minnie is killed following an unnecessarily violent raid by the notorious Black and Tans.

The frequent use of humour is presumably intended to hold the audience's attention, and to reinforce, by way of a contrast, the play's major themes. The latter include not only passionate Irish nationalism (and therefore inevitably strong anti-British sentiment), but also a belief that in times of war there are no heroes, only victims, and they are the civilians (as in the case of Minnie). One could not help but feel, though, that there was an excessive comicalness which tended to overshadow and even devalue the serious views that O'Casey is trying to put forward.

Therefore, despite some superb performances by the cast (notably by Mr Hepburn and Miss Grindall), the overall impression gained was that the play failed in its attempt to depict the terrible suffering endured by the Irish people during the struggle for Home Rule at the beginning of this century.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HILDA
Kings Theatre
Oct 10-15
TO RESTAGE an Oscar Wilde play as well known as "The Importance of Being Earnest" is an awesome task — even more so if you are Hinge and Bracket. The plays are aimed at sextagenarians and in this respect is a success.

Hinge and Bracket are as good as they ever were and playing the parts of Miss Priss/Owenden and Lady Bracknell/Cecily, succeed in recapturing the nostalgia of many OAP's. Beyond that I found the combination didn't work. Oscar Wilde thrives on a subtle presentation. His plot may be slightly hackneyed, the theme blatantly satirical, but the language is subtle and the characters "round". Hinge and Bracket blun tly square Wilde's quoted dialogue and render his characters ridiculous. This might yet have worked if they had transformed the play into a complete farce but they fell short of this, as a result we were denied both the delight of a farce and the magic of Oscar Wilde.

There were moments, however, when the Bracket touch prompted an unexpected laugh. When Lady Bracknell is told by Mr Worthing that he was originally found in a handbag she echoes "round!". The masculine approach to this by Bracket would certainly not have been anticipated by Oscar Wilde and it is impossible not to laugh at its absurdity.

The transitions from Bracket to Bracknell and Hinge to Owenden are swift. The comic timing throughout is admirable. But, the transition quite, the jokes tried to jar as Wilde's paradoxical riddles are replaced by Hinge and Bracket's jokes about the Chelsea Flower Show, Morningside, metabolic steroids and lemon souffles.

THE CHAPLIN OBSESSION
The Netherells Arts Centre
Oct 5-8
AS WITH many great legends of the stage and screen it is necessary to bear their actual life-stories in mind. How little was previously known. This was certainly the case with Max Saunder's one-man portrayal of Charlie Chaplin's life. Whereby using words and music he created a vivid and complete biographical image of the star.

Saunder portrayed Chaplin, well-known lecturer who as a struggling to prepare a continental lecture on Chaplin, become increasingly obsessed by the star. Eventually Chaplin, chucks takes of Chaplin's personality capture until he receives a share of each section of the book, the actor, as well as Edward in "The Great Dictator", the future of cinema. His life is a matter of an extraordinary life and an extraordinary man.

The real interest in the exhibition lies in the way the film world has the actor. Away from the studio, he adopted a more elegant and unstructured approach that gave his landscapes a natural, impressionist quality. His pictures of the fishing community along the north-east coast are the most interesting and the most beautiful in the exhibition, and it is more than possible that these pictures were commissioned by the Scots fishing industry around the coastal villages of Auchenstree and West Haven.

These photographs show a real respect for the hardship and quiet dignity of working life, the images are simple and unstructured. "Boy and Girl" by William Swan...
Feigning blindness probably requires considerable practise, and in addition, Don's American accent gave O'Brien plenty to think about, but the performance was a convincing one. Despite the serious undertone, the play was essentially a comic piece, largely due to the female characters. Maria Friedman as Jill, the archetypal blonde bimbo from next door, tantalised the audience with glimpses of brilliance. She certainly didn't hang about; two minutes after their introductory greeting, she and Don were enmeshed in a passionate clinch. This moment was modestly handled with lowering of the stage lights, but presumably, this is the point when good neighbours become good friends. Also worthy of a mention was Ursula Smith as Don's mother, the formidable tyrant Mrs Baker who superbly registered her disapproval by means of the snappy put-down and withering glance. All in all, great entertainment for it seems that the witty dialogue was in the capable hands of a cast enjoying themselves as much as the audience.

