The Department of Education and Science told Student that "the government is pressing ahead with its plans for the administrative arrangements for loans and is making good progress."

The repayments would be made over a certain number of years, with graduates in highly paid jobs necessarily subsidising those who earn less than the average income. Dr Nichl claimed that this was "only unfair in the way that income tax is unfair."

He said that the CVCP accepted that, in principle, students should pay something towards their own education, but that they believed that the current loans proposals were unfair, administratively complicated, and flawed because they still involved parental contributions, which are sometimes not paid.

The CVCP had made these proposals, he said, because "if you are trying to get the government to change its mind you have to present a viable alternative. This scheme meets all the criteria."

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Students run amok

The residents of Aviemore will be pleased when the winter's sporting season is over, if the events of a Pollock Hall's skiing trip are anything to go by. Some 30 residents took part in a Hol and House JCR organised expedition to Aviemore two weekends ago and according to the House's deputy presi dient Eric Simpson "virtually everyone enjoyed themselves". So much so that a large number of the party were fingerprinted, 1 spent Saturday night in the cells, and 2 other members of the party were invited to leave the youth hostel after they had disturbed fellow residents by virtue of drunk some hours after the 11pm curfew.

The two students in question, one male, one female, benefited from their misdemeanour by being reaccommodated in the more luxurious surroundings of a local guest house at JCR expense.

In general appears that the party's stay at the hostel was far from amicable, with 1 student saying that their treatment was "more suitable to 14 year-old cub scouts" and the warden himself commenting "for what they pay for, they have to accept the rules".

The fun and frolics continued over what was by all accounts a rowdy weekend in the town, with party members claiming with some pride to have been trailed by local police on the traditional Saturday night pub crawl. However, Aviemore police have no recollection of this, nor do they have any record of the claim made by the party that one of their number was "cautioned" for trampling over a Mini.

The force can however confirm that one second year student did spend one night in their cells after attempting to steal a road sign, and it is believed that charges will be pressed. Rumours of theft of a "Happy Haggis" sign from a local caravanette, were discounted as exaggerated.

The weekend away culminated in the "voluntary" fingerprinting of all members of the party as they were preparing to leave on Sunday. Police told Student that this was part of an elimination process, after a Volkswagen caravanette was broken into and horstiried on Friday night.

There appears to be a bizarre wish on the part of the Holland ski party to be associated with this event, despite the prolonged stand ing that fingerprints taken from the vehicle and the content of the stu dents' incompatibility.

Equally strange was Eric Simpson's reluctance to talk to Student last Sunday, claiming that he had little knowledge of any problems. Yet on the same day a notice appeared from him in the house common room listing these events with a number of exaggerations in minute detail. Meanwhile, Holland Ward, the house warden, Gittings, requested an urgent meeting with House president Alison Freter to discuss the matter. The outcome of the meeting is not known. However, the events hardly tie in with the expressed desire of Ferry Cole, senior ward en at Pollock, to curb excessive consumption by the hall's residents, which he believes has led to some extent encouraged by the provision of free drinks at JCR functions.
ALL THE CREDIT for Nelson Mandela's release should be given to Mrs Thatcher. That is the claim of pan-Catto, the Conservative candidate for Prestonfield and Mayfield in the forthcoming regional elections, who spoke to the University Conservative Association at Teviot on Thursday.

Mr Catto, a former secretary of the EIVA, pointed out that it was the British Embassy in Pretoria that had been attacked when Mr. Mandela was detained, and announced. He continued, "The right wing Nazis in South Africa see it as Mrs Thatcher's fault that Nelson Mandela has been released.

In a curious note however, he added that South Africa did not need the slavery of Apartheid to be replaced by the slavery of Communism or Socialism. What he was hinting at, he said, was a transition to a free market economy, unlike its neighbouring countries, "We have removed," he commented, "that on the day on which Communism was overthrown, Robert Mugabe announced that he was setting up a one party state.

On the domestic front, Mr Catto explained that the Labour party was made at last weeks mainstream opinion. He cited the example of Labour's opposition to the proposed Scottish National Heritage Agency, and added that Labour were against the idea that control over Scotland's environment should be transferred from Westminster to the Scottish Office in Edinburgh.

In conclusion he admitted that "all the credit was not yet the perfect way to fund local government, but also attacked Labour's proposed Root Tax, which he said would use Scotland "as a guinea pig", as a highly unfair and meek step, since this scheme would be based upon the principle that the official perceives a house is worth, and a single pensioner would pay the same as four adults living next door".

Although the group maintain that G.S.T. is too valuable a University and the City to be altered, its assessment of the building as "unique" and ability to reach all the major requirements of the new management school mean that there is little doubt over whether the Theatre is safer as Martin Morrison tells Student last week.

There are also questions raised, over why there was no mention of cost at last week's court meeting despite the fact that an estimate for David Hume Tower has been made in the report.

Credit for PM

by Jeff Stanton

THE FUTURE OF George Square Theatre remains uncertain despite claims by the University that it would continue as an entertainment venue, rather than a business school.

Following last weeks story which reported that G.S.T. was no longer a serious candidate for development, it is agreed that G.S.T. would be used as a "last resort". The university has "unique" potential in comparison with the other buildings.

The Working Party point out that G.S.T. has "a 530 seat capacity not available elsewhere", and mentions the "particular architectural character" of the building. They add that the G.S.T. would be a "good fit" for the proposed Business Management School.

The document also reveals that the conversion of David Hume Tower would be "by far the cheapest option, possibly well under £200K". This contradicts the "decisive vote" at the upcoming meeting of the University Court.

As reported in Student last Thursday, it was claimed that no complaints had yet been done on any of the alternative sites.

LONDON: The University administration agreed on Friday to grant £250,000 towards improving safety standards on the Senate campus. The campus, which is four miles outside Brighton, contains halls of residence housing 1,600 of the University's 5000 students. Students returning to halls at night must walk through the "deserted and badly lit" area of the faculty building. The decision to grant the money was made after mass lobbies of the safety committee by students concerned about the growing number of attacks on students, particularly women, on the campus after dark. The money will be spent on lighting, a mini bus service and more security on the entrances to the halls.

As an affair between a ball dancer and a student at Sussex University has raised the usual issues of how strict the personal boundaries between those in positions of authority and those under their charge should be, and will be discussed at the university senate later this week.

ASTON: The Aston Academic Assembly, after calling for the deletion of Mr. Morrison's backer of a new school "could be located in Manchester," goes so far as to draw up a "well thought out" plan.

The group, whose members include, Alex Currie, the University Secretary, Professor Fernie, Dean of Arts and Martin Morris, E.U.S.A. President, make a final recommendation that the Aston School Rectory is the first choice despite its "indisputable main structure", and although D.H.T. would be the most economical of the options, it would only be used if "all the consequential relocation of the departments can be satisfactorily worked out".

The Group maintain that the first three floors of D.H.T. would "convert themselves into a business school" and add that the changeover could take "with relatively minor conventional changes". They do however accept that there would be a "severe impact on the morale and coherence of the Faculty of Arts." It is suggested that the offices for the "suitably stylish accommodation" currently used by the Arts staff and students would find it unacceptable to "enter their building through a management school entrance".

Although the report takes seriously options such as D.H.T. and the British Square Rectory it makes clear that George Square Theatre is by far the most suitable fit for the new school and even if it does to draw up a list of venues which could accommodate the theatre's current activities. These include the McEwan Hall and the Odeon Cinema and the Bedlam Theatre.

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Although the group maintain that G.S.T. is too valuable for the University and the City to be altered, its assessment of the building as "unique" and ability to reach all the major requirements of the new management school mean that there is little doubt over whether the Theatre is safer as Martin Morrison tells Student last week.

There are also questions raised, over why there was no mention of cost at last week's court meeting despite the fact that an estimate for David Hume Tower has been made in the report.

The Federation of Student Nationalists have called on the government to continue their policy towards higher education in Scotland.

At their annual conference, held at the McEwen Hall last week, they demanded more investment in education and the universities were "brought under Scottish control.

The PSN's President Ms. Gilda Whitelaw pointed out that, "It is clear that the broad base of the Scottish education system is being eroded through policies which are both inappropriate and unwanted." She added that the fee scheme on honours system in Scotland was now under serious threat due to the impending loans scheme and commented further that it would "Contradict the Scottish Government's free education open to all."

In the light of the Universities Funding Council's proposals, the Conference supported the view that financing of all Scottish universities be directly centralised by the Scottish Office in Edinburgh.

She addressed a wider issue by pointing out that "As Europeans we must prepare to invest in education and to keep our counterparts in other countries." Ms. Whitelaw reminded the conference of the "grappling with Edinburgh" by hostile Tory ideologies in London, Scottish students are going to suffer.

Student
THE BOOKS packed and ready to go.

Photo by Louise Wilson

A group of students from Napier Polytechnic had a lucky escape after they were caught up in an avalanche while climbing Ben More.

One of the students, Gary Webb, pierced his stomach with an icicle as he fell more than five hundred feet down the mountain side. His friends used a five bar gate as a makeshift stretcher to carry him to safety before they were found by the Mountain Rescue Team at Killin. Mr Webb is now recovering in Stirling Royal Infirmary, where his condition is "stable".

Edinburgh is to host, as part of the International Science Festival, experts from around the world who will converge on the Calton Hotel to hear, what Science festival chief-executive, Brian Gamble, describes as "the most up to date assessment of how massive global problems such as the threat to the environment and the burgeoning human and animal problems can be analysed and acted upon."

Following last week's story in Student about the headline "Moonies Threat to Students", the contraversial organisation have claimed that "there operations are not in any way dangerous and blamed both church leaders and the press for giving a false portrait of their group. Ken Shaffin, regional organiser for the Unification Church in Scotland said, "people don't give us a chance, they should investigate what we are before they say anything about us."

City centre was heightened on Monday with the appearance of a dinosaur on Princes Street. A ten foot high model of a Tyrannosaurus Rex, named Dino, roamed the streets as part of a promotion for the Dinosaurs Alive! exhibition which opens at the City Arts Centre on 28th February.

ELSA offices in Potterrow were disrupted yesterday in an invasion of around thirty students. This was a protest, organised by the Socialist Worker Students Society, against the lack of a bus service to London for this week's National Loans Demonstration. ELSA Secretary, Martiella Quinio said that the decision not to send a bus was "nothing to do with the sabbaticals but was an SMC move."

A researcher at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital has claimed that dreams could hold the key to autum asthma attacks. Dr Brice Avery is looking for asthmatic volunteers to test his theory. He believes the attacks may take place because sufferers suppress their more emotional dreams.

KELMAN WINS LIT. PRIZE

by Andrew Heasman

SCOTTISH AUTHOR James Kelman and biographer Ian Gibson have been named as the 1989 winners of the James Tait Black Memorial Book Prize, joining the ranks of previous winners such as D.H. Lawrence, against damp and have been labelled as to the type of book in both English and Romanian. Alex Dimitriu, an Edinburgh University student who was born in Romania, has been helping Sally Wood of the Donations and Exchanges office at the main library with the translations and in finding volunteers to pack and label.

A minister from the newly created Reform Protestant Church of Hungary, Sandor Fazakas, has been in Edinburgh to help coordinate the appeal. His brother is at St Andrew's University and it is hoped to maintain an ongoing connection between the universities of the two countries. Rory MacLeod, a divinity student also at St Andrew's and an ex-Edinburgh University student, will be accompanying the books to Romania on behalf of the university libraries in connection with the Church of Scotland.

From Edinburgh University, Ian Younger, International Editor of Student, and his team are hoping to go independently. They are currently trying to get sponsorship from local and national companies, to raise the £3000 to fund the trip. Their first priority is to find a vehicle which can stand up to the arduous four thousand mile round trip. As yet they have had no luck.

The appeal co-ordinators have pointed out that the shortage of books is so bad in the Romanian universities that it does not matter if they are all in English. Sandor Fazakas does not even have his own hymn-book.

The books packed and ready to go.

The books packed and ready to go.
America these activities have come to light through Congressional committees, Presidential disclosures and leaks. In Britain the Official Secrets Act is all pervasive. After the 1989 amendments to the Act the government has tightened up on the disclosure of intelligence information. It is now an offence for anybody to "leak" information of any nature, which is harmful to the foreign relations of the country, such that the national interest is defeated by the disclosure. There are also occasions when it is not in the national interest to have something to hide. In the United States in the mid-Seventies there was a deluge of "leaks" from White House staff and the C.I.A. The evidence showed that spouting was going badly wrong. Congressional Committee reports were appointed to find out if there was any truth to the allegations. These Committees were privy to a large amount of classified information and from their findings, despite some censorship, told the public about covert actions abroad and constitutional irregularities. However, as a result of Congressional oversight was improved and the President banned the publication of all "classified" material, the more wild activities of the C.I.A. With Britain there have been no leaked documents, no classified files. In America, despite over 15 years of inquiries, the President has not even admitted that there are no charts limiting the power of the intelligence forces. There is no disclosure of their annual budgets and there is no avenue open to members of the intelligence forces to let the public know if the National interest is being betrayed. If one takes the Wallace case it is interesting to compare what would have happened in the United States, if Wallace had been a former agent of the C.I.A. His disclosure that "black" propagandists had been used against the country, where would have been permitted, because of his right to freedom of speech. But in Britain he would not have compromised National security. It is his right to leak information about the Intelligence force to have acted illegally. Any miscarriage of the Kencora boys home would have brought the constitutional lawyers to the test, which would have argued that most of the Bill of Rights had been ignored. The public would have demanded action. In Britain though, the government has shown no desire to prosecute or to investigate, not even after the Kencora boys and the analogous case in Sheffield, which was unfairly dismissed, but they have decided not to follow up on his other claims, even though he had now admitted that the Kencora boys home operation did exist. The Prime Minister is able to get away with this for one major reason: he is the person who decides what the National interest is.

In America there is a Bill of Rights to defend citizens and an Intelligence charter, which is supposed to limit the Intelligence Community. If these are violated questions would arise, and an investigation will no doubt be initiated. Britain has no such Bill of Rights and it can now be said that the Intelligence Community in fact has nobody in any real area of ideas, both the "secret" and the "public" sector. In Britain the Post Office is a department that opens and checks "suspicious mail" in America, unless there are extreme circumstances this would contravene the right of privacy. One can add if there had been a Parliamentary oversight committee that would have occurred or measures could be taken to stop it happening again.

M.I.5, who have been the guilty party in the Wallace episode, have not last year been involved in the Eastleigh electoral organisation. The Official Secrets Act now recognises it in their own entity but there would occur outside the public domain. In America despite oversight, the rights of individuals and individual charter irregularities still happen. British people might look at the U.S. with contempt because they would Watergate and Irangate, but at least they were discovered. Britain does not have the same scale, because the government establishment does not follow up. In a few months time they will be out of the press and the second report of Wallace's commission will be published with no discussion of any intelligence matters. The Official Secrets Act of 1989 has made it an offence to disclose any information, even if it is in the public interest. It would have been possible that Britain will ever have its own Watergate. Even if it deserves
Dictator and the Dunce

With the Ceaucescus gone, and their associates safely under lock and key, the Romanian people are beginning to learn the truth about their former ruling family. Perdita Fraser reports on recently exposed revelations on Elena Ceausescu.

