Pay cuts promised for staff

by Zoe Pagnamenta

UNIVERSITY MANUAL EMPLOYEES received news on Friday of an extensive re-grading system which, if put into effect could have a substantial effect on wage levels.

The ninety-four University servants in Kings Buildings, George Square, the Vet School and Old College, have already submitted their petition against the plan. Servitors' wages are threatened to suffer a reduction of some £500 per annum, taken down in grade from G4 to G5.

Present employees' ordinary wages will not be changed, but incoming servants will be most affected. Overtime pay will be reduced from the current £4.07 to £3.86 an hour. One servant said "the majority of us have to work overtime to get a living wage, especially since the arrival of the poll tax." Most servants make about a hundred pounds a week.

Brian Cant, shop steward in Old College, has been working in the university for twelve years. He says the fear is that the promised April 1990 pay-rise will now hardly be a rise at all. "It's ridiculous," said Mr. Cant's colleagues in George Square, "whatever happened to time and a half?"

The regrading has been under discussion since December 1988 to follow new government "Job Evaluation Scheme guidelines." Servitors feel they were given little if any warning as to how considerable a grade change they would face.

A spokesman at Personnel said that the new scheme was a national one, designed to be more equal. "People disadvantaged in the past, such as part time women cooks will be better off." He emphasised that current employees' wage levels would be protected.

Brian Cant is uncertain as to how successful the servants would appeal will be, but he was adamant: "They can't do it. It's crazy. They're supposed to be intelligent people." When questioned, a number of servants said they felt they had a "good change".

Cleaning will be affected by the new system. As many as half of the cleaners in Pollock Halls are already facing dismissal owing to university cuts, as reported in last week's "Student".

NUS affiliation causes rift

by Jennie Morrison

RESENTMENT is still simmering at Heriot-Watt University following the recent Students' Association decision to join the National Union of Students (NUS).

It is believed that the main grievance at the university was the way in which the affiliation vote was swung by students from Edinburgh Art College, against the wishes of students actually at Heriot-Watt.

As a result of the referendum held on Thursday 23rd November, Heriot-Watt were placed at the front of the national NUS march against loans on Tuesday 28th November. Just over a hundred students from the university attended, whereas double that of Edinburgh turned up.

The referendum was the fifth referendum held by HWSA since they left the NUS in 1980; the last being held as recently as last year.

The victorious "Yes" campaign was run with little input from the NUS itself, and "was fully supported by all the members of the executive of the Students' Association", said President Paul Reilly. It is believed that the "No" campaign was subject to influences outside the university - these include the Conservative Collegiate Forum, although it was not run as a Tory campaign.

Paul Reilly commented on the "amazing turnout" of voters. Out of around 4,000 students at the university, 2,052 voted in the referendum. Of these, 1,092 voted for affiliation with the NUS, and 950 voted against, giving a 142 majority to those in favour.

However, it is a fact that the Art College vote was very heavily in favour of affiliation to the NUS, while in the university the vote was just in favour of "No".

Speaking to Student, one Heriot-Watt student commented that as the Art College was already affiliated with the NUS, they shouldn't have voted in the referendum.

Another said that he knew most of the engineers certainly didn't vote in favour of joining. "We shouldn't be in the NUS," he said.
The Rector of Edinburgh University, Ms Muriel Gray, has emphatically rejected claims that she was a "racist English follower", following the publication of a recent article in The Sun newspaper.

The allegations, also repeated in a Scottish tabloid, were described by Ms Gray as a "fantastic and nonsensical" attack, and a "skilful and malicious assault on her personal character".

"I am deeply hurt by these claims, which are completely baseless," she said in a statement. "As Rector of Edinburgh University, I am committed to creating a welcoming and inclusive environment for all students and staff, and I will not allow such false accusations to derail my efforts to achieve this.

"I have always been an advocate for diversity and equality, and I have worked hard to ensure that all members of the university community feel valued and respected."

Ms Gray's statement came in response to a recent article in The Sun, which claimed that she was supporting "antisemitic" and "racist" causes, and that she had been influenced by far-right political groups.

The University's Board of Governors has also issued a statement, expressing its support for Ms Gray and reiterating its commitment to diversity and inclusion.

"We strongly condemn any attack on Ms Gray's character and integrity," the statement read. "We believe that she is a strong and effective leader, and we support her unequivocally in her efforts to create a welcoming and inclusive university community for all students and staff."
AGM: The conclusion

- Inquorate meeting stirs debate

AMBULANCE DISPUTE

This motion offered the services of EUSA to the ambulance workers in support of their pay claim. However, an amendment was passed entailing that EUSA facilities could only be extended to EU students supporting the ambulance workers so as not to infringe on the freedoms of non-EU students. It was called "precarious licence".

Various speakers spoke of how the ambulance workers deserved parity with the other emergency workers and that EUSA was contempt for the ambulance workers and that EUSA's 'precarious licence'.

The motion passed inquorately.

D. C. Burns, the chairman of the University, saw the dispute as a question. He also saw the dispute as the "cosy" taxi business.

The amended motion was passed inquorately.

ARMAMENTATION AND THE ECONOMY

This motion referred to the current Embryology bill which has an amendment reducing the time limit for abortion from 28 weeks to 24. The motion sought to oppose this as the beginning of a campaign to ban abortion.

Arguments in favour of abortion were that "a woman's right to choose" and thefallability of contraception. These were countered by the usual arguments against, such as it being "murder" and a denial of the rights of the weakest members in society, i.e. the unborn.

There were, however, some relatively novel points raised such as the use of abortion as a check on population growth and the problem of dealing with a foetus which will die when it leaves the womb, a question so far untouched by the Pro-life lobby.

The motion was passed inquorately, with no decision binding on the Chair.

ARMS AMENDMENT

One speaker, from the Committee of Management, dismissed such fears as "paranoid nonsense". Later on in the debate, he called for the proceedings prematurely by voting on a point of order, a technique used in earlier motions.

A peculiar motion, this one attracting much constitutional disquiet between the 100 or so students left in the Theatre. Leading up to the character of debate on the next, and final motion, the Chair's control began to be questioned from the floor.

RESPECT FOR THE ENVIRONMENT

This was the last motion on the AGM order paper, and numbered 100 in the overall business. However, it sparked some frustrated debate among the less than 100 students left.

Essentially, Jimmy Quinn told the audience, the motion, if it was passed with the three amendments added to it (which prompted environmental awareness), would only lead to confusion.

This prompted some in the audience to suggest that the meeting — inquorate because it had less than 300 people — should be adjourned until next week; others declared their option for next term. But the sabbaticals, especially Jimmy Quinn, moved firmly against this, reasoning that it was highly unlikely any further meeting would be quorate for one motion, however important.

In the end, after a failed move by some students to secure a vote of no confidence in the chair, the motion, with all three amendments included, was carried inquorately, pleasing no one except the servitor who had to lock up George Square Theatre.

ARMS AMENDMENT

Business being concluded, the order, was asked that everyone recognises that the next General Meeting is to be held in Pellock Halls at 7 pm on 17th February.

AGM Report compiled by Ewen Ferguson, Ed Humpherson and Conal Ureaghart

EUSA's four sabbaticals: John Murdoch (Treasurer), Martin Morrison (Deputy President), Jimmy Quinn (President), Martijn Quinn (Secretary).

NUS AFFILIATION MOTION

This motion, initially demanding a referendum on NUS affiliation was amended to entail the setting up of a "working body" on the question.

The merits of the NUS were generally seen in its ability to organise nationwide protest as in Glasgow last week. It was pointed out that EUSA did attend that march thus negating the need for affiliation. Little was said about the high costs of NUS affiliation and opposition was minimal.

The amended motion was passed inquorately.

ABORTION MOTION II

Yet again abortion proved itself a controversial and emotive subject with a seemingly endless supply of speakers materialising from the floor. Two attempts were made to quorate and force a vote, only the latter succeeding.

This motion referred to the amendment pertaining to the time limit for abortion from 28 weeks to 24. The motion sought to oppose this as the beginning of a campaign to ban abortion.

Arguments in favour of abortion were that "a woman's right to choose" and the fallibility of contraception. These were countered by the usual arguments against, such as it being "murder" and a denial of the rights of the weakest members in society, i.e. the unborn.

There were, however, some relatively novel points raised such as the use of abortion as a check on population growth and the problem of dealing with a foetus which will die when it leaves the womb, a question so far untouched by the Pro-life lobby.

The motion was passed inquorately, with no decision binding on EUSA whatsoever.

COSMETICS

This motion, proposing that EUSA should only stock cosmetics not tested on animals, was dropped by its advocates because the meeting was not quorate.

MANAGEMENT MOTION

This motion, numbered 19 in the order paper, was passed inquorately.

It had called for EUSA to campaign against management attacks on students and staff, both in the University and nationally as exemplified by the decision to close the Dental School.

There is nothing like living in the city centre, right in the heart of things. Especially when that city is Edinburgh. Imagine living next door to the castle. Or walking home past some of the most famous historic architecture in the world.

This is what it's like living at the West Port, just off the Grassmarket. Here, we have a number of two bedroom properties still available in what has to be one of the city's most thoughtful restoration developments.

These luxury apartments with their own shops, restaurants and a handful of small businesses, are slap bang in the middle of the city.

19th century interiors have been enhanced with period features and energy efficient heating has been incorporated without spoiling the effect.

So, next time you're in town, why not do a spot of sightseeing. Our new showflat is open Saturday and Sunday 2-4pm.
DEATH ROW!

RE-REGISTRATION

Societies’ Secretary requests the following societies to re-register at Societies’ Administration Office by the end of week ten this year (Friday, 15th December).

- Alternative Entertainments Society
- Amnesty International
- Anglican Society
- Arts Society
- Baha’i Society
- Bridge Club
- Campaign Against the Poll Tax
- Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
- Catholic Students Union
- Chocolate Appreciation Society
- Democratic Society
- Ecological Society
- Economics Society
- Engineering Society
- Film Society
- Folk Song Society
- French Society
- Friends of the Pooka McPhellimy
- Friends of the Playgroup
- Great Highland Bagpipe Society
- Highland Society
- International Society
- Italian Society
- Labour Club
- Law Society
- Lesbian and Gay Society
- Malaysian Students’ Association
- Microbiology Society
- Neighbours International Society
- Nicaraguan Solidarity Group
- Opera Society
- Philosophy Society
- Physical Society
- Psychology Society
- Religious & Theological Students Fellowship
- Renaissance Singers
- Savoy opera Group
- Schumacher Society
- Science Fiction & Fantasy Society
- Social Anthropology Society
- Spanish Society
- Student Aid
- Student Publishing Society
- Student Video Productions
- Theatre Company
- Theological Society
- Third World First
- Water of Life Society
- Zoological Society

Please note that failure to do so will render the society defunct.
PALESTINE

Nowhere to go

This weekend marks the second anniversary of the Intifada uprising in occupied Palestine. Four representatives of the International Union of Students visited the area. Ian Younger reports what they found.

THE INTERNATIONAL Union of Students recently sponsored four students to take part in a fact finding mission to the occupied territory of Palestine. The report of their visit forms a damning indictment of the Israeli occupying forces. The picture that emerges is one of indiscriminate and unrelenting brutality against the Palestinian people.

The students tell of many violent incidents; an horrific example is that witnessed by Carol Judge. After a disturbance in the camp of Balata a young Palestinian man was chosen at random to suffer repressive punishment. "The young man was not involved in the disturbance, but he was shot in the back. They proceeded to shoot him while he lay on the ground, kicked him and beat him. Still alive, they tied his legs to the back of the jeep and dragged him along the road around the camp."

