

Taking Liberties

Students are too delicate for freedom of speech, censorship is the answer

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Halloween Ball

Were you at the Union's Halloween All-Nighter? Check out the photos!

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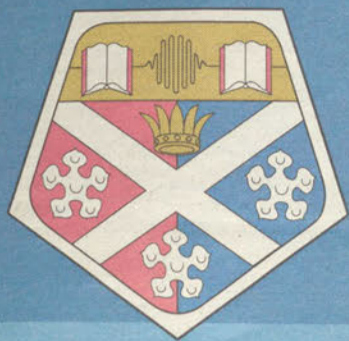
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15 NOV 2007



Strathclyde TELEGRAPH

www.StrathclydeTelegraph.com

Issue 2 - November 2007

Gay Incitement Law Attacks Religion

Ross Garner



OCTOBER became a month of turmoil as Westminster debated making incitement to homophobic hatred part of the Criminal Justice and Immigration Bill, with many at Strathclyde anxiously awaiting the result.

The law is an extension to a similar clause regarding inciting racist hatred and comes as a response to the murders in the gay community of Jody Dobrowski on Clapham Common, Michael Fardon in Northampton and 67-year-old Malcolm Bryan of Portsmouth last year.

Objection to the law has come largely from religious groups, who see themselves as the most obvious target and who fear their teachers could face seven years in prison for their faith.

Jack Straw was quick to lay fears aside, claiming it would not affect anyone's freedom of speech and freedom to practice religion, but as Brett Lock, editor of Gay Humanist Quarterly, points out in his article "Incitement law won't protect gay people", if the clergy will not be targeted, then who?

The argument brought by Mr Lock is that since there is no chance of the Bible or other religious texts being banned the law is pointless. He would rather see homophobic hatred out in the open instead of being forced behind closed doors, so that it can be confronted and debated.

Gay Rights lobbyists Stonewall presented their views to Govern-

ment by reading to MPs lines from songs and BNP pamphlets, in particular mentioning reggae star Beenie Man who sings in his song Damn, "come to execute all the gays". Importantly however the star, whose real name is Anthony Moses Davies, was in fact banned from playing London in 2004 because his lyrics incited people to commit a crime - against gays. The law then is just a more specific addition to those already set.

Reverend Marjory Macaskill of Strathclyde University Chaplaincy argues that in actual fact the Church may be more progressive than believed. At the General Church of Scotland conference earlier in the year no definitive answer on the issue of homosexuality could be reached, with different preachers having their own beliefs. She urges however that everyone should have the 'freedom to live life according to who they are'.

Although she admitted a certain threat to her more fundamentalist colleagues she would like to see the system of free speech used without being offensive to anyone. She urges debate and warns that "the less trust you have, the more law" and would like to see better education, citing the example that often children refer to each other as 'gay'.

This law against gay incitement will obviously continue to be debated, with many people waiting anxiously to see its affects. Whether gay or straight however, all religions are based on the same principle of love, and many people in both camps hope that the law will not put an end to the debate.



Picture: thatts

Glasgow Goes For Gold

Kirsty Scott



IF you live in Glasgow, even anywhere else in Scotland for that matter, then there's a pretty good chance that you'll know Glasgow is in the running to host the 2014 Commonwealth Games. There's really no excuse not to know if you do stay in Glasgow when you consider that the bid is being promoted everywhere around the city,

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Where Next for Scotland?

Grant Rule



HOPE for the future, mixed with twinges of disappointment and anger. That's a good way of describing many people's feelings after the Scottish National Party (SNP)'s party political conference over the weekend. After promising in their election manifesto 1000 new police officers for Scotland, the party confirmed on October 25 they will not be fulfilling this promise.

While this news itself is cause for concern, it raises bigger issues over whether the Scottish "government" can in fact keep any of its promises. After all, it promised far bigger things than extra police on the streets, writing off student debt being just one example.

