Legionella bacteria hits King’s Buildings

LEGIONELLA bacteria, which causes the potentially lethal Legionnaire’s Disease, has been found in a second cooling tower at James Clerk Maxwell Building (JCMB) in King’s Buildings. The first of the cooling towers was identified as being affected on Friday, January 20th, although staff were not informed until the following Tuesday. In a statement issued by EU’s Information Office on Friday January 27th, Heads of Department were informed that the bacteria had been discovered in a second tower at the JCMB.

When the Environmental Health Officers discovered the first site of infection at the JCMB, they declared all other areas of the King’s Buildings to be free of contamination. It was not until the University itself ran more tests a week later that the bacteria was discovered in the second cooling tower. This suggests either that the Council’s tests were inadequate, or that the bacteria breeds at much a faster rate than previously suspected.

LEGIONELLA, which is caused by Legionnaires’ Disease, can affect up to 1% of the population. The bacteria can be transmitted through air-conditioning systems, and is particularly dangerous for people with existing health conditions such as heart disease.

The University’s Health and Safety department has been informed and has taken steps to close down the affected towers. The affected cooling towers are the first to be closed down, and the University is working to identify the source of the infection and prevent its spread.

Legal advice obtained by the Association suggests that it has a prima facie case of negligence against the lawyers acting on behalf of the Association failed to renew its licence.

Legal action is being sought for redeployment of staff and stock, and loss of trade.

Speaking to Student, EUSA President Malcolm MacLeod said: “Financially it shouldn’t hit us at all.”

An application for a license will be submitted to the next possible Licensing Court in March.

Continued on page 2.

by Aileen McColgan and Katka Kronar

Dr Peter Sykes, EUSA’s Safety Adviser, told Student that keeping pace with the bacteria has proved to be a problem. In any case, the second discovery highlights the concern expressed by Mr Bill Ray of the Lothian Regional Council, that the currently recommended bi-annual testing of wet air conditioning/water cooling systems for the legionella bacteria, is inadequate.

The University carries out these six-monthly tests, but if such systems are found to be free of other bacteria, it is probable that they are free of legionella also. The monthly tests carried out in December, however, failed to disclose the presence of legionella in the two affected cooling towers.

Dr Sykes said that he was mystified as to how the organism had colonized the two cooling towers at the JCMB. The towers are connected to entirely separate air-conditioning systems. The University is working to identify the source of the infection and prevent its spread.

The tests on the JCMB were initially carried out by Environmental Health Officers in the course of investigations into the source of the nine recent cases of Legionnaire’s Disease in the south side of the city. The Health Officers pinpointed the area around the King’s Buildings as being at risk, and the bacteria were found in the JCMB and at an annexe of the National Library at Causewayside. The bacteria found in these two cases, however, is thought to be a different strain to that which caused the reported cases of the disease. The strain involved in the second JCMB tower, however, is as yet unclear, and investigations are continuing.

The cooling towers have been closed down for a month to be cleaned and re-tested, leaving some part of the JCMB without air-conditioning.

The tests carried out over the course of the next month will be used to identify any further sources of contamination, and the University will then take steps to prevent its spread.

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Continued on page 2.

by Cathy Milton

EUSA’s recently acquired pub - The Old Bill - has been closed down after lawyers acting on behalf of the Association failed to renew its licence.

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Poll Tax rate set for Lothian Region

by Ian Robertson

THE POLL TAX for students in the Edinburgh area has been set at £78 per year, with the first demands for payment likely in March or April. The fine for non-payment will be £5 excluding potential court costs.

This follows the Regional Council’s decision to set its Poll Tax at £78 last year, while the District and Water charges are added at the standard Poll Tax in Edinburgh is £304; students are only liable for 20% of this.

During the council meeting 24 members of the Chamber of Commerce, holding posters produced by the Edinburgh University Campaign against the Poll Tax (EUCAPT) were objecting.

Mr McLaughlin spoke of conversion striking him in his last year of parole. He had promised his wife he would leave the organisation. The idea of conversion struck him one night in jail and he soon converted.

In Memoriam

THE TRAGIC death of Andward Teran, who perished in the Lockerbie air disaster, was remembered at a special service in Glasgow last Friday.

Andward, who was studying at Edinburgh last term as part of the Beaver College Program, was a student at Yale University in the United States. Dr. Alan Day of the University’s History Department, who knew Andward, described him as a very reflective, calm and quiet person whose death had caused great distress among all who had known him at Edinburgh University.

Campus to Campus

DUNDEE: Students and staff go to the polls on February 10th and elect their rector. Candidates include Viraj Medis (the recently deported Tamil activist) and Nigel Griffiths, MP.

OXFORD: The Conservative Association’s annual cabaret at Hartford College was this year distinguished by male and female strippers.

Radio One DJ Garry Davis, Benny McLaughlin, President of NUS Scotland is also standing.

Mr McLaughlin is campaigning on the platform of the need for a working rector in the face of an impending crisis in higher education. He plans to campaign actively against the introduction of student loans if elected.

Mr McLaughlin is the university’s Labour Club’s candidate. He feels his NUS background has prepared him for the job of rector.

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ST ANDREWS: The results of a survey on drug abuse at the university were so very poor going to suffer then you would have lived up to your Labour Government” and argued that even a Labour-led poll tax week would be able to claim rebate.

The Alliance group agreed with Labour in that the Secretary of State for Scotland had diverted funds from the other Scottish authorities and that “the poorer person in a poorer part of Lothian is subsidising a rich Conservative Government.”

However they suggested that by a 1% reduction in staff costs and changes in the superannuation scheme significant cuts could be made in the Poll Tax bill.

The SNP spokesman stated that he sided with the Labour group in that the government had stated that only way to protect services in the long run was a vigorous campaign against the National Union and non-payment of the Poll Tax.

This view was backed by several of the Labour councillors. Counsellor Simpson led 14 Labour rebels stating that “the anger that exists about the Tory Poll Tax will bubble up in a way that cannot be resisted.”

during the debate the ruling Labour group justified their budget and the Conservative and Alliance groups put forward Regional Poll Tax rates of £240 and £231 respectively.

The Finance Convener, Counsellor Mulligan, stated that the Labour Group were implicitly opposed to the Poll Tax, claiming that a single parent with a £10 wage would have to pay the full Poll Tax of £78 per week.

He argued that the Labour group had no alternative but to campaign for a Poll Tax vote in the next election and that even a Labour-led poll tax week would be able to claim rebate.

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they were issuing an alert about the disease because it was “invincible” that other buildings’ cooling towers could contain the bacteria, and that the Health Board had not have the personnel to carry out sufficient tests.

He pointed out that the Council did not have a comprehensive record of all buildings in the city that had HVAC systems, but had written to the owners of all those on record urging them to institute the recommended cleaning procedures. Any owners not notified of this would be taken to the same action.

The survey found that the most common drug used — about 60 per cent — of the sample agreed to have tried it — marijuana.

BIRMINGHAM: At Aston University, which has no arts students — in the majority of silken or normal supreme.

A recent anti-loans rally, led by a group called the National Union of Students, attracted only between 15 and 25 students; but Maive Sheehy, Student Union of NUS UK, still addressed the crowd.

Meanwhile, Kids Television and Ace Gang meets every Tuesday night to experience Andy Ace's crowd. The 20 to 30 students entertained by Looby Loo and her ilk are all in their final year.

Campus to Campus compiled by Ewen Ferguson.
MEP Candidate
AN Edinburgh University lecturer has been selected as the Conservative Party's prospective parliamentary candidate for the forthcoming European elections. Mrs Catherine Blight lectures at the Rural Resource Management Department and Law Faculty. She holds two degrees from Edinburgh University, a BL and an MSC, and speaks Gaelic. The Scottish constituency is presently held by a Labour MEP, David Martin, and covers the area of nine Westminster seats, including those held by Malcolm Rifkind, Robin Cook, Ron Brown, Tam Dalyell and Lord James Douglas Hamilton.

STUDENT NEWS
Thursday, February 2, 1989

NEWS

St. Valentine's Day
Is the object of your desire so near yet so far? Does she sit in the library buried in English Lit. books while all you can do is quibble gently to yourself? Does she dance round her hairband with all her pals at Tayvoir while all you can do is throw up from afar instead of all over her? Are those Palace beds just too damn small? Well, Student has got the perfect medium for YOU to express your burning desires. Simply bring your Valentine messages to the student Offices by Monday 6th, and let your loved one know exactly how you feel. Who knows, there's an incredibly small charge: £0.50 for the first two lines, and 25p for each subsequent line. But remember, true love has no financial bounds.