Johnnie Williams

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Johnnie Williams
Take Six Freshers

In case you hadn't noticed, another motley selection of Freshers have just descended on us. Student has picked a sample of them and, in an "exclusive" series, will interview them each term and trace their first year at Uni. This term, Cathy Milton talks to them about drugs, sex and politics.

Why EU?

Neil: Well, I'm going to be brutally honest: because Oxford wouldn't accept me and Edinburgh was my second choice and I hated my other choices.

Fiona: I came because it's the only place that does Scandinavian studies — my course.

Susan: Actually, I'd been to Edinburgh before. I stayed with my parents - I live out with her so that's how I liked cousin quite a lot and had been in Edinburgh.

Kirsteen: If I'd been to Edinburgh I wouldn't have been so preoccupied. You go round and you meet all these people. . . . You say "Hi, my name's Fiona. I'm from Oxford - who’re you?" And they say, "Hey, yeah! Pleased to meet you" and then run off in another direction.

Susan: It got a lot better on the whole a lot of effort's been put in.

Drinking

Fiona: I don't like drinking with strangers.

Frank: I don't drink at all. I don't see any point. I just can't stand this "Oh, you should have seen me last night. I was that pissed it was unreal." I think they're all just trying to be heroes and I just can't stand it.

Neil: When you get stuck in the middle of the rugby club . . .

Chorus: Oh, God! . . .

Frank: I was surprised too at all the alcohol promotions. Even at the opening ceremony they were saying "Don't get drunk too much." Everyone just assumes that we're all pisseheads. They should be encouraging people not to drink.

Drugs

Kirsteen: I sniffed it from behind someone at my first Siouxsie and the Banshees concert. I think I got a wee bit high there . . .

Mike: I don't see any point in it. If you're that depressed that you need to do drugs you're in a pretty bad state.

Sex, Love and AIDS

Kirsteen: Well, if it was ten years ago I probably would have been more promiscuous. I'm very conscious of AIDS. I think people are more likely to stick together in long-term relationships — there's definitely been a change.

Susan: It's really impossible to go to bed with someone you don't really know and not use a condom. That's just asking for trouble.

Neil: It seems very little brother to avoid getting killed.

Fiona: I'd be more worried about getting pregnant than getting AIDS. That'd be my more immediate worry.

Andrew: It seems very little brother to avoid getting killed.

Chorus: Oh, God! . . .

Frank: I was surprised too at all the alcohol promotions. Even at the opening ceremony they were saying "Don't get drunk too much." Everyone just assumes that we're all pisseheads. They should be encouraging people not to drink.

Susan: I was surprised too at all the alcohol promotions. Even at the opening ceremony they were saying "Don't get drunk too much." Everyone just assumes that we're all pisseheads. They should be encouraging people not to drink.

Kirsteen: He [my boyfriend] said "Yeah, fine, go out with other men but don't sleep with them. I'm like "Me?"

Neil: My girlfriend and I agreed to split but it didn't really work out, the splitting up. But I'm from Surrey and it's a long way away.

Susan: I can't see us staying together.

Politics

Neil: You can't go anywhere without someone trying to flog you a Socialist Worker. . . . I've been here four days and I'm already expected to decide what religion I belong to and which political party I support.

Andrew: I find the Radical Socialists really aggressive.

Kirsteen: At the same time I've had conservatism stuffed down my throat. So I suppose it just depends what kind of person you think you are. I think people are more likely to stick together in long-term relationships — there's definitely been a change.

Susan: I can't see us staying together.

Mike: I don't really care . . . just because you believe something it's not going to change anything.

Kirsteen: I think it's very important to have a good time and be happy but I'm not happy with this situation.

Andrew: Loads of people object to Thatcher treating students and old people like that . . .

Susan: I just don't think there's any alternative to Thatcher. I mean look at Neil Kinnock, just look at him. He seems to be condemning everything his party's stood for, for decades. And the SDIP, SNP, whatever, well you don't even know their name.