Elena Ceausescu was not a popular consort in Romania, she had neither the pragmatic concerns of an Eleanor Roosevelt, nor the bewitching beauty of Eva Peron. To her was attributed many of the worst excesses of the Ceaucescu regime. For example the running of birth control was attributed to her desire to see the Romanian population statistics rise to 30 million by the year 2000 (currently it stands at 23 million). To enforce this law all women of child-bearing age were checked every month for evidence of the use of contraceptives. Many women, for whom the state goal of five children per family was financially impossible, were reduced to seeking dangerous abortions. If they were found out, they faced a long imprisonment.

When Elena Ceausescu was to defend her PhD, the gates of the University were locked, preventing the public from hearing her defence.

Another equally unpopular policy was also attributed to her influence, namely the creation of the “agro-industrial centres” through the destruction of many villages and the forced resettlement of their inhabitants. She also said to have set sex traps for high-up Romanian officials, for use as a source of blackmail.

When Elena’s apartment was entered after the revolution, they found rows and rows of shoes often by Western designers, some encrusted with diamonds, also hundreds of designer dresses (again many from the West) and several racks of fur coats. Elena’s expensive tastes were paid at a time when the rest of Romania were on the verge of starvation, due to Nicolae Ceausescu’s determination to pay off the Romanian foreign debt at all costs even if it meant selling the bread from under the nose of the people.

From her position as the leader’s right hand woman, Elena Ceausescu enjoyed a status in Romania as a leading academic. Books and papers written under her name were considered the works of a brilliant scientist and lined the bookshops in Romania.

Much of her past is still shrouded in mystery and it will take some time before the full facts of the lives of the Ceaucescu are known. It is believed that Elena’s father later ran a pub in which she also worked, before moving on to work in a chemical factory.

She claimed to have first met her husband Nicolae Ceausescu, who came from a neighbouring district, in 1934, after his expulsion from Bucharest for subversive activity. Official Romanian history books state that Nicolae was an early activist in the Communist ranks. Alternative sources suggest that his “conversion” to Communism occurred when he was arrested at Drohov station in 1936 for stealing a suitcase which was found to contain Communist propaganda. And so the myth grew that Ceausescu was one of the first Romanian Communist activists.

When Elena’s offices began to snowball, she became a member of the political executive committee of the RCP in 1938, becoming a member of the Central Committee of the RCP and the general director of the Central Chemical Research Institute.

At the outbreak of the war, all the Romanian Communist leaders were interned in the labour camp at Cugir. Here Ceausescu met up with them all. When in 1944 Romania changed sides in the war, joining the Allies, the Communist leaders were released. From then on Ceausescu began his rapid ascent in the Romanian Communist Party (RCP). In 1944 he was the Secretary of the Communist Youth, by 1952 he held the powerful position of head of the Political Directorate of the Army and from the early 1960s, he was almost universally regarded as the heir to the leadership.

During this time Elena, according to official records, was working as a chemical engineer and maintaining a low profile in politics, although she was said to have been active in the RCP in the 1930s. By 1965, when Nicolae was elected as first secretary, the Ceaucescus had three children. Also in 1965, Elena became a member of the Central Committee of the RCP and the general director of the Central Chemical Research Institute.

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THE destruction of the Ceaucescu cult continues apace. Following the revelations about the Conducator’s grandioses plans for the People’s Palace in Bucharest, and the widespread coverage given to the wrongdoing and drunken exploits of his son Nicu, now it is the turn of the dictator’s wife.

Elena Ceausescu, née Petrescu, was born in 1919, the daughter of a ploughman in Petresta. Much of her past is still shrouded in mystery and it will take some time before the full facts of the lives of the Ceaucescu are known. It is believed that Elena’s father later ran a pub in which she also worked, before moving on to work in a chemical factory.

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But it was really after 1972 that Elena’s offices began to snowball. She became a member of the political executive committee of the RCP Central Committee in 1973, joining its standing bureau in 1977. She also became a member, and often a president, of many scientific and research institutions from this time onwards.

Popular legend has it that at this time it was felt that Elena’s credentials needed some bolstering, to which end it was arranged that three Bucharest professors should write a PhD for her in the mid-1970s. The legend is backed up by the circumstances surrounding the award of Elena Ceausescu’s doctorate. Normally in Romania, the PhD candidate must publish and defend their doctorate. When Elena was to defend hers, the gates of the university were locked, preventing the public from hearing her defence.

After this and the publication of several erudite books under her name, Elena collected academic honours from institutions around the world, including New York Academy of Science, the Athen Academy and the European Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in Paris. It appears that the Romanians always insisted that Elena should be honoured in some way, whenever the grand couple went abroad. At the time of the state visit in Britain in 1978, both London University and the Royal Society (the premiere academic body for scientists) were approached by the Romanian Embassy but they both declined to give her any sort of academic distinction. Instead she received one from the Polytechnic of Central London.

With the Ceaucescus gone, and their associates safely under lock and key, the Romanian people are beginning to learn the truth about their former ruling family. Perdita Fraser reports on recently exposed revelations on Elena Ceausescu.
WINS all weekend

football

With the midweek visit to Strathclyde cancelled due to the somewhat unfavourable conditions, the lads were anxious to put on an impressive performance against the Borders side, who were only game was not in fact on Sunday. Perhaps the only clear cut chance was of the first half. Trusty right winger Jamie Hartland, however, the somewhat unfavourable

Edinburgh Uni back to winning ways.

trampolining

David Murphy stole the honours at the Scottish Universities and Scottish Open Trampolining Championships at St Andrews at the weekend. Murphy was Scottish Universities Champion at the end of the second half and captured the title for his efforts in the event.

volleyball

In undoubtedly the most exciting game of the season so far, girls' side defeated Glenrothes '84 by an excellent three sets to one. The side was back to full strength with the return of Captain Nikki Thompson, and their new big upset was always in evidence.

THE WEEK'S RESULTS

FOOTBALL

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THE WEDDING PRESENT
The Network
SUPPORT band, The Edel Aeroinconner managed to warm up an already sweaty audience with sharp songs revamped in Mary Chain-style feedback and lots of Thurston Moore-type guitar violence. By the time The Weddoes graced the stage the audience were dropping off like flies. Superb new song, Don't Talk Just Kiss, kicked off a set that was amanisic as it was diverse. Old singing a tune, and the songs tend to cover well used rawk 'n' roll topics. There are a few great numbers though, such as "Knock Me Down", where there's actually some thought involved and the singer proves that he can carry a tune, but they are too few and tend to be separated by improvised jazz-tdium.

The scene around them kept a low level of interest. Other than some open-mindedness, the audience were too busy chatting to notice the performance. But there were a few people who stood out from the crowd, and one particular girl who was very enthusiastic about the band. She was one of the few who stood and danced along with the performers. Overall, the atmosphere was fairly muted, with only a few enthusiastic fans who were dancing along with the performers.

In conclusion, The Edel Aeroinconner put on a decent performance, but it was nothing compared to the showmanship of The Edel Aeroinconner. The setlist was well chosen, with a mix of popular and lesser known songs. The lighting was dim, creating a moody and intimate atmosphere.

THE RIGHT STUFF
Teviot
QUESTION: What is the difference between watching The Right Stuff and shagging an elephant?
Answer: There is the most important possibility that you may enjoy your encounter with the elephant.

For tonight The Right Stuff provided as much excitement as watching two ploughs battling it out over a hundred metres. Without meaning to be cruel, because I really am a nice person, the Right Stuff were very, very boring indeed. That's not to say that they were abysmally bad, but just lack ing inspiration completely. And they do have the experience, with Keiron Mellotte and another with Deacon Blue, mind you that probably explains why they were so dull. Another member apparently used to be in a band called "The Wrong Stuff".

The audience looked on in complete apathy, and a mixture of free entry and cheap drink ensured that people were not put off by the performance. Overall, it was a disappointing performance, but it was still better than the previous night's performance.
Hollywood — symbol of glamorous cinematic success, or over-hyped and run-down? Carol Cumming went to discover whether the sidewalks are really paved with gold.

HOLLYWOOD. The word beckons like a magical incantation from a land that is the symbol of glamorous cinematic success, filling the imagination with images of Marilyn Monroe in diamonds and pearls and Bogart and Bacall in love and war. An icon of the modern world, it beckons millions of film-struck worshippers to its star-studded sidewalks every year. Hollywood is also the biggest let-down since well, almost - nothing could be that bad.

Two intrepid travellers went in search of its golden Walk of Fame one morning only to be told by a vulgar and equally bored American - "You're standin' right on it."

Hollywood's sidewalks are not paved with gold and famous people do not walk down there. In America the rich and famous are driven, always.

Today, Hollywood, excepting most of its tourist areas, which centre around Beverly Hills and Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards, is a run-down, tacky, red-light district and poor people abound.

Five minutes after our great discovery, my friend's meagre, polystyrene cup of coffee was snatched by a vicious tramp woman who screeched that it was 'her coffee'. It was never to be seen again.

Despite this rather unglamorous introduction, Hollywood retains its sense of magic, if by now it is a little tarnished around the edges. Following its star-studded sidewalk up the famous Hollywood Boulevard, I came to one of its highlights - the world famous 'Mann's Chinese Theatre', where stars come from all around to press their hands and toooties into the cement walkway which surrounds it.

Once you've managed to forcibly squeeze your way through a maniac, lorry-load of Nikon equipped tourists, the kick you get when you spot the first recognisable name remains unsurpassable. Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe ('Gentlemen Prefer Blondes'), Cary Grant, Jack Nicholson - they were all there. Managing to get a decent photo of your favourite star's wonderful prints, complete with signature, without instead getting a picture full of everybody else's feet, bar the right ones, is also a wondrous feat of patience, gymnastic agility and, of course, luck.

Universal Studios (the largest working motion picture studio in the world) is the film-lover's paradise and is the home of blockbuster films, such as Spielberg's 'E.T.', 'The Sting' and 'Juno'. You see how the films are made, where they're made and, if you're lucky, even catch a glimpse of a star such as Michael J. Fox or Steve Martin in hot set at work on their latest films (In this case 'Back to the Future III' and 'Parenthood', respectively.)

The three hour tour of the studio's backlot, which consists of four and a half acres of six hundred and forty outdoor sets, with buildings and facades used in classic films, such as the infamous 'Bates Motel' from Hitchcock's 'Psycho', was definitely the best part of the trip. How different types of special effects were staged and shot was demonstrated, such as the bicycling scene across the sky in Spielberg's 'E.T.', as well as how Fred Astaire actually managed to dance on the ceiling. Burning inferno and earthquake scenes, complete with blazing helicopters, fire- engines and erupting skyscrapers are simulated and filmed inside a set of an area of less than a hundred and fifty square metres. It feels just like the real thing as long as you're in there though!

Later on in this tour of film sets, an equally dangerous crossing has to be made across the waters surrounding 'Amity Island' where a full-scale shark, complete with rolling eyes, suddenly attacks from out of the water. From here, you then have to pass through the scene of an avalanche. The avalanche is simulated on screen by filming inside a spinning vortex, whilst the actors do their job on stable ground. Near the end of this particular tour, you also pass by a very familiar looking car, belonging to an untidy detective who always wears a crumpled mac.

Live action shows are also continually staged at the studio, the most spectacular being 'Mam's Vill', complete with a full set consisting of blazing speed boats, dope dealing gangsters, overhead helicopters and exploding buildings.

By night-fall, fantasy blends into the darkness of the evening, as the studio, situated high up in the hills upon Hollywood so as to be nearer the stars, dominates the skyline with its dreamy lights. It is here the magic lives on.

After five days it was fine to pack-up and set adventure elsewhere. But Hollywood remained. And no, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.
Dance music has rarely been as popular as it is today. Much of this has been characterised by the emergence of underground music within mainstream pop circles. For years the British singles chart has been jammed with nauseating ballads, froth-pop, occasionally interspersed with trashy rock; at last things are changing.

For so long the primary medium for single chart success was radio airplay, as artists and record companies searched for the perfect three minute user-friendly pop ditty. The surge in party-dance interest however has been radio’s importunate lesson, whilst dance tracks without ‘Chart Show’ appeal become more popular. Regardless of the press-heightened ecstacy of the summer acid house frenzies of 1988 and 1989, serious dancing has never been so good. And now, as the transition time from club/dance floor favourite to chart hit lessens, the pressure on the underground to supply the overground with new ideas and material grows.

It is not only the 120 beats per minute of house music which has emerged from the depths of clubland but rap too. The recent success of Public Enemy’s ‘Welcome to the Terrordome’ and Silver Bullets’ ‘20 seconds to comply’ provides much-needed relief when placed against the backdrop of the inane telly-pop of Sonia or Kylie. Yet as the media fills us with scenarios of a new aggressive anarchic cries reminiscent, in tone at least, to magpie’ provides much-needed relief when placed against the backdrops of the inane telly-pop of Sonia or Kylie. Yet as the media fills us with scenarios of a new

decade of environmentally sensitive comradeship, hard rattling rap with chilling messages appears slightly incongruous. Acting against the materialism and excess of the eighties, rap has essentially split into two

toons. Reacting against the materialism and excess of the eighties, rap has essentially split into two forms. Undeniably it does have its softer, more accessible side; a cause now championed by De La Soul. But much of their work has run against the power of emotions which founded rap. The severe attitudes of rappers like NWA and Ice T today, somehow, blast us with the bellicose anarchic cries reminiscent, in tone at least, to the controversial confrontational era of punk and the Sex Pistols. Today immense swells of public dissatisfaction, especially amongst blacks, have emerged with a return to the appreciation of black people’s roots to construct an increasingly prominent brand of hardened black culture.

Arguably, though, much of rap’s mainstream success can be seen in term of its softening to appeal to a wider audience. Undeniably, the true heart of rap does lie within the frame of stern observation and the voicing of the black minority’s views. Nevertheless as hopes of a more easy going and caring society materialise it could be seen that the injustices voiced by hard core rappers might become increasingly out-dated. In the future, the sweeter side of rap might become more representative and less unreal as it matures in an ‘open’ environment. The music of De La Soul, primary exponents of the ‘sleepy-fun’ brand of rap, seems, in contrast, so naive; its consequent popularity frequently receiving accusations of selling out.

Beyond the softening of rap, its rise from sub-culture to mainstream can also be seen in terms of its ability to blend with other types of music. Take, for example, the uniting of the appeal and vocal rhythms of rap with a less forceful dance beat. Artists such as Neneh Cherry and Bobby Brown have straddled the divide with remarkable success. On a more British front, exponents of this mix include D-Mob, Merlin and the Rebel MC as dance and rap are joined. Rap, too, has become more popular as efforts have been made to reduce its occasionally difficult and jarring nature. Tone Loc’s use of real drums on his album ‘Loced After Dark’ has given the mass market a middle ground through which interest can bow, eventually leading to harder rap. Similarly one can witness Run DMC’s recording of ‘Walk Thin Way’ with Aerosmith, where heavy rock met rap in a track appealing to fans of both camps. The British-based surge in club interest has been embodied in the vast success of Soul II Soul. Three top

ten hits, a best-selling album and a nomination for the BPI’s ‘Best British Band’, has proved that dance club music can now be appreciated in terms of musical talent and excellence. Emerging out of London’s thriving club scene the music of Jazzy B and Soul II Soul has successfully incorporated the finer points of both dance and pop music. Using strings and flutes over repetitive mesmerising rhythms they have developed an almost tribal dimension to popular music.