Cheap fares
BETWEEN January 29 and February 25 the cost of a Young Person's Railcard will be halved, bringing it down to £7.50 and cardholders will be able to purchase special "Winter Wanderers" tickets which will be half the normal single fare, excluding travel on Fridays and journeys arriving in London before 10.00.

Jobs threat in Vet Schools merger
by Cathy Milton
STAFF at Edinburgh Uni­versity's Royal (Dick) Vet School may lose their jobs if proposals to merge the two Scottish Vet Schools go ahead.

Concern that jobs may go was voiced at a meeting of the two Vet Schools' joint union liaison com­mittee last Saturday.

The proposals will involve a major reorganisation of veterinary teaching in Edinburgh. The Faculty of Veterinary Science will no longer exist on the current Royal (Dick) Vet site and it is possible that positions in the new Faculty will be advertised externally.

Staff will then be faced with three options. They will be offered positions in the new faculty or voluntary retirement or positions at the Vet School in Liverpool, which is currently expanding.

University authorities are thought to be wary of criticising the proposals since they feel that the Riley Commit­tee left them relatively unscathed.

The authorities are said to fear that the UGC might override the Riley Committee's proposal to locate the new school in Edin­burgh in favour of Glasgow if they adopt a critical stance.

The Scottish Secretary is meet­ing Sir Peter Swinterton-Dyer, the Chairman of UGC and mem­bers of the Riley Committee today to discuss the proposals.

The meeting follows Mr Rif­kind's visit to the threatened school on Friday, when he expres­sed doubts about a number of points upon which the Riley Com­mittee based its controversial findings.

Meanwhile, Glasgow Univer­sity has denied that their cam­paign may place a question mark over the future of the Dick Vet School. The Principal Sir William Fraser has stated that there is "no­thing in the report to suggest that there's anything wrong with Scot­land having two excellent vet­schools" and a spokesman for the University told Student that Glas­gow is "not campaigning on an either or basis."

• Concern that closure of the Glasgow School may lead to fewer opportunities for aspiring Scots vet students was this week aired in the national press.

EUCAPI'T motion to censure Sabbaticals
by Michael Hancox
A CONTROVERSIAL motion calling for the four EUSA sabbaticals to be severely censored for "ignor­ing EUSA policy and failing to build a mass campaign against the poll tax" is to be debated at the next General Meeting at 7 pm on Thursday 9th February in McEwan Hall.

Dave Donohoe, the motion's proposer, described the sabbaticals' opposition to the poll tax as "tokenism", while Jan Robertson, another of the cen­sure motion supporters said that McLeod's move of the issue had been "minimal, inaccurate and had given no encouragement to non-payers."

These criticisms have met with a sharp response from EUSA President, Malcolm McLeod. Replying to allegations that he was less than enthusiastic about a non-payment campaign, Mr McLeod said, "My commitment to a non-payment campaign is on the record. I was the first person to publicly sign the list declaring that I was not going to pay the poll tax." Describing the motion as "counterproductive" Mr McLeod went on to say, "EUSA is more than willing to provide political and administrative support to EUSA Campaign Against the Poll Tax but they are not well organised and will have to tell us what they want.

If the motion is passed the sab­baticals will face a recall motion at the next General Meeting.

• Other motions received at the EUSA offices range from training Union catering staff on the proper serving of vegetarian food to sup­porting "anti-imperialist" events marking the twentieth anniversary of the deployment of British troops in Northern Ireland.

Activist Mourned
OVER 100 stunned and angry mourners attended the funeral of Ahmed Abukar Sheikh, student and community activist, last week.

Abukar Sheikh, who came to Scotland as a refugee from Somalia, where he had been jailed for his opposition to the country's military regime, died of stab wounds.

Three young have been detained in custody in connection with the incident which left another black resident of Edin­burgh hospitalised.

The Lothian Black Forum has called a public meeting on Friday evening at 7.30 pm in Drummond Community High School, Bel­levue Place, Edinburgh. All black people and all those concerned are invited to attend.
EDINBURGH SHERATON
Festival Square
Friday 14th July 1989
7pm for 7.30pm, until 2am

Tickets £20, incl. Dinner,
Available from Union shops.
Friends and family welcome.
Early booking advisable.

Organised by
Edinburgh University
Students Association
Sponsored by

The organisers gratefully acknowledge
the support of the Alumni Relations Office
and the General Council Appeal.
Death in Soweto

by Andrew Marshall

A SOWETO family has instructed their lawyers to apply for the exhumation of the body of a 23-year-old student when they claim was killed by municipal police on December 23 last year.

Lawyers have indicated that they would submit the application after the police, the district surgeon and municipal police reports on the circumstances surrounding Elijah Sibeko’s death.

Sibeko was a member of the near-banned Soweto Student Congress (SOSCO). He was burnt over two weeks ago at the Avalon cemetery in Soweto.

Family members allege that Sibeko was burnt to death by municipal police at Merafe Training College in Tshidi. Soweto relatives said that Sibeko was seen being “punched, kicked and beaten indiscriminately with rifle butts” outside the training centre in the early afternoon of December 28.

A relative who saw the alleged attack informed the family. But when Sibeko’s brother Simon, and uncle Isiah, went to the college the morning after allegedly denied any knowledge of the incident.

However, various eyewitnesses have accused the municipal police of “beating” and “manhandling” Sibeko. According to the witnesses, Sibeko tried to run but fell and was then dragged back inside the college by the police. One witness report hearing a shot.

When the family approached the municipal police at Merafe Training College to enquire about the incident, police at the gate allegedly denied knowledge of both the incident and the youth.

The family were then sent back and forth twice between Jabulani police station, the Merafe Training College; Soweto’s Baragwanath hospital and finally the government mortuary, where they were only able to identify the dead man’s bloodstained clothing on Christmas Eve. According to the family Sibeko’s body was beaten and had a deep gash in his fractured temple. His body was covered with lacerations.

Asked to comment, the South African Police Public Relations Division spokesperson said: “We confirm that the SAP are investigating a murder charge with regard to the death of Elijah Sibeko.”

The killing was allegedly carried out by two gunmen, one of whom entered the surgery posing as a patient, Dr Asva, who was a very popular “people’s doctor” in Soweto, had previously experienced at least two attempts on his life. His killer paralleled that of another black activist doctor, Fabian Rihiero, who was killed at his home in Pretoria’s Mamelodi township in 1986, allegedly by the security police. Albertina Sisulu who is regarded as the “mother of the nation” by many black South Africans, has carried on her work as a nurse over the years, despite repeated harassment and bannings from the security police.

A thirst for Knowledge

A unique organisation dealing with “refugee education” is presently developing at Oxford University. Liam Maxwell visited Kenya in August 1988 and wrote this report.

“I WAS imprisoned in the seventies after I had done my O’s but there was one to survive: I think we were all shot. Don’t be surprised, that sort of thing was quite common in those days.

“Even at our level of education we were ‘dangerous intellectuals’ who should not be allowed to stand in the way of the Revolution. Well, I spent a long time in prison, I was only released last year when I came here, but I never forgot that education was important. In all those years I used to swap languages with my cell-mates. I can now speak English, French, Italian, Alama and Oromo. Now I’m working here in the office, but I’d like to study more, perhaps at a university. It’s difficult here though, I’m not a Kenyan citizen and my university won’t start studying at Colombo University, NY, this year.

“The programme has been financed by a $3 billion gift from a publisher and real estate developer Mortimer Zuckerman. Its aim is to gather 20 high-flying students from the Soviet Union, the United States, Israel, Italy, Japan and Korea to study in arts, social sciences and international relations. Zuckerman specifically designated these particular countries because, apparently, “these are industrialised nations whose leaders could benefit from exposure to the American model”. The countries will also learn from each other; it is hoped that the programme will create a solid foundation for “mutual trust and confidence” among the students who, it is believed, are destined to become the international leaders of the next generation.

Next Week: first reports from Yugoslavia and Poland where the SNS has just managed to establish links. Plus a review of the racial tension between African and Chinese students in China. Media exaggeration or genuine discrimination?”

THE FIRST Soviet students to be formally involved in a master’s degree programme at a major American university will start studying at Columbia University, NY, this year.

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The American Way

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SOUTH AFRICA

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JUST when things were looking up in terms of a decent government package for Scotland, the SNP has put pride before loyalty in its rejection of plans for a Scottish Constitutional Convention. In doing so they have effectively pulled out of what was the first sign of progress in Scottish party politics for years.

The Convention, made up of Scottish opposition politicians, is a clear reflection of the need to pool Scotland’s political resources; only with one strong voice are we going to be taken seriously at Westminster. But the SNP’s reaction has already put any hopes for solidarity under threat. There appears little chance of the whole thing succeeding if the Scottish Nationalists can’t even give their support.