Physical violence is only one of the weapons used by the Israelis in the repression of the Palestinians. Education is severely limited in the hope of producing a docile Securitate-controlled society. In the West Bank all schools are shut, in

Cea ucescu's Romama, well-off oil exporting country into many ou ss ect . In fact they are kicked and beaten. Still where he was and to try and arrest but of the murder of Palesti-

happiness. "The giant of a new age. One could be forgiven for thinking that these are references to the messiah of a new religious outshines even the

Winter palace

In the face of change throughout Eastern Europe, Romania's President Ceaucescu continues to stand against the flood of reform. Dirk Singer reviews the situation.

"THE REDEEMER of the planet", "the treasure trove of wisdom", "the light that outshines even the sun", "the giant of a new age". One could be forgiven for thinking that these are references to the messiah of a new religious sect. In fact they are references made by the state press of a European country about its leader. Hitler's Germany 1939? No, Nicolae Ceaucescu. December 1989.

While the pace of reform is everything that Romania superceded by the rule of undertaken. "After a disturbance in the camp of Palestinian living in the West of the jeep and dragged him along the road around the camp."

Ceaucescu's project (near-completion) involvesFurther practice.

Ceaucescu's second project (near-completion) is his grand project of the historic centre of Bucharest, and replacing it with the palace with enough supplies to reduce the differences between the town and country dwellers. Another unspoken explanation is that people living in high-rise tenement blocks are easier for the Securitate, Romania's dreaded internal security service, to keep an eye on.

Romanoi's people, meanwhile, have had their standard of living cut back to that of the period immediately following the Second World War. One German journalist reported that "for a few days people were awakened by an unusual trampling sound that sounds as if horses are underneath the street outside the hotel. It is fact hundreds of people who are on their way to the 'Alimentaria' shops to start queueing for bread, and if it its available, milk again".

Nicolae Ceaucescu, making Romania easily the most repressive country in Europe today. Romanian tourist literature trumpet's, "above all, you are impressed by the Romans' smiling faces, by their spontaneous and unique amiability." However, most Romanians did not had much to smile about recently.

In the twenty-five years of Ceaucescu's rule, Bucharest has been turned from a considerably well-off exporting country into the poorhouse of Europe. Everything that Romania produces has been exported, first to pay off the country's foreign debt, then to fund two megadramatic projects that the "genius of the epoch" has undertaken.

"In the beginning... was the word, but a self-reliant, hardworking, fit and healthy person who suffer injuries as a result of back street abortions, and doctors who agree to such abortions face prison sentences, and a ban from further practice. Romania will probably remain the exception in eastern Europe for the foreseeable future. There really is no alternative power structure to the Ceausescus. The army has been cut down, Ceausescus's relatives are placed throughout the communist party apparatus, and the Securitate is said to have one agent (often recruited through blackmail) for every fifteen Romanians. As for the people, all their free time is taken up with trying to find enough to eat."

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In the manner that repressive country in Europe

students*
Well run

Some four and a half hours later, after someone had explained to the vice-captain how to read a bus timetable the 4 teams lined up for their race confident that at least some of the expensive prize list would be theirs.

The women race was first off and current strength of the Harriers was underlined by a creditable 8th from the A-team and by the fact that the B-team also finished well up the field.

This improvement could prove vital as Harrietts continue their quest for yet more honours in the New Year.

In the mens race the standard was predictably high and on a quick first leg struggled to come back to 18th well off the scraching pace set by John Sherman of a guest Leeds Old Boys team, who set the fastest lap time of the day. On the 2nd lap Ian Harkness moved the Harries up 11 places to 7th. This position was held on legs 3 and 4 by good runs from Robin Goodfellow and Adam Eyre-Walker and by the 5th leg the gaps in the field were so large that token Scott, Robin Sutherland, could have a quick refreshment stop without losing a place.

Will Ramsbotham anchored the team home without further incident. Meanwhile the B team finished 43rd.

Shingty

Last Saturday saw the Shingty Club take off on their third division opponents in the Colintraive Cup. A feature of the team’s play this season has been its ability to raise their standard of play against impressive oppositions, and this Colintraive Cup tie was no exception.

Early adrenalin sparked Edinburgh into some, attacks that soon resulted in goals. Rawdy Kooy showed his speed chasing excellent through balls from centre forward John MacKenzie - claiming two smartly taken goals.

Glasgow were soon back on equal terms, a shaky University defence always threatening collapse. Midfield lynchin Simon Longstaff was forced to reitre after an unlucky clash of sticks in the second half: the loss of a natural first half titter was soon to be missed.

Coin MacFarlane was called to the rescue and it was the Glasgow substitute who was to play the best ball of the afternoon… in the wrong direction! He seemed to forget that the sides had swapped beforgiveness for taking this particu-

Burgh Babes

Kindergarten, marshalled his troops with a Scottish precision. Devereux, the dynamo in the machine’s engine contrived a move of such sublime simplicity yet cunning audacity that when Warneford finally rammed the ball home it seemed to do brutish justice to such a precise build.

Stirling 0

The game staggered a pass out of the door to Yule who effortlessly ghosted past his marker, without breaking stride the “Generalissimo” floated in a measured cross for Warneford arising above a static Stirling back line to glace a header home.

For the remainder of the game the B team toyed with its opponent, now vanquished to the ranks of victim.

Rugby

The University 1st XV finished the term on a markedly improved note with this fine victory over third division East Kilbride. A greatly improved team spirit and sense of purpose saw them through against an East Kilbride side who outweighed their student opposition, but were desperately short of attacking flair.

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Shingty

Continuing with the Scottish Universities league, Edinburgh travelled through to Greenacres (near Glasgow) ably navigated by Struan.

Greenacres, famed for its interesting ice was not to let the two teams down, one skipped by Simon Thaden, the other by Hamish Lorrain-Smith. Hamish determined not to lose a big end at the beginning of the game, especially against a highly experienced skip (last years representative at the Mens World Junior Championships) went straight onto the offensive. Unfortunately, the
COMMENT

As we approach the '90s commercialism becomes more important.

Is amateurism a thing of the past? Chris Stephenson argues it is.

It seems probable that the '80s will be remembered as the Decade of the Dollar. Over the last ten years Sport has taken on frighteningly commercial proportions. The quest for wealth now seems to be as great an ambition to Sportsmen as seeking new heights of achievement.

The most obvious example of this new ethos is the ludicrous situation that exists in the heavyweight boxing ring at the moment. Since November 1986, having demolished Trevor Berbick in just 5 minutes and 37 seconds, Mike Tyson has reigned virtually unscathed.

So inexcusable is Iron Mike; that a boxer's aim is not as much victory as the vast riches that lie in the ring with the Champion. As.uni of the past; money is not a sport. His Matchroom boss Frank Bruno was hailed a hero for lasting five rounds in hell - but the affable giant came out with 4 million dollars and a chat show to nurse his bruises with.

1990 sees the first 100 million dollar fight scheduled; cruiser-weight Evander Holyfield is said to poses the punching power and speed to at least make Tyson concentrate. But what a fight it will have to be for 100 million dollars!

The blame for these crazy figures should not lie at the feet of the boxers themselves. Promotion and management are now such that world that the personality and market value of the sportswoman is as critical as his talent.

The internal wrangles of Mike Tyson's meteoric rise to stardom have been as well publicised as his gloved exploits; managing the champ has become as hard a scrap as anything seen in the ring. Cus D'Amato has lost out and now Tyson is in the safe hands of Don King and Donald Trump, who no doubt have the young man's best interests at heart.

Professional Snooker title. Since then snooker has become the most time consuming sport on television, commanding huge audiences and equally mind boggling prize-money and sponsorship.

Hearn has exploited a market, not a sport. His Matchroom 'stable' includes the majority of leading players, and therefore claims most of the prize-money. The UK Championships that popularity over the last decade. It did the most to lead to the popularity of the sport; or vice versa. Unfortunately it seems that snooker took off as a mass sport only when players such as Davis and Jimmy White began to attract huge sponsorship and outrageous prize and appearance money.

Boxing and snooker are two obvious examples of the money talk of the 1980's. But the power of the cheque-book is ever present.

Golfers choose most of their tournaments by profitability (the Sun City Million is played in a desert land are ranked on a money scale). Tennis players command huge sponsorship and appearance - bright young talents such as Andre Agnus feel no compulsion to play at Wimbledon, arguably the most prestigious event in the sporting calendar.

The dilemma is summed up by the choice that faces Rugby Union today; the last bastion of amateurism. Rugby is finding it increasingly difficult to finance itself and satisfy its top class players.

Professionalism is seeping in - players are becoming restless, seeing other international class sportsmen reaping the rewards of a mine of consumer demand.

What will the '90's bring? In ten years time will the young rugby be embroiled in the world of professional sport? Perhaps hockey, an amateur club-based sport will be facing the same crisis that the rugby authorities fear today.

Unfortunately amateurism in top class sport seems to be a thing of the past; money is now a major motivation in international sport, and soon the monetary rewards will be more staggering than the physical achievements.

Virginia Wade missed out on the financial rewards by a few years.

The greatest boxer since Muhammad Ali, and arguably of all time, has now become a product to be ruthlessly exploited by those with an eye for the market.

Closer to home, Barry Hearn epitomises Britain's own move towards a cash orientated Sporting arena. It was April 1981 when Steve Davis, at the age of 23, won his first Embassy World ended on Sunday saw Stephen Hendy leave Preston with 100,000 pounds, and we can be assured that that figure will have greatly diminished by the time it reaches his bank account. Hearn was on hand when the cheques were presented, talons no doubt sharpened. Despite the power of the dollar however it is irrefutable that snooker has enjoyed a vast upsurge in its commercial scale. The greatest players are now given contracts that are equal to a top class sporting career.

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You can take it and... more! University ain't as hard as they said it was, Hell, you're on your way to a brilliant career! But sometimes, when the going gets tough, and studying gets you down, you got a hangover after that good ol' home cookin', and then you've just got to run to...
Dear Editor,

We would like to bring to your attention a misrepresentation in the report on the EUSA Annual General Meeting in last week's issue of your paper. Your reporter suggested that the motion on supervised section was withdrawn for no apparent reason. We would suggest that your reporter pay more attention to their job. The reason was obvious but was made explicit in the announcement made from the chair by Jimmy Quinn concerning our withdrawal. It was obvious that our motives for withdrawing were that there was little point in continuing. If the motion had been won the resolutions would not have been binding - the meeting was quorate at that time. Further, the meeting was already ten minutes late. We were listening - as your reporter’s mind, had they been binding - the motion was withdrawn for no apparent reason. We would suggest that the subject matter in the paper was not to their liking. For example, the fashion page was widely deemed as irrelevant to students and a particular salient point making and laying out the paper - the next award and that one of the staff was Journalist of the Year.

The comments have been duly noted and will be investigated further. We would like to welcome articles from some student writers and academics. It would be surprising if the final product is anything but the opposite.

Many thanks to everyone who completed and returned one of the questionnaires that we gave away with the paper a couple of weeks ago. We were unable to conduct this survey because we genuinely do not have much of a readership and that is the only way we think we could improve it. The reasons for this are partly mercenary (we want to sell more copies) and partly that we think what you think of the paper is the way we think we could improve it. The reasons for this are partly mercenary (we want to sell more copies) and partly that we think what you think of the paper is the way we think we could improve it.

Their job is not an easy one - they have just cast down criticism - they are prepared to spend money on it. They have just cast down criticism - they are prepared to spend money on it.
Earlier this year an album, Love Is Hell, appeared on an independent record label. It was not an ordinary indie album. Complete with its beautiful sleeve it represented a new dimension for guitars, normally the haven of all things sexist and exploitative. It didn’t take too many listeners to realise that what was going on in the lyrics was more than the average ‘Boy meets girl and then boy loses girl’ or ‘Get your legs ‘round my rocket’. It bas its perks, you can all prefer to be in the studio if you like, but combined with the exhilarating noise of tortured guitars it was, at the end of the day, ultimately uplifting. The press were ecstatic and quickly sold out all copies. When we were playing Manchester there were about ten people and that was the Happy Mondays, I think, looking for a late night drinking place.