Breaks and Opportunities

Do you have the commitment and enthusiasm necessary to work on this exciting new community support scheme for adults with learning difficulties (mental handicap) in Leith?

The Social Work Department need BEFRIENDERS who could link up with an individual to pursue a social activity, hobby or skill. Befrienders would be paid an allowance for every day they work with a person.

Experience of mental handicap may be helpful but it is not essential. If you feel you might be able to help please contact:

Co-ordinator, Breaks and Opportunities, Supported Accommodation Team, 20-24 Albany Street, EDINBURGH Telephone (office hours) 031-556 9180

THE LIST

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH EVENTS GUIDE

CINEMA/THEATRE/MUSIC/ART/ROCK/SPORT

FORTHCOMING AT YOUR NEWSPAPER RUG

CINEMA/THEATRE/MUSIC/ART/ROCK/SPORT

FORTHCOMING AT YOUR NEWSPAPER RUG

JUMP IN MEATHEADS

JUMP IN MEATHEADS

JOHN HURDING

JOHN HURDING

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FORTHCOMING AT YOUR NEWSPAPER RUG
The Weekly Guide
To What’s On

Thursday, October 13, 1988

SCOTTISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Usher Hall, Lothian Rd
668 2019
7.45 pm; £3.30-£9.60
Mozart’s Concerto for two pianos, with guests Katsia and Marielle Labèque.

JIM KNIGHT
Scotch and Rye,
50 George IV Bridge
225 1681
Evening; free
Folk Music

BILLY JONES
Lord Darnley, West Port
229 4341
10 pm; free
THE DAN BLOCKER EXPERIENCE
Négoçiants, Lothian St.
225 1563
7 pm; Free
Country

THE BROTHERS
Preservation Hall, Victoria St.
226 3816
6.30 pm; £4.50 (£2.50 conc)
A one-woman comedy starring

JENNIE LANDRET
the Bay City Rollers
7.30 pm; £4.50 (£2.50 conc)

ALL OF ME LOVES
18-23 Oct
Tue-Sun Oct 17
A one-woman show

FRI OCT 14
THE HOUSE OF LOVE
The Venue, Calton Rd
557 3073
Evening
Tickets available from Virgin and Ripping Records. Late bar and disco included.

JOE LOUIS WALKER and BIG JOE DUSKIN
Queen’s hall, Clerk St
668 2019
Evening
Jazz and blues.

GERRY MULVENNA
Royal Oak, infirmary St
557 2875
10 pm-1 am; free
Irish folk songs from the star of EU Folk Song Society.

THAT PETROL EMOTION
Glasgow Barrowlands
Evening
Worth trekking down to Glesey if at all interested.

GREEN TREE
Cowgate
Evening
Instrumental folk music. Late bar

CAFÉ BARI RZ
61 Frederick St
231 2434
9-12 pm
Live band — jazz/blues

SAT OCT 15
CHRISTY MOORE
The Playhouse, Greenside Pl
557 2959
7.30 pm; £6.50, £7.50
Modern Irish folk.

TOTO AND THE JAZZ BOTTOMS
Preservation Hall, Victoria St
226 3816
Afternoon.

THE FLATMATES
The Venue, Calton Rd
557 3074
Evening
Tickets available in advance from Virgin and Ripping Records.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST
Mon-Sat to 7.30 pm
Mon 17 Oct 7.30 pm; £6.00
A Playhouse production of Oscar Wilde’s comedy. Directed by David Graham.

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN
3.15 pm (all tickets £3)
Mon 17 Oct 7.45 pm; £2.50-3.15 pm (all tickets £3)
Sean O’Casey’s tale about a timid young poet missing his chance with a gunman on the run.

EXHIBITIONS

FRUITBAG MARKET
29 MARKET STREET
225 2982
WORK BY GLEN ONWIN
Mon-Sat 10 am-5.30 pm; Sun 1.30 pm-5.30 pm
A Scottish artist who lives and works in Edinburgh.

THURS OCT 13
NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND
THE MOUND
506 8892
JOHN MUIR WOOD
5th Nov
Photography
Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm; Sun 2-5 pm
Includes work by David Bailey, Hiro Sato and Andy Wiemer.