Their reason is a selfish one: they claim that their 8 per cent membership in the Convention is unfair, that opinion polls show SNP to merit more seats.

Two things are clear here. The first is that if the SNP claim they are so influential in swaying public opinion, they would stand equally as much chance of winning more ground in the Convention. The second is that any surge there may have been in the opinion polls in favour of the SNP looks set to plummet if the Nationalists go ahead and withdraw. This Convention is the sort of thing members of the SNP and SNP voters have been waiting for: a chance to offer an alternative for Scotland, and a secure future for Scottish people. Never has there been a better chance for the party to show its worth than in this post-Govan period. But compromise is too tough a word for the SNP. Their dogmatic approach may have won them public support and a few more votes, but public confidence is likely to be shattered by this latest line of action.

The Convention is all about “one vote for Scotland”, and can therefore only work if the efforts of all opposition parties. How else is it going to give the Tory Government cause for concern? The SNP should stop playing instigator games and put the needs of Scotland before any hurt feelings.

The death of yet another young black activist while in police custody further highlights the continuing oppression in South Africa and the brutality of apartheid.

While, as always, there appears to be no firm evidence linking the death of Elijah Sibeko with a particular policeman, the treatment metered out to his family by the security forces is typical. The family approached the municipal police at Morag Training College, where Sibeko studied, only to be told that nobody knew anything about Sibeko or his alleged arrest and beating. Then they asked officers from the security police about the incident and are threatened with violence. Next they proceeded to Jabulani police station, where they were told to go to the government mortuary. They finally end up at another police station within Baragwanath hospital, where they are referred back to Jabulani police station again, having been told that Sibeko is “discussing the incident with municipal policemen he had quarrelled with the previous day.”

When the family finally recovers Sibeko’s body, he has apparently been beaten to death. It is tragic, yet only one out of many such incidents. Elijah Sibeko was a student, and a member of a “restricted” organisation, the Soweto Student Congress. His case is truly exemplary of the destructiveness of apartheid.

MEDIA eye

by Tom Bradley

WITH each passing day, The Sun bears more and more resemblance to a rabid dog thrashing around in the terminal stages of madness. EASTBENDERS it ranted the other day, frothing at the mouth over a gay kiss on the screen (faithfully reproduced). As if they expect to Top Tory MP Terry Dicks for more rantings of rage and revulsion and bitterness. (One wonders whether Mr Dicks receives an annual salary from)

The Sun for his “predictable rantings” (a word-quote service).

It’s a sad prejudice. Once upon a time when I was being put through the mill at my “posh” all boys public school I knew a boy whose father was a Tory MP given to those sort of rantings. The boy was gay, but he couldn’t tell his father this, so he ran away to a gay commune in London. What would happen if Terry Dicks had had a son who had done the same?

One assumes that he may just as well have died as I said, a sad prejudice. Their attitude is even more extraordinary if one considers the background of these MPs who make such a virtue of straightforwardness. Most, I would imagine, have been to a public school and if they survived this and came out straight then why on earth are they getting so upset about two men giving each other a quick peck on the lips on television? But of course, I forget, this is Eastenders and only those sort of rantings. The boy would happen if Terry Dicks had been gay, but he couldn’t.

September 14, 2023
The fact that an agreement has been reached at all represents a major step forward — last June the meeting of the ICC ended in legal battles, acrimony and no decision to put to a poll on the most important issue. This time, Cricket, a sport which perhaps more than any other has been affected by the issue of sporting links with South Africa, has made its position clear. It was vital that this should happen, particularly following the example of the non-occurrence of England’s tours this winter.

Inevitably, the decision to ban South Africa from any future part in coaching or playing in South Africa, has been met with considerable criticism. This criticism will ensure that the resolutions made by the ICC will remain very much in the spotlight for the foreseeable future.

Foremost among the critics has been Norris McWhirter, the founder and Chairman of the Freedom Association, who has claimed that parts of the resolution are "repugnant to the law of England" notably in requiring South Africa to "stand firm". His views are not new, however, the Edinburgh prop Adam Stratton feeds the ball back.

RUGBY

CONTINUING a poor start to 1989, the University went down to league leaders Wigtown in a hard fought match at the London Road Fields in Stirling. Although the pack battled gamely they could not contend with the physical strength and superb driving of their Wigtown counterparts in the mauling game. Indeed the home side's strength was most evident in the closing minutes when the visitors' defence was breached twice. Although the try count stood level in Wigtown's favour, the University can take pleasure in the scoring of the finest try of the match. Line-out ball was set up and the backs raced to make the final break away. The forwards then disposed of the_rhoed to redress the lead. After a fast and furious first quarter, Edinburgh were in the strong position of having twice the lead. After a fast and furious first quarter, Edinburgh were in the strong position of having twice the lead.
FOOTBALL

EDINBURGH are still chasing a clean sweep in the inter-university leagues and Wednesday left things tight at the top as the University collected two wins and a draw against Glasgow.

The 1st XI, with their minds on the forthcoming cup clash with Heriot-Watt threw away a two goal lead against their fellow title chasers from the west and with twenty minutes to go they found themselves 3-2 down.

Inspiration was badly needed and it came from Philip Findlay with his first goal for the University. He rose high above the Glasgow defence to keep his header into the net and grab a point for Edinburgh.

With the season at a critical stage, the University must find more discipline if they are to remain at its adopted home of Peffermill.

Watt, which has haunted their efforts all year resurfaced menacingly on Wednesday and does not bode well for a tough away trip to Aberdeen this week.

In contrast to the 1st XI, the Seconds kept yet another clean sheet as they cruised to a 2-0 win. Brian Montgomery continued his prolific goal scoring streak with an imperious turn and fine left foot shot at a to open the Edinburgh account, while Kyley combined well with Sewell to grab the second. Having dropped only 4 points this year, the Borough are looking good for regaining the Paterson Trophy.

The University’s most successful team in recent years, the Colts maintained their 100% league record with an untried but adequate 2-1 win. Mark Garvey netted twice before Glasgow grabbed a late consolation goal. Chris Walenst and Alan Young were impressive for Glasgow and since both have now been transferred to play for Edinburgh for the remainder of the season, the Colts trophy is almost certain to remain at its adopted home of Peffermill.

HARE AND HOUNDS

AFTER an extended Christmas break, the Hare and Hounds turned up in force to the Scottish Unis Cross Country Championships in a sunny and astonishingly calm Dundee.

The ladies race set off on their three and a half mile jaunt at a cracking pace and many were soon regretting it, as they hit the first of the four long, gradual climbs.

Someone who was not suffering in the least, however, was reigning British Unis Champion Audrey Sym of Glasgow who rapidly pulled away to score a convincing win. In her wake the race developed into something of a procession but Cathy Kitchen came through with a late surge to take the bronze for the Haries.

Despite this and valiant efforts from Rachel McFadden, Kirsty Bryan Jones and Sarah Night the team title was won by the rejuvenated Johnny Dixon and the spud like efforts of Quinn kicked off the front and hotted up. Welsh internationals brought the double with consummate mood and the elegant Bill Quinn was outstanding in his role as Hugh Nicholson not even second climb that things really hotted up. Welsh international Ian Haner (Herriot-Watt) pulled away, taking GB orienteer Dickey Jones of Glasgow with him. For the remaining four and a half miles of the field failed to make an impression on their lead and Haner dropped Jones to win by half a mile.

Peter Dynoke of Edinburgh used his climbing prowess to great effect to move through to third. Neil Thin was next Harie home in fifth.

The team race was won easily with all six scorers inside the top twelve and household names such as Hugh Nicholson not even scoring, despite showing his legs to reduce drag. The B team completed the double with consummate ease.

Special mention must go to Russell Boyd and Tom Anderson who both ran tremendously in what was their seventh and last Scottish Unis appearance.

FOOTBALL

EDINBURGH progressed to the quarter-final stage of the King Cup on Saturday, defeating Heriot-Watt in a real blood and thunder cup tie.

A disappointing league season has made the 1st XI hungry for cup glory and they demonstrated this with an impressive 2-0 victory in a bruising encounter with their arch rivals.

The Uni have struggled to find form recently, conceding too many scrappy goals and failing to take advantage of their goal scoring chances. These problems were quickly forgotten on Saturday, as the team swept the ball around midfield with purpose and confidence. Dave Kyle upset the Heriot-Watt defence with some fine running off the ball and Alan Gowan was powerful in the air.

Fearless work by full-back Stuart Montgomery brought about the first University goal as he won the ball in midfield and played a fine pass to target man Milan Gowan just inside the Heriot-Watt half. Gowan signalled his return to form with his fourth goal in three games. Controlling the ball on the turn, he accelerated away from his marker and rifled past the keeper before slotting the ball home.