Back to Patrick, in a previous interview you claimed the lyrics were an afterthought. “Oh yeah, definitely. They’re after the fact, after the music. The music inspires the mood.” Yet the lyrics deal with some pretty serious topics: “That’s me, I can’t help that. I think that’s good as well. It’s hard work, that’s all it is really. It’s a battle trying to get these words sorted out. I do there’s a nice view, that’s nice’. We still get the slag offs. We’re not surprised, we just don’t understand what people write. It doesn’t mean anything. We don’t sell that many records and we don’t get that many people coming to our gigs. Wait, Julian wants to come on here . . .

All this negative talk has been too much for Julian and he feels obliged to rectify the proceedings: “Sorry to be rude but don’t believe a word he says. He runs us down too often and he’s far too modest.” And you’re not? “No. I’m just realistic. Well, I’m not going to say to somebody on the phone ‘Nobody comes to our gigs’ because we’re coming to Scotland in about a week. “We’ve had some pretty awful bungers. The first time we played Manchester there were about ten people and that was the Happy Mondays, I think, looking for a late night drinking place.”

The Stone Roses on Top Of The Pops. Kitchens of Distinction are currently in the middle of a national tour but, surprisingly, for Patrick playing gigs is not his favourite activity: “I think we’d all prefer to be in the studio if we could. It has its perks, you can gauge whether what you’re doing is actually any good because when they clap more it’s probably a better song.”

If you mean that’s not what the press are for? “Oh God no, because we don’t even agree amongst ourselves, let alone the music press.”

It seems these agreements form the basis of they way they work in the studio: “What happens is there’s enough discontent between the three of us to bring it down tonight or nine songs that we’re happy with. Even then it’s very begrudgingly.”

The torrent of rave reviews pose Patrick even more problems: “I don’t know” he muses. “It’s weird. It’s been gradual, we’ve been going for quite a while now and it doesn’t seem surprising any more. It’s like ‘Oh, there you go’. It doesn’t mean anything. We don’t sell that many records and we don’t get that many people coming to our gigs. Wait, Julian wants to come on here . . .

‘The Selfish Gene’ Fruitmarket Gallery’s latest crop Interview with Robert Jackson, Higher Education Minister

After Darwin, Dawkins and

Thursday, December 7, 1989 9

The Kitchens put their best foot forward.

Patrick doesn’t have any pets, Julian doesn’t believe him. Kitchens of Distinction are not exactly the archetypal cock rocks nor are they fuy indie wimps. James Halliburton crosses lines with the singer and guitarist of One Little Indian’s best band since The Sugarcubes.

The Stone Roses are at at moment, press darlings who can do no wrong? “It really irritates me. If we were the victims, and I see it as being like a victim, we’d be very disappointed.” How on earth can you cope with that kind of pressure?

“If the only thing I thought that was justified in the hype market this year was De La Soul. I don’t think they were particularly hyped rather they were well worked. For us there still isn’t this ‘Oh, we must give you the front cover and 15 pages to talk about your dogs’. Maybe next year we’ll get that.”

You’d like 15 pages to talk about your dogs? “I haven’t got any pets so it would probably be very boring.”

Kitchens Of Distinction play The Colston Studios on Friday night.
The important thing to realize is that Robert Jackson really does believe that his education reforms are going to work. For him, loans are not just a piece of cynical Tory rationalization. They are an ideological statement that addresses the root problems concerning students in higher education: under-funding, a dependency culture and intellectual lassitude.

From his picture beaming up at you from the page, RJ might look like a semi-successful advertising executive whose out-moded plastic glasses give a hint of decay. When I first met him he gave an entirely different impression.

He's not like your normal Tory minister who you might think does the job for want of something better to do. He could have done a great many other things. Britain was still swinging and before the Paris student riots became the dominant feature on the scene. It was an age of innocence before things go off the rails. He's not like your normal Tory minister who you might think does the job for want of something better to do. He could have done a great many other things.

Amongst the ranks of Tory MPs he is considered a great success. His career at Oxford (President of the Union, Fellowship at some college full of clever people and no students) suggests that he really does have cerebral ability.

"I studied at Oxford in the mid-60s in the period when Britain was still swinging and before the Paris student riots became the dominant feature on the scene. It was an age of innocence before things got sour. With his overpowering faith in the force of ideas and the effectiveness of ideology there is a scene in which he is still an innocent man."

What does he think of students nowadays? "I've always been struck by how many British students - at any rate, the ones who are active and vociferous politically - seem to have embraced a philosophy that the world owes them a living. I am fed up with hearing speaker after speaker after speaker at university debates asserting as a matter of entitlement their rights and the duty of the government to provide more money for themselves."

"The Department of Education White Paper, "Top-up Loans For Students", which outlines the government's plans, is chock-a-block with references to this type of Thatchterite attitude. For instance, the government is intent on stopping students drawing any money from the social security services because, "(We) believe that ending students' dependence on social security benefits will, like the availability of a loan, contribute to increasing their economic awareness and their self-reliance." The aim of top-up loans is to replace the money that students lose from benefits, replace the loss of income from the gradually declining grant and reduce the burden on parents of supporting their siblings.

But it is also very socially aware. "A survey carried out for the Robbins Committee found that 3.2% of 21 year olds whose parents were of manual occupations had entered full-time higher education by 1962. The comparable figure for 1985 was 6.9%," it tells us mournfully, illustrating the point with charts.

The result is a depressing picture: the government is caught in a cleft stick - it wants more access to higher education for more students in a variety of disciplines but can hardly contain the present domination of the middle-class at university, the falling value of the grant and the growth in money spent on education.

In an interesting aside the report states, "A majority of the Anderson Committee recommended that there should be no parental contribution. A minority held that if families did not contribute towards their student members' living costs where means permitted, the spirit of family solidarity and individual self-reliance would be undermined; this view was accepted." Might this spurious argument suggest that the minister, a man known to be in the centre of the party despite all his radical vocabulary, might have been bitten by his conscience and prevented the application of a fully-fledged loans system?

"I've always been struck by how many students — at any rate, the ones who are active and vociferous politically — seem to have embraced a philosophy that the world owes them a living."

Talking to Jackson, however, I found it difficult to visualize him travelling to Rhodesia with Governor-General, Lord Soames, organising and advising the de-colonialisation of British possessions in Zimbabwe and showing the kind face of imperialism.

On the eve of the second reading, Bill, James Bethell spoke to the House of State for Education, at his finance grants and his vision of the future.

He certainly did not seem scared of forcing students to borrow money. "If we in Britain have one problem it is that we borrow too much money and spend it on consumer goods."

Almost immediately he switched to his marketing-man mode. "Higher education is, from the point of view of the individual, a good investment, and we are providing the facility for individuals to invest in their own future."

But, I asked him timorously, won't the loans scheme simply make the universities and colleges of Britain more elitist?

"Not at all. There are big things driving towards more working-class participation in higher education. The first is democratic pressure. In the years ahead there will be less and less eighteen year-olds around so universities are going to have to market themselves. The Government has linked university income to the amount of students they manage to attract, so this will increase the pressure on institutions to expand and provide greater access to students from a variety of backgrounds and with a variety of unconventional qualifications.

"The second is increasing staying-on rates at school. It's a fact that if a student from a dis-advantaged background manages to get as far as the A-level stage of their education then they are as likely to go into further education as their middle-class colleagues."

"Loans are an important facilitating device because they allow new financial resources to be invested as the pressure for growth increases."

Jackson is very proud of these plans. "It is often said that governments always think in the short-term. Well, this is a good example of the government thinking strategically." It seems that Jackson isn't just planning
If by going on marches student bodies are trying to persuade me that I have made a mistake, then I have to say that these demos simply confirm one’s judgements that one is doing the right thing.
THE AVALANCHE PARTY
Colton Studios

LOUD, fuzzy, hard and fuzzy The Matter Babies opened the Avalanche Party. Two broken guitar strings—a good set and encore later, the Shop Assistants took the stage.

To say the Shop Assistants were bad would be an understatement. The drum and guitar playing were slack and half the songs suffered from sounding like half the other songs.

Next up Jesse Garon and the Desperadoes displayed good natured wit and in dedicating the first song to the ambulancemen and the encore to Sir Anthony Meyer, they spilled favourite songs with political thought.

Finally Riverhead closed the party with some perfect guitar pop. At £1 to see four bands this had to be the best value concert in Edinburgh.

Alasdair Kelly

VENOM

The Venue

I GOT to The Venue in the midst of a somewhat brassy rendition of that well known black metal classic, Jingle Bells—ironic really, as Venoms need to write to Santa and ask him to give them some fans for Xmas because the last time The Venue was this empty Baby's Got A Gun were playing.

SWING OUT SISTER

Queen's Hall

AN OFFENSIVELY respectable atmosphere descends over the hall as an ageing crowd patiently waits. Enter Corrine sporting some fairly horrendous gear into a football terrace chant. In fact I don't think they are a band at all; rather more a collection of session men chosen solely by virtue of their inflated egos and lame smiles.

It normally takes a few years of fossilisation for a band to reach the drum solo stage but Swing Out Sister have wasted no time. God, a little freshness wouldn't have gone amiss.

And someone should tell them that Breakout is not an eternal classic, meriting ten minute rehash. I had hoped for something stylish, mellow, possibly slightly soulful, but this had all the class of a plastic model of the Eiffel Tower. Come on, is this tacky or what?

Alun Graves

WRATHCHILD

The Venue

PHEW! Rock 'n' Roll - what a lifestyle. Those skin-tight trousers, those knee high boots, the absolutely obligatory long hair and designer head scarf. And that's the audience. Watch in wonder as guitars are waved about in time-honoured metal tradition. Gasp as the guitarist puts on the monitor and shakes his head. Laugh at the songs' krazzlee spellings.

Wrathchild do not present a particularly original image but are still streets ahead of most bands of their genre. No matter how long they seem to enjoy themselves so much when faced with such a pitifully small crowd and good sense of fun prevailed and they didn't take themselves too seriously. They're already better than 99% of the bands about, have a sense of humour, and are capable of knocking out a good tune or two. Bring on the mighty Good Girls Do It For Me. Sex, no drugs, and rock 'n' roll.

Simon Kellas

COLORBLIND JAMES EXPERIENCE

Colton Studios

WITH a name like this, to find out that The Colorblind James Experience are just a touch eccentric wasn't a total shock. Tonight there's what's known as a cult following filling up The Colton Studios. I manage to figure this one out because the crowd prefer to hoot and holler their praise, much in the manner of an American golf crowd, typical of most cult followings.

For the first hour things are much as I had expected from hearing "Considering a Move to Memphis" twelve weeks ago. In fact it is with this version of that they finish their set. Just as I am getting set to head off they return to the stage once more for another hour! It is this 'encore' that is more interesting and it gives a better idea of what The Colorblind James Experience are all about - a blues band with an emphasis on the American Myth. Or something like that? Anyway it's a good laugh, good value, and good music.

Joseph Stroll

LOTHIAN REGION COUNCIL
Department of Social Work

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Could you care for someone with learning difficulties (mental handicap) for 20 weeks at a time to give them a break and new experiences? Or could you become a Befriender to help somebody with ordinary activities in the community? Expenses are paid to both Carers and Befrienders. To find out more please contact:

ROSEMARY LAXTON, Co-ordinator, Breaks and Opportunities Scheme, 20-22 Albany Street, Edinburgh.
Tel: 031-556 9140.