The party's leader and Scottish First Minister Alex Salmond's confident manner throughout the conference, however, reveals that the party may have a few tricks up its sleeve yet. Those in favour of Scottish independence were left drooling after his claim that Scotland would be the third rich-

est nation in the European Union (EU) if it separated from England, compared with its current standing of tenth. This would be due to the money we would gain from oil revenues.

Salmond made his true agenda perfectly clear over the weekend, going so far as to state that being part of Britain is inhibiting Scotland.

However, it wasn't all the advancement of a destructive agenda. The conference opened with a review of how the last 160 days of an SNP government have been spent and they came off very well. Since May, a new broadcasting commission has been set up and two A&E hospital units have been saved from closure, just two acts which make the Nationalists look very good.

Later in the conference, there was unanimous backing for the lowering of the voting age to sixteen and calls for the right of Holyrood to decide on all broadcasting matters, which currently lie with Westminster, among other things.

Scottish students will have at least one thing to cheer about,

whether or not the government keeps its promise about writing off student debt - colleges and universities across Scotland are to be provided with a £100 million funding package. Where this money will be coming from was not

disclosed, however, so all those students who will benefit had better not hold their breath.

The party has a long way to go if it wants to convince people that they could create a prosperous independent Scotland.



Picture: David Farrer

The E.U. and Us

Benedict Docherty



EUROPE'S latest treaty has been agreed and is awaiting the requisite signatures and then ratification. Why has it come about, what does it mean for us and what's in a name? Well if you're looking to avoid a potentially disastrous manifesto commitment then it's a matter of more than mere semantics. Yes as far as the European Union's concerned the constitution is dead, so long live the constitution!

In 2004 the good people of France and the Netherlands voted down the proposed EU constitu-

tion, their 'No' votes doomed a unanimous ratification process. However it was clear to our leaders that reform was required and that another document would have to be prepared after a suitable period of reflection. The Lisbon European summit marked the culmination of these efforts and resulted in the Amending Treaty. Just "don't mention the c word".

Yes just as the Conservatives removed the F word (federal) from the Maastricht Treaty in 1992, so Gordon Brown assured the House of Commons, "the constitutional concept, which consisted in repealing all existing treaties and replacing them by a single text called constitution, is abandoned". Cabinet Ministers have all lined up

to stress the point. But why?

Terminology is crucial here not just because it should result in a very different document, and allay people's concerns that the European Union is expanding at the expense of the member states, but because of page 83 of the 2005 Labour Manifesto: "The new Constitutional Treaty ensures the new Europe can work effectively... We will put it to the British people in a referendum and campaign whole-heartedly for a 'Yes' vote to keep Britain a leading nation in Europe."

Or as Rory Bremner mused, "If this was a constitution you'd be having a vote, but you're not so it isn't." The government is firm that as this is not the originally proposed constitution, their manifesto pledge no longer applies and it will be for Parliament and not the people to ratify the treaty.

Earlier in the year Minister for Europe Jim Murphy outlined their objectives as a treaty which ensured the effective operation of a larger union; detailed and limited the EU's powers; kept EU foreign policy decisions unanimous; kept national security a matter for the member states and increased national parliaments' role in the EU policy process.

Amongst these basic points are the "red lines" - the matters of national interest which Gordon Brown had sworn not to relinquish and quelle surprise he claims he

hasn't! Meanwhile David Cameron argues the treaty is basically the constitution by another name and that the government is being disingenuous to suggest otherwise.

In fact the sacred red lines have been crossed and to make it all worse we won't get the promised referendum to reject the treaty-cum-quasi-constitution because... the government's worried we would reject it.

Aside from the lack of a trip to the ballot box in Britain, how else does the treaty affect us? Again the answer here depends on your reading of the document itself which won't even be fully implemented till 2014, should it be fully ratified.

Many leaders claim that the "institutional navel gazing" is at an end and that Europe will now focus outward. Instead of bickering about how long the Council President is elected or how, Europe will focus on real issues which matter to real people.