EUAF 2

Herriot-Watt 0

Battling with a fierce cross wind, the University were unable to extend their lead in the first half despite some electrifying play by the rejuvenated Johnny Dixon and the spud like efforts of Paul Garrett.

In the second half, the University continued to produce good constructive football. Paul Ferguson was outstanding in his role on the right of midfield although he was his seventh and last Scottish Unis appearance.

Despite some electrifying play by Brian Montgomery continued his prolific goal scoring streak with an imperious turn and fine left foot shot at a to open the Edinburgh account, while Kyley combined well with Sewell to grab the second. Having dropped only 4 points this year, the Borough are looking good for regaining the Paterson Trophy.

The University’s most successful team in recent years, the Colts maintained their 100% league record with an untried but adequate 2-1 win. Mark Garvey netted twice before Glasgow grabbed a late consolation goal. Chris Walenst and Alan Young were impressive for Glasgow and since both have now been transferred to play for Edinburgh for the remainder of the season, the Colts trophy is almost certain to remain at its adopted home of Peffermill.

The mens race, in contrast to the ladies, was a procession but Cathy Kitchen came through with a late surge to take the bronze for the Haries.

It was his seventh and last Scottish Unis appearance.

Ian Harkness
Restless Natives

BIG COUNTRY
Playhouse

IT WAS 5½ years ago in a cattle field that Big Country first meant something to these tender ears. Here was a song on the radio (Chance it was) bristling with emotion and feeling in a way that I'd certainly never heard the likes of before. When it came to The Crossing everything fell into place: every track possessed and invoked passion; every track was a classic.

But passion, sadly, tends to be fleeting. And so it was that as Sunstown and The Sea followed, good as they were, Big Country seemed increasingly stale as they attempted to repeat that mighty sound for mighty hearts. By the time of last year's Peace in Our Time it seemed that the slide was complete. Big Country were nothing special. Or so I thought until seeing them in the Playhouse. The mediocrity of all those seemingly half-hearted songs from the last couple of albums was swept away in a dazzling display of all that can be good about "rock" music.

Okay, so Stuart Adamson says the same little quip before the start of certain songs every time he's on stage, and fair enough, the audience do always chunt "Here we flippen-well go" at every available opportunity, but that's alright. The crucial point is the enjoyability of it all.

Live, the rooted simplicity of earlier tracks like 1000 Stars stood easily alongside King of Emotion is all its polished, heavy-duty rawk-iness (and thankfully free of those goddamnawful backing sin- gers). Then from this high it's down to the maudlin Come Back To Me, rendered by Adamson and acoustic guitar alone. Those anti-war sentiments, seen through the eyes of a war-widow, have rarely been so keenly expressed. Of course they had to play In A Big Country and Chance (neither of which have lost any of their stirring qualities) and, as encore, the demands for Fields Of Fire reached near-buzzing. Finally, a guitar hero's megalomaniacs (Stones riffs, scratch guitars, you know the sort of thing) ushered in Big Country's theme tune. And even though I'd seen it all so many times before the mass hysteria was irresistible; adulation was unavoidable.

Outside, a group of Metalheads feed off, and it's this kind of anti-white heat of this new age rock-a-billy to hard rock to the melodies of Laurelne, Like Heartbreak and the new single Angel Visit were both pleasant, and two of the more memorable tracks. Old songs such as Beautiful Inheritance, Jesus on the Payroll and Bibi's Basement still sounded good and had the crowd on their feet, boogying by the stage. The small crowd were lively, and the band seemed to enjoy themselves too.

The enthusiastic audience wanted more and Thrashing Doves, obliged with an encore which included a rough version of their early single Matchstick Flower. Cheered on for a second encore, the group doted with a cover version of the Television track Glory, thinking everyone for their support.

The new material ranged from rock-a-billy to hard rock to the melodies of Laurelne, Like Heartbreak and the new single, Angel Visit were both pleasant, and two of the more memorable tracks.

THRASHING DOVES
The Venue

THE VENUE'S pathetic turnout of 30 people hardly justified Thrashing Doves' journey from London, on the third date of a short warm-up tour prior to the release of their new LP Trouble in the Home, in March. However lead singer Ken Foreman's introduction "Well, they say the intimate gigs are the best ones," cut the nervous atmosphere. With that the band launched into the first of many tracks taken from the new LP; keen to show they were capable of more than their clutch of past singles.

The new material ranged from rock-a-billy to hard rock to the melodies of Laurelne, Like Heartbreak and the new single, Angel Visit were both pleasant, and two of the more memorable tracks.

CAPONE AND THE BULDIES
The Venue

A LONE and languid trumpet echoed sinister excerpts from the "Godfather" score as this Get Fresh crew of new urban gangsters carried their violin cases on to this, the highest state in town. The early riffs were cautious, the Shonklin inspired by the Jamaican Red Stripe (what else?) began to take effect. Not that alcohol was needed. The whiter than white heat of this new age Blue beat soon dampened the Fred Perry shirts and the crimson braces.

A cathartic rhythm, quick and quirky, never fell below a frantic dance pace and even the sceptical felt the need to match the drumming example set by the horn-again skin hanging (or was it kicking?) the stage. This unlikely Glaswegian bunch are at the British end of the supposedly worldwide revival of ska — and they seemed to relish the challenge. Never average to saxophonic overlilt, they merged with the audience, dancing and diving the legs weary to Rock Steady just one more time.

"This one's Panamoid," announced their leader — but surely he was talking about the sax-player in the wraparound specs, alternately cowering in the corner and then disappearing behind a wall of sound. Cool and competitive — even if you did have to peel off your shirt and have a shower when you got home.

Craig McLean

Photos: Kenneth Simpson

- There's still time to win Big Country tickets and albums. Just answer the following questions: (1) Name one single from each of Big Country's four albums (2) On whose Love album did Mark Brzezicki drum? (3) Which Fife town do Stuart Adamson and Bruce Watson come from? Answers to the Student Office by Monday 6th February. And remember: every entrant wins a prize!

Paul Rogerson

Kathia Kronar
Irish time lessly, as so much of Yeats himself can. The Anglo-Saxon stiffling and Chesterton against Protestant Yeats nor Chesterton had had good record in the laughter and summon to crusade, culminating in the yeats anti-Protestantism's legacy (1916) turned into own country. It was bitterly damaged by the Civil War that the insurgenx's fairy turned on another and revoked the effects of their new found own country. As Denise Donoghue observed in a remarkable interview in the O'Mahony's, it claimed of some text, but not this in clear rally-call, neither in left and forwardwards mediating. Parcell came down the road, he said to a cheering man.

In brief, his policies, formed of a displaced parochial nostalgia, and unrequited love—for a country, for a country, frequently initiates from another—grew finally warped and contemptible.
Win Some, Lose Some

MUSIC REVIEWS

WIN
Queen's Hall

"SEX and food and golden romance, Kitchens that are cool for love."

How Do You Do?

Attempting to undermine our musical conceptions, tickling our fetishes and parading TV dreams and consummation in her passion. Glossy, bold and bright - the perfect pop explosion. Chipping at pop's perfectly manicured nails looking for the dirt. Popular and alternative, safe and subversive. Paradoxically Simple. Sex = Glamour. But this glamour was slightly corrupt, a little faded and a little hazy at the edges.

Lyres like the meeting of Jaki Collins and Angela Carter - adulterated nursery rhymes. All images as big as the eggs. Davey Henderson dishing the dirt and wrapping it in the sweetest of coatings.

It was inevitable then that anticipation became disappointment. Fact and fiction became closer to define the music that was meant to seduce were laden of stockings and scuffed stilettos. A clatter of tacks meant the jingles started to stutter, and the intercourt pill began to lose its aftertaste.

There was no adrenaline rush, no hearty dizziness only post-oversize weariness. If only there had been something, an edge, a spark, anything to transform a taping into one urge to jump up, dance and have fun. What's Love If You Can Kill For Chocolate almost made it. WIN were still good but that's faint praise for a band who could be great. The neon glitter seems to be flickering out.

By the end of the night, things were in slow motion, nothing more than a nostalgia trip - WIN were a good wee band, You've Got The Power and Super Popoid Groove should have been Top Ten, wasn't Davey Henderson a good laugh. Briefly WIN became WIN but, in the best clichéd tradition, have become a feeble win?'

James Hallborton

KINGFISHERS
CATCH FIRE
Moray House Student Union

This could have been terrible. With a crowd (hah!) of barely 30, and all the atmosphere of the more exciting areas of the moon, it could have been the worst Friday night for a long time, maybe even worse than KBU. Could have been. But it wasn't. The Kingfishers managed to ignite, and burnt a short but sweet ignition, and burnt a short but sweet memory into the memory of those present.