Venom have undergone a few lineup changes in recent years but the new guys seem to fit in really well, generating that infamous wall of noise. It's just a shame that new vocalist, The Demolition Man (I was a big fan, pal, but I wouldn't put it on an album cover) feels he has to imitate Cronos' style of vocals. By the way you did hear the one about the fella who phoned to ask what time Venom were on and was asked "When can you get here?

Mike Horsburgh
CATHAL COUGHLAN
AND THE FATIMA
MANSIONS
Against Nature
Kitchenware LP

IN RETROSPECT
Microdisney, CATHAL COUGHLAN's first band, never really stood a chance. The marriage of Coughlan's savagely caustic words and musical backing so laid back it would put Steely Dan to shame ensured the approval of critics but disasterous sales. Major label apathy led to inevitable self-imposition of Microdisney last year. Since then Coughlan seems to have taken stock and decided to trust his awkward bastard instincts above everything else. Against Nature is a record populated by Jimmy Tarbuck, Catholic bishops and all manner of pathetic losers in between. He never allows himself to be pinned down and so you have the Pet Shop Boys mannerisms of 13th Century Boy alongside the surreal Kurt Weill mannerisms of 13th Century Boy have the Pet Shop Boys' awkward bastard.

What with the glorious returns of Mac and Edwyn it's been a good year for comeback albums. Against Nature is by far the strangest. and for that reason a good year for comeback albums. Against Nature is by far the most remarkable. But one can't help feeling the excitement and freshness of songs like Bathed In The Afterglow and If I Should Stay is lost as a consequence. The lyrics, however, stand out: thought provoking and often political, especially on England (a left of centre criticism of you know who). Socially aware and good with it.

Desmond Fahy

SYDNEY YOUNGBLOOD
Sit And Wait
Circa 12"

THERE'S no doubt about it Gerry Sadowitz is a complete git. Commenting on Sydney's video for Sit And Wait he said that it was made so "deaf people could hate him as well". What a git. The trouble is he's too close to the truth. The GI cafe dance was dreadful, and the single is just as tragic. Sadly it's obvious pop dross which will stuff this Christmas's chart turkey. Oh never mind... there's always next year. If you do find out how to write a jelly pop nuke or make a good vid, be charitable this Yuletide... tell Syd.

MAGNUS WILLIS

16 TAMBOURINES
How Green Is Your Valley?

THOUGH too polished and slick for my liking there is a lot of talent here. Jazz influences permeate the rock-based pop and it does have its moments of excitement. Unfortunately these moments are few and far between and the resulting work has had too much studio time spent on it. Cringy arrangements and cleaner than clean production doesn't do his considerable talent justice.

From the All Along The Watchtower-esque opening he cruises by, solos abound, but it's ultimately uninspired. His own Angel Eyes and a blistering version of the Doors' Roadhouse Angel Eyes and a blistering version of the Doors' Roadhouse blues are both far superior. Outside the covers, and if you must, cover, at least choose a good song.

Eve

THE JEFF HEALEY BAND
When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky

ARISTA 12"

YET ANOTHER purely club track that makes you want to wind back the record an infinite number of times and make the poor woman sing "Touch me" eternally. Not really one to listen to at home but as a nightclub track of the Ride On Time mould it will fit in perfectly with all the other stuff. Worth buying if you enjoy that sort of thing, if not, stick to the team of the same name bound to hold more attention.

Martin Willis

49 TBS
Touch Me
Island 12"

YET ANOTHER purely club track that makes you want to wind back the record an infinite number of times and make the poor woman sing "Touch me" eternally. Not really one to listen to at home but as a nightclub track of the Ride On Time mould it will fit in perfectly with all the other stuff. Worth buying if you enjoy that sort of thing, if not, stick to the team of the same name bound to hold more attention.

Martin Willis

Tune

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Tim Worsley
Bootiful Stuff

PLAYWRIGHT Stuart Hepburn has been quite daring in creating a play which fuses extreme farce with contemporary realism. The programme asserts that this is a show for the over twelves but there are moments when one feels it has been aimed below this age-group. It is juvenile even where they are intended to be tongue in cheek.

Despite this, there were quite a few children in the audience. One wonders how a storyline including the exploits of an ex-teacher droned insane by pubescent pupils ever got through the first row, will affect the audience. The emphasis is on speed and an innocuous Christmas entertainment level. The acting (unlike the acting in the Roxburghe Hotel) is 'over the top' with speed and energy - punch and Judy updated to appeal to a sophisticated, contemporary audience.

The Roxburghe Hotel, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh

Shona Lyons

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SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA

Usher Hall

1 December

BRYDEN Thomson's faith in Bohuslav Martinu was vindicated in the SNO's performance of his sixth symphony which is a work of harmonic and rhythmic irregularities and shifting, changing orchestral textures. With it's unorthodox rhapsodic structure and elusive content it is a perplexing work but, Thomson's fluent interpretation transformed the disparate movements into an organic unified whole of emotional intensity, imposing structure on an essentially formless symphony.

the volatile finale was breathtaking in its vigour and power

True, the work remained ethereal and enigmatic, but the vitality of the colourful, swirling instumentation Martinu weaves into his score made an immediate impact. The second movement exploded into the hall and the volatile finale was breathtaking in it's electrifying technique and eloquent elegance.

Rachmaninov's First Piano Concerto was played dazzlingly by Howard Shelley, who exhibited electrifying technique in the tumultuous movements and eloquent elegance in the poignant episodes which are too sentimentally self-indulgent for my liking. The orchestra supported with virulent recklessness and subtly flavoured solos which combined to produce an alert performance despite the nauseating nature of the melancholic episodes.

Alan Campbell

PAT METHENY GROUP

Usher Hall

18 December

AT THE age of 35, Pat Metheny's music has reached a massive popular audience and earned him the scorn of purist critics.

It is not hard to see why. With the formation of the Pat Metheny Group, the phenomenal young American guitarist who had emerged a miraculously complete musician aged 16 from the backwoods of Missouri and harked through a promising and diverse musical apprenticeship in his twenties, decided to take his musical direction back to his rock roots and to create the Metheny sound which was (shivers with dread) accessible. Hence Metheny's success with the masses and relative failure with the critical Pharisees.

Fortunately though, the Pat Metheny Group's first appearance in Scotland on December 18th affords us the unmissable opportunity to make up our own minds about Metheny's eighties success story. In fact the outstanding qualities of the Metheny band probably only come to life in a live setting: the soaring shifting pulse of the Latin percussionists, the subtlety of Lyle Mays' orchestration with its integration of theme and texture, and the acute melodic sense of Metheny's improvising.

In the fast drunken fortnight of the eighties, the Metheny gig is probably the most uplifting way to close your decade; not so much a concert as a New Age spiritual event.

Gordon Drummond

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Gordon Drummond
ALCHIMIA A BENE
AL DESIGN

The Fruitmarket Gallery
until 14 January

ALCHIMIA, according to the press release, believe that "the imagination of the individual is the basis for the world's survival." We are therefore to interprete their conceptual house, in the upper realm of the Fruitmarket Gallery as a colourful space, inside which objects "act as footholds or focal points for our imagination."

Now maybe I'm cynosure too, in my way, or lacking totally in imagination.(accursed thought, let it never be said...), but if Alchimia's room was to provoke my mind into saving the world from absolute MFF daddery, we would have all been dead a long time ago. Bold shapes and brilliant colours, combining the modern, the kitch and the traditional is traditionally... Founded in 1976 by Alessandro and Adriana Guerrero in Milan as an influential design movement, they have tried to blend the conceptuality of the ind intensive colour... (accursed thought, let it never be said...)

Many of the works exhibited were never intended for this purpose but together they do help to illustrate the themes which preoccupied Baumeister over a 30 year period. His early 'Machine an...'

The later work shows a complete change of style and technique, from the modern to the abstract. Baumeister has abandoned figurative and developed freeze-like compositions influenced by African and Middle Eastern culture... He has also abandoned collage in favour of rubbings but unfortunately he has not discovered colour.

CALEDONIAN EXPRESS
STAGECOACH
SCOTLAND'S NEW FORCE IN COACH TRAVEL

Caledonian Express is a sister company of National Express, the largest coach company in England and Wales. We come together with Stagecoach to develop and offer an exciting new range of express coach services from, in and to Scotland. Together we provide daily services to hundreds of towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom. Our coaches are efficient, comfortable and offer great value for money, and we're very excited about exciting new offers for the winter.

CANALSIDE CARDS

EUMS CHRISTMAS PARTY
at 7.30 p.m. in Teviot Debating Hall on Saturday, 5 December

CALEDONIAN EXPRESS Stagecoach
SCOTLAND'S NEW FORCE IN COACH TRAVEL

Caledonian Express is a sister company of National Express, the largest coach company in England and Wales. We come together with Stagecoach to develop and offer an exciting new range of express coach services from, in and to Scotland. Together we provide daily services to hundreds of towns and cities throughout the United Kingdom. Our coaches are efficient, comfortable and offer great value for money, and we're very excited about exciting new offers for the winter.

* New Discount Coach Card for Young Persons!
* 'Boomerang' fares provide big discounts when you travel mid-week or on Saturdays.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR STUDENTS

- Apply for your Student Coach Card from a Scottish University or College Campus Travel Office before 31/12/89 and we will give you one FREE, thereby giving you a minimum saving of over £100. Get your card on our network at a discount of three-quarters of all standard fares
- Just look at these example 'Boomerang' fares for students

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Journey</th>
<th>Fares</th>
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<tr>
<td>Edinburgh to Glasgow</td>
<td>£16.00</td>
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For further details of coach times and fares contact your local Caledonian Express/Stagecoach agent or ring Edinburgh (031) 452 8777.

The eye is never allowed to rest in these paintings - a continual sense of movement and energy pervades the scenes through the use of thick layers of size, colour and expressive gesture. The two earliest portraits, 'Dinzie' and 'Alpin in a Pink Tie' are the exception to this rule; seeming to float, moody and disembodied in an undefined space.

From the jewel-like intensity of Klimt, to the charming light-hearted almost cartoon-like quality of Champagne and Strawberries' and 'Madame De Pompadour', the paintings are suffused with an elemental strength and simplicity which in several respects is accom­panied by a sense of enjoyment and sheer exuberance which is highly infectious.

Hester Marriott

The line of country girl lured by the bright lights of the big city (well, Edinburgh) and finds herself 10 years on, married, with a gaggle of children and unhappy. Adversing circumstances force her to return to the island and the play then jumps just a few years to Katy as an old lady still on the island minus the husband. A more apt title might have been 'What Katy did, who she did next, etc...'. as it reflects the uneventfulness of a disappointing play.

The character of Katy was highly underdeveloped, as were many of the characters. An emotion purely robotic and the motivation behind their actions was never divulged: which for me was never divulged: which for me came as quite a surprise to find the plays essentially large scale which...
VENUS PETER

Cameo
Dir. Ian Sellar

IT IS rare to find a film that has as much integrity or belief in itself as Venus Peter. Ian Sellar's film is portraying the hopes and dreams of a small child in a Scottish fishing village, achieves a decency and a poignancy that despite the recent over prevalence of such tales of childhood innocence and experience, avoids cliché and needless sentimentalising itself, it offers a magical mixture of dreams tempered by reality.