Jazzy B’s DJ origin is not however unique. To both rap and dance music the disc jockey is a vital part of the set up. The body for groups such as S-Express and Bomb the Bass lie in London’s club fraternity. Mark Moore, Tim Simon and others are creators whose abilities lie not only in music but in an appreciation of what their audiences want. The changing face of the DJ has seen him develop from someone with a tan, Hawaiian shirt and mirrorball smile to a hardened headed dude with a vast appreciation of dance music. Now, no longer does it only depend on what is played but the way it played has become vital.

As a development from such mixing, a demand arose for such mixes to appear on vinyl in their own right. The most notable example of this was the MARRS single ‘Pump Up The Volume’. From here, the ignoring of performers’ and copyright laws has seen borders crossed and re-crossed. Despite such difficulties, the sampling base on which home music is built has founded a strand of music which through the club environment has reached a mass audience.

In recent months particularly, Britain’s dance charts have been largely controlled by goings-on in the European, especially Italian clubs. The once typical ‘pop-song’ formula alternating verse and chorus has essentially been stripped down. Now the incessant beat is the heart of the song and lyrics are kept to a minimum as attention is focussed on the repetitive, almost hypnotic qualities of the track’s rhythm. Greatest exponents of this in 1989 were the Italia team of David Lumon/Simplici, who, like Stock/Aitken/Waterman, emerged in the charts in a variety of different guises. Black Box, Starlight and Meamaster all stem from the same person; Black Box’s ‘Ride On Time’ sold over 600,000 copies and was the best-selling single of 1989.

The importance of the Dance Hall comes and goes; at present it is here and massively popular. In its popularity it has drawn out much of what was traditionally seen as the preserve of the underground. So whilst the underground works out what to feed us next, let us just enjoy the ecstasy of dance music.

In the Eighties, house and rap emerged from the depths of Clubland to conquer the nations charts. Magnus Willis welcomes you to the mixed-up world of underground music.
clearly captured the lack of pri
vacy of a recent world. Bed-
rooms were only separated from the living room with curtains, resulting in a claustrophobic atmosphere where everybody's business is everyone else's.

O'Casey's colourful characteri-
sations were carried off with utmost competence. Derek Lord gave a commanding performance as the evil and vindictive Cap-
tain Boyle who hides in the pub whilst his family is being destroyed. His behaviour was intentionally weak so as not to sel-
cit the audience favour with his frivolity becoming horrifying in its insensitiveness. His croaky Jour-
dy Daly was given a physically expressive performance by Denis Quilligan.

The cast handled O'Casey's juxtaposition of comedy and tragedy convincingly and split second changes of mood which jarrred incongruously. Dur-
ing the tragic climax of the play the armed irregulars carried out their brutal task with a startling indifference. Murder becomes business-like and fanaticism has gone so far that it leaves a moral void.

The production ended on a more humanistic note. Eileen Nicholas who gave an exemplary performance as Juno, the tena-
acious and mother, reinvigo-
rates her character with a new self assurance. She finally sheds her pére; anguish for a realisation of escape.

Again director Ian Woodbridge has used his set, an excep-
tionally clever production capturing the very essence of civil war Ireland. In short it was a tense and powerful piece of theatre which is to be strongly recommended.

Gillian Smith

The Winters Tale
Netherbow Arts Centre
until 24 February

Chris Hoban as Rory

SPANISH FLY
Bedlam Theatre
6-10 February

"WHAT WAS THE SOUL
that drove the great man to
the deeds of a demi-god?"
was one of the questions be-
ting raised in Chris Hoban's
brilliant one and a
half hour monologue which
searches, through the medita-
tions of Rory Fitzgerald, an
Irish painter struck down
with stomach cancer, the
essence of Picasso's genius.

The scenes change from Rory at school, learning about Picasso, to 'Rory talking directly, and rather disconcertingly, straight into the eyes of the audience, to Rory in Picasso's old room, look-
ing out on the view his hero once looked out on.

Visually the play was interest-

- ing but the costumes were reasonably effec-
tive, (monochrome for the bad bits, colour for the funny bits - despite it being difficult to tell the difference the set left much to be desired. (There were no doors. It didn't help.) Even the enchant-

ing stage design, while rather over-exotic status, trembling existentially the whole time an apparent reason.

This play was appallingly done-
badly thought out, over-directed, poor, choreographed, and totally devoid of all the humour, pathos and spirit of the text. And they didn't even have a bear.

Feiffer Colgan

Netherbow's
New Season

The DUBLINERS

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK
Royal Lyceum Theatre
until 3 March

"OH BLESSED VIRGIN
where were you when my darling son was riddled with bullets?" wails Juno Boyle in
Netherbow Arts Centre pathy from her character. Indeed
the jealous king provided the only on
humour of the rural
with the latter. scenes
as well as some of his most
recent works which include a
paintings, sculptures and
this exhibition is its slightly

The Winter Tale
Netherbow Arts Centre
until 24 February

MADAME BOVARY
Bedlam Theatre
20-24 February

"Electra", a classic story of
violence, revenge and family
honour written 2400 years ago by Sophocles, is being presented by the Edinburgh
University Theatre Company next season.

The production features a new
free verse translation by Christ-
opher Marshall, a Classics post-
graduate, which is specifically
designed to enhance the brutal
intensity of this famous work.

Marshall, who is also directing
the play, says: "Electra has a
humanistic edge which is nec-
essary for the convincing pre-
sentation of Greek tragedy on the
contemporary stage."

JOURNEYMAN
February 1990 issue
"POETRY AND PROSE
OF NOW" - this is how this Edin-
burgh-based arts magazine
describes itself. "The first
thing that struck me, how-
ever, was not the newness of
the writing, but rather that
none of the pieces were indi-
vidually credited with authors' names - a touch dis-
concerting, to say the least.

The magazine aims to feature
creative writing in all of its diversity
-ranging from epigrammatic one-
liners to short stories, and encom-
passing a whole range in between.
And diverse it certainly is - or
perhaps uneven is a better word.

Karen Virapen

Theatre

VICTORY DAY
Bedlam Theatre
1-5 March

"Victory day" is the title of this
play, written by Howard
Brenton and John Osborne,
based on the events of the
Suez Crisis of 1956.

This play is a battle between
public and private lives, to the
extent that the two areas are
at odds with each other. The
play is an unflattering portrait
of the public and private lives
of the cast members and how
they affect each other.

Karen Virapen

Student
Take Note

ECAT: CONTEMPORARY MUSIC
10th ANNIVERSARY SEASON
Queen's Hall

ECAT's tenth birthday concert found its artistic directors, Geoffrey King, James MacMillan and Peter Nelson triumphant and not a little surprised at having made it through the first decade. All three composers fulfilled works alongside a world premiere of Keith Gifford's "Waterfall through Mist", commissioned by ECAT. The bludgeoning assurance of the Almeida Ensemble gave a conviction to all the works but, in the first half, James MacMillan's "An rathad do dh’Ard tall a".

Paul Bunyan is an extraordinary work, an experimental opera from Benjamin Britten which has since disappeared in the glory of later operas. A super-human lumberjack, the legendary Paul Bunyan, is born as the trees sit restless. From dissent comes progress, and from progress comes more dissent but also freedom. The deeply spiritual work, a musical "numbers" project, sometimes dowered liberetto scenes of anthropological observers of the New World, exile from European war.

The Opera Club grapple with the work in a mixture of real excitement and unconvincing bewilderment. The music is content and well-performed with some superb excerpts from the trio of Moppet, Poppet and Fido in particular. However, the work seems to lack drama. Stylised miming and musical "numbers" choreographed in abstract symbols, the arrival of the twentieth century, the worlds of Paul Bunyan, all their futility and absurdity.

Paul Bunyan himself, who we never see, is carved huge great emotional chunks of sound, out of thin air. A bludgeoning assurance of the Almeida Ensemble, the wayward casting of old music and new and unfamiliar on the concert platform, with correspondingly unexpected rough edges of a string quartet made gross without their innate language of phrasing. The wayward casting of old musical media was commented on by some uncomfortable pummeling in the middle movement where the classical instruments adopted an echt tone, a non-convincing consciousness of its own obsolescence. The climax was another type-casting with an uncharacteristic head-flush of drumming and full-frontal bass. And maybe I felt slightly bemused, being a master of this verbal juggling, that the power of old music and new, made and jaded, in its expressive and blunt energy which by brute force, stole the show.

Gordon Drummond

WHEN SMOKING IS BAD FOR YOU / THE ERPINGHAM CAMP
Brunton Theatre

AT FIRST GLANCE the combination of Chekhov and Orton appears strikingly incompatible. However, the two complement each other perfectly as slick direction allowed the Chekhov to run into, and become an integral part in "The Erpingham Camp".

"When Smoking is Bad For You" is apparently, "an extremely amusing outline" delivered by a bearded physician to his wife's school for girls". What appeared to surface most from Victor Greene's compelling twenty minute performance however was man's inescapable solitude. At first the soliloquy comprised of banal and trivial jokes but then Nyukhin appears momentarily to understand his own and man's condition. Believing that the root of this condition is the superficiality of our lives he stood out. While the piece grew from the composer's impressions of an Islay landscape, the musical motifs became fascinating in themselves, not descriptive so much as expressive. The hollow clarinet was overlaid with insistent high notes stuck on the piano and, like a bell, resonating on in flute and violin. This ringing could become a low pedal as the ingredients were upended and recast.

Geoffrey King's "Songs without Words", was true to its title, voice-inspired with long, indulgent melodies merging spiritually. This relaxed opening to the second half provoked a welcome tension of contrast, missed in the first half, when confronted with the almost flippant "Zeremoni...!" by Peter Nelson. A smashing plate and scrunching paper alongside uncouth double-bass and wearily pleading flute...Which was noise, which was sound, which music? The pile-up of "musical firewood" fuelled the audience's appetite for unexpected insights: the familiar sound of ripping paper was made new and unfamiliar on the concert platform, with correspondingly unexpected rough edges of a string quartet made gross without their innate language of phrasing.

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Harriet Wilson

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Thu, February 15, 1990

Student Arts

ALL SOCIETIES!
ARE WELCOME TO
ATTEND THE
SOCIETIES COUNCIL
GENERAL MEETING
7pm Wednesday 28th February
in the Highland Room at the Societies Centre.

ALL MOTIONS TO
ADMIN. OFFICE
by Wednesday 21st February.

Take Note

EURO OPERA CLUB
George Square Theatre
14-17 February

Paul Bunyan is an extraordinary work, an experimental opera from Benjamin Britten which has since disappeared in the glory of later operas. A super-human lumberjack, the legendary Paul Bunyan, is born as the trees sit restless. From dissent comes progress, and from progress comes more dissert but also freedom. The deeply spiritual presence of omnipotent Bunyan becomes America's Messiah in a world of mysticism and telegrams.

WHEN SMOKING IS BAD FOR YOU / THE ERPINGHAM CAMP
Brunton Theatre
until 24 February

I SUPPOSE Jazz musicians tend to be obsessive people; the titles of Tommy Smith's various recordings all reflect a mania for sustaining his own momentum as a musical prodigy. "Forward Motion", "Step by Step", "Takin' Off", "Progressions".

On Friday night's evidence, Tommy's new quartet of young London-based musicians looks the best format yet to showcase that the leader's authoritative style and an emerging corpus of fine material. Moreover, the addition of the post-Scottish guitar of Paul Stacy now gives Tommy an improvising foil somewhere near his own measure. Substantially, the power of Tommy's music really represents a maximisation of gift's he firmly possessed five years ago. His tone, always monolithic, has merely got bigger, and the haunting quality of his voice-inspired with long, indulgent musical "numbers" choreographed in abstract symbols, the arrival of the twentieth century, the worlds of Paul Bunyan, all their futility and absurdity.

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The Opera Club grapple with the work in a mixture of real excitement and unconvincing bewilderment. The music is content and well-performed with some superb excerpts from the trio of Moppet, Poppet and Fido in particular. However, the work seems to lack drama. Stylised miming and musical "numbers" choreographed in abstract symbols, the arrival of the twentieth century, the worlds of Paul Bunyan, all their futility and absurdity.

Tommy Smith is a young and extremely amusing soliloquy delivered by a bearded physician to his wife's school for girls". What appeared to surface most from Victor Greene's compelling twenty minute performance however was man's inescapable solitude. At first the soliloquy comprised of banal and trivial jokes but then Nyukhin appears momentarily to understand his own and man's condition. Believing that the root of this condition is the superficiality of our lives he
HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS
Dir: Joe Johnston
Odeon
YOU CAN never tell what people keep in their attics. In this case it's an electromagnetically charged device, with which intellectual inventor Wayne Szalinski (Rick Moranis) aims to make his fortune. Having so far succeeded only in blowing up apples and driving his wife from home, imagine his surprise when a stray baseball activates the machine and sends down the Szalinski offspring and the Thompson boys from next door.

The professor's joy at finding that his creation has finally performed is short-lived when he realises that his children are in a plastic refuse sack in the back yard. By this time however, the kids are learning how small is not always beautiful as they embark on their journey across the garden/jungle back to the house.

The theory behind the shrink tank being that it works by reducing empty space, it doesn't say much for the four vacuous children who find themselves looking up a dog's nose, dodging raindrops as if they were hand-grenades, and sleeping in Leper. Nevertheless, they respond in all American style to the problems they encounter: a scorpion of the size of a tower block for example, and even manage to find a pet and ride.

Pum on size around and Little Russ Thompson, 'too small for football', proves his worth by saving Amy Szalinski from a puddle and riding the kids off on several more occasions. A Disney production, the ending is naturally a happy one, with the two families reunited and a moral for everyone big or small you are, but what you can do.

Rick Moranis has a disappointingly small role, but spends most of his time hovering over the lawn with a magnifying glass. Matt Frewer (Big Russ Thompson), however, is more entertaining as the irate representative of white-fenced suburbia. If you overlook the tenuous plot, (and this is a film directed at the younger ones among us), then the special effects are well worth seeing. The ride on the back of a killer beetle before you, dizzy, and the varied insect life, including decomposing flies, is very funny.

This is a long way from The Land Of The Giants, and no expense has been spared to create a convincing environment for the quarter-inch characters. The accompanying short is 'Tummy Trouble', the latest Roger Rabbit offering, so don't expect any characters (such as it is) and it is pure entertainment. Take a lot of sweets, but no big ideas.

Julia Nozeta

Rosalie goes shopping
Dir: Percy Adlon
Filmhouse

Rosalie Greenspace has seven children (one of whom has just got his girlfriend pregnant), a mother who babbles in German, tells her she is fat and slaps the children, not to mention a pilot husband with failing eyesight whose idea of a good time is to listen to a tape recording of his aeroplane taking off. Is it any wonder she goes shopping?