The main band of the evening, the classic "thirdband" line-up, but that's where the comparison ends. They have a more intricate and interesting sound, a tangy mustard flavour to the bubblegum of the Prims or the Baddies. Their minor panic from the band when it didn't quite manage to hold the audience's attention, although the Tennant's PVC suitably tousled, they pouted and flirted in an outrageous display of over the top fashion.

The reliance on her singing to make the band that bit more interesting and noticeable was illustrated by Roomerang which was sung by the guitarist. The song was pleasant enough but despite his groovy waistcoat, he didn't quite manage to hold the audience's attention. But at best they enjoyed themselves as did the rest of the "per­formers" and indeed most of the audience, although the Tennant's rep man seemed to fall asleep dur­ing the first band only to be awak­ened by comedian 2 and his short ode ... "to the tune of London Bridge" - Tennant's Linger girls you pissed ... then you too -mrt. Jaci Douglas

WILD RIVER APPLES
The Music Box

ONE THING'S for sure, you certainly weren't allowed to forget this was a Tennant's Live sponsored gig (and incidentally rumoured to be one of the last "Circus" nights of the Music Box before it is reconver ted back into a restaurant). The line up for the night was three bands and two "comedians" the first of which was a joke in himself and who was perfectly summed up by someone near me who asked "Is he serious?"

The first band, local based Spinal Dance were mediocre to say the least, and trying to tackle such relevant issues as the dangers of promiscuity with Come Clean did not really enhance their appeal. But at least they seemed to enjoy themselves tremendously, especi­ally the female vocalist who thought herself a likely replacement to Tracy of Voice Of The Beehive - she wasn't.

The audience got into the swing of things towards the end of their performance but not before some minor panic from the band when it looked as though no-one was going to dance. Desperate to make it right of it, the singer quipped "Cards and dominoes are available, at the bar." The next band Steel Chain were pretty forgettable so enough said.

The main band of the evening, Wild River Apples, were undoubt­edly the best although really only because of the wonderfully Steve Nick-style voice of the singer.

RUBBULUVVA
Millionaires

THINK about your average cabaret act, and the mind conjures up frightening images of the kind of thing deemed fit only for "Sunday night at the Pidium". How­ever Millionaires is not exactly your average cabaret venue - and, surprisingly, Rubbulluvva we're also not quite as expected... For this up-and-coming local dance troupe are in fact a witty send-up of Bananarama — with three guys as the girls! Looking suitably lousy, they pouted and flirted in an outrageous display of good looks, charm and per os... quick witting the male-domi­nated audience.

Draped in lace, leather and PVC they mimed their way through several of the Nanas greatest hits, performing the accompanying routines in a won­derfully camp and completely over the top fashion.

Esally as good as the real thing, (and almost certainly better look­ ing) this bunch are going places — and why not? After all, girls just wanna have fun!

Avril Mair

THE MUSIC PAGES

need enthusiastic, dedicated, semi-intelligent writers to join a friendly, enthusiastic, dedicated, semi-intelligent bunch.

Come along to our meetings at 7.15 pm on Wednesdays at the Students Offices.

You know it makes sense!

BAY of Bengal
Restaurant

"For that very Special Eating Experience" Free Wine with full meal on producing this advertisement

Bengali and North Indian Cuisine Extensive Menu Offering both Eastern and European Dishes Separate Vegetarian Menu Business Lunches Served Weekdays Separately Priced Carry-out Menu Students Welcome Open 7 Days 12 noon-2.00 pm and 5.00 pm-Midnight (Last customer leaves around 1.00 am)

164 High Street, Royal Mile 225 2361

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164 High Street, Royal Mile 225 2361
MORRISSEY
The Last Of The Famous
International Playboys
HMV 7"

MORRISSEY is back with his third solo effort, noteable primarily for the return of Mike Joyce and Andy Rouke to the Mozer camp, and secondly cause its bloody good. Gone are the chimy guitar sounds of Vini Reilly that marked the previous two singles. In his place Craig Gannon (former Smiths collaborator) has brought a sharper less complicated, guitar sound which complements Morrissey's incisive wit and deadpan delivery perfectly. The snappy chorus and excellent lyrics (something to do with the Kray Twins) prove that there is life after Marr: "Have I failed?" he asks in the last line; certainly not. The Queen may be dead but the King's crown hasn't slipped just yet.

Keiron Melotte

REVIEWS

WIN

Love Units
Virgin 12"

ROMANCE over the telephone, plus a freebie phonemedal with the 12". How sweet. Yet all I can think of is that late night call box, bathed in urine, accepting only 99p calls. Love Units is a real mess, beyond the help of any telephone hypnotist. The song jumps around aimlessly, every sound apparently working against each other. Horrible, indistinct, squeaky vocals add to the occasion, and for three terrifying minutes you become that Wm. Low child who has wet his underpants and lost his mother simultaneously. Not really what one expects from a pop band such as this, it leaves me yearning for the harmonies of Bothrother.

Ahn Graves

THROWING MUSES
Hunkpapa
4AD LP

4AD really are on a roll at the moment. Not content with having some of the most beautiful sleeves you've ever seen, (this one being no exception) the label has been re-mixing, Kansas is a compelling oddity. Swerving, incipient bass and a nervous, almost icy guitar playing fleetingly around a subdued, near whispery vocal. The EP also contains the optimistic radio mix of Kansas alongside two new songs — the nonchalant Scratch and the breezy Twister. With a video featuring Jackie and poor John Fido's {

Desire Faby

EDIE BRICKELL & NEW BOHEMIANS
Shooting Rubber Bands At The Stars
Geffen LP

NATALIE Merchant is bad enough. With her too-cool-for-words dancing and dreamy voice, she's just sooo PERFECT. But now, just as I'm trying to come to terms with her utter infallibility, in steps Edie Brickell. Another infinitely perfect singer who makes you feel green with envy. Edie Brickell, the Southern version of Natalie Merchant, combines a wry Dallas, Texas drawl with a penchant for writing subtly stirring lyrics. Supported by the Interestingly jazzy/funky/bluey New Bohemians, who, as you might have guessed, defy categorisation, Edie Brickell is like Suzanne Vega meets Nanci Griffith. She doesn't depend on Southern sweetness or Western sound nor does she attempt the cryptically urban New York folk-rock feel. She is a synthesis of all that is unique about the New South that producing bands like REM, Fetiche Bonese, The Cones, etc.

The simple What I Am is the ultimate identity song. With the lyrics "philosophy is the talk on a cereal box/Religion is the smile on a dog's face ... Drown me in the shallow waters before I get too deep," it is both a map of the country and the individual. Air of December is a cool-as-ice tune that encapsulates all the feelings, moods, and setting that can accompany uncomfortable silences. Brickell, without a doubt, is a lyric minimalist yet she socially informed. She is the cool-as-transparent New Bohemian. Edie Brickell and New Bohemians offer a new perspective and a new sound so that when Edie sings What I Am your tendency is to answer — GREAT!

Jeni Baker

THE WOLFGANG PRESS
Kansas EP
4AD 12"

OPENING with a snippet from The Yellow Rose Of Texas, the re-recorded Assassination/ Kansas, from their recent Bird Wood Cage album, is a compelling oddity. Swaggering, incipient bass and a nervous, almost icy guitar playing fleetingly around a subdued, near whispery vocal. The EP also contains the optimistic radio mix of Kansas alongside two new songs — the nonchalant Scratch and the breezy Twister. With a video featuring Jackie and poor John Fido's {

James Haliburton

TEXAS
I Don't Want A Lover
Phonogram 7"

THE east-west divide has never been so graphically exemplified. As much as Edinburgh's music scene continues rut-bound in the 60's, so Glasgow's networks of bands peddle their interpretation of the American (soul) dream. But now thank God, here's Texas offering a different interpretation of Americana. I Don't Want A Lover is a mounting sensation of wonder, excitement and longing: wonder at the freshness of the sound; excitement at the potential this promises; and a longing to escape, to travel the highways and byways of America's hinterland, the music of Texas providing the soundtrack.

Such are the feelings I Don't Want A Lover inspires. The emotion-wrenched voice, the bottleneck slide guitar, the harmonica; these are the essential ingredients of a single that will set your heart a-fire.

Craig McLean
Hennk Visch standing in front of his enigmatic piece “Take me to the river”.

SNO
Usher Hall
27 January
FRIDAY night at the Usher Hall, and the SNO are pumping out another great wash of sound.