Gabriel Beristien's moody camera and Chippy Scougall in capturing the magic of the Orkney light he beautifully merges the style of the film with its subject and in doing so achieves a remarkable fluency that has long been the preserve of European rather than British cinema. The sea, whether by appearance or atmosphere, is constantly present. From Peter's initial baptism in water fetched from the shore to his final pulling out of the boat, the atmospheric lighting and camerawork keep us perennially watching and of it's affect on Peter. Given this unity of structure and symbol and audience is free to appreciate other aspects of the production - the sharp, poignant script, and some truly wonderful performances. A child with no acting experience could be one of those 'things - a disaster or a triumph. Fortunately, Gordon Strachan turns in a performance worthy of the latter. Utterly irresponsible and full of natural vivacity, he steals every scene that he's in (though I have serious doubts as to his ability to carry off a totally different character with the same degree of success) and provides an excellent foil to Ray McAnally. In his later years McAnally seemed to improve his performance. Certainly his role in Peter's world - a fag-endant fish in Venus Peter is one of his finest, and several scenes between the two of them convey a quite unique feeling of tenderness.

Venus Peter richly deserves its showing at Cannes. The film lingers in the emotions long after it has left the immediacy of the cinema screen and achieves a universal application that is rare in British cinema. This time when Scotland can feel justifiably proud.

DEADRINGERS
David Cronenberg
Video Review

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Beverley and Elliot Mantle are celebrated gynaecologists and as identical twins, have always shared experiences: material, emotional, sexual. When an operation has to be performed, a speech to be made, or a woman to lend to secure our unreserved consent. Beverley allows himself to be seduced, if one of the brothers feels less than 'up to it' then the other will happily take his place.

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The equilibrium of this rather distasteful mutual dependence is upset, however, by the presence of their own private world of duplicit deceit by an attractive, though
Is The Selfish Gene, really, as some have said, the biggest thing to happen to evolutionary theory since Darwin? "Well, you're embarrassing me, there. There are no parallels with Darwin. His book is probably the most important book ever written. Certainly far more important than the Bible."

One of the most volatile responses to the book actually came from the extreme right, when at least one fascist publication decided that the theories in the book were an 'important vindication of our position.' A few years later, some genetic theorists have shown us that organisation is based upon 'ties of blood.' Darwin, however seems inclined to let it all pass over with a minimum of loss. "I'm not sure that the whole thing is true. It's something that's often alleged by the extreme left, but I haven't read it very much."

But I do get the feeling that he actually feels a little annoyed, rather than pleased, that people such as politicians might want to use his theories at all. Why? "The reason I say that kind of thing is that I'm thinking of the extreme left, of course. People say that our genes are political genes, or 'mind genes' or whatever."

There are no parallels with Darwin. His book is probably the most important ever written. Certainly far more important than the Bible. Gene, Dawkins has just published a new edition compromising an extra two chapters and a new set of end notes highlighting certain points in the original eleven chapters. But why did he write the book in the first place? "I think that it was waiting to be written. The original book was written in a hurry and was contemporaneous with a certain aspect of Darwinism for explaining the actions of life."

The basic substance of the book is a fascinating journey into the world of the eponymous gene. As the title suggests, Dawkins argues that the single and sole purpose of the gene is simply to replicate itself as much as possible and, he devotes much of the book to explaining some beautifully detailed insights into how this basic phenomenon translates into the actions of life on Earth especially amongst humans.

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**African, bring matric card.**

If you can’t come Friday, try Saturday after 12.30 pm. It’s 1 pm on the Monday before Christmas.

**Films**

From Friday

VENUS PETER 1 pm, 3 pm, 5 pm, 7 pm, 9 pm (not 1 pm and 3 pm Sun).

Late Night Friday 11.15 pm

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS: SOMETHING WILDLynn, 8 pm.

Sunday Matinee 12.30 pm

LAST TANGO IN PARIS No student concessions. Pieces vary from £1.50 to £2.90 depending on performance dates.

**Cannon**

LOTHIAN ROAD 229 3030

From Friday

1. BACK TO THE FUTURE 2 pm, 5 pm, 8 pm.
2. SHERLEY VALENTINE 2.10 pm, 5.10 pm, 8.10 pm.
3. FIELD OF DREAMS 2.10 pm, 5.10 pm, 8.10 pm. Student concession Monday.

**Clubs**

**Thursday**

GAUTHEM CLEAR 8.30 pm; Manchester House, Cowgate M ixing the gaynights club scene — all under the age of 18.

SHAG 11 pm; The Mission-Shady Ladies, Victoria Street. Heat, sweat, claustrophobia — what more could make your evening fun?

**UNIVENTS**

**Thursday**

ANGELIC CHAPLAINCY 1.15 pm, Chaplaincy Centre, Fuchurath and Church.

EU ANIMAL RIGHTS 8 pm; sommerville Room, Pleasance. All welcome.

CHAPLAINCY CENTRE 5.15 pm; Christian Faith Enquiry Class.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS UNION 6.30 pm; 22 George Square. Mentally Handicapped Adult Group.

**Friday**

SPANISH HARLEM 10.30 pm-1 am; Whitchie Lodge, Cowgate. Yet another panto for all the right-on, but it’s a great one.

DREAMS AND LAMPS 10-11 pm; The Mission, Victoria St. More house, this time with some Glasgow influences. £3.

MARLEY’S 10-11 pm; Shady Ladies, Cowgate. Try some reggae on a Friday night — mostly older crowd. £2.

**Saturday**

IMMIGRANT CLUB 10.15 pm-1 am; Shady Ladies. Independent music with some classics thrown in. £2.

**Sunday**

EU MUSICAL SOCIETY 7.30 pm; Debatable Hall, Teviot Row. Annual Carol Party

HEAVEN Evening; Chambers Street

STRANGEWAY 9-12 midnight; Park Row, Teviot

SUNDAY ANGELICA 5-6 pm; Old St Paul’s Church, Jeffrey Street. Student Fringe Club

TUESDAY FRENCH SOCIETY LUNCH 1 pm; Dept basement, 60 George Sq All welcome.

**Theatre**

**King’s**

2 LEVEN STREET 229 1201

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BARES IN THE WOOD

This promises to be the most traditional pantomime offered to Edinburgh this year on keeping with the "He’s behind you, Oh no he isn’t" type. Not very intellectually stimulating but all good fun.

Until Sat 17 Feb; 7 pm. Mat 2.15 pm-

£2.50

**Bruntan Theatre**

**Grundy Street**

CINDERELLA Yet another panto, as if you couldn’t guess. Taken from the original fairytale, this 5 Dec 5.30 pm, 7.30 pm, 9 pm; 6 Dec 2.30 pm, 5 pm, 7.30 pm; 21 Dec 2.30 pm, 5 pm.

Tickets £2.65

**Traverse**

**Grindlay Street**

THE TURKEY THAT FOUGHT BACK A panto written for 4-8 year-olds, but it might hold some appeal for certain sections of the student population.

Wed-Sat 2.15 pm; Fri and Sat Marts 2.30 pm

£1.50

**Information**

MONTGUE c/o Student Centre 656 2240

EDINBURGH LANGUAGE CENTRE 60 Morningside Hill 557 4033

STUDENT COUNSELLING c/o Student Centre 656 2240

OVERSEAS STUDENTS CENTRE c/o Student Centre 656 3015

HEALTH CENTRE Botanic Place, Edinburgh 667 1613 (ext 667 0461)
**MUSIC**

**THURSDAY**

**BYZANTIUM**

**Victoria St**

Mon-Sat 10-10.30 pm

Guitarist from Sierra Leone teaming up with the Scots folk pop singer.

**GALAXY 500**

The Venue: 10.15

Victor Kiam's transatlantic drawl is it any wonder that we await the

**BROADSTREET**

1969-1989

**TV GUIDE**

SOUR GRAPE BUNCH

Oddfellows

224 1316

I've been informed, reliably of course, that they "feel the Jazz/ Taylor/ Quarter", see Saturday for the real thing.

**BERODA SWING**

Rock Cafe, Victoria

556 7066

with the Sidemen, they must be okay, mustn't they?

**FERRAN CARLISLE RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION**

 experimental paintings reflecting scientific research into colour.

**SATURDAY**

**SCOTTISH EARLY MUSIC CONSORT**

Queen's Hall; 7.45 pm

Scottish early music from the 18th to the 19th century.

**JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET**

Calton Studios

559 1706

Scottish Perth and Kinross band.

**ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY**

**THE MOUND**

225 6671

Recent work.

**EDINBURGH COLLEGE OF ART**

Lauriston Pl

229 9311

Abstract paintings from the painter who was artist-in-residence at Edinburgh University in 1980.

**FELIPE SALDARRIAGO**

**ANDREW BAUMEISTER**

**RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION**

225 6313

Edinburgh art students.

**SUNDAYS**

**BOB ARLEY**

Negociants

225 6313

**SCOTTISH ENSEMBLE**

Queen's Hall; 2.30 pm

15th anniversary tour. It sez 'ere-from New Orleans to swing and blues.

**SUNDAY**

**SLAMMER**

The Venue

557 8073

British thrashers.

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Sour '90s, '40s and modern soul jazz.

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Lauriston Pl

229 9311

Abstract paintings from the painter who was artist-in-residence at Edinburgh University in 1980.
actuarial trainees

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the worm

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CHRISTMAS 1989
SCOTTISH

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As an undergraduate with good degree prospects you know you're in demand. 
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In The People
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Braunness

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Enthusiasm

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Guts

Honesty

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Innocence

Concentration

Logical thinking

Management potential

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Once you join us, we'll give you a very thorough training, excellent pay and benefits package and a very exciting working environment. If you think our business is full of dull, old men well think again.

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ON THE NATURE OF THINGS EROTIC
Gonzalez-Crussi, Facidor
Alison Brown

THINGS EROTIC progresses over its uncanny to be coincid'ence. a rotating circular bed with three are taking place in Berlin and that of an obscure title when placed in the executive. and sexual discrimination of the in his mouth at that seems to step jealous of possible competition. THE history condition boyfriends still continue to be BC to the present day globe.

Desire, safety and androgyny; lust, seduction, perversion, travelling through time's manner stories of courtship, armchair, like Uncle Remus of each. Ancient theologians called the erotic "venereal concupiscence" and, although times have changed, that erotic condition hasn't. Affairs still need to be kept secret. Husband's boyfriends still continue to be jealous of possible competition. There are sore still used to hope further along its wanton path, and sexual discrimination disregard.

Gonzalez-Crussi examines the history of each topic, bringing together a multi-faceted argument. Quoting rhetoricians and theologians, describing ancient and modern interpretations and zoological and biological canons, he weaves in the ancient view that men and women were created in a manner reminiscent of Desmond Morris cross breed with David Attenborough. At times he seems to step back from his, and others' mouth, ironically mulling over what's just been said as if a distinct taste of vinegar had been in his mouth at the time. He talks of the ancient view that men and women were separated so much by intellect that it was impossible that they belonged to the same species. He concludes to the indecent Canadian, the non-idol, the life source who, when placed in the executive room, can be the double-breasted suit as well as any man.

Starting with the wonderful and rather notable that human beings were originally androgynous (and that longing for the opposite sex was merely an original state searching for its complimentary missing half), to the concluding image of Playboy Hugh Hefner romping around on a rotating circular bed with three canine bunnies, the Nature Things Erotic progresses over 250 pages so comfortably that you will year 2003, extravagantly enjoyable!
PERIOD STYLE
by Judith and Martin Miller
Mitchell Beazley
Guy Oliver

FOLLOWING their success with the highly acclaimed 'Period Details', which concentrated on interior restoration, Judith and Martin Miller have produced a sequel to it: 'Period Style'.

Rather than concentrate on interior details of a house, the windows and doors, the cornices etc., 'Period Style' aims to help those who desire to create an all effect or atmosphere. Containing over 650 colourful photographs of regional and contemporary copies of room settings, as well as the Miller's own ideas on wallpaper, rugs, fabric, furniture, lighting, flowers and music, this book is the essential one to turn to for those wishing to achieve period style.