THEATRE

TRaverse
115 WEST ROW
ALL OF ME LOVES
LOVES ALL OF YOU
18-23 Oct
7.30 pm; £4.50 (£2.50 conc)
A one-woman comedy starring Jenny Landreh, it’s set in 1975 and tartan flares are in. To miss the Bay City Rollers would be to die. “Full of the pain and joy of adolescence” — Independent. BLOOD AND ICE
Tues 11-Sun 16 Oct
7.30 pm; £4.50 (£2.50 conc)

KING’S THEATRE
LIEVEN STREET
229 4461
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING HILDA
Mon 10-Sat 15 Oct
Mon-Fri 7.30 pm; Sat 5 pm & 8 pm
£2.50-£4.50
Mel Smith’s hilarious (if it’s possible) interpretation of the ‘proper’ Hilda, Hilda’s Hinge and Dr Ewadie Bracket.

LYCEUM
GRINDLAY STREET
229 9697
THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN
Fri 7-Sat 22 Oct
7.45 pm; £2.50-3.15 pm (all tickets £3)
Sean O’Casey’s tale about a timid young poet missing his chance with a gunman on the run.

Sun Oct 16
TONIGHT AT NOON
Preservation Hall, Victoria St 226 3816
Evening
THE BARONESS
Barony Bar, Broughton St
557 0546
NORTH SEA GAS
Platform 12, Rutland St
Evening
Resident folk band.

SAT OCT 15
THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST
Preservation Hall, Victoria St 226 3816
Evening
JIM KNIGHT/COLIN RAMAGE/ROBIN LAING
Eiffage Ewart, Lawnmarket
Evening

THE LAST DETAIL
Lord Darnley, West Port
229 4341
Local residency, but check to confirm
10 pm; free

BLUEFINGER
The Music Box, Victoria St 220 1706
£1 after 9 pm
Rhythm n’ blues.

ALEX MACLEAN
Royal Oak, Infirmary St 557 2976
Evening
Folk music from a young singer/songwriter from Glasgow.

THE ADVENTURES
The Playhouse, Greenside Pl 557 2959
7.30 pm; £6.00
Worth seeing — songs include ‘Drowning in the Sea of Love’.

SHORE MUSIC
The Shore Bar, Leith
9 pm; free

CLIFF RICHARD
The Playhouse, Greenside Pl 557 2959
Evening. Sold Out. He’s back! Still with his clean cut evangalist b’fly songs, though.

NORTH SEA GAS
Flam 1, Rutland St
Evening
Resident folk band.

The best range ...
Thurs Oct 13

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH
7.30 pm; Pleasance
Discuss local environmental issues.

ROCK NIGHT
8 pm; Chambers St Union Ballroom
The usual heavy thrash.

NEW SCOTLAND COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY
7.30 pm, McEwan Hall, Bristo Square
Formal classes for beginners to the advanced.

Fri Oct 14

SCHUMACHER SOCIETY INTRODUCTORY MEETING
7.15 pm; Octhil Room, Pleasance
A discussion of the year's objectives about "all topics Green and alternative". All welcome.

CHRISTIAN UNION
7 pm; Chaplincy Centre All welcome.

MODERN DANCE CLASS
Chambers St Union Ballroom 12 noon - 1 pm; 50p
Janet Mou.

GREEN BANANA CLUB
8 pm; Potterrow Union Happy hour and disco.

The Weekly Guide
To What's On

Thurs Oct 13

MIDNIGHT RUN (15)
2.15 pm, 5.20 pm, 8.20 pm; Fri 14 Oct
Harrison Ford as a cardiologist who survives being mugged, runs through a fire. With Marjorie. Fees applicable.

DOMINION
7 pm; McEwan Hall, Bristo Square
Student prices are £1.50 for members, £2 for main evening. Not to be missed!

A World Apart
1.20 pm; 7.30 pm, Tue 18 Oct
A five-star comedy.From the West End. No reservations admitted. All welcome.

TRAVELERS
5.30 pm, 8.00 pm; Wed 19 Oct
$400.00 for all performances. No reservations admitted. All welcome.