In an interestingly structured programme, Haydn’s Symphony No. 44 was sandwiched between three wholeheartedly romantic pieces. Hindemith’s Symphony “Mathis der Mahler”, which opened the programme, specifically describes a famous work of art. Maybe this was why the orchestra’s playing came over as background music, an unfocussed sweep of colour. As for “Schelomo, Hungarian Rhapsody” by Bloch, think back to the Old Testament by la Cetti B. Described as a “decon­ sign sculpture by Alexander Schubraag, specially created for this exhibition and entitled “Post­ modern Consciousness of Space”. Its high trick content overrides its supposed statement about the use of sculptural space in the 1980s. Instead, with its pulsating blue and flashing red lights consumed within a cube of scaffolding, it looks more like a dismembered piece of fairground apparatus than a piece of the fine arts.

The sculpture exhibited is preoccupied totally by shape and space, with the disturbing use of gus­ tly paint to cause more discor­ dance and uncertainty. All the work is essentially minimalist, and though this stark simplicity is effective, it can be tiresome. Hans Schull paints coloured shapes on sheets of aluminum, complementing the flat design by holes and rivets in symmetrical pat­ terns. A comparison with Moro is inevitable. Originality flags.

Hennk Visch’s work is more palatable and imposing. His titles help the enigmatic shapes to disturb the viewer, and certain pieces, like “No” (1988), are paradoxes in themselves. “For That Which We Do Not Intend” (1986) becomes more like a clothes rack designed by Richard Deacon than a complementary piece to the rest of his essentially surrealistic set.

The paintings upstairs are equally constraining. Rob Scholte has a definite sense of humour — as can be seen in “Faires Vos Jeux (Scrabble)” (1986), a carpet designed as a Scrabble board. Things proceed further with his sleek graphic application of paint, and popular images. Many pieces, like “Encyclopedia” (1987), could replace those horrendous standard­tack­airbrush posters. Here a shell of multicoloured files with­ tely relate cover pattern to the label of its inner content. It seems Rob Scholte’s aim is more of a bad joke than for artistic quality.

A breath of fresh air is created by Marlene Dumas’ work, which is much more potent. Painterly, with very narrow colour ranges for each piece, her paintings prove imposing and durable. These are much more satisfying to the viewer than the surrounding kit­ch of her fellow Dutchmen.

Alison Brown

SIX DUTCH ARTISTS
Fruitmarket Gallery
Until 12 March
THE FRUITMARKET claim to be a “very interna­ tional” exhibition. For sure, six artists, aged between 25 and 35, are exhibited here: in and outside of the gallery space, and their work is the culminating essence of the word modern. In all, things seem exceptionally humdrum, and will no doubt fuel fire to the argument as to the progressive, and regressive, state of contemporary art.

On the gallery’s roof is a decon­ sign sculpture by Alexander Schubraag, specially created for this exhibition and entitled “Post­ modern Consciousness of Space”. Its high trick content overrides its supposed statement about the use of sculptural space in the 1980s. Instead, with its pulsating blue and flashing red lights consumed within a cube of scaffolding, it looks more like a dismembered piece of fairground apparatus than a piece of the fine arts.

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Alison Brown
The Alchemist — Ben Jonson

TO SAY this week’s Bedlam lunchtime performance was unconventional would be putting it mildly. There was certainly nothing whatsoever in this piece which was constrained by conventional theatrical practices. Instead, one was presented with a barrage of short images, words and sounds which seemed to have little coherence in terms of action or theme.

On one level I was inclined to think this rather self-indulgent but it did incite strong involuntary reactions. One could not help but respond to the disquieting scene of a mother stabbing her child and then nonchalantly letting the body fall to the ground, or be disturbed by Elana Frank’s cold, clinical bathroom soliloquy describing a miscarriage.

Interspersed with this obvious illusion one level I was inclined to think this rather self-indulgent but it did incite strong involuntary reactions. One could not help but respond to the disquieting scene of a mother stabbing her child and then nonchalantly letting the body fall to the ground, or be disturbed by Elana Frank’s cold, clinical bathroom soliloquy describing a miscarriage.

Interpersed with this obvious illusion

Indeed the theatre company itself has had some absurd action over the past week. Shell UK Oil Ltd was to sponsor this production with £500. But at last Monday night’s meeting the company felt “morally obliged to refuse this” because of Shell’s participation in South Africa.

BEdLAM LUNCHTIME
25 January
A Short Art Form moving from Creation to Explosion

RISING DAMP

ROYAL SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF PAINTERS WATERCOLOURS ANNUAL EXHIBITION
Royal Scottish Academy
Until 16 February

THE 109th annual exhibition of watercolours at the RSA sees around 250 artists being given the chance to display their wares and hopefully cash in with a sale or two (frequently four-figure prices testifying to the increasingly businesslike nature of the art world).

Though united through the use of watercolour, the numerous brush-toting geniuses on display are indistinguishable. At one end of the scale stands the work of George Donald, whose wild and obscure use of colour requires considerable study on the part of the viewer.

A further attempt to mingle art with a fire drill in which we were obliged to refuse this” because of Shell’s participation in South Africa.

Bedlam Theatre
7-11 February

TUESDAY sees the launch of the Bedlam’s main term production of Rhinoceros, a very funny and very accessible piece of absurd theatre by Eugene Ionesco.

- The play is about individuality, and full of incident. It turns from fast hysterical action to a serious message. In a small provincial town in France, main man Berenger sees his friends and townfolk all turn into rhinoceros until he is the only human left! Yes! This is a play with a difference; for Bedlam claim that “illusory impact will be strong” with its cast of sixteen set of bright stark colours.

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THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE

Dominion

Dir: Jack Clayton

THIS SHOULD become a collector's piece: moody lit and superbly executed, the film tells simply of a woman's journey. Judith Hearne (Maggie Smith), an orphan brought up by her strictly Catholic aunt, finds herself wandering from a past which pursues her relentlessly from boarding house to boarding house in dreary suburbs of Fifties Dublin.

Upon the mantelpiece where she could watch the photograph of her deceased, yet still dominating, aunt; above her, the Sacred Heart; and in a corner of her cupboard, wrapped in crumpled paper and concealed in a beaten leather bag, lies a bottle of whiskey. A 38-year-old, her teeth gone, her sight growing, her hair gone, she's a staggering blonde, but behind that handicap, there's a woman capable of transcending such a handicap. It's impossible not to be moved by Maggie Smith in her first film, effortlessly transcending such a handicap. Willis can act, but Willis can't act. He looks like Bruce Willis in his first film, effortlessly transcending such a handicap. The mechanism muppet is irksome, which more or less ruined the whole film. Willis can act, he looks like Bruce Willis in his first film, effortlessly transcending such a handicap. It's impossible not to be moved by Maggie Smith in her first film, effortlessly transcending such a handicap. THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE.

THAT IS simply one of the more than adequate Mr Moskowitz is left in the shade.

Last week, Keith Dideck talked to Jack Clayton about his career.

Keith Dideck

WITH ONLY seven films in thirty-one years, Jack Clayton is not a man to be rushed: indeed, to being his latest picture, The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, to the screen has taken the best part of thirty years.

It's quite by accident that, so long after he had first wanted to make the film, his agent presented him with the script. As he says with a smile, at least the wait enabled him to cast Maggie Smith as Judith, but it is symptomatic of the care and attention to detail which mark all his films that this was so long in the making.

This methodical and thoughtful trait is evident in his conversation. Quiet, unassuming, he weighs his words carefully before speaking, as if to ensure he says what he means.

It is perhaps his charity and gentleness which has contributed such notable performances from his leading ladies, with Simone Signoret

magnificent bloodbath, Die Hard is a well-crafted film, which has succeeded in establishing the relationships of the main characters, particularly McClane's. The film's trouble with its hero — observe McClane as he comes to terms with the dangerous situation and progressively gains the upper hand. The violent, although recurring throughout, is never gratuitous, and Willis plays McClane as a convincing hero, developing the warmer aspects of his personality along with the harsher resolve to carry out his duty.

Strengthening the film's sense of humanity, McClane establishes by radio a rapport with an LA officer who arrives at the scene, a relationship which develops with the embarrassing and senseless overkill tactics of, in turn, the LA police, and the FBI; some of the scenes are almost parodies of lesser "police-with-guns" films. The film also makes satisfying swipes at the heartless public indifference which abound. seur of fine, non-commercial, films. The film also makes satisfying swipes at the heartless public indifference which abound.

Anyway, although the rest of the cast give good performances, it is Willis who saves the film its depth — which is even more to his credit, given the far-fetched plot. It's an unimaginative concoction which fails to lend any new perspectives to the hackneyed genre of low budget horror. Where the film fails is in its singular lack of any depth or sub­tlety. A scene of scores of small, decomposing mutants leaping out of the woodwork may be somewhat disconcerting, but it is unlikely to drive anyone to paroxysms of terror unless it is accompanied by a vaguely intellec­tual plot — which this isn't.