The specially commissioned photographs by James Merrell show interiors of houses in Great Britain, Europe and the United States and covers a time span from the middle ages to thirty Art Deco. The Millers demonstrate how all these styles can be adapted for modern living. For example, the age-old and irksome visualisation of a room setting, as well as the future. The Eighties have cashed in on the casualness, package, packaged avant garde 'wholesale' and sold off liberalism to the lowest bidder. But the Nineties clamour allegiance to both financial and social issues, international cooperation, Love and Greenpeace. So the perfect opportunity has arrived for a rash of books to reflect on the decade with the greatest of all.

The Sixties Source Book hails itself as the visual reference to the style of a new generation. It is a gloriously technicolor, it records the people and events of the era, from Kennedy to Dylan, and space travel to the Pill. The chapters compartmentalise its influences - literature, art, architecture - using photography rather than text for their main impact.

The Sixties Source Book is a supremely marketed Eighties product with less substance than saleable gimmickry. Richard Branson has written its foreword, probably the most apt advertisement of a book that is selling itself to a post-Beatles generation.

It is a book that packages to perfection the mainstream cliches of a decade whose reverberations are still being felt today, a coffee table book with images and social comment. But certainly it can lay no claim to original thought, churning with some pedantry, the rise and fall of economies, mini-skirts and modernist buildings.

GREEK FIRE
Oliver Taplin
Jonathan Cape
Emma Rookledge

A FASCINATING book, based on the dynamic tradition of the television documentary, 'Greek Fire' explores how the modern world has "been inspired by, reacted against, imitated, subverted or received Greek culture."

The diversity if the Greek presence today is beautifully detailed and even the most documented of influences - those of politics and the arts - are given new intensity and significance, with references to advertising, film, and the theatre of Berkoff. The influence of the greek is revealed to be of the core of Twentieth-century Western thought. Modern issues such as child-abuse, the role of women, drugs, and politics all descend from Greek understanding (debate, discuss?)

Central to the book is the theme of 'Know Yourself', the author uses this Delphic proverb to justify his journey into the past. Self-knowledge comes through self-examination, a concept as relevant to Society as to the individual. Ancient Greece, to Taplin, is not a remote bygone age, but the 'childhood' of present-day civilisation, and, through its examination, we reach a greater understanding of ourselves and of our own society.

The links given between the two cultures, past and present, are always precise and never strained. The narrative is clear, and the facts are given in the right proportion to be informative, entertaining, and surprising. Greek roots are unearthed right down to the very words used such as 'telly', 'nudie', 'porno', 'troph', and even 'euhanisia'.

This is not a history book. In context it is that of the late eighties of Clause 28, Bush administration and Italian porn. Usually, the design is not as exciting as the content, but there is a wealth of illustration, and its immediacy and directness will fascinate anyone even remotely aware of the age in which we live.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS - A HISTORY OF DRESS FROM 1860 TO THE PRESENT DAY
by Elizabeth Wilson and Lou Taylor
BBC Books

AVAIL Mair

FASHION is the most seductive, liberating and exciting influence on men and women in all walks of life, from the present day back through the ages. Self-knowledge of dress is a fact as the 'Looking Glass' undoubtedly had in mind when they commissioned the work 'Through the Looking Glass'. For instead of the usual aesthetically opulent yet vacuous style-by-

numbers handbook, it is a serious and credible attempt to research the history of how we wear and why we wear them.

Through the Looking Glass examines in detail the development of fashion from 1860 up until 1989, noting in particular the effects of great social movements and of great political events.

Using a historical and sociological approach it tries to show that dress is not trivial, rather a means of communication in urban society, used to convey unspoken signals and social moral precedents.

Fashion is about pleasure and danger, conformity and the breaking of taboos. It is in our love of style for its own sake. This consumerism, this surface beauty is ambiguous, offering pleasure and enrichment on the one hand, waste and envy on the other.

Theorists have tended previously to rely on a single theme to explain fashion - economics - for the multifaceted phenomenon that is fashion, but style is in a state of flux, evading attempts to pin it down.

This may be because it is a kind of art; a multi-faceted field where economics and industry meet aesthetics and art, a field where economics and industry meet aesthetics and art, the love of style for its own sake.

With this in mind, the authors try to steer a path between the usual glories of haute couture and wholesale condemnation of fashion as an extravagance and exploitation.

Using archive pictures and contemporary illustrations, the book guides the reader through a wealth of design, from the great couturiers such as Paul Poiret and Coco Chanel, to the influences of modern street style - including raiting, Biba and the Beatles - to the the low point of the eighties, for the multifaceted phenomenon that is fashion, but style is in a state of flux, evading attempts to pin it down.

Three through the Looking Glass怀念 the dichotomy of being the creator and discoverer that our face in the mirror reflects something inherently important about our identity. This must be a style-bible to all others.

GLAMOROUS NIGHTS
EVENING DRESS HIRE
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Lillianne

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Write for details and an application form to Sarah House, Courier Department, Courier Brokers Ltd., Bull Plain, Hutton, SGM 1 DT.
INSIDE OUT by Rosie Johnston

INSIDE OUT gives a frightening insight into places and mentalities from which most of us are ordinarily excluded. Rosie Johnston tells of her experiences in prison with both candour and humour. The reader is taken along every step of Rosie's journey, from Holloway in London, through the oppressive Bullwood Hall in Essex, to the dubious 'splendour' of East Sutton Park (a Tudor mansion), an open prison in Kent.

The writing is both factual and descriptive. Perhaps the most interesting aspect is the class differences she has to deal with, coming from a middle-class background and public school. The portrayal of her previous Christmas, spent munching mince pies and sipping mulled wine, as an alternative to the prospects of someone else's regurgitated meal (served up for maximum potency), is indeed moving.

This is a consciously thought-provoking book, springing on graphic details or bluntness in its aim to shock. Johnston writes as a foreword: "Neither the circumstances of my affliction nor the events leading up to my arrest are the subject of this book. "Thus she lays down the terms. However, a persistent refusal to touch upon any of the details surrounding the case becomes forced. and her constant references to prison reform without suggesting any viable alternatives unfortunately come across as a case of sour grapes. As an account of an experience that needs to be understood throughout society, however, this book is articulate and thoroughly worthwhile.

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196 Rose Street, Edinburgh. Tel. 220 2019
This book is truly the climax of the 50th anniversary of Photos, because it is an Art Direction collection of an individualistic collection of over 300 black and white, and colour photographs is testaments to the organ of the legions of the co-operative, known as Robert Capa. Founded to give photographers artistic freedom and control over the rights to their work, it was an endorsement to the subtlety and potential of graphic design, the means, after WW2, for photographers to travel and record with no restrictions from editors or publishers.

The book's beginning marked the advent of photo-reporting. We see bees to honey pot, with photographers with different viewpoints, skills.

LEGENDS OF THE CELTS
Frank Delaney
Vivandre and Stoughton

FRANK DELANEY, whose series 'The Celts' was one of the few good things to be seen on television recently. It has here gathered together some of the tales and legends of those people for a remarkable book containing a variety of tales, most of them concerning love and death in its various guises and the geography of the land from various Irish, Welsh and Breton sources.

Anyone who grows up in any of the old Celtic homes may recognize some of the tales here, and many of us will turn to others that are familiar to us from Shakespeare, Homer and our own childhoods. The tales are set in the lives of the characters within them. There is humour and horror here, wit and wisdom, but above all great tales of bravery and heroism.
Far more interesting than simply pure reflection is the possibility of the true nature of the self being explored. In this way, literature offers not just entertainment, but a deeper understanding of the human condition.
Candia McWilliam is at home in her Oxford flat, invariably described by critics as a mansion. She tells me she is wearing a down-to-the-knives, black, woolly flannel, tights, and no shoes. She calls her top "my prison jumper" - a gift from a girlfriend who does couture, cream cashmere. How did the press come to insist on this rich and glitzy image of her? 

"I was very naive," she explains. "I posted in a party dress for a photo - I'll never live it down. Then I wrote a silly piece for the Sunday Telegraph about what I like. Those things were asking for it. I'm a wee bit cannier now, though not more subtle because I was so terribly plain. None of this is flannel, it's true."

The critics, having pigeon-holed her as a "monstrous Beauty Queen-cum-Duchess figure," which McWilliam assigns to "a sort of bastard of masculine silliness," then proceeded to slam her for using long words. On this she remarks. "To me, the very phrase 'long words' is sub-literate." Although her novels do display a rich vocabulary, the context can be replied upon to render meaning explicit. However, "such were her write-ups that one panicked woman rang her from Scottish Television, saying, "Oh God! I've got to read your books because I'm re-acquainting myself with an area I don't know well." Can you just tell me the story line?" Only after much cajoling did McWilliam persuade her, and rightly, that they were in fact very readable. "It makes me sad," she says. "I haven't written my books to keep people out, but to bring them in."

Does she think that the strong reaction provoked by her novels has anything to do with her female gender? "Well, yes. I'm sure that the long words business was a 'Hey, keep your hands out of our tool box' reaction. 'Did this surprise you?' I ask. 'It came as a great surprise to me' but there are bounds within which you are meant to stay if you are a woman. I came up against it. Smack! Like walking into plain glass doors you don't realise are there. I hadn't wanted to believe that those bigities were there, but they are there," she stresses. "People would think it was all right if I wrote about love," she reflects. 

Candia McWilliam, having written for Vogue after leaving university, still writes reviews herself. She arms for what she calls "fair, principled, level-headed criticism...judging the work on its own terms." She adds, "I think so many reviews are the ruminations of ego."

I feel I have to get it in my classic question: "When and why did you begin to write?" "I was terribly fat and plain as a child, so all I could do was write and draw because they're solitary pastimes." In those early years, she cherished no ambitions to be a professional writer. "I had always wanted to be a doctor until it was borne in on me that I couldn't do maths. I have great difficulty with figures," she says. Although she had written short stories at school and university, Candia McWilliam did not write a novel until last year, induced by the break-up of her first marriage to earn some sort of living. She describes the intense feeling that "all the time I was thinking and planning towards something - I didn't know what and it turned out to be a novel."

She does not see her writing as self-therapy but feels that "as a writer, you are imposing shape on chaos because you have a desire and need to do so."

Moreover, by writing, you are "fighting time." After writing her first novel, 'A Case Of Knives', she says, "I couldn't stop the next novel coming out - you can't be too mindful about critics because you wouldn't write."

She tells of how she has always felt that she is watching other people and taking mental notes, plundering from life's lacerations. She does not keep a diary, but she covers small scraps of paper which get lost."She laughs. Does she, in the manner of Rosbief and Joyce, toy over her sentences, or write spontaneously, then revise? "I write off, then cut and cut and cut, always paring it down. One can think it isn't perfect enough, but one mustn't think this way," she says. "A Little Stranger", into which she consciously weaves nursery rhymes and fairy tales, is deliberately rich in poetic prose. "I read my work out loud and if the rhythm's wrong then I change it. But would everyone read it as she does? "I hate it when I'm read by the BBC," she admits. "They either get lost in the long sentences or they give it to someone with a fantastical da-da voice because that's what they imagine people to be like. This gets in the way of the writing." 

"A Little Stranger" describes the life of a young mother; Candia McWilliam, too, is a young mother (although her height is the only other characteristic she shares with her heroine, and this our author included as a 'tease'). One wonders how she copes with the demands of family life on top of writing about them. "Of course, while you're writing, you think: 'Why aren't I with the children?' and when you're with them, you feel guilty about your writing, but women are made to be able to do several things at once, perhaps to the detriment of those things. A tangible mystique surrounds the successful writer, particularly the idea that they are somehow set apart from Society. "Do you feel this about yourself?"