There's an element of truth here, in that the latter are certainly more tangible as policy outcomes that we can relate too and that European success here would engender goodwill towards it more than a flag, anthem or figurehead ever could. But to brush institutional matters under the carpet as simply structural formalities would be wrong, for who runs the EU and how affects you and me as well.

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Going Green

Martin Cairns
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STRATHCLYDE students were encouraged to 'go green' last month with a series of awareness-raising events.

The Green Week, organised by Vice President for Support and Campaigns Ursula Tereba, ran

from October 22-26 and featured a series of initiatives.

Re-usable green bags were on offer to stop people wasting so many plastic carrier bags, which were collected throughout the week and hung around campus on Friday to demonstrate the level of waste generated.

Union restaurants offered a green alternative with only locally sourced food on the menu while

a debate was held questioning whether the university is doing enough for the environment (see below).

Volunteers also picked up litter and gathered names to a petition urging the university to provide more recycling facilities on campus.

The university Principal, Professor Andrew Hamnett, also showed his support as he arrived by car at



student halls on Thursday to plant a tree.

The Principal hailed the campaign as "a fabulous thing" which is doing "a really valuable job".

He said: "This is one area where we can make a real difference.

"We must make it the centre of a long-term plan, not just a week.

"The university is training people who will be the opinion-formers of the future...they [students] should continue to be at the forefront of the campaign."

Ursula said that she felt the campaign had "captured the attention of many students".

She emphasised though that the "green issue is still there and still needs to be addressed."

First on the agenda are the recycling facilities on campus. Provi-

sions are already being made in the Union where 80% of the waste thrown out by bars is glass bottles, none of which are being recycled - yet.

Green Week may be over, but the campaign is just beginning.



The Wrong Time to be Green...

Ralph Kirkwood



WOW. I never realised that there were so many tiles in the ceiling in the Debates chamber. I made this fantastic observation while covering the Green Debate for this outstanding publication. I also made other great discoveries during this event, including that I have a strange red mark on my left arm that I should really get checked out. And as for the debate itself? Well, not much happened.

For a start, it was set on the totally wrong day. A 'Green debate' vs. 99p Tuesday and the Rangers-Barcelona game at Ibrox is a no-brainer. However, as this writer proved, you can have both the debate and a few drinks. And that was the only way that you could actually have managed to get

through it.

'Tedious' would be a compliment to the evening. The only debate in the whole evening was whether it would be right to call students "consumers" or not. The most exciting part of the debate was when my phone went off in the middle of it. I hope I'm getting across to all of you how bad this event actually was.

The arguments in the 'discussion' were pretty straightforward. Turn off lights when you leave a room; turn off your computer when you are finished with it; and all the rest. Nothing revolutionary there. As our dear Vice President for Support and Campaigns, Ursula Tereba, put it: Green Week was about "changing people's mindset about our day to day routines" and showing our "commitment to the environment". It looks like most have more commitment to their football team and drinking than

the environment.

You might be wondering who it was that was speaking at this event. So am I. There were two speakers, one from Edinburgh estates or something like that who looked like he may have been one of the first green campaigners not to realise back in the day that inhaling burning grass doesn't do much for the environment. The other one was a postgraduate student at Strathclyde, studying "Eco-demia".

At the end of the evening, I'm not sure what happened because I left early. As I did so, I thought of all the arguments that were missing from the event, and all the potential speakers who we could have been inspired by into changing our ways. What a missed opportunity to tackle a real issue. Still, it will check all the boxes for our Union to argue they are 'trying their best'.

Meningitis

Declan Harte



AN Aberdeen student has died from meningitis and two further Scottish students have also been diagnosed with the disease within the last two weeks.

Students in Aberdeen are being tested for meningitis after the 22 year old undergraduate, who cannot be named, was found dead in halls of residence on the night of October 14.

The additional two students who have been diagnosed, another University of Aberdeen student and a student of the University of Abertay, Dundee, also contracted the illness while living in halls of residence. Both were admitted to hospital for treatment but have since been released.

All three students were affected by the meningococcal strain of the illness, which is a lot more serious than the more common viral meningitis. According to the Meningitis Trust, around 7% of cases of meningococcal meningitis result in death and around 15% of those affected are left with severe and disabling after-effects.

An NHS spokesperson said: "The NHS's policy is to identify

anyone in close contact with the affected and personally speak to them within 24 hours of being notified that there is a suspected case of meningococcal infection. Advice and antibiotics were given to the close contacts of the students and an advice letter was delivered to residents of the student halls affected."

The NHS has also urged any students who have not yet registered with a GP to do so as soon as possible.

Barbra Manson, University of Strathclyde's accommodation manager said: "Every one of our student bedrooms includes a meningitis year planner provided by the Meningitis Trust. All of our student assistants are trained in meningitis awareness. We haven't taken any further measures as we don't want to start a scare."

The main symptoms of meningococcal meningitis are fever, stiff neck, headaches and a distinctive red rash which can be tested for by pressing a glass against the skin. If the rash does not fade, then immediate medical advice should be sought. For more information call the Meningitis Trust on 0800 224488 or visit www.meningitis-trust.org

Lord of the Sit-In Food for Thought

Scott Leslie



THE MAJORITY of us may never have heard of Labour party member David Triesman, but perhaps we can be forgiven our ignorance. His position in the House of Lords since 2004 has, after all, prevented him somewhat from mixing in our circles. However, after his recent appointment as the government's Minister for Students, Lord Triesman may be precisely the man to call upon if you want to increase your influence in the world of politics.

Triesman intends to make visits to University campuses across the country in his role as Minister and will be the chairman of a new forum made up of members from

a variety of student groups including the National Union of Students. Its aim will be to stage four annual meetings with other government ministers and hold them to account over various student issues.

So what exactly are his qualifications for being our representative?

Well, firstly, he has had close links with higher education for some time now, with one of his responsibilities being the organisation of student loans.

On top of that, The Guardian has reported on his time spent at the University of Essex, and his suspension for conducting student protests. Furthermore, he took part in a sit-in on behalf of some other suspended colleagues for increased student rights.

However in light of this we could be forgiven for ditching



Picture: Sarah Galasko

any preconceived pessimism surrounding government promises that often come to nothing in the hope that, rather than simply creating a new ministerial position for the sake of impressing NUS

members, the powers-that-be have actually singled out an old rogue with both the history and the passion to make real advances in terms of student contribution to issues that affects us.

Glasgow Goes for Gold

...Continued from Front Page

specifically to back the bid to a huge sign in the middle of the university campus. Even the Welcome to Glasgow sign promotes the bid. But just in case anyone has somehow managed to miss the fact that the city is favourite to host the games here is some basic information.

Scotland and Nigeria are the only two countries still in contention to hold the 2014 games with the decision being announced on 9th November in Sri Lanka. The

games would take place between the 23rd July 2014 and August 3rd 2014 with the majority of sports being held in already existing venues including Celtic Park, Ibrox, the SECC and Hampden. The athlete's village will be built entirely from scratch on the banks of the River Clyde with 90% of venues within a 20 minute drive. The village will remain in place once the games are over with the houses being sold or rented, meaning the area will be greatly improved.

People living elsewhere in Scotland may feel that Glasgow alone will benefit from the games being held but this is not the case. If the games were held in the city then Scotland would be advertised to

a global audience of over 1 billion people. People from all over the world would be able to see what a great country we live in and would hopefully want to visit at some point. The belief is that spectators won't just want to stay in Glasgow but will visit other parts of the country too. Scotland will benefit tremendously if Glasgow was to host the games and the increase in tourists would certainly help the economy.

At a time when Scottish sport is actually doing well for a change our national football team will make it to Euro 2008 when we beat the Italians (hopefully!), both sides of the Old Firm are in the group stages of the Champions

League and Andy Murray is winning tennis tournaments all over the world-it would be the end of an unforgettable sporting year if Glasgow was to win the games. On November 9th the whole country should be watching the announcement being made. Unless of course you have a lecture! There are two public venues in Glasgow to watch the result on the day and all information can be found on the official 2014 website at www.glasgow2014.com. Glasgow and Scotland could be the host to one of the biggest events in the world of sport and everyone should be 100% behind the bid.

Student Trapped in Gaza

Gavin Porter



A PALESTINIAN student detained in Gaza has gained the backing of the NUS in his fight to return to the University of Bradford.

Khaled al-Mudallel has been trapped due to restrictions on freedom of movement imposed by the Israeli government. The National Union of Students has written to Gordon Brown in support of the 22 year old business student, who should be entering his third year of studies.

NUS President Gemma Tumelty said, "The Prime Minister should call on the Israeli government to allow Khaled Al-Mudallel to leave Gaza immediately. The right to ed-

ucation is a human right as stated in the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

She adds, "The right for students to study freely and safely across the world must be defended. Education will be central to finding a peaceful resolution to conflict in the Middle East."

At the University of Bradford 200 students are campaigning for Mr al-Mudallel's return and have set up a website and on-line petition.

The Israeli human rights group Gisha had a plea for Mr al-Mudallel's return rejected by the Israeli courts. According to Gisha, only 550 people from a waiting list of 6,400 have been allowed to leave Gaza in the last eight weeks.

Mr al-Mudallel is currently

4,845th on the list, so if that rate continues then he would have to wait over 16 months to return. Gisha say that 640 students with visas and places to study abroad are among those currently unable to leave Gaza.

Mr al-Mudallel moved to Bradford at the age of 16 to be with his father, a professor from the southern Gaza refugee city of Rafah who had taken a course in Peace Studies there. Mr al-Mudallel stayed in the city and earned a place at its University.

In June Mr al-Mudallel travelled to Gaza to see his wife Duaa and take her back to Bradford. However, while he was in Gaza hostilities broke out between Hamas and its western-backed rival Fatah, leaving the Islamists in control. The

Jewish state has now locked-down on border movements as a result of Hamas' stance of denying the existence of Israel.

Whilst trapped in Gaza, Mr al-Mudallel is volunteering to teach business studies in English at the Islamic University. Before he left Bradford, Mr al-Mudallel rented a house and bought a car, but now his debts are running up and he's in danger of losing his part-time job as a sales-assistant in a hardware store there.

The Israeli Embassy in London have claimed that Mr al-Mudallel has the option of leaving Gaza via the Nitzana crossing but has chosen not to do so. However, Gisha stated in court that Mr Al-Mudallel has made "every effort" to be allowed to leave via the crossing.

Imran Ali



UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh has become the first university to receive 'Food for the Brain' accreditation following a nutritional audit.

The 425-year-old establishment won this innovative award for special meals designed to stimulate the minds of its staffs and students.

Cafeterias and student halls have healthier menus with foods like nicoise salads, vegetables, eggs, oily fishes, salmon, tuna, and butter beans. Even the chips are cooked in rapeseed oil to keep them low in fat.

The chefs say that these foods "lubricate the brain", release energy slowly allowing people to concentrate for longer, and are healthy for the body so that people feel bright and alert.

It is scientifically proven that giving your brain the right nutrients enables you to think quicker, have a better memory, be better coordinated and balanced.

Well it is reassuring to hear that Edinburgh is trying to do something right, as the bigger picture suggests otherwise.

Research carried out by Stockholm Environment Institute shows that the lifestyle of Edinburgh residents is the least environmentally friendly in Scotland.

It says that if everyone in the world used the same amount of resources