The film is leisurely peppered with the sort of stale cliches the director should have avoided like the plague. Repeated reversion to scenes of decapitated shrines and graveyard string together what is

believing the role had a personal significance for him.

I would advise anyone to go and see this film. It's a success story. From good measure? Answers on a postcard please. You get two dimensional and flawlessly

played by their equally banal counterparts. The other characters were little more than a loosely structured collection of worn out images.

Two dimensional and flawlessly played by their equally banal counterparts. The other characters were little more than a loosely structured collection of worn out images.

DENNIS, THE FOCUS OF EVERYTHING IN THIS FILM, IS LEFT TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH.

WHEN THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE BECOMES THE CENTRAL EVENT IN A FILM, IT IS OFTEN USED AS AN OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP THE PERSONALITY OF THE LEADING LADIES, WITH SIMONE SIGRONNE.

In the original film which was surprised, surprised, The Circuit 2, McClane was striking by lightning and reprogrammed himself with an inscrutable method of killing, The film also makes satisfying swipes at the heartless public indifference which abound. seur of fine, non-commercial, films. The film also makes satisfying swipes at the heartless public indifference which abound.
**Best of British?**

Just how healthy is the British Film Industry? According to Bill Dale, British filmmakers are currently embroiled in a crucial phase which could make or break our movie industry's future prosperity.

Michael Caine with Cathy Tyson in Handmade's *Dear Disaster*, a rare example of all-British cinema at its best.

However, this in itself is going to profit the British Film Industry so long as such talent is exercised in (and for the benefit of) America; what is needed is for Britain to pool all its cinematic, resources and skills and work towards the production of British films utilising (as far as possible) the best of British talents.

This is especially important as we are currently seeing a vital period in the cinema upon which the future status of British Filmmaking may very well hinge. That this is such a momentous time is due to two major factors. Firstly, there has been a resurgent interest in British cinema in the last few years, partly due to the film festival circuit. This is especially important as we are currently seeing the birth of a new generation of performers who are yet to show their potential. Secondly, the current average standard of a Hollywood movie is around $25 million, whereas the average cost of a British film is around $5 million, and this will allow us to compete with the big guns.

The second factor which dictates that now is the time for a reorganisation of British film activity is the abundance of talent and experience which is at Britain's disposal. We have had top quality film technicians, and now we also appear to be taking something of a lead in the field of acting. The Golden Age is still around, with Lord Olivier soon to appear in *War Requiem*, Sir John Gielgud soon to appear in *Art*, and Sir John Mills soon to appear in *The Big Sleep*. Perhaps the 1960s had been such a successful and prosperous period for them that they reckoned they deserved it — certainly, the resplendent romanticism of British cinema at the time, epitomised by such glorious epics as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* and lavish costume dramas as *A Man For All Seasons* and *Room With A View*, all told to a winning score, had dried up. The problem is that nearly all such British filmmakers appear to be victims to the 'always a bridesmaid, never a bride' syndrome. Too many British cameramen and directors and actors seem content to play secondary and supporting roles to the bigger Hollywood guns in larger American productions. This is not in itself reprehensible; it should be a matter of some pride that films such as *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket* may well never have been made had it not been for British financial backing, and the professional expertise of British technical skills by such cinema luminaries as George Lucas and Steven Spielberg (who between them are keeping Eustor Studios in existence) further serves to underline the talent which obviously abounds in this country.

Things have been much worse, of course — Britain's worthwhile film output during the 1970s was such as to lead all but the keenest cinema observers to suppose that our filmmakers had collectively gone on sabatical for the duration of the decade. Perhaps the 1980s had been such a successful and prosperous period for them that they reckoned they deserved it — certainly, the resplendent romanticism of British cinema at the time, epitomised by such glorious epics as *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* and lavish costume dramas as *A Man For All Seasons* and *Room With A View*, all told to a winning score, had dried up. The problem is that nearly all such British filmmakers appear to be victims to the 'always a bridesmaid, never a bride' syndrome. Too many British cameramen and directors and actors seem content to play secondary and supporting roles to the bigger Hollywood guns in larger American productions. This is not in itself reprehensible; it should be a matter of some pride that films such as *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket* may well never have been made had it not been for British financial backing, and the professional expertise of British technical skills by such cinema luminaries as George Lucas and Steven Spielberg (who between them are keeping Eustor Studios in existence) further serves to underline the talent which obviously abounds in this country.

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THEREFORE, THERE is currently a great deal of potential ability there to be tapped, and we know from our recent experience that the international success of *A Fish Called Wanda* marks the end of an era of British participation in the British Cinema and signals the start of a reinvigoration of our Film Industry — the 1980s can be a great decade for British films, but only if everyone works together (instead of making films which are less than a bit of larking-about in front of the camera.)

This decadence in Hollywood has been aggravated by the death of talent which currently is afflicting the British Film Industry, as he triumphantly stated, and take notice of Colin Welland's announcement of the dearth of talent which currently is afflicting the British Film Industry.
THURSDAY 3 FEB
JESSIE JAG AND THE THISTLE WARRIORS
Venue, Colin Road; 557 307
Just when you thought it was safe to go out again—he's back—with all an anti-girl group. Phone for details.

THE CRASH
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133
White creamy substance, served with sausage—and oh no—that's mash (downstairs: free (very wacky student, don't you think?).

KITCHEN DEVILS
Preservation Hall, Victoria Street; 226 3016
£1 after 9 pm.

SATURDAY 4 FEB
JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET
Venue, Colin Road; 557 307
Currently LP West is one of the people who through you the Sturly and Hutch theme. I'm on my way Captain Doby! Last bus and show. Phone for details.

EDINBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Queen's Hall, Clerk Street; 668 1969
Vaugan Williams, Hayde, Schubert. Conducted by Alasdair Mitchell, with Nigel Bodie on trumpets. 7.30 pm.

CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE FOR STUDENTS AND YOUSE,

VATICAN SHOTGUN SCARE
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133
Room in the, reminiscent of early Bandes.

VALON
Preservation Hall, Victoria Street; 226 3016
Folks-rock. £1 after 9 pm.

SUNDAY 5 FEB
MEADOWS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
Queen's Hall, Clerk Street; 668 1969
Schubert, Tippett and Halan. 7.45 pm.

CONCESSIONS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE.

CONDY AND TAI
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133
Regular guitarist. Downstairs, free.

BLUE CREW
Preservation hall, Victoria Street; 226 3016
£1 after 9 pm.

MONDAY 6 FEB
THE STAMIC QUARTET
Queen's Hall, Clerk Street; 668 1969
Haydn, Martins, Schubert. Presented by the New Town Concert Society. 5.30 pm.

CONCESSIONS AS FRIDAY.

JOHNNY SUNBEAM
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133
Downstairs, free.

LIGHT
Preservation Hall, Victoria Street; 226 3016
Guess what? I've never heard of this one either!

DEATH BY MILKSHAKE
VATICAN SHOTGUN SCARE AND ARCHBISHOP KERR
Venue, Colin Road; 557 307
Phone for details.

TUESDAY 7 FEB
TEX FILLET FIVE
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133

BOOTIE TOOTIE BLUES BAND
Preservation Hall, Victoria street; 226 3016
Free.

WEDNESDAY 8 FEB
CHARLIE AND HER SHEEPDOGS
Negociants, Lothian Street; 225 6133
Downstairs, free. Audrey thinks I should write what a share of Charlie—the but I think it's too naff!

BRINGING UP BABY (PG)
6. pm, 8.15 pm; Sun 5
Acrobatic scenes, tarty comedy with Cary Grant and Katherine Hepburn.

RUMBLEFISH (18)
2.30 pm Mon-Tue; 6.15 pm Tue/Thu
Mickey Rourke, Dennis Hopper and Matt Dillon. Electrically expressive, existential, intenseparable!

LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOLOGNE (PG)
AND L'AMOURE (PG)
7 pm; Mon 6
French, or maybe Italian.

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR
3 pm, Tue 7
Takes a look at a particularly Japanese slant.

ALICE (15)
7 pm, Wed 8; 3 pm, 5 pm; Thu 9
Alice's trip through Wonderland.

NEAR DARK (18)
2.30 pm; Thur 9
Oh, not another vampire-biker western.

FILMSOC
511-5, High Street, available all showing. Tickets for non-members on sale at Union shops.

EASY RIDER (18) AND HELL'S BELLES (18)
6.30 & 9.45 pm; Fri 3
Pleasure Theatre
Two dope-loving bikers, Dennis Hopper and Jack Nicholson galivant around the highways and byways of America in Easy Rider.