The astute amongst you will have realised that we are not talking about an average suburban housewife here. Likewise the shopping trips are far from ordinary, unless I'm getting out of touch and the modern idea of a shopping trip is to return from the local mall with a personal computer, a pigs head and a whole rack of dresses, all bought with forged signatures on 37 credit cards.

If you think this sounds like a recipe for a hilarious film you could be sadly disappointed. Director Percy Adlon (of Celeste, Squabirly and Baghdad Cafe fame) tries a little too hard to be clever and the result is a film that feels about 100 minutes longer than its 93 minute running time. It isn't just slow to start, but slow throughout, and whilst there are funny moments they are swamped by the tedium of it all. Nothing really happens until the end when Rosalie turns her criminal talents to the world of computing.

merely the result of advertising in America's consumer society and you should have a very unusual thought-provoking piece on your hands.

Unfortunately the factors alone are not enough. The strong Rosalie is aided by neither the piquant personality of the one-dimensional characters she interacts with. Each member of her family is not just a little quirk, but aside from this we are given no insight into their character and Rosalie confesses her sins comes nearest to having a developed personality by the end if this type of classification is allowed at all. "Those shall not electronically penetrate classified data" should ease the consciences of computer hackers world wide.

I have searched hard to find positive note on which to close but the closest I can muster is that Rosalie Goes Shopping does have a happy ending. To put it that way the banks always take us for a ride, legally, but now I take them for a ride myself.
Steve: sorry 'bout the CD's
Txx

Sanan: Flowers, chocolates and now valentines message!
Mike

Pilgrim: Bring me your Spear Of Burning Gold and we'll build Jerusalem.
M.

Dear Julie: If conquer the world, will you conquer me?
Love, Napoleonxxx

Dear Eleanor: I yearn for you passionately
R.O. Shipley (chaplain)

Linda: Up periscope
Telegram Sam.

Monica: Be mine tonight, be-bop over and smoke my pipe!

Dear Sidney: You can run, but you are
Love R.E.

Vicky: any time you like, come are, you are
xxxooo

Danton

Helen: I won't take no for an answer
Lawrence of Arabia

Helen: I lost my head over you
Danton

Most dear Ms. France: You can't see the man for the forehead
Iain, I'm not a romantic but thank you for ... your support, your advice and you.

David Pope, what a sweetie you are, you are

Vicky: any time you like, come over and smoke my pipe?
Love R.E.

Yvonne and Gerlinde: A bag of you can't hide

Dear Tenant, I note with interest that your rent is now more than 3 months in arrears. This time I was 17 and looking for love in big way, and after much careful analysis of handwriting, card and envelope I knew just who my secret admirer was. I struck it, I won her, and her boyfriend wasn't pleased. After the bruises went down I realised: it was from my grammy.

The worst thing about Valentine's Day is that it is all about love, that emotion most capable of making people do ridiculous things, and we're not just talking about smuggling 32 ounces of powdered rhino horn into your loved one's bigger top at Teviot in order to get them in the mood, or getting frontnte in those toes hanging outside someone's flat in order to be just passing when they get home, or even sending a single red rose to them on their birthday only to find that it was last week and you are the laughing stock of the entire NATO alliance. What I mean here is spending an entire summer writing letters to someone and then never having the nerve to send them (but even so get you anyway).

All you need is...

I hate Valentine's day. The worst thing in the world is lying there, waiting for the postman to set his foot upon your stair, waiting for that special envelope with your name on it. So there it is, pure, clean, your Valentine's Day Post. You can try being offhand, cool ("Hey, only one this year?") but then you scurry into your room, rip off the envelope and read

"Dear Tenant, I note with interest that your rent is now more than 3 months in arrears...", Give up and go back to bed: you're just another romantic fool standing freezing in your underwear and not getting anything.

I remember the first proper Valentine's card I ever got, and here I mean "proper" in the sense that it wasn't sent by my mother or granny or a prankish schoolchum. I mean a real one. I was somewhat disappointed, not least because I knew exactly who it was from (Elizabeth Wilson, where are you now?), but even so, it was a thrilling experience. I was 11, she was 13 and a friend of my sister's. Too young to drive, too poor to afford the bus, we lived 10 miles apart and consumed our love by means of a series of tawdry notes passed via my sister, who read them all, a fact well known to both of us, which is why nothing ever came of it. Young love is so hard.

More important than the first proper one was the first mystery envelope I knew just who my secret admirer was. I struck it, I won her, and her boyfriend wasn't pleased. After the bruises went down I realised: it was from my grammy.

The worst thing about Valentine's Day is that it is all about love, that emotion most capable of making people do ridiculous things, and we're not just talking about smuggling 32 ounces of powdered rhino horn into your loved one's bigger top at Teviot in order to get them in the mood, or getting frontnte in those toes hanging outside someone's flat in order to be just passing when they get home, or even sending a single red rose to them on their birthday only to find that it was last week and you are the laughing stock of the entire NATO alliance. What I mean here is spending an entire summer writing letters to someone and then never having the nerve to send them (but even so get you anyway), waiting an entire afternoon in James Thin's just because you know that a certain person works there sometimes, or best of all going for a lengthy walk about the countryside about someone's home just in case they are out walking the dog (only they don't have a dog).

Love is many things and has produced many things, but I, for one, still don't understand it. How can such a simple thing make you go weak around the knees for a punchline, forget it (I think I may cry).

"Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth not, neither envieth not, love beloveth all things and shall never fail. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, love; these three; but the greatest of these is love."

Forgive me all, I did it for love.

ALL YOU NEED IS...

PILGRIM

Brucie ya sexy hunk. We all live
MW, SW, DM and DW
Bob: nothing lasts forever.
Love Tilley

Camilla: How about us breaking through some walls? Love, Kaiser Wilhelm

Connor: Just you, me and the hat? J.S.

Dermaid: Wish you were here! Kaiser Wilhelm

Dear Goodwoman: If we have a "sit-in", what will you do with the "spaghetti"? Love Int

Grizzly Jeff: Can I pull your beard? You can certainly pull mine! S.K.

Rachel C: How about making it a round dozen by Easter? P.S: Can I smell your feet?
love, Scott's boyfriend

Julie C: About how an ninesome? Cam (x2), Scott, Donny, Max, Neil, Matt, Dave

Tony G: Come and "entertain" us The Ewing Girls xxx

Uncle Joe: You can be my dictator anytime
Pete

Andy M. Let me "scope you out sometimes.
C.

Prof "Them's great notes, them is." Ramage We love you!!

Dear Isla: Be my sex-retary for a change? The Saturday Outsider

Julie: Can I have another look at your figure?

Your Finoc

Dearest Karen: You can be my road-runner, if I can be your coyote.

Kim: How about reading my cards for a change? The Saturday Outsider

To: an amazing Film Ed Congratualtions on a 5,000 print run from: Your role model (your words not mine!)

Odds on Cam: W: 15:1
Odds on Donny: evens
Odds on Scott: W: 3000:001

Dear Rachet: You can tighten your nuts any time.

Hey Bikini Woman: Let's get something straight: What I need when I get home, is a hot meal waiting for me on the stove, and a hot woman waiting for me on the rug. Your bus driver xxx

Rachel, will I have to wait an eternity? Alistair (Ed-yup?)

Tina H: You can be my h-bitches if I can be your muscle-man. The Highlander

Dear Moray: You can hold my crutches, if I can hold yours. Love Ruth xxx

Tell Laura I love her.

Hey Mexican Maid: How about some "hands-on" experience?

Love, The Electric Tan

Dear Patrica: "People always tell me, good things come to those who wait. But I've got so much on the menu, I can't wait..."

Your African Lover

Dear Ceildhahum: Nice beard, shame about the beret! Love, "Rocket-Fuel" Rob

SK.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

Can I keep my jobtестicles please?

M
Thursday, February 15, 1990

FILM

Odeon
7 Clerk Street
667 7231

1. Honey I Shrunk the Kids: 1.15 pm, 3.45 pm, 6.15 pm, 8.45 pm
2. When Harry Met Sally: 2 pm, 4.15 pm, 6.30 pm, 9 pm
3. Ghostbusters II: 1.05 pm, 3.35 pm, 6.05 pm
Cask of the War: 8.45 pm
4. Turner and Hooch: 1 pm, 3.20 pm, 5.45 pm, 8.30 pm
5. Oliver and Company: 1.30 pm, 3.30 pm
Lock Up: 5:35 pm, 8.30 pm

Cannon
Lothian Road 229 3030

1. Parenthood: 1.30 pm, 4.45 pm, 7.30 pm
Sat: only 11 pm
2. Black Rain: 2.30 pm, 4.53 pm, 7.53 pm

THEATRE

Bedlam
2 Forrest Road
225 9873

Lucher's Bell
EUFC Lurchine performance. Week 6 1.30 pm £2.95/50
Irish Nights
EUFC elrnon Howard Breton and Turling Alden written in response to the Smoock Hardel affair. Wed 21st Feb 26 pm
£1.35
Electra
Sopplsky 2400 year tragedy performed by EUFC. Tue 20-25 Sat 25 Feb 7.30 pm £1.35/50

TRAVERSE THEATRE

Grassmarket
226 2823

Love Story of the Century
Mounten's Regentbourne Premier the British premiere of Clare Venables adaptation of a collection of Finnish poetry by Marja Tikonen. It centres around one woman's relationship with her alcoholic husband. Until Sat 18th 7.30 pm £1.35/50
Sweeney's Women
A look at the war of Montrose from the southside by Edinburgh Playwrights Workshop. Thurs 15th Feb. 7.30 pm £1.35/50
Suspended Sentences
Multi-media performance involving sculptor Malcolm Findlay and choreographer jcompiler Wilson. Tue 20-25 Sat 25 Feb. 7.30 pm £1.35/50

Music

Preservation Hall 226 3816

Thursday
Steal the Blues
Ned 1 play more
9.30 pm
Friday
Big George and the Business
Big Blues from Glasgow. £1 after 9 pm
Saturday
Hold the Frame
Rock £1 after 9 pm
Sunday
Johnny Sunbeam
Adult Pop, whatever tells you. £1 after 9 pm

CLUBS

Thursday
Freedom
Getting ever and ever popular, this week it's all in aid of the Romanian Centre. Which leaves this Monday. Wilkie House, Cowgate (between the Pelican and Beauty Parlor's) 10.30pm-3am £1.50
Friday
Barrio Negro
The promised mix of Latin, jazz and soul is proving increasingly popular - will I not the only person bored with House? Network 2, Tollcross 10.30pm-4am £2
Spanish Harlem
Lots of House. Wilkie House, Cowgate 10.30pm-3am £3
Saturday
Devil Mountain
On every week this month. & now are playing music till which could be called the very last hours. Frankie's Tavern 11.30pm-4am £2.50/5
Mambo Club
Becoming steadily busier, this club provides an Atlantic beat to the weekend. Network 3, Tollcross 10.30pm-4am £2.50/5
Saturday
Ruth Ellis Band
Worth hanging about. 9.45 pm Free
Saturday
The J.C. Flint Band
What does the J.C. stand for then. £5
Sunday
Volunteer
Debut gig. £5
Tuesday
Lloyd Cole
Comcam and with a new single Picking up critical acclaim all over the place, the perfectstudent tune returns by Edinburgh. £5

Wednesday
Breathless
The place to be seen on a Wednesday night. £5

STUDENT
CHEMISES

The cause for celebration which might give some people cause for annoyance is improbable and unappealing tonight. £1.50 tonight, but mainly because they’re his misgivings, as Steven’s true father? ’

& The NUS Demo against student loans you’ve all kept tonight free for a plethora drastically wrong in my fiendish plan to Henna Handpainting (information from Tue-Sat 11 am-5.30 pm

FRIDAY

TV GUIDE

Find out more about this major world exhibition, check out the programme of lancashire texts (12.45-1.30), Mon & Wed) or sign up for one of the workshops. Try your hand at Islamic Weaving, Arabic or Urdu Calligraphy, or Henna Handpainting (information from the museum, classes £10 or £25.

wegan's obvious drasti
crash in my plan to get ABBA:The Movie. A chance to sing-a­
down your hand at Islamic

BUTTER HARVEST

Events for higher education: Who’s biased? has to
crash in my plan to get ABBA:The Movie. A chance to sing-a­
down your hand at Islamic

CHAPLAINCY CENTRE

Personal, Edinburgh. 6pm-9pm, Reid Hall

EUROPEAN SERVICE

entered the musical theme further and investigates the British teenager. Make sure you’re better in time for Saturday (that includes those out on

EVENTS

weekly publication of the University of Edinburgh Union. Lots of music and dancing - including ones of Andy Warhol, Bob Geldof, Grace Jones and Billy Connolly. 22nd-2 April. Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm; Sun 2-5 pm

Mind: the music, the fashion, the excitement of falling in love for the first time — and the pain of that first broken heart. Gulp 1.10pm, Stock. Aiken and Waterton don’t watch it; we might need to save it for the Women’s Unionist Association.

Every day, some simply go to Waverly Care Trust, one of the charities that might be affected from AIDS.

was so successful when it first appeared ten years ago with Rob Hoskins and Cheryl Campbell that Hollywood made it into a feature film. Even if you missed it into a feature film. Even if you missed

CHOREOGRAPHY

ELECTION WEEK

1pm, Putney Lido

TEN YEARS OF TEXTILES

A decade of worked cloth created by textile department. Until 15 Feb. Mon-Sat 10 am-5 pm

a tolerant sort of person holding a Romanian Convoy Benefit RICHARD DEMARCO GALLERY

RICHARD DEMARCO GALLERY

BLACKBERRYS ST 567 0767

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TV GUIDE

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BRITISH ASSEMBLY OF ARTS

Anitgarden of Chamber Music, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, with all proceeds to the AIDS Awareness Week.

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"Almost Grown" (Tuesday BBC2)

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competition or a selection of the week’s musical highlights.

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APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED FOR
THE POST OF
EDITOR
OF
FESTIVAL TIMES
1990
Any applications or queries should be
addressed to:
James Bethell (Publications Convener)
at the STUDENT offices,
48 Pleasance,
558 1117/8 (office) 556 5322 (home)
Closing date for applications:
FRIDAY 16th FEB.

STUDENT ACCOMMODATION SERVICE

UNIVERSITY
FLATS
1990
Application forms for University-controlled flats
are still available from SAS Office. Forms are also
available from the Students’ Association Office,
Mandela Centre; the Student Advisory Service
Office, King’s Buildings Union; and the Porter’s
Box, St Leonard’s Hall, Pollock Halls.
★ Forms should be returned to the SAS Office at
30 BUCCLEUCH PLACE, BY 12 NOON ON FRIDAY
16TH FEBRUARY, for inclusion in a lottery which
will determine applicants places on the list.
Applications received after 12 noon on 16th
February will be added to the list in the order in
which they are received.