Candia McWilliam spoke to Candia McWilliam, the articulate and outspoken author, about her style. 

Oonah McNeele spoke to Candia McWilliam, the articulate and outspoken author, about her style.
Candia McWilliam's fascination with words, word play, and the evasive quality of meaning is abundantly in evidence in the book's titles: 'A Case of Knives' describes not only a case of lives in which knives feature in multidimensional ways (the surgeon's knife, the would-be — murderer's knife (to name two)) but also describes the cut throat dynamism of existence but also features literally, when Cora is given a case of knives as a wedding present tied to her with portentous red string. For her second book, who is the little stranger? Is it the nanny? Is it the wife, as becomes a stranger in her own home? Is it the new baby? Or is the whole situation a little stranger than we may have first expected?

Both novels exhibit a mastery over first person narration. In 'A Case of Knives' we settle into the gay surgeries of Lucas Salis's perspective on events only to find that, a hundred pages on, we travel in the mind of pregnant, marriage-desiring Cora. Having seen her through the eyes of Lucas she now sees the surface of the narrative. The next section is narrated by Anne, Lucas's best and oldest friend, who becomes increasingly more attached to and Cora is to one of them. The scene is playing: the lives of all three circle around the golden boy Hal. Hal is wildly in love with him. Anne is Lucas's accomplice and Cora is to know. But which? Is it the wife, in a rope of water, she is dyed. It is Hal's account that concludes the novel with an innuendo and violence appropriate to the angel of death. Their interwoven lives are envisioned by each of them without any of the characters (particularly satirically) knowing the truth about the others thus creating a mine field of dramatic irony.

'A Little Stranger' is narrated by the wife and mother, Anne. As a contemporary female writer one may expect some gendered readings of characters. I read a man the novel is not about a woman that the objects of desire are objects of other people. She is a woman who, with an element of iron, plays a role in the broader narratives of the story. The narrator, Margaret, epitomises Diana's vision of the guardian angel of the nursery and Cora is to discover that underneath the pink jumpers and duckling note paper, Margaret is a young woman corrupted into perversity by a distorted vision of romantic fiction. The tension of the novel is breathtaking as the now-wiser narrator writes, 'When I had thoughts, I did not much like them.' This she prefers not to think, tantalising the reader by the hint of a subtitle of the book: 'An informalist woman.' She lives in a world of such a small comfort.

In both novels, the characters exhibit interests and concerns that are not of a popular nature. The themes are subversive but it's not possible. It's not completely my fault. It's my muse. He is the whole situation a little stranger and not a great deal has changed since then, this seems perfectly fair.

In 'A Little Stranger' the worm interview is to be compared to a masterful handling of narrative and vivid detail. Where one might expect to be irritated by the evasive quality of meaning is abundantly in evidence. The muse also comes up with (what he believes is) his version of her story with absolute success, but provoke the reader to an awareness of the book's titles: 'A Case of Knives' is secreted in the Subversive Reader's Stock. It's not to be. My muse is a bloke. The muse is always there. It's just a matter of coaxing him into action, taunting him with rewards, making use of him at those times when for some unknown reason he has something to say. For most of the time all he seems to say is: "Do something else". This brings up the question of booze. The link between intoxication and the muse is an interesting one. The fact that many writers drink more than normal people has often been noted, and has resulted in the theory that alcohol has some relation to the creative process. The facts of the matter are more prosaic. Writers don't do it to get high in the morning. Full stop. As Charles Bukowski once noted that certain types of alcohol are more beneficial to the creative process than others. I would add that writing after drinking Australian lager is not good.

The muse also comes up with (what he believes is) his best stuff when drunk. However, scenes of almost Chekovian delicacy dreamt up after a couple of drinks in the morning turn out to have altering resonances of the previous day's 'Neighbours'. This reminds me that Charles Bukowski once noted that certain types of alcohol are more beneficial to the creative process than others. I would add that writing after drinking Australian lager is not good. Perhaps it would have been different if my muse were a woman (like everyone else's seem to be). Perhaps we could have struggled, misunderstood, made-up, only to embrace finally and launch ourselves into the heights of artistic discovery. But it wasn't to be. My muse is a bloke.
AFRICA’S MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON
Guy Yeoman
Hannah Hamilton
Peter Bailey

FAR FROM the Africa of TV and camera Guy Yeoman gives us a personal account of his times in the Zwenzi Mountain range and at an altitude of one on the Uganda-Zaire border.

The diary-style narrative of the book is a personal recount of past and present record of a great explorer; the catalogue of many rare flowers; an anthropological insight into the life of the natives to love and understand, and it also serves to bring this part of Africa to the attention of the whole. For he is unable to sit back and watch the "ecological suicide" of people and nature at odds.

Guy Yeoman sets off on his adventure with four women on the theory that they might have to be a "Carry on" affair up the jungle; but he avoids any jokes at their expense, keeping his humour for the later stage of the journey, and it also serves to bring this part of Africa to the attention of the whole. For he is unable to sit back and watch the "ecological suicide" of people and nature at odds.

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the worm  
christmas 1989

Warden of the Queen's March
Nigel Tranter
Hodder and Stoughton
Gillian Smith

SET IN stirring-edited Elizabethan Scotland, Nigel Tranter's latest novel promises to fire the imagination of anyone who relishes delving into Edinburgh's past.

The novel's approach is at times romantic, with noble, handsome, handsome, and elegant, vivacious heroines. The characteristics tend to the simplicities, with the dramatic effect of seeming pedestrian psychological make up on complex and contradictory historical characters.

But Tranter certainly excels in the precision and accuracy with which he utilises historical detail, painting expansive panoramas of Elizabethan Scotland with vivid and skill. Landscape and architecture are described with reference to minute detail, and characters are placed exactly within their lineage, status and socio-economic context.

It is the endless capacity to exploit geographical and historical detail which makes Tranter's novel stand above much popular fiction

magazine about the Queen's Marys- and I won't go into my findings and all the research here: but I did learn enough to intrigue me- and I just wasn't quite able to bring it all, or some of it, into a novel. So here was my opportunity. I capitulated to the Lothians' urgings - and WATCHE THE QUEENS!

Let me say just a word or two about the historical novel, as such - not only this one, and not only my own, but of them. Let us be clear. The historical novel, first of all. I do not mean "costume drama", to fancy characters: fictional or mythical and dressed up in 'old-time' garb and set against a past age, in name at least. There is undoubtedly a market for such entertainment: but that is not, for me, the historical novel. Nor is it the "period piece", where in fact the background, costume, conditions and even some of the events are carefully researched and accurately described - the personal characters are invented, convenient for the story telling. There are many of these books and I salute the authors. No, in my humble capacity I am not a historical novel either. I see the historical novel as dealing with actual historical characters, people who did live and have their being, set against the actual recorded happenings of their time, and delineated as truly as possible. This of course demands a vast deal of research, enquiry, and some discipline on the writer's part, not to let his story telling run away with him (or her) and letting the said characters fit their actions and parts into his own devices, nor to trade on the reader's belief in what is not-fictional. SIX HUNDRED YEARS is by no means often because they had killed the losers! So misjudgments are always possible, however comprehensive the research. The sensitive and faithful in delineation should be there. That is the one thing I have against Walter Scott as a storyteller - his vivid individualities, who are infinitely stronger than any of his characters, or any of his settings, are after all, not made by me. But I am not the one to have known that this was not true. There is plenty of scope for inventive invention in any historical novel - for the majority of all that even Mary Queen of Scots said and did are not recorded anyway, and so the writer can choose his characters as he sees fit, so long as he chooses to act out of character - that is my aim, however often I may unwittingly transgress.

BLACK BOX
by Stephen Allen
Amos OZ's novel comes laden with plaudits describing it as "a book of the year". However, the reader should not be encouraged, for this praise is barely merited, for what is after all a readable but trivial novel.

The author has chosen to write in epistolary form, a technique much neglected since the eighteenth century, but not entirely overcome the considerable technical difficulties this imposes on him. His exposition is occasionally clumsy, having to resort to characters to give expression to incidents in their letters, or even remanding each other of conversations held in the previous letters.

The novel is set in 1767, mostly in Israel, and begins with Alan Gideon, an academic who has left for America, receiving a letter from his wife lipa after seven years of silence, asking for help with their headstrong son, Boaz. The novel follows the events of the novel, and its religious and disillusioned intellectuals and, of course, the frequent cheques from America.

FRANKY FURBO by William Wharton
Zoe Pagnamenta

SOME BOOKS leave you stunned - this is one of them. William Wharton, the author of the successful "Birdy", has written a brilliant new novel, "Franky Furbo". It is beautifully written and highly original, a novel showing Wharton to be a master in the art of story-telling. Its charm lies in its continuous ability to delight the delicate balance of the Somos' life and reopen the old wounds and passions of lana's first marriage. The eponymous "Black Box" is the centre of a triangle between Alex, recording the failure of their marriage, as a plane's black box records accidents.

Oz draws his characters well, using the letters that are written to describe them: Alex is terse and precise, but unfailingly, lana is flamboyant and young (here Oz sometimes gets carried away); Michel is excentric and over-acting, full of quotations from the Torah; Boaz is simple and ungrammatical, whereas Zakeh is largely come.

The situation is a rather obvious (rather obvious) metaphor for the state of Israel, with its religious and disillusioned intellectuals and, of course, the frequent cheques from America.

LAIAR'S POKER by Michael Lewis Harrer and Stoughton.
Sarah Bing.

LAIAR'S POKER is a game played between bond-traders on Wall Street. The amount of money in the enormous sums on the serial numbers of dollar bills they are holding. A game of bluff and bluff, that epitomises the character of their job.

Michael Lewis writes of the money-market from the 'mature' perspective of a highly successful bond-trader of twenty-one years' experience. He avoids too technical and
**Write or Wrong?**

**COMMERCIAL WRITING** isn't creative. Write or wrong? It was terrible. There is no doubt about it. My first play was such monumental crap, it left a permanent brown stain on my ego that no amount of New Under-Rim Spray Top Vortex could ever remove. Thankfully it was a sinker and I managed to flush it away before it stank out my entire chosen career.

My second play was worse. The directions were bad, the characters were clichéd, the plot corny and the dialogue verbose. It won an award, was performed in the West End, got rave reviews, toured, was revived in fringe theatre and published.

Funny old world isn't it. Or is it? What happened?

My writing was so bad. After my first failure I didn't go off and study writing. I was 19 and confident I knew everything. My writing was perfect. Like all creative writing, it was self-deluding and deluded.

The experience of working so hard to create something so seemingly potent, but actually soulless, was emotionally devastating. I had pulled the carpet out from under all those professionals and found I had left myself nothing to stand on. Not only had I destroyed their very willingness to believe in my play, I had destroyed my own belief in it.

Creativity and art are as undefinable, unprovable, as God. Belief is having knowledge of something without having any need of proof. Art has to be believed in. I actually thought art was commercial. I never wrote another play.

I sold up shop and moved into more obviously commercial writing. Journalism.

Although expense-account advertising executives will disagree. Commerciality is the death and death of true creativity. Michelangelo wanted to paint men. He liked men. The Vatican, his commercial sponsors, said they wanted him to paint women as well on their ceiling. So he compromised. He painted men with long hair, breasts and no penis. He died a wealthy man. Van Gogh painted litte miserably poor and out of mental institutions, but he compromised, he compromised, he procrastinated, wrote depressing letters to his brother, shot himself and missed, and finally died in agony days later, having painted some of the most stunning pictures in the history of Art. He died destitute.

If James Joyce, Virginia Woolf and Thomas Hardy clubbed together, they still could not outsell Barbara Cartland. The Times, The Guardian, and the Independent's daily collective sales don't even come close to those of the fabulous tearaway 'GOTCHA'. Sun. Commerciality relies on popularity and popularity.