THIS QUIET EARTH (15) AND A CHAOS (U)
6.45 pm & 9.40 pm; Sun 5
Glasgow Film Theatre
A Colombian/Cuba western — the second one.

REPENTANCE (15)
3.30 pm; Wed 8
George Square Theatre
Though-provoking Russian epic.

FRUITMARKET GALLERY
79 Market Street, 223 2383
Tue 31 Jan-5 Mar 5.30-8.30 pm
28-1 Jan-12 Mar
Young artist from new to Scotland. If you walk along North Bridge or near the Waverley MarketPrinces Street, you can see on item of the exhibition—a large cube with neon lights. I bet that's satisfied your curiosity, or total confusion.

369 GALLERY
200 Cowgate; 225 3013
Mon-Sat 10-5.30 pm; 2 pm
ROB MCGARRY: Letters from a City
4.25 Feb
Claymations from New York, Barcelona and Chicago.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND
George IV Bridge; 226 6531
Mon-Sat 9.30 am-5 pm; Sun 2-5 pm
BRIDIE Exhibition which explores James Bridie's double life.

CITY ART CENTRE
2 Market Street; 228 2423 ext 6600
Mon 10-5.30 pm
DANISH GRAPHIC ART EXHIBITION
Until 30 Jan

BEELAM
Forrest Road; 225 0893
ERNIE'S INCREDIBLE HALLUCINATIONS
Wed 1 Feb
3.30 pm
£1 members, £1.50 non-members
EUIC presents Alan Ayckbourn's play

PARADISE LOST—THANK GOD
Wed 6 Feb
3.30 pm
£1 members, £1.50 non-members
Plus a couple of other possibilities by Cyril Tavanoon.

TRAVERS:
112 West Bow, Grassmarket; 226 2363
OXYGEN HOUSE, TRIPLE BILL
Tue 31 Jan-5 Feb
2.30 pm & 8.30 pm
£2.50 (£2.50)
Three plays—"Stars" and "The Eagle" by David Auburn, and "Rent" by Patricia Morris.

KING'S
2 Lower Street; 229 1201
MOTHER GOOSE
Sat until 18 Feb
7.30 pm; Matthias 2.35 pm Wed and Sat 8.45 pm, Thur 7.30 pm; Sun 7.30 pm
A bit out of season but Mother Goose in Glasgow, greenly style sounds very cosmopolitan.
SUNDAY OBSESSION
10 pm-2 am; Cinderellas Rockferellas, 19 St Stephen Street £1.50
Open all night, with DJs all night long.

THURSDAY 2 FEB
DREAM
10 pm-4 am; The Music Box, Victoria Street £2.50
Look out for free tickets.

THE PUMP ROOM
11 pm-3 am; The Mission, Victoria Street £1.50
Over-thy top at the best of photo's at the worst.

ROCK NIGHT
8 pm-1 am; Chambers Street Union £1.50
Happy Hour 8-9 pm

SUNDAY 2 FEB
11 am-3 pm; The Mission, Victoria Street £1.50
10.30 pm-2.30 am; Cali Royal, West Register Street £1.50
11 am-2 am; The Kasbar, Cowgate

HANGOVER
OUTER LIMITS
High energy etc.

BIGBIRD
10.30 pm-4 am; 25-27 Market Street £1.50
House, funk, acid, funk, acid, house, acid, etc., etc.

THE BUSTER BROWN'S
REGGAE
10.30 pm-3 am; The Mission, Victoria £1.50
Indie/alternative sounds strike back at this popular, a bit of AC/DC thrown in.

10 pm-3 am; Bermuda Triangle, Coasters £2
Happy Hour 8-9 pm

0P tuning just look as rasy, that is, if you go to
The Venue. Tonight there's local popsters
BOXING CLEVER who are set for "big things"
as they say in the business, having just
published a signing deal.

Friday sees JESSE RAE's comeback gig
(even although they only retired six months ago) this time featuring a real
band - the all girls - THISTLE WAR
IORS - as opposed to just backing

Saturday (still at The Venue) there's the
welcome return of the JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET, new featuring
THE STYLE COUNCIL's drummer. With their last single The Theme From

Starday And Hutch proving to be an
unlikely dancefloor filler, it looks set to be
a hay day amongst the crowds...

Monday and Tuesday at the Venue sees
a grand total of six bands hitting the
boards. On Monday it's the Musician's
Colletive featuring DEATH WITH
MILK, FLOAT, ARCHIBALD KEBAB
and VATICAN SHOTGUN SCARE.
The following night it's the turn of Tennent's
Live with RICH, SLICE and promising
singer WOODROW WILSON playing
under their banner.

Elsewhere at Potterrow on Friday,
there's THE WOLFHOUNDS bringing
their own particular brand of indie-pop
northwards on once more.

James Hardcastle
"BRITISH eccentricity strikes again! Unwearable!" "No risks taken — dull commercialism stifles fresh design!": these are both accusations levelled at many British designers after their twice-yearly catwalk shows when the new collections are unveiled to the international press and buyers.

Often they are compared unfavourably with their French, Italian and American counterparts (do most people really want to wear those weird and wonderful show-stoppers?) and then when buyers' orders don't come flooding in, many companies are forced to return to tried and tested formulas or face possible bankruptcy. This pattern repeats itself on every level of the fashion business from international design houses to the cheapest high street chainstores. This year will be a particularly telling one: there's trembling in their ranks.

The retail scene, especially in the high street, over the past few months has certainly been gloomy and there's no change in sight. Firstly, the stock in the shops has been hopelessly out of kilter with the immediate needs of the customers, partly due to the seasonal inflexibility of many companies and stores, and partly due to the fact that the summer just wasn't hot and the winter was mild. As well as this, some of the big companies in the high street have over-extended themselves in greedy expansion and run headlong into difficulties: the most obvious example of this would be the House of Fraser, which includes BHS, Richards and Mothercare, whose profits are down, and the Next chain which, after snapping up prestigious properties, had to sell them right back to Barners.

And the fashion shops in Covent Garden, a recently thriving area of London, are rumoured to have less than half the turnover of the previous year. As the major fashion houses and chainstores experience these setbacks, the temptation must be there to churn out the same sumerfire basics, the tired old "classics" which reapare again and again, but this could be the ebbing of the stores' own coffins. What is less appealing to the discerning customer than a shopful of the last three years' wardrobe?

In the late eighties it is the slightly older customer who apparently has the cash for clothes, now these people are expected to feel the pinch with soaring interest rates, and all levels of the industry are anticipating falling sales figures. Savile Row, for instance, is not what it once was — last year a mere 25,000 suits were produced, more than 60 per cent for export — either British men are not the traditionally minded dressers they once were or there are fewer quintessential Englishmen about. There is certainly some difficulty in persuading them to part with the £1,500 or so it cost for a top-notch made-to-measure suit.

Even the world of couture, the rarified atmosphere of wealth and glamour is certainly not unshakeable. In the past couple of years, Christian Lacrois has been hailed as its saviour, injecting it with new life, colour and sex appeal, but recently there have been a lot of simplistic, less sumptuous collections which apparently didn't go down a storm with some of the fashion press. Many of the small group of hugely wealthy women who buy couture are American and the new First Lady (having as much power to influence as our Royals) is seemingly a more practical person, less of a clotheshorse than Nancy was — could this have a knock-on effect?

In the younger market, trend leaders, more than 60 per cent for export — either British men are not the traditionally minded dressers they once were or there are fewer quintessential Englishmen about. There is certainly some difficulty in persuading them to part with the £1,500 or so it cost for a top-notch made-to-measure suit.

All these factors do not bode well for quality design. Though the fashion industry is a huge and profitable one, the huge weight of interesting talent emerging form our art schools does not appear to be well utilised by the big fashion houses and is a trend that is difficult in the UK for young designers to set up independent businesses. It is virtually impossible to have small orders manufactured cheaply and with attention to quality here, and smaller supplies of fabrics are harder than gold dust to come by. Amongst the more established young designers, we have our success stories like John Galliano, but something must be amiss when British talents as Wendy Dagwitty go bankrupt and Scotland's finest, Alistair Blair, has moved to much smaller premises and lost most of his employees. Many of our most talented designers go abroad to work and express themselves better, particularly to Italy. This transfer of creativity will no doubt increase, especially after 1992.

When Europe moves towards unification, continental designers will also come here to compete for jobs in Britain but there's definitely hope on the horizon. As trade opens up there could be opportunities for expansion and absorption of new ideas and the kind of working. A general shakeout in the business: let's hope the opportunity is taken.