DOMINION
8.30 pm; 11.00 pm, Thu 20 Oct
A sequel to which matches up to the original.

JANE DE FLORETTE
7.00 pm; 10.30 pm, Fri 14 Oct
Subject to availability.

Sun Oct 16

CATHOLIC STUDENTS UNION - academic mass
7.15 pm; 24 George Square

EU SHOTOKAN KARATE CLUB
3.30-5.30 pm; Trust Upper Hall Pleasance
Beginners and all other levels welcome.

EU MILITARY ENACTMENT SOCIETY
7.30 pm; Teviot Snack Bar 'The First Court'. All welcome.

EU BALLROOM DANCING SOCIETY
6.30 pm; McEwan Hall, Bristo Square
Great Highland Bagpipe Society 6.30 pm; Societies Centre Social events include Burns Supper and ceilidh.

EUROPEAN UNION
8.30 pm; 11.30 pm, Sat 15 Oct
Subject to availability.

Mon Oct 17

EU CHESS CLUB Evening; Pleasance Opportunities to play in club events and University teams.

SUNSET AT CHAMBERS STREET
7.30 pm; Common Room Good Society Bread and cheese lunch, 70p.

EUWINEAPPRECIATION SOCIETY
7.30 pm; Chaplincy Centre Introductory tastings.

EU BALLROOM DANCING SOCIETY
6.30 pm, 9.00 pm; Chaplincy Centre (Social Dance); 8.30 pm, Pleasance Centre (Main Class)
All beginners.

Tues Oct 18

POLYGON BOOK CLUB
1.30 pm, Library Coffee Room Bring and buy.

SCOTTISH NATIONALIST ASSOCIATION
7.30 pm; Executive Room, Pleasance.

FOLK SONG SOCIETY
8 pm; 48a Pleasance Starts with a Field workshop, followed by a Saturday out by the a dancing king of folk. Gerry McVann - not to be missed!

ENGINEERING SOCIETY - MEETING
1.30 pm; Eng Soc Room, Sanderson Building, King's Buildings Run by students. All welcome.

EU SHOTOKAN KARATE CLUB
7.30 pm; Trust Upper Hall Pleasance All welcome.

EU BATTLESHIP KARATE CLUB
7.45 pm; Trust Upper Hall Pleasance All welcome.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY THEATRE COMPANY
Afternoon; Bedlam theatre Lunchtime play plus free lunch.

Wed Oct 19

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
7 pm; Chaplincy Centre A national organisation with termly conferences.

DIAGNOSTIC SOCIETY
8 pm; Old College Debating Society in an old-fashioned tradition.

DEBATES WORKSHOP; 30 min; Teviot Debating Hall Beginners welcome.

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FRI 14 OCT

YOUNG SHERLOCK HOMES
Set in the year 2019 - the Run-MERMAIDS SINGING (15)
erotic set against THE UNBEARABLE
THE CIVIL WAR (18)

2.45pm, Mon 17 and Tue 18 Oct

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LYCEUM
Theatre Savers concession cards cost £1 and last all year. This enables members to get £1 off the full price each time you and a friend go to the theatre.

BEDLAM EUTIC members may purchase tickets from the society discount rates. Meetings are arranged at the Bedlam for anyone interested in any aspect of the theatre. Phone 226 9990 for details.

ESCA
Edinburgh Students' Charities Appeal are at 17/19 Guthrie Street (05-4001). Anyone is welcome to pop down and meetings are from 6.30 pm onwards.

SNO
Scottish National Orchestra concerts offer student concessions on Friday evenings on presentation of matric card.
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SCOTLAND’S LARGEST BOOKSHOP
Fashion

HEADSTRONG

Main Picture: Wide-brimmed navy straw hat - £18.95
Raspberry mohair shawl — £5.00 from J. Kowalska, St Stephen Street.
Clockwise from left: Felt beret in assorted colours - £2.99
Electric Blue Turban - £8.99
Black Trilby — £17.95
Men's black lambswool polo-neck sweater — £17.99 from Marks and Spencer.

Photographs by
Stephen Chittenden

Modelled by Mona

Thursday, October 13, 1988