E.U. DEBATES COMMITTEE
in association with
RADIO FOUR
"In view of recent events in Eastern Europe,
Britain’s Nuclear Weapons' policy is now redundant"
CHAIRLED BY BRIAN REDHEAD

PROPOSING:          OPPOSING:
Martin O’Neill       George Younger
Bruce Kent          Sir Nigel Bagnall

In: NEW SENATE ROOM (behind the Cenotaph)
OLD COLLEGE
FRIDAY 16th FEBRUARY
Starts at: 7.30pm
Lloyd Cole
- mean 'n' moody

The Mission

Goodbye Mr MacKenzie freebies

Fini Tribe
NO, NO we can’t take any more of these fantastic prizes, several passers-by were heard not to scream as news of Substance’s latest competition hit the streets. So, being socially aware, we abandoned the big money prizes in favour of something a bit more exclusive and a bit more enticing (and more costly for us).

Anyhow, first and last off the big prize stakes block is a fantastic Goodbye Mr MacKenzie competition. As you no doubt noticed from their luxurious advert on the back page, the MacKenzie’s new single, Love Child, is on the streets in the very near future. To mark this occasion we have on offer five de-luxe, never-seen-before packages of MacKenzie paraphernalia - Jean Paul Gaultier t-shirts, posters, badges, underpants, that sort of thing.

So, on your marks, get set, go, and answer these ticklish questions:

1. whose indie classic did the band cover on their Fish Heads and Tails album?

2. name one other band guitarist Big John has been in.

3. what was noteworthy about the royalties from the Face To Face single?

Entries to this never-to-be-repeated competition should be sent to the Substance offices by 31st March.
A nod, a wink, and a cheery wave...

Presenting, the launch of an illustrious series of one, a world exclusive, imaginary interview conducted with the full assistance of the Performing Rights Society and the latest Two Ronnie's annual. First up, and with a special, sunny spring-time welcome to all the readers of Substance, is that sultry Basingstoke belle, Ms. Tanita Tikaram. Words of wisdom intercepted by Paul W. Hullah

Tanita Tikaram, thank you very much.

Listen, is there any place round here where a gal can get some tuck...?

Tanita Tikaram's new album, The Same As The Last One, was released by Leonard Cohen in 1969 and titled Songs From A Room.

contents

pages 4-8
a five page spectacular - a whole crop of unsigned Scottish bands are given the once over by the Substance reviewers.

pages 9
The Mission, neo-hippies and good chums of All About Eve, are back with a hit single, a hit album and interesting tales about the Outer Hebrides.

pages 10-11
for a man with problems in the personal hygiene area, Lloyd Cole proves he's still top of the tree in the coolness stakes with a lovely new album and a full-time residence in New York.

pages 12-15
Blue Aeroplanes, Pale Saints, Cramps, Everything But The Girl and every other hard-rockin' release reviewed in the Substance album review.

pages 16-17
just how are a band signed? What is an A&R man? Could your band be the next Yell? Substance tells you.

pages 18-19
urban anarcho dancefloor terrorists, haters of fast food, all round mental buggers - is this what Fini Tribe are really like?

information

Thanks this issue to Janet Dalgarno, Heather Redmond, Deke Primo, Gerry Henry, Fiona Menzies, Pat Naylor and macaroni cheese.

All correspondence, demos, contributions, advertising enquiries, cash, lager, to the above address. It was a long day's journey into the night.
Call Me Clive

IF SOMEONE introduced themselves to you by saying 'Just call me Clive' would your first thought be 'What a great name for a band'? Well, that was precisely what happened for Malcolm Logan and Phil Green, vocalist and drummer with Edinburgh's Call Me Clive. A blend of funky basslines and poppy guitar 'toons', as well as a generous helping of ambition have helped them secure a following around their home-town. Hard put to describe the music as such, keyboards player Nick Aldridge believes that it is "the most different sound in Edinburgh at the moment."

The present line-up, which includes Brave on guitar, took shape about five or six months ago with the recruitment of Charlie Dootson on Bass. An addition that sees as a big turning point in the band's profile. Goodbye Mr MacKenzie's interest in the band and Brave's friendship earned Call Me Clive support dates with Edinburgh's most successful band and took the band to the likes of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Dundee, Newcastle and Dingwall. "Fantastic" is how Nick describes playing live, "but we like being in the studio as well. We've recorded lots of demos around the country, Leeds ... everywhere!" Their ambition, not surprisingly, is to be signed, but by a major label rather than an independent one. This is something they see as entirely possible after the success of bands like Happy Mondays and The Stone Roses and the attention the independent music scene. They feel there's a sound that doesn't have to be linked to the independents. Nick's course in Music Management at Bathgate College has taught him to have confidence in his band and he expects they will be signed up by the end of the year.

It can be a bad old world out there, so what about the name? People can form opinions from that alone. 'Some people might think it sounds like a joke band', says Nick, "but I think it's good. It's kinda faceless, you're not quite sure what to expect'. The music is obviously the most important thing for them.

Call Me Clive are certainly not short on ambition. Not content to settle for the short straw, they're 'aiming for the stars', to quote Nick. "I'm kinda faceless, you're not quite sure what to expect'. The music is

The Twist

DESTINED to catch the attention of even those poor sods who don't read Substance is Kircalby band The Twist. Formed four years ago by five school friends, only two of the original members remain, with a constant turnover of personnel hindering progress. Now a settled outfit, The Twist are spiralling to the dizzy heights of recognition on route to success.

"It's only in the last three months that we've started to take off," explains bassist Derek Anderson. "Things have started to happen, taking us in the right direction at long last..." These advances, in the shape of support to Kitchen's Of Distinction in Edinburgh, favourable reviews for the latest demo tape, and gaining a support slot on del Amor's current tour, have gone a long way towards achieving some much-needed exposure and publicity. Now, like every rising band, The Twist are working towards the prime goal - gaining a record deal.

"We deserve a record deal," claims singer Colin Livingstone, "when you consider some of the bands who've been signed up in recent years." Jealousy just may play a part here, yet guitarist Stuart McCreddie expresses his discontent with conviction: "Look at The Sundays, half-a-dozen gigs and they get a deal. Okay, maybe it was on merit at the time, but I don't think any band deserves that size of opportunity. And as for the fucking Soup Dragons..."

"Leaving Stuart to rue his band's misfortune at having to do it all the (very) hard way, Colin described his contempt for the way in which media hype and commercialism dictate who makes it and who will eternally be a 'regulars only' policy of the music business, yet it is particularly poignant for aspiring stars hailing from backwood outposts. If the London-based music business considers Scotland provincial, then Kircalby must have few more claims to metropolis status than Rockall.

Having given up on an apathetic hometown public, The Twist found more response to their tireless efforts forthcoming in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen and even Ullapool. Typically though, the band cannot get enough gigs in those areas but hope to rectify the situation soon...although Ullapool's contingent of A&R men is a bit thin on the ground to merit regular return visits. Those all-important CONNECTIONS imperative for any band with ambition are not to be found in Kircalby, a town where opportunities are few and record deals founded only in John Menzies. If the band successfully make the transition from small-town boys to city kids, the world may indeed become their oyster. Given each member's enthusiasm and commitment, and their collective talent, The Twist might not be the best unsigned band in Kircalby for too long. You know that sounds like a good name for a band.

Jill Franklin

Graphics: Phil Ward

Signed up in recent years," Jealousy just may play a part here, yet guitarist Stuart McCreddie expresses his discontent with conviction: "Look at The Sundays, half-a-dozen gigs and they get a deal. Okay, maybe it was on merit at the time, but I don't think any band deserves that size of opportunity. And as for the fucking Soup Dragons..."

"Leaving Stuart to rue his band's misfortune at having to do it all the (very) hard way, Colin described his contempt for the way in which media hype and commercialism dictate who makes it and who will eternally batter their heads against various brick walls up and down the country. "Good music can be written for the public, but the public is told what to like." This complaint repeatedly spouts forth from the mouthspeices of unsigned bands up against the "regulars only" policy of the music business, yet it is particularly poignant for aspiring stars hailing from backwood outposts. If the London-based music business considers..."
LOOK ON the back of any number of current albums from indie to mainstream and you'll be hard pressed to find the names of any women producers, engineers, or recording technicians. Though there are female musicians, the numbers are small in comparison to men.知 many female record producers? How about A&R women? Female heads of record companies? Women seem relevant only when they're on boards or chirpishly answering the phone at a major record company.

Karen Smyth, vocalist/word writer and one half of Scottish duo The Dearhearts, seeks to redress this imbalance by being involved in the production and engineering of her songs as well as writing, singing and playing. In a male-dominated music industry, Smyth is a breath of fresh air. Not interested in espousing a big feminist cause, she's advancing it simply by doing her own thing. “I definitely think there’s a great difference between women in production and engineering. People think women aren’t given a chance to do what men do. Women don’t want to work with a bunch of sexist men,” she says.

“The only way I can overcome sexism in working, doing my own thing, and by saying to other women, ‘look, I can produce you, let’s go into the studio together.’ For me, the whole thing about being a female musician and songwriter is to do it right, to redress this imbalance. It’s a bit more interesting than just getting up there going ‘and the next one’s called...’” For her, it changes the whole thing about being a female musician and songwriter. “It’s becoming increasingly exciting, just like Leonard Lawrence’s The Linden Tree to get gigs or promotion in Glasgow in a year.” The Linden Tree has dates lined up there for March. “There’s no A&R department situated in this area. What you have up here is talent scouts. Ultimately, you’ve got to go to London. That may change. I certainly hope it does.”

As for Leonard Lawrence, he has no illusions about playing London. “Well we’ll go there and do the gigs, but there’ll be no big thing about it. I don’t think the fact we’ve got to go to there do gigs that we couldn’t get in Glasgow.” The Linden Tree have in fact played in Belfast, Paris and New York, sometimes with borrowed equipment, such as the financial situation. An unusual route, but Leonard knows the alternative all too well. “I know guys who’ve been playing the same gigs for twenty years and it can get depressing, you know?”

The Linden Tree’s music is largely based on American rock’n’roll, folk and blues, but Leonard knows his Postcard, Factory, Rough Trade etc as well. Musically and lyrically he wants to challenge the pomposity of the brewery backed Glaswegian giants. “There’s a lot of people go out, get drunk, they fall in the street, they have arguments with girls, all these things, you know? Quite a lot of people are fucked up, I guess. I know that’s what I’m trying to get across.” He sees the aims of Headlong as “to put out music that may be a bit more challenging, that’s got a bit more reality about it. It isn’t a lot to do with production of a lot the time, it’s just having good songs, putting them across. You can record them for £100 and they’ll still be good. Anyone can do it. Just everyone get out and hustle, and get gigs.”

[Contact: Owen Barrett on 041 423 5999 (Home) or 041 552 536 (Work.) Stephen Barnaby]

The Dearhearts

“Everyone thinks it’s, like, Glasgow, that’s a real happening scene there, but half the bands you hear about are people who have never seen them. They’ve got a record deal and folk go, ‘Where did you come from?’”

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James Ege Bam Y asi until August 1988 was singing with art terrorists and a friendship flourished. And a friendship flourished. An excitement grew about the music and being a female musician and songwriter.

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THE SUPERNATURALS

THIS SHOULD go down well with Glasgow and Edinburgh's underground fraternity; slick, soul-boy 501 fare, with tasteful pseudo-funk guitar, titles like Shake It Down and Tighten Up and lyrics like "Soul shaker, maker; Memphis to Tennessee". No matter what you think of the music, there's something endearing about thousands of lads hanging out all over the City of Culture, convinced that one day they'll wake and discover that they've finally succeeded in metamorphosing into James Dean/James Brown/Pat Kane (sharply shone mistake?).

The Supernaturals are another Wallabees kind of way, but too cool and tasteful by half for my liking.

Contact: Mark on 041 334 4343 or James (041 924 6600).

Stephen Bennie

THE ROBINSONS

EMBRACING a promisingly polished poppy sound, Dundee's The Robinsons three song demo descends pleasantly upon the ears. It is refreshingly devoid of any anemic rock, soul or indie pretensions, and their tastes for jingly guitar work combines well with fairly intelligent lyric and song structure - with the emphasis on SONG - to create a vivid, understated almost folky sound.

The first obvious comparison to spring to mind is Microdisney, and to create that plodding, unambiguous atmosphere, quite an achievement. They perhaps have more of a hard edge, and are more commercially oriented than that ex-group, One Thousand Reasons is an impressive catchy number that rewards repeated listening, sticking in the mind like glue.

Certainly worthy of more attention than the family in Neighbours, The Robinsons will be an interesting proposition live. Neil Finnie

THE PRALINES

THREE SONGS from (probably) the best thing in Galashiels, which doesn't say much for Galashiels. Straightforward indie pop with few frills - what they do is competently executed (though muffled production dulls any edge), but what with the strongly innovative nature of much of today's independent scene, the tape already sounds dated.

Sun Kissed Summer is the best here: kicking drums, a sparse CYC funk influenced bass and Mike's hard and aggressive drum sounds.

BABEL

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THE RUBY SUIT

DON'T say we didn't tell you. The Ruby Suit were featured in Substance just under a year ago and if they were merely good then, they now dangerously good.

The piful lack of attention the band received (except from us, of course) prompted a rethink and they're back twice as polished and twice as loveable. Donna's voice is as warm as before, only stronger, and a worry ing tendency.

As for Surround Me With Stone, this is Babel at their best, trying to find a style of their own, with promising results - this is despite the lyrics, where melodrama screams out to cringe-worthy proportions. A tentative demo of mixed blessings, but a certain hint of better things to come.

[Contact Graham Russell on 031 449 3040/031 443 8844]
Andrew Williams

THE PRAILINES

THREE SONGS from (probably) the best thing in Galashiels, which doesn't say much for Galashiels. Straightforward indie pop with few frills - what they do is competently executed (though muffled production dulls any edge), but what with the strongly innovative nature of much of today's independent scene, the tape already sounds dated.

Sun Kissed Summer is the best here: kicking drums, a sparse CYC funk influenced bass and Mike's hard and aggressive drum sounds.

BABEL

BABEL are nothing if not diverse. The three songs on the tape display a skillful lack of similarities, the only constant feature being the high quality of the musicianship throughout. The vocalist has passion, and the guitarist talent, and the results are mixed. Cruel World, the first track, is somewhat disappointing, displaying an unnecessary resemblance to Terence Trent D'Arby's "It Down and Tighten", with an even greater display of a worrying tendency.

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THE SCISSORMEN

THE SCISSORMEN are an Edinburgh-based band but the sound is distinctly that of North-West England. The vocals float in a manner reminiscent of Julian Cope over a backing of a slightly less manic Happy Mondays, with distorted Stone Roses-type punky guitar thrown in for good measure.

Despite these obvious influences, the Scissormen have the ability to be more than mere wannabes. On the strength of this demo they have the talent and songwriting capabilities that could see them surpass "minor indie bands" status and become an exciting prospect for the nineties.
Keep watching.
Robin Mitchell

HUGH REED AND THE VELVET UNDERPANTS

REVIEWING this sort of thing provides a dilemma: honesty the best policy when someone has taken time and money to churn out their first musical offering? In this case, honest I must be. From the hideous Butlin's holiday camp forced wackiness of the band's name, to the undeniably shoddy music, this whole affair is dreadful.

The overall impression is of young boys playing around on their new synthesizers and trying to come up with the sort of thing which briefly threw Half Man Half Biscuit into the limelight. The joke falls decidedly flat on the three dire recordings here - Six To Wait, Join The Police and Satellite Baby. If this is your change, and it's Tarby's night on the box, Hugh can be contacted on 041 423 5219.
John Tsson

THE THINMEN

ROCK AND roll is dead! Bon Jovi's in line to take over. Not really, said half of the track. Yes, they were probably aided and abetted by the countless number of back combed, spandex rawk outfits. Or was it? The Thinmen play rock and roll, guys call that an angle? Shoot your marketing manager, where's the Manchester accent and the flares?

Kilmarnock guitarist band The Thinmen play music with power and commitment and a lot of noisy guitars. Their demo has a solid well crafted rock song which have choruses that lodge firmly in your head. What makes them different and (dare I say it) more interesting than current rockers is that they do recognise the 70's guitar acts but endorse it more interesting than current rockers is that they do recognise the 70's guitar acts but endorse it with their own individual hard-edged style. Everywhere, the first track on the demo should create enough interest and the remainder of the the tracks show possibilities given the right producer and the guitarist cuts the solos to a length that accommodates the nineties attention span.
[Contact: Dave on 0506 52170]
Scott McFarlane

THE TWIST

ASSORTED demos of each new young band are probably aiding and abetting the potential of a scene out of sight given half a chance. Only trouble is, said half of the track. Yes, they were probably aided and abetted by the countless number of back combed, spandex rawk outfits. Or was it? The Twist, but the first track on the band's demo is a perfect example of the potential often present yet never discerned by those who would undoubtedly appreciate it.

The Twist succeed where other pretenders fail - tightly integrating all instruments and sounding good at the same time. The following tracks (Winter and The King's New Clothes) don't quite come up to the same standard, although that's not to say that they're second-rate, with the former showing that the band is n't restricted to single direction, and the latter showing that they're not short of ideas either.
You haven't heard the last of this...
[Contact: Colin 0592 267359]
Donald Walker

THE SONG titles on Esgazette's demo create an atmosphere reflected in much of their music. Romantic Jackanory images surface in Faded Picture, Astronaut and Lighthouse, and through swelling keyboards and samples of nature emerge landscapes of bleakness - perhaps a post-nuclear world, death-like and eerie.

This gives the second half of White Flag a definite "soundtrack" quality, where the sounds are probably best complemented with visuals. The first half, however, is speedier and more percussive but often the vocalist's similarities to David Byrne distract from Esgazette's apparent musical talents.
Maggie Willis

D C ELLIS

Non-stop Go-Go

D C ELLIS are out to have a good time. Their music, constantly urging the audience to indulge in a non-stop all night go-go jam, blends brass and funk into an infectiously happy dance groove. Some might say that go-go laid its day in the early eighties, and admittedly these tracks come dangerously close to a 12" U.S. Dance Mix 'b-side, but try telling that to Freddy Funk! As he says, "the only thing you have to fear is in your bed at night". Why stop now, just when they're enjoying it?
Tim Worsley

THE SPOOKS

Presenting...
I like the Spooks. Many a murky Edinburgh day have they cheered up with their flyer poster grin, silly spots and puddling bowl haircuts. Beatles/0nkees emulations come abundantly in an allot of shapes and forms, yet The Spooks also add a spark of joy up their image-take-off sleeve. These four songs pop along nicely; thoroughly sixteen and thoroughly basic with an unchanging up-tempo guitar angle to keep those mop tops flopping.

Versatility is not the name of the game. Each song is founded upon the same catchy structure, with husky backing "ahs" and occasional injections of the incidentally humorous. Just enough to break up the repetition of the guitar riff.

Fun, innocent and melodic. This cute sixties pop-pop that The Spooks do so well would go down excellently live, along with a pint. It may sore low musically, but it soars abundantly in allsort of fun. You haven't heard the last of them...

THE DIESEL KINGS

THE DIESEL Kings, well...
...or. What about the DK's instead? Oh well, crap names are all part of being a rock and roll band but what about the sound, the songs, the lyrics and that sort of thing? When The Church Bells Ring is a sort of Men They Couldn't Hang (q'nee crap name) type ballad, notably for the classic line in the chorus "walking home alone, I think I'd rather be on my own". Next up Definitive Pop Song was certainly a pop song but definitive of what I'm not sure. Finally, She's Got No Reason just about saves the day with a fairly good tune and sane lyrics. Overall, the word that springs to mind is "tawdry".

[Contact 0324 562452]
Stephen Bennie

ESGAZETTE

White Flag

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Maggie Willis
RADIUM CATS

THE RADIUM Cats are prime exponents of that most colourful of music genres, psychobilly - consequently, I thought I would hate them. But I don't. In fact, they're rather good. With an already established reputation for brilliantly live shows, they've now recorded what can only be described as a Fine Demo.

Long Black train is at a roaring, bluzy foot stomp of the type typically associated with such groups. But this is no bad thing, it is as inspired as it is traditional. Similarly, Thump Thum Thump (wondrous title) skiffs along, but Screaming From The Grave remains the real sucker. It's a surprising mix of Star-Ex type guitar layers dished up Jesus and Mary Chain atmospherics and screaming vocals. Brilliant.

Kith and Kin... may scene but their pedigree speaks for is not as cliched as one would think. The ashes of Swamptrash and Through, Wet City Nights and the List's demo competition. Small gigs in crappy Edinburgh sound is taken in altogether smaller places.

Instruments are still important, the guitars are definitely there. It's a surprisingly mix of Star-Ex type guitar layers dished up Jesus and Mary Chain atmospherics and screaming vocals. Brilliant.

KITH AND KIN

Shining Through

LOCAL Edinburgh band Kith and Kin may be new on the scene but their pedigree speaks for itself. Formed like a phoenix from the ashes of Swamptrash and Critterhill Varmin's, great things are expected from this four-piece, as seen on their recent success in The List's demo competition.

Although the traditional instruments are still important, the sound is taken in an altogether different direction. Outside World is brilliant in its simple up-beat rock 'n' roll style; crashing drums, beautiful acoustic guitar feel, it has all this and more. The haunting penny whistle lament of Heartfire is not as cliched as one would expect, and along with Shining Through, Wet City Nights and the other two tracks, it shows the dire straightup urge of a band whose talents lie far beyond playing small gigs in crappy Edinburgh pubs.

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Great lyrics, great vocals, great music.

Keiron Mellotte

BABY'S GOT A GUN

THEY demonstrate clearly Baby's Got A Gun's strengths. Simple and direct lyrics over a searing rock soundtrack. Produced by Keith Fernley (the man responsible for engineering Deborah Harry's De/ Del, Dumb and Blonde album) it captures the very essence of the band - a seemingly contradictory interest in everything 'classic' pop to heavy metal - something previous demos have merely hinted at. Both extremes are evident and it is a tribute to the arrangements that they gel.

Heart Beats On, featuring Avril Jamieson of The Indian Givers on backing vocals, has one of those fists-in-the-air choruses that just threatens to build and build. And it's Love, meanwhile, is a dramatically re-arranged early song that opens quietly but soon reaches a powerful and inspiring anthemic climax. The only question that begs asking is "What more can they do to get the attention they deserve?"

James Haliburton

CALL ME CLIVE

IF THE word on the street is to be believed Call Me Clive live and Call Me Clive tape are a completely different sort of... thing. Let's hope so. This three-track demo is certainly loud and even vitriolic, but judging by the mediocre-too-bad vocals on the opening Bliss, Call Me Clive are a little unsure of where they want to go, or even where they're coming from.

The assuredness of the guitars on Bliss suffer from the embarrassing keyboard bleeps straight from the New Romantic songbook, 1983 edition. Thereafter, the brilliance of the stringed instruments steps down a gear as the electronic instruments rise to the fore, out of place and out of context.

Forget the technical toys, beef up the guitars and Call Me Clive could be an altogether more challenging prospect. Witness them live and you'll see what the band can really do.

(Contact Avril on 031 668 1675)

Craig McLean

JAMES STEWART

THE MAN behind ex-band Syndicate is back, though not with a bang, more with an air of sophistication. At this stage in his new solo project 'the arrangements are not, apparently, complete - the results are definitely mixed. The first track Typical is replete with plotted drum machine and airy keyboard flourishes, topped off with the New Stewart voice - less whiny and nasal, more restrained and consequently, less effective.

Overall, the proceedings smack of a lack of adventurism. It's only on 24 Hours that things begin to cook, probably because this most of all harks back to Syndicate's fiery attraction. Here, even on an unfinished demo, is a song in full effect.

(Contact Clandestine Management on 031 557 6999)

Craig McLean

THE REALM OF THE SHOPPING TROLLEY

THIS, THE second demo from Edinburgh's Shopping Trolleys is a strange affair indeed. While the first demo showed much promise, the songwriting abilities, at the time, tended not to do the ideas complete justice, the band have now progressed sufficiently on this demo that the three songs fully explore their lyrical and musical topics fully.

The opener, The Rope, if anything is in the same vein as The Scar's 'Your Attention Please with its surreal spoken passages, while the music veers just a little too close to Hawkwind territory. Sex, meanwhile uses a tape of a newscaster's voice detailing the rise of the proles as the backdrop and is as inspired as it is traditional. More challenging prospect.

MOON

'CROSSES comrades, it's synth-pop!'

Ah, not so fast you puritanical swines. What you've got here is a vocalist with a style not unlike Lawrence of dearly-departed Feld, a complementary backing singer, a touch of soul amongst the pop, plus some pretty neat lyrical vignettes laced over inventive arrangements of what happen to be unavoidably insipid synth backing tracks.

You've also got promising ideas in songs like Your Love, at the moment a punch without substance; Sweet Charity, on which a proper A/B production job could fulfill its saccharine-lush potential and Voice Of The City, which is the sort of thing Gary Davies would hear and say "That is gonna be such a big hit..."

Contact: Rebecca Fitzgerald or Dave Stewart on 031 556 7986.)

James Haliburton

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Stuart Walker

Graphics: Sally Garland

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On The Beach

Maybe 1990 will be the year The Mission grow up. With a sizeable hit single in Butterfly On A Wheel and a well-received album, Carved In Sand, the band seem set to break out of the gothic ghetto into the stadiums. Keiron Melotte talks to the band's drummer, Mick Brown, about child abuse, Hillsborough and the "groovy" aspects of the Hebrides.

Two years ago The Mission were in a bad way. On the musical side, the thrown together second album Children seemed to show a band that had lost their impetus along the way; on the personal side, bass player Craig Adams was suffering from the excesses of a rock 'n' roll lifestyle. But despite these problems they managed to return intact from a ten month world tour to complete several well-received arena shows in Europe. After this a short lay-off was planned enabling the band members to take a well-earned break from each other. But as Miah drummer Mick Brown explains, all did not go according to plan.

"We just got bored, and we missed each other. So we cancelled the the break and decided to do some things... One of these "things" was a light-hearted escape involving a mini tour of tiny pub and club venues in the more isolated parts of Scotland. What exactly prompted such a bizarre idea?

"Well it was just a bit selfish on our part really, we were just sitting there one drunken evening and we said, Hey, let's go for a holiday to Scotland, and then we thought we might as well do some dates while we're up there. It was act too, cos there's some really groovy places up there, the Hebrides were, like, far out..."...yes, the Hebrides are geographically somewhat removed from the main population centres of Scotland. "...I just spent my time going about in the tour van with my mouth wide open. I couldn't believe it. There is so much beautiful country up there. It's absurdly fascinating and groovy."

Brown is not being patronising or sarcastic here, far from it. For "groovy" and "far out" are phrases he uses repeatedly with the utmost sincerity. But despite being a bit of a hippy and constantly uttering excused catchwords, Brown and The Mission do possess a sense of humour (well they'd have to, wouldn't they)? In one of their more recent madcap escapades the band were reborn as ace seventies cover version "artists" The Metal Gurus. How did this come about?

"Well, we asked The Wonder Stuff to support us when we did our fan club gigs and they were dead good. So when they asked us to support them at one of their hometown gigs we thought we'd better put something together for them.

And by all accounts it was special, an inspired set of cover versions based around seventies glam rock, from Roxy Music to Bolan; a performance that inspired 'The Guardian' to report wistfully "it was the concert you'd have performed in front of the girl friend you've never had."

"That was the only way I could have summed it up myself," says Brown. "It was good fun, we really try hard to have fun whatever we do."

During their recording in the summer of '89 the Mission played several European festivals, a hard slog at the best of times, with the likes of The Cure, The Pixies and the Sugarcubes. The culmination was their headlining appearance at the Reading Festival in August. "You've got to have a certain attitude to playing festivals. It is hard work, especially for us cos we've got a festival set that's a bit more intense than our normal set, which means at the end I'm fucking knackered. Plus, you're not really playing to your own audience. But playing festivals is an interesting experience for a band.

But if it is such a grind, why play them when a band of The Mission's stature doesn't need to?"

"Well we were recording the new LP at the time and it gets a bit boring in the studio. So it's a pretty good idea to play live "cos it keeps you excited. But Lorelei [a mega-festival in Italy] was fun, we had a good time, and The Cure were a good bunch of lads."

The Cure-Mission drinking exploits (the competitions, the fights, the carnage, the small furry animals) were indeed well-documented throughout the summer of last year. But of far more importance were The Mission's two benefit shows for the Lockerbie victims. "You always get that, don't you? Some guy twisting your words and trying to put a downer on everything, especially when you're not flavour of the month any more. But I don't know why they bother. We're happy with the song, the whole LP in fact, it's our "burgeoning social conscience" of their new album Carved In Sand. Now there are songs like Grapes Of Wrath (about the "dignity of labour"), and more noticeably Amelia, that has developed into the "burgeoning social conscience" of their new album Carved In Sand. Now there are songs like Grapes Of Wrath (about the "dignity of labour"), and more noticeably Amelia, a poignant single to date, and a welcome taster from an album that will hopefully see them catapulted into superstardom and help them break into the big time in America. Is this something Mich Brown relishes?

"Well, it's all crap really isn't it? Besides, I'm surprised by whatever happens to us, regardless. As long as we're happy and everything's groovy."

Yeah, far out, man.
are you missing being a pop-star, Lloyd?"

"Absolutely not, no. I'm just back in being sensitive, moody and just a bit

substance - To be honest I was never completely convinced by

Commotions were still reviews of the Eighties highlighted the extent to which
down and the search was on for something to replace it.

Then years - the sense of the release of a record as an

of the pop star with something to say. And that's why

handed, bought and then talked about for weeks after­

The idea of establishing a genre wasn't really one we

heard records that certainly owe something to us .

I've no idea how it will do. There is certainly an

American way of playing, which I think is less

inclusion and which is more in tune with the way I'm

"in the predominantly CD market of thirtysomething

"I'm not really the angry young man any more".

"Yeah, I hope that diversity comes across. That was

from the predominantly CD market of thirtysomething

and club based music has had on the previously insular

saw it. I was always struck by the

most noticeably the delayed effect dance

or whatever. A bit like

drummer, Fred Maher, and guitarist,

surprisingly, he doesn't even want his lyrics to be

"You look so good when

in the first place? I'm trying to think if I know

California, the thing about

as the luscious All Way Down which opens the second

of the new songs."

I don't know. New York, no, isn't very
different from living in somewhere like Nebraska.

ii The album wasn't made

do not really listen.

But I think there's going to be much more

at least Rattlesnakes was a universally well­

"It's the same with all those Scots who move to

The people Lloyd worked on with this

"Absolutely not, no. I'm just back in punk

to think: Should I?"

"It's the same with all those Scots who move to

the predominantly CD market of thirtysomething

"I think I'd be getting a C+"

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**THE MISSION**

**Carved In Sand**

Mercury

AS THE newly-improved Mish begin the third chapter of their career, Carved In Sand provides no major surprises just improvements to the established theme.

Simon coaxes inspiring solos from his guitar, Wayne still strums his trusty 12 string. As usual the lyrics are as dodgy as ever, references to religion, faith and all things pastoral (featuring real sheep on Lovely) are as abundant as the hair on Wayne's newly bearded face. Only Amelia is unexpected, as it tackles the disturbing subject of child abuse in a no-nonsense manner.

Wayne delivers powerful lines such as "Amelia, you make your Daddy feel like a monster" with brutal honesty.

Deliverance, already a live favourite, bursts into life after a spooky introduction and provides an anthemic climax to Side One, akin to Tower Of Strength on The Children album. Other highlights are Butterfly On A Wheel, a song as fragile as the image it conjures up, and a lively stomp through Hungry As The Hunter. The self-indulgent Lovely apart, it is hard to find a bad song on this Carved In Sand, definitely the best record The Mission have come up with so far.

Simon Kellas

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**THE CRAMPS**

**Stay Sick**

Enigma

FOR SOME of us too young to remember the assassination of Kennedy the question Where were you when you first chicken danced to The Cramps? is probably the recurit we have to an equivalent.

The Cramps are everyone's favourite American loonies and now they're in the Top 40. What an improbable thought this would have been just a few years ago. But there they are, Bikini Girls With Machine Guns in the charts and Lux Interior is delivering lines about being a drag racer on LSD.

It may have taken four years to follow up A Date With Elvis but, really, very little has changed. Lux is still fascinated with the mysteries of womanhood (All Women Are Bad and Journey To The Centre Of A Girl, for example) and Poison Ivy with all those classic guitar riffs of the fifties and sixties.

New recruit, Candy Del Mar, joins drummer, Nick Knox in the rhythm department ably helping recreate the type of rock 'n' roll The Cramps fondly remember. Music from a far off place that preaches pills and promiscuity to an eager youth.

Covers of Muleskinner Blues, Bop Hills and the traditional Stornin' Bread are cozy bedfellows to The Cramps' own songs of adolescent humour, ridiculous innuendo and favourite fetishes. The Cramps are deranged and sick but, most importantly, they're lovable cartoon characters.

James Haliburton

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**JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA**

**Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World**

EMI

DESPITE having played sell-out shows in the UK big-time success has so far eluded Johnny Clegg in our fair country - unlike in France and his native South Africa where his albums regularly go platinum. All this though, is sure to change with the release of Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World.

Clegg's music reflects his upbringing. Raised in Zimbabwe and South Africa, he is a Zulu guitarist by nature, and created his history by forming South Africa's first metal-integrated group, Juluka (best remembered here for their hit Scatterlings Of Africa). And now, with Savuka (which means "we have awakened"), he presents us with a razor-sharp fusion of Western and African styles.

The key to the album's success is its sheer refreshing, flow from a unique, traditional African approach to guitars, bass and drums. The whole album is infused with an unmistakable native rhythm, and Clegg's lyrics speak of highly topical anti-apartheid issues (which means "we have awakened") in songs such as One (Itu) Man, One Vote and Jericho. Yet still optimism prevails, reflected in the sheer energy of the songs.

As the climate of reform in South Africa heats up, the voices of people like Johnny Clegg and Savuka gain even more potency.

Tim Worsley
3RD BASS
The Cactus Album
Def Jaker

THE DEF Jam success story continues: 3rd Bass are a
caucasian white-boy rap duo, and their 2nd album is
worthily pedigreed, having been previewed extensively with
Eric B and Rakim, Salt N Pepa and Doug E Fresh. Now, for
their first LP, they have enlisted the services of producer Sam
Sver, whose credits include work with Mantronix and Run
DMC.

The Cactus Album is an accomplished debut. As appears
to be the vogue, the track listing lists a lengthy twenty "songs",
of which eight are less than a minute long. Of course, there
are links and samples from film,
television and radio, as well as
the obligatory dirty needle
scratches - but this is still an
album of novelty and interest. It
may lack the verve of Public
Enemy and NWA, but it still
states its case firmly without
being obfuscatory. To this add a
good dose of smart-guy humour,
as seen in tracks like Desert
Roads and the jazzy Sachmo
spoof Flipppin' Off The Wall Like
Lucy Ball.

The Cactus album is
classic rap, neither too hard nor
too soft. Charming yet chillingly
streetwise, 3rd Bass' impact
could be vast. As they say, "i
left more than a mark, i left a
dent, 'cause i'm a product of the
environment."

Magnus Willis

LLOYD COLE
Lloyd Cole
Polydor

WHAT A strange cat that Lloyd Cole is. Once upon a
time he was a verbose, clean cut pretty boy with a penchant for
songs about girls that were sexually-enchanted by
Cosmopolitan and looked uncannily like Eve Marie Saint. This
was a tender sexuality. He also wrote a song about a speedboat.
What a weird bastard.

And now he's even weirder. Now he's a New York hep
dude, unable to find the spare minutes to buy a bottle of Tonic or
a Bic. Very time-consuming, this hangin'-out business. His
album, though, is less weird, much less weird. Lloyd Cole the
album, like Lloyd Cole the person, straddles continnum and Cole's
past. Rattlesnakes was early '80s spur-of-the-moment pop
enthusiasm, Easy Pieces was a stopping-off point. Mainstream
was just that, now. Lloyd Cole is probably the album he's been
working towards thus far.

It's a healthy sound, peachy-clean in its intentions and its
tone. Was it not for the Cole persona and voice it might just
pass you by.

As it is, the single No Blue Skies shows it all. No-one
else would get away with sounding this angst-ridden over a girl
who's too well-read and too pristine. Elsewhere Lloyd
claims his perennial troubling woman looks better when she's depressed.

All of which makes for an album that won't transfix
stadiums like Mainstream could have, but will transfix the
individual. It lacks the edge of danger that Lloyd never had in teh
first place, but this is more than made up for by Blair Cowan's
recon of the EBTG organ, a rapping harmonica, and the mild, sweet sound of a
plastic cup banging off a table. Plus of course, there's that
plummy, ruined, gasping voice and the lyrics of an early '80s beat
poet. Still needs to wash his hair though.

Craig McLean

THE POPINJAYS
Snap, Crackelk and Pop
One Little Indian

FOR THE foreseeable future it looks like the non-major
British music scene is going to be dominated by two labels -
4AD and One Little Indian.

4AD's position is near-
unassailable, but as One Little Indian continues to diversify
from The Shames to Fliss Tribe
The Popinjays and back again -
so its stature grows and grows.

The Popinjays are, I
suppose, the label's pop band. And that's classic, hummable
pop not sickly, chartry pop. The
name with all its connotations of
two girls in party party frocks
la-la-la-ing to their hearts' content couldn't be more
misleading. This is an album of
ten peerless pop songs. What
does it sound like, then? Well,

LET'S go for the
Marine Girls with a
sense of humour, a girl-fronted
Woodendogs and, God help me,
but I can even hear bits of The
Bangles in all this.

The territory is fairly
familiar - boy-meets-girl, boy
grows to hate girl and vice versa -
but there's also a healthy air of
strangeness and inscrutability in
songs like Mr. Space Case and
Killing Crowleys. Even more
interestingly a lot of the songs, noticeably Please Let Me Go
and I Don't Believe In Anything
make imaginative use of
cut-ups and samples, and this
generation of girls are
comparing or

OFF THE charts. Pop music has
never sounded so pure.

Dessie Fahy

EVERYTHING BUT
THE GIRL
The Language Of Life
Blanco Y Negro

THE LANGUAGE OF Life is polished and perfect. The
whole album shines with well-
produced soft pop songs, every
one pleasing to be played of
state-of-the-art CD machinery.

Musically it breaks little
ground, and once again the
duo revel in the richness of jazz.
The legendary sax player Stan
Watt move away from the
childish romanticism of Idlewild's
Oxford Street towards the more
important workings of romance
itself. This is never sickly
and EBTG's ability to
convey a beautiful and
touching scene in music and verse is still
conscious. Imagining America's
unusual quasii-side paring, the
view of the living mire as
Meet Me In The Morning is all
subtext which lend themselves
to the music and atmosphere
that is EBTG. Tracey Thorn's
vocals soar and dive and their
emotional impact give the songs
direction and marvellous depth.
Of all the things the songs about,
one stands out - "Down
icy lanes, under a glass blue
sky/This is living, this is living.

This is living.

Magnus Willis
THE BATHERS
Sweet Deceit
Island

NOW THIS is a weeb bit special. After Chris Thomson's first rather left-of-centre excursion as The Bathers (1987's Unusual Places To Die), he moves from indie obscurity at Go! Discs to major label Timelight at Island, and produces an something of even more obscure and rare pleasures. Sweet Deceit is that album and done me, it's a killer. That's not to say it's brutal, hell sounds. It's hazy and lazy, a
assertion that he is "19 and I'm of a "fucking" at one point is an
Go! Discs to major label
grandiose meisterwork For The
crazy about you". The insertion
occasion of numbing
Island
album, and stone me, it's a killer.
The Wreck
more obscure and rare
mere seconds' piano lushness of
unfocussed, most amorphous of
no. This is
Sweet Deceit is 15
tracks long, ranging from the
more seconds' piano lushness of
The Wreck In The Bay, to the
grandiose meisterwork For The
Delicious, the latter's highpoint
being Thomson's repeated
assertion that he is '19 and I'm
crazy about you'. The insertion of a "fucking" at one point is an
occasion of numbing effect. The
music floats on a cloud of
airiness, in comes swear-word, we
know this boy is serious in his
emotions. Sweet Deceit will never
have the cash tills a-ringing
morally. As an encapsulation of a
mood, it is utterly perfect.
Everything - Thomson's
growling, Tom Waits-rooted
vocals, his literate and heartfelt
wordings, the orchestral,
minimal feel of the musicianship
- gel in an instance. There are
few discernible melodies as
such, moreso that Sweet Deceit
and its composite tracks have a
specific, yet vague feeling. It
affects the head and the heart
and the desires (physical and
mental), never will it affect the
feet or, sadly, the masses.
Chris Thomson, The
Bathers and Sweet Deceit are
what the term "idiosyncratic"
were coined for. This album is
its own, and as deserving of
all solitary statements of
brilliance, will go down as a
classic.
Craig McLean

PALE SAINTS
The Comforts Of Madness
4AD

WITH THE drum roll that precedes the opening track Way The World Is, Pale Saints knock firmly on the head the argument that unless you embrace dance music, in the way The Scene Roses have, guitar music is redundant and implicitly retrogressive.
Pale Saints, along with Kitchen Of Distinction, mean the guitar, bass and drums framework will always be inventive and exciting.
Each of the eleven songs on the Leeds trio's debut acknowledges the uplifting power of guitars, at times reminiscent of the type of songs the Hunnenmers, circa Heaven Up Here, would have ended live shows with. The sound is unmistakably indie (if the phrase is not obsolete) - Ian Mastin's voice echoes that of Primal Scream's Bobby Gillespie in its gentleness and sweetness and the guitar are abrasive and melodic.
Each song is introduced by an arbitrary collection of noise that both fulfils and prepares you for it. The subject of bass lines infects the glorious Sight Of You from their debut EP, Barging Line The Presence Of God, while the far-away drumming punctuates the dreamlike sounds of Deep Sleep For Steven. The album ends perfectly with Time Thief - a vaguely Bantham-like song that builds into a sweeping guitar rush.
 Heavenly action, indeed.
James Haliburton

TERRY, BLAIR AND ANOUCHKA
Ultra Modern Nursery
Rhymes
Chrysalis

'I started off as the bass player in Hawkwind, then I was in a 2-Tone group and then the Fun Boy 3', Terry Hall dead-panned to a bewildered Sarah Greene when he appeared with his previous band, The Colour Field, on a Saturday morning kids show. Later he was to tell her that the umbrella they were offering as a prize "would be useful if it rains".
See that Terry Hall, I like him, he makes me laugh. You know it's going to be a good year when he gets round to releasing a record.
After the final Colour Field album, Deception, things have been quiet but now he's back with a new band and new collaborators - Blair Booth and Anouchka Grace. The music has been polished and perfected but the lyrics are still dily humorous, detailing the nightmare that is life in the twentieth century. Singalong tales of divorce, dying dogs, the flu, paranoia - everyday nursery rhymes, in fact.

Inoffensive sounding songs with a vicious bite. 'If life was fair, I'd be a millionaire' he sings on Lucky In Love', but life's never fair in Terry Hall's book. Every Once upon a time... ends with they all lived unhappily ever after.
Bittersweet cliches of ridiculous simplicity. Makes me laugh, so it does.
James Haliburton
JUNGLE BROTHERS
Done By The Forces Of Nature
Warner Bros

African awareness and its historical relevance to the Black American is undoubtedly the main message pushed by the Jay Bees who align themselves closely with the beliefs of Marcus Garvey. They also believe in respect for the individual through the power of education like other rap acts such as KRS1 and BDP. However on a wider level they espouse more universal values where humanity and the nuclear earth are mutually interdependent. We’re talking seriously cosmic friendly boys.

This is an album of ideas put to a powerful groove. It pays homage to African vibes and the hard immediacy of hip hop. Africa Bambatta is their inspiration and their mentor but their true soul brothers have to be De La Soul who are as they put it themselves “our parallel and somewhat related”. There is a similarity in their styles - the use of daisy hop rhyming and the way through Karma Chameleon. Judd Lander is he, and what a star he is.

In The Neighbourhood is the much-delayed album from His Latest Flame. Its essential components are woah woah wounding harmonics, searching Hazel O’Connor chants, never-ending guitar frenzies, and a brace of charging choruses that are frightening in their hookiness.

America Blue, for example, is good, damn good. A tale of US servicemen, Oil brides and tan tights; it is glorious and addictive. In fact, three HLF fans exposed to repeated blastings of America Blue are currently undergoing cold turkey at a rehab centre somewhere in Dunbartonshire.

For the rest of us, In The Neighbourhood is a drug of diluted but lasting effect. The aforementioned guitar frenzies, like on Londonderry Road, are certainly frenetic, but not in the way of death speed crush grind metal muthas, more frenetic in the way of lots of other popie Glaswegian bands. But HLF stand apart by virtue of their rich vocals and backing harmonies (see Take It In Your Stride), and the fact that their songs are never too catchy to become irritating and sugary, but instead they’re written and delivered with precision and passion. And as for that moochie, whoo-eee.

Craig McLean

TANITA TIKARAM
The Sweet Keeper WEA

THE FOLLOW-UP to the beguilingly successful Ancient Heart will be an album of great interest for Tikaram, Basingstoke’s pop oasis. It’s a neat step sideways move which confirms an undoubted though embellished songwriting talent. Witness the lyric sheet, which reads like Joyce on a bad day, or bad boys on any day. Its contrived, tortured poeticism sits uncomfortably on some fresh, bouncy arrangements. Tikaram thinks “it’s a simple love story”, and it probably would be to Ezra Pound, but I’m lost. Only when the sentiment is as honest as in Little Sister Leaving Town does the rest of it - Tanita’s breathed vocals, Helen O’Hara’s definitive violin, the lucidous strings - feel natural.

Mood songs work well, too. Consider The Rain like an electric crisp. An unframed Last seen in these parts opening in spectacular style for Floyd classic Astronomy

The Blue Aeroplanes
Swagger
Ensign

Last seen in these parts opening in spectacular style for REM, The Blue Aeroplanes seem to have learnt something important from their American buddies: the art of the song. Whilst previous Aeroplanes’ efforts have sounded fragmented, revealing only the slightest flashes of their true capabilities, Swagger has an altogether more cohesive feel to it. Of course Gerard Langley is still chaffing on about God-knows-what in a virtually incomprehensible narrative style which is totally unbeknownst by the conventions of rhyme, rhythm or tune.

Nowadays though he’s doing it over what is, for the most part a solid and well-constructed back-cloth. There are certainly moments where they simply don’t manage to gel together, as on the strangely empty-sounding Weightless, but that is to highlight a small tarnish in an otherwise sparkling crown. On songs like Love Come Round (surely the next single) and Anti-Pretty, The Aeroplanes and producer Gil Norton, who also twiddled the knobs on The Pixies’ superb Doolittle, have come up with some of the finest British pop songs in years. And if there’s a better climax to an album than the mantra-like chant of Cat Scan History, I’ve yet to see it.

Surely now The Blue Aeroplanes, having made the transition from stagger to Swagger, can only move upwards.

Watch them fly
Robin Mitchell

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The Sweet Keeper WEA

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Mood songs work well, too. Consider The Rain like an electric crisp. An unframed
"Hey, yeah, we're in a band, we've just been signed, here's fifteen pints of expensive lager for you." How many times has that happened to you in a pub? Not many, I'll bet. That's because, as Craig McLean reports, the chasing and wooing and signing of bands involves far more than just wads of dosh and loads of free meals. We are entering the shadowy world of A&R.

In the shady, mysterious world or record company big business, little is more puzzling than the process through which bands are actually signed to label, and the role that A&R people play in such transactions. A&R people? The initials stand for Artiste and Repertoire, and that what means is seedy, unshaven low-lifes (of both sexes), who skulk around clubs and pubs and venues, dispensing their cynical "wisdom" to no-f only they will sign to this transaction. A&R who possess that certain something with free pints of snakebite, the odd posh meal. We are entering the role that A&R person plays in the business: "Say lots of record companies are looking at a band and they're all wending each other up, this sort of bidding starts and everybody gets egged on by it. Sometimes, the highest bidder ends up with the group and they might not even be the company that wants to get them most. It becomes like a bidding war to survive. Bands have to buy equipment, rehearse, be on a stage, pay their lawyer, accountant, you can't begrudge any of that.

But have the amounts of cash on offer to bands risen in the past few years?

"I don't think so. Bands were getting signed for £100 000 six or seven years ago. The Roaring Boys at CBS were signed for £300 000 if I remember correctly in 1981-82. But they are probably rising with inflation."

Figures like £100 000 and £300 000 slip easily from the tongues of A&R people. But where exactly does this money go? On coke, cadillacs and conclavises?

"Really it's a very simple process which becomes mysterious and glamourised because bands and A&R people want it to be. There shouldn't really be any mystique involved at all."

Such mystique, however, is impossible to avoid when all those involved remain so tight-lipped - bands, managers, record company personnel, all are extremely reticent to divulge even the slightest inclination as to who is chasing a particular band, what stage negotiations are at, or whether this band is in fact the next big thing. And if you want any actual figures, forget it. Probing questions will simply be met by a welter of stock phrases - advance, development deal, publishing rights, long-term investment, unrecouped, pick up the option - all designed to further confuse the outsider and romanticise the whole business.

So what is the lowdown, what exactly is involved in the process of a record company signing a band?

"It depends on the situation," says van Emden. "Sometimes a band are at a really early stage so you might go and see them a few times, take it very gradually. Maybe the band's not really easy. Other times it's a real rush because you suddenly find this band and they're really good and you feel that the time is right for them to sign, and you want to get in there before anybody else does."

This then, is part of the reason for the cloak of secrecy that surrounds the signing-up game. If a few companies happen to be interested in a band, discretion and covert dealings may mean the difference between harvesting this latest crop of young talent or missing out completely. Behind this discreetness the amount of money being offered can rise to ludicrous sums. Which, in the view of van Emden, is not necessarily good for the bands or the business: "Say lots of record companies are looking at a band and they're all wending each other up, this sort of bidding starts and everybody gets egged on by it. Sometimes, the highest bidder ends up with the group and they might not even be the company that wants to get them most. It becomes like a bidding war to survive. Bands have to buy equipment, rehearse, be on a stage, pay their lawyer, accountant, you can't begrudge any of that."

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"Really it's a very simple process which becomes mysterious and glamourised because bands and A&R people want it to be." - Danny van Emden.

The core of any advance is what the band want to pay themselves," says Gurr. "If it's £150 a week, which after tax is £100, that's not a huge wage in this day and age. If it's a six piece band, immediately that's a £900-a-week wages bill, which is £3600 a month. Multiply by twelve and there's the best part of £50 000 before anything.

£50 000? That's nothing. Van Emden: "I would say that a lot of people think that unless you sign a band for a six-figure amount they're not taken seriously within a company. But I think that's rubbish."

Some record companies, though, such as CBS, have a reputation as being more concerned with attracting bands to their fold through enormous financial incentives, rather than building a stable, personally committed relationship with the artists. Kenny MacDonald, manager of The Proclaimers and recent Chrysalis signings The Liberties, rejects this money-based ethos: "It's got more to do with the shape and style of the individuals and the company. But there are artists and managers who think that the larger the initial offer, the more attractive the record company. In my experience that's never been the case. With The Liberties, for example, I know for a fact that I could have gone to certain other companies and got more money, but these people tend not to be in long-term interests of the band. There are companies that are easy to get money out of and not very good at doing anything else after that."

James Oliva, manager of Win and ex-manager of last year's EMI hopefuls Edinburgh's Syndicate, is less dismissive: "From the way record companies work, a band gets signed and the lesser people in the company hear the word that, "Oh god, they cost us a fortune'. It creates a little magnetism, people tend to sit up and take a bit more notice because they know there's more money flying around."

Oliva should know. Rumour has it that during their stay at EMI Syndicate spent something approaching £750 000 of the company's money. Since signing in 1986, the band worked...
S

imilar instances of bands incurring huge debts are well known, although few people concerned, for obvious reasons, are too willing to discuss them. Love and Money, for example, are reputed to have incurred "substantial" costs while recording their two albums for Fontana. James Grant himself has put the figure as somewhere in the region of £2 million - and still that elusive hit evades the band's grasp. Likewise, The Big Dish left Virgin amid rumours of a significant debt hanging over their heads. As for Win's chequered career, Oliva describes their difficulties with London, the band's first label: "We ran up a bill of £250 000 there and it got to the point where London were saying they wanted us to change the lyrics on various songs for singles because they felt they were a bit too strong for daytime Radio One. We didn't happen to think that. They wanted us to do one song and we wanted to do another for the next single, so we did the one we wanted to do, thought we did a great job on it, but because of the financial pressure..."

"London are a good example," says MacDonald. "They were the ones that wanted The Proclaimers to cut down the accents, get crew-cuts, and wear designer shirts. This kind of style causes a record company just make it a non-starter situation.

As for Win, they left London, the label took off the debt, Virgin appeared on the scene, and the rest is recent pop history. "London would much rather let that £250 000 go than invest another £250 000 in the same group; they'd rather pick up another group and spend the money they would have had on this second album on developing a new group."

Such are the hidden dangers of apparently huge amounts of money being lavished upon a band. A record company, obviously anxious to see a return on its investment - and it is important to remember that record companies are money-making concerns above anything else, not simply unlimited sources of funds to enable bunches of kids to play at being pop stars - will have to think long and hard about the future of any act that isn't cutting it.

"It's very difficult," concedes Danny van Emden. "If I signed a band for a hefty £50 000 and they were unrecouped, that is, not raking in the dosh to pay off their debts, then I think the worst thing is to panic them because then you lose the essence of the band. All the signings I've made while I've been at Virgin," including Edinburgh's Indian Givers, "have been, by the standards that you read about in the press, fairly modest."

So far as the creative side of a band is concerned it is prudent to seek a more "careful" advance to offset, at least partially, any future pressure from the record company? "I'd say so. That could come across as a record company being stingy, but I think the most important thing is that you give them enough to live on and enough to make the album that you want and that they want. Most intelligent groups, that's what they want to do these days."

Certainly this seems to be the line that an increasing number of rising stars seem to be taking. Last summer saw Edinburgh band Sliced being counted by a rabid pack of A&R people - indeed, 27 record company scouts were present at one of their gigs at the Cluny Studios. The band, however, took a measured approach, refusing to be swayed by the more extreme offers of the chequebook-vielding brigade, opting in the end to sign to Virgin off-shoot Circa Records (home of Hue & Cry, Paul Haig and Neneh Cherry). In an interview with Substance at the time frontman Nick Robertson outlined his position: "I want to get the ball back in my court as soon as possible. I don't want to take a lot of money off the record company 'cos it costs the band and it's a living. If you don't take too much you end up in profit quite quickly. A lot of bands will have to sell millions of albums worldwide to break even. It happened to The Big Dish, it's happened to Love and Money, and more recently Substance."

A music-oriented approach to the making of music may attract accusations of a cold and calculating attitude, but the reality is, as Robertson says, "anyone who sees themselves as a potential pop star must see themselves as starting a business." After all, the A&R people treat it as a business, their record company superiors treat it as a business, so why should any band suffer deductions as to their purpose; they are there to make money for the label. If this is so, why shouldn't the band themselves profit at the same time? Furthermore, as shown by the case of Win at London, and undoubtedly in numerous other instances too, financial subservience to a record company can quickly translate into their control over a band's direction, content and output, which should never be the case.

The secret, then, is to get your "stuff" heard by as wide an audience as possible, both inside and outside the record company. And, in the view of Kenny MacDonald, bands must place for the record company that offers the best all-round deal, not just the most money. For example, "there is no doubt that the people at Chrysalis are the best people for the band to be involved with. But every band needs a different thing: The Inspiral Carpets, as a young band, need something different from what The Libertines need in a record company." Yet still crucial to the whole business is that egotistic A&R person. They hold the key that unlocks the doorway to the promised land that is the Record Deal. Take Gary Clark of Danny Wilson, as an example: "A good A&R man is not there to command the direction of the band," reckons MacDonald, "or do anything to glimmer of the reality behind the facade. A self-perpetuating myth will always shroud the whole business of the A&R man: with secretive company people, bull-shitting managers, and elusive band members, it is inevitable that half-old stories of astronomical financial enticements and shadowy wheelin' and dealin' will merely add to the generally farcical and entirely mystique of the music biz.

With reference to Sliced, van Emden is approving: "I would have been so easy for them to go to the highest bidder. Someone in his position has to look for a reasonable deal; but it is in the words of Oliva, "four or five producers" in "endless studios" before eventually producing their album themselves. Dilty-dallying such as this does not come cheap in the music business. As it is interpreted, Syndicate's Keep album, despite enthusiastic critical responses, fared poorly in the sales stakes, and the band split shortly after its release.

\textbf{WHAT THEY GOT:}\n\textit{the record company advance reputedly received by several Scottish acts:}\n\begin{itemize}
  \item \textbf{WET WET WET} £140 000 (Phonogram)
  \item \textbf{BLOOD UNCES} £80 000 (Virgin)
  \item \textbf{DANNY WILSON} £75 000 (Virgin)
  \item \textbf{GOODBYE MR MACKENZIE} £70 000 (Capital EMi)
  \item \textbf{PROCLAIMERS} £70 000 (Chrysalis)
  \item \textbf{TExAS} £60 000 (Phonogram)
  \item \textbf{GUN} £40 000 (A&M)
  \item \textbf{DEL AMTRI} £35 000 (A&M)
  \item \textbf{DEACON BLUE} £35 000 (CBS)
  \item \textbf{HUE AND CRY} £30 000 (Circa)
  \item \textbf{INDIAN GIVERS} £30 000 (Virgin)
  \item \textbf{WIN} £25 000 (Virgin)
  \item \textbf{SYNDICATE} £15 000 (EMi)
\end{itemize}

Gary Clark
Edinburgh’s former ‘sonic art terrorists’, Fini Tribe, have recently released their debut album for One Little Indian, Grossing 10K. James Haliburton caught up with the trio just before the commencement of their tour and discovered the humour behind the politics. Photos by Nicholas Schad.

"Trying to be shocking just doesn’t work any more. Jumping around on stage, screaming and taking your clothes off are things that have been done so much they have no impact. Our approach is more satirical."

Philip Pinsky is talking about Fini Tribe. A few years ago most people would have thought “jumping around on stage etc.” a fair description of the band. Their live shows were as dramatic as they were rare, falling somewhere between art and noise terrorism, they confused the inquisitive and excluded the unadventurous.

The band formed in 1984 as a six-piece and released the single Curling and Stretching on their own record label, Fini Flex. At this stage the usual line-up of guitars, bass and drums were still very much in evidence. Six years later and Fini Tribe are reduced to a three-some of Philip, David Miller and John Vick, as the personnel has changed, so too has their approach to music: “First of all we got a small sampler and it could do good things,” explains John “but it could never do as much as we wanted it to do. Now it’s becoming easier because we’ve got some more machinery.

“We don’t have to have someone drumming the whole time because we have the computer to do that - we can edit and change it. We can use sounds from cartoons, say, and make them all run in time. We used to have to get everything played by someone and by the end often the idea was lost.”

At the beginning of this year the band released Grossing 10K, their first album for One Little Indian and follow-up to their debut, Noise, Lust & Fun. The albums have little in common; both are dance based and exploit technology but the moodiness and impenetrability of their debut is completely absent from Grossing 10K and has been replaced by an array of obscure samples and glorious hooklines, most of all the album is funny. The humour is seen by the band as being due both to an increase in confidence and a desire to avoid being ignored.
"We're trying to do what the Pet Shop Boys did with £50,000 ... but with £50."
GOODBYE MR MACKENZIE
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