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From Maryhill to Bloomsbury

Glaswegian journalist and novelist Barry Graham believes that horror needs to be built on a solid base of familiar reality. "If you want to disturb people, the way to do it is to bring it right into the kitchen, so to speak. In the everyday world of doing the dishes." This is precisely what he does in his first novel, "Of Darkness and Light." (Bloomsbury 1989), in which he explores the gothic in the sordid, realistic world of Glasgow's Maryhill. Gary Scott, Glasgow's hottest magazine editor tells the story of his encounter with a series of bizarre and sinister murders.

Although Scott is "a man with his own personal demons," this is no study in insanity as critics would have us believe. Terse and bare in its narrative style, the novel is essentially a down-to-earth account of "a rational man's descent into panic." We sat down to a drink in the Antiquary Pub on St. Stephen's Street (not Negociant's - "too posh") Graham had said on the telephone and over a pint Graham proceeded to tell me about his former career in boxing. "I left school at 16 and became a professional boxer but I was allergic to being punched, to the cuts and bumps." Looking at him I was not surprised. With his thin frame, Gary Scott, Glasgow's hottest magazine editor tells the story of his encounter with a series of bizarre and sinister murders.

For Graham this was to be the big bread he had been waiting for. "A week after, I'd never forget that, instead of the manuscript through my door it was just a letter with the Bloomsbury logo on the outside. I said to myself: 'Don't get excited, I expected to find Dear Mr. Graham I'm sorry we've lost your manuscript,' but it was a letter to the editor saying that he found the characters intriguing and would like to publish it." A man who does not mince words, Graham makes no show of concealing his opinion of Scottish publishers, who he describes as "wankees wearing tweed jackets and smoking pipes." He is no more admiring of Scottish authors: "I think Scottish writers are a race of pygmies." Graham insists on the incompatibility of the bottle with literature. "The sheer emotional punishment you take in writing a novel, you just can't do it with a drink. The great figure-head of that myth, Hemingway, wrote his best stuff when he was stone cold sober, when he was really on the wagon. Hemingway really became a pathetic figure in later life when he couldn't write, as did Kerouac. But these days their lives are seen as intellectually trendy."

For someone who has lived in Scotland all his life Graham's rejection of any Scottish identity seems fairly extraordinary. But never prone to nostalgia Graham hasn't forgotten what it was like to be brought up in Glasgow's Maryhill. I asked him what he felt about Glasgow having been named cultural capital of Europe. "I don't see any Scottish literary or any other Renaissance. This year of culture will just be on long party for those fat bastards in the city council and it will benefit nobody outside the square mile. They talk about the new Glasgow but all they've done is put a lick of paint on it. They seem to be trying to turn the square mile around the centre into a yuppie showcase but what about artists and writers in Drumchapel and Maryhill? It's a farce, they're talking about this Paris in the clouds. I mean I don't want to toe the line of concealing his opinion of Scottish publishers, who he describes as "wankees wearing tweed jackets and smoking pipes." He is no more admiring of Scottish authors: "I think Scottish writers are a race of pygmies." Graham insists on the incompatibility of the bottle with literature. "The sheer emotional punishment you take in writing a novel, you just can't do it with a drink. The great figure-head of that myth, Hemingway, wrote his best stuff when he was stone cold sober, when he was really on the wagon. Hemingway really became a pathetic figure in later life when he couldn't write, as did Kerouac. But these days their lives are seen as intellectually trendy."

Turned to drugs, and mentioned the French poet Rimbaud, thought to have written some of his poetry while hallucinating. "Yeah, but I think his stuff's terribly self-indulgent. I don't think you have to have a drug problem or an alcohol problem to write. I think that any experience good or bad is beneficial, it's all grist to the writer's mill."

Clearly Graham's experiences have been pretty unusual, but he has never written easy. "I have to force it. I don't think there's much inspiration involved. It's mostly just hard work." With a second book in the pipeline, 'The Emperor's New Clothes', a book which will become a writer, I asked Graham whether he had found it difficult to make a living as a writer. "Oh yeah, you're kidding, yes, very difficult particularly in Scotland. Although based in Edinburgh, Graham is currently working on a paper in Inverness in order to supplement his income and gain experience of newspaper journalism. Unsentimental about his life he lives in: "It's a horrible, cruel, stupid world." Graham is not a writer who seeks refuge in other-worldliness. Unlike the romantic outsiders of existentialist novelists Barry Graham only wants to "live his life."
For the last eight years Steve Bell's 'IF' strip has provided a much-needed touch of acid at the back of the cosy bland Guardian; a brief respite of scurrilous satire amid the woolly muesli-crunching agenda. The butts of 'IF' are "essentially Tories and reactionaries" according to Steve. He actually goes a bit further, and says that he is proposing those who pay any lip service to the tragic face of British politics in the eighties. His cartoons are often didactic, occasionally too didactic, always imbued with a healthy air of disgust and contempt for the ever more outlandish face of middle-class life in the eighties.

Steve now contributes to several publications but all of his work is fuelled by this perspective on politics. It's all rather different from his big-name work was for Woopoe Comic doing children's strips, he admits. "I'd done cartoons all through art college, and I'd done a strip for the Daily Mirror called Broadside, a listings magazine. In 1979, just after Thatcher got in for the first time, I started doing Maggie's Farm for Time Out."

After the Time Out strike in 1981 Steve took the Maggie's Farm strip to the newly-formed City Limits, and around the same time began doing 'IF' for the Guardian. "On a trial basis at first but it just kept on growing and growing."

"If deliberate viciousness sits alongside the Guardian's well-bred niceness. It begins the game as to how much lowkey we say 'IF' is allowed, or how much, and what they get is the finished product. That's not to say we don't negotiate the odd bumble now and then if it's close to being libellous. It has happened, but only once or twice."

While politicians are regarded as fair game and adopt a lofty attitude to scurrilous cartoonists, Steve has managed to get on well with Joe Haines, the Guardian cartoonist and faithful lieutenant of Robert Maxwell. "I did this strip for the NPU newspaper called the Owners, and people were saying do you want to work on Maxwell's private toilet. The next thing I knew, Haines was turning off on his Daily Mirror column, calling me an absolute bastard. I was a very stupid thing to do, because it just showed him up for the lackey he is, without any editorial freedom. He wrote another one a few weeks later, calling us lying scum. He's just a cornball mad Tory policy as an insane possibility, and they've all been very much in evidence since."

Steve's deliberate attacks on the Labour Party seems to stem from a personal frustration. It is not a criticism that he is willing to acknowledge. "But all this stretching her nose and suchlike. It is just that what they're doing is so pernicious that the strips seem so extreme. I was looking at some old 'IF's and each story had a different proposition: 'If God were made of rubber,' 'If the Bank of England' that sort of thing, and one of them was 'If they privatised the water supply, I'd just done it as a ludicrous thing, extrapolating mad Tory policy as an insane possibility, and they've done it.'"

Nevertheless, Steve's depiction of Neil Kinnock wrapping himself in great waves of Welsh offal seems a more focused and damming caricature than constant images of Thatcher as a kind of Gothic dominatrix. Although he would deny it, he is the elect of the satiric, both because of his keen critical faculties and because he is a skilled satirist. As was demonstrated at the Royal Albert Hall, his attacks on the Labour Party are an intellectual argument about the way forward, but the Tories are here and now, getting more savage by the hour. Things like the Poll Tax are bloody unbelievable. Ten years ago no one would have believed it."

According to the polls (and, more significantly, Willie) the cartoonist seems to be a real possibility of a Labour government at the next election. Whatever their failures and weaknesses may be, Steve Bell will be there to point them out, and won't be pulling any punches. As he says: "It's an attacking medium. If you try to be pretty, you end up being dull, pompous, and boring."
THE YOUNG ARTIST
by Thomas Locker
Gay Olivo

A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED
account of the highly acclaimed artist Thomas Locker, it tells the story of a young boy called Adrian with a natural ability for painting. He is apprenticed to an older and more experienced master and over time produces his own style. More than anything else, he prefers to paint landscapes but soon discovers that many of an artist's bread and butter lies in portraits.

News of Adrian's talent spreads to the palace after he completes a picture of a member of the royal staff. He is summoned by the king and asked to paint portraits of the entire court.

Adrian has to face a dilemma; he only wants to paint the truth—but the courtiers want flattering interpretations of their appearances or Adrian will lose his head. He befriends the pretty princess, an encouraging thought to do in such a situation, and there is a happy ending, though not perhaps what you might expect.

Definitely a good bedtime read for a child of a wonderful Christmas present.

THE BUNBURY BUN's NOEL
Text by David English
Pictures by Jan Brycha
Fonoma Collins 3.99

Mike Buntham and Viv Radish this Christmas: He or she might be, let alone such Mike NOEL

What proverbs, you can hear them all given to you by some tales with insipid illustrations. Far prettier than the gaudy tinsel advent calendar in the cheerful pastel rooms that abound.

If you don't have a child around to give this to, I'm sure one of for the mselves. You'll be a familiar text and discover how to explain to a young child climb aboard and seek refuge on a bed, they might fare considerably better! I really should be across is undoubtedly of great interest in contemporary cricketing personalities, if not the finer points of the game.

Noel is the fifth in the series, which has already seen the team from Bunbury Green star all the way around the world and home, more recently, we are told, in the match against Mike Gatting's Whinlatter in the Tumtum and Hedge Cat West End.

Bunbury Buns are rapidly becoming something of an institution, helped by the support of the school, whereas this book is introduced by Ian Bouthan, of England, Worcestershire and Bunbury Athletic Club.

The stories succeed much to the excellent illustrations by Jan Brycha who claims to be "the first Czech ever to understand a maiden over." His pictures of the sporting rabbits bring such characters as Gower and John Emberbunny to life.

Between them, English and Brycha have realised that they are on a good thing, guaranteeing readers by offering the chance to join The Bunbury Young Cricketers Association, also including enough wit to make children chuckle from the older reader.

The American cousin might not appreciate it, but anyone who knows why Mike Gatting was forced to resign from the England team, can understand why Mike Gatting, on his trip to the dog-racing at Catford with Graham Pooch might have puffed, "Bloomin' dogs," wish they'd keep their trains shut.

In this book, the Bunbury team goes out to try to save the day in Bunnyland, where an island is threatened by Hurricane Roary.

The Big Question is whether they can do that, get the pinch dry for the match against Tobungo and be back in time for a Bun Noel. I cannot tell you the outcome, but their result is a happier one than the England team are likely to achieve in the Twenty-West-Indies Christmas. If only they could go like the Bunbury rabbits and stop for a cup of tea, off they might fare considerably better. Perhaps it's just as well that South Africa isn't expecting us.

The result is a mixture of the familiar and the new, so that the familiar fables (the boy who cried wolf, the fish that leapt out of the frying pan into the fire etc.) are turned into something enjoyed by both children and adults, and not only those who feel were particularly sharp or immediate.

Small vignettes dotted around the margins of the pages together. It is a most satisfying book to look at and read.

Give away your old copy of the fables. This one may make you understand why they became such classics in the first place.

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This book is by no means easy to get into, the rewards for persevering are great. The story is detailed beyond belief, from Truman's simple but wealthy childhood in Troy, Alabama, to his tours of Europe as a young man, a homosexual who in many ways had left the real world. Clarke had spent twelve years researching the book, time well spent. Capote had a writer's life of love (lost and found), addiction, rejection and even split personality. During the forties he was on the crest of the literary life-time appointment as have been gathered together by 'THE CARDINAL PRESS'...

...and now, at the age of sixty, the truth, he is not in awe of little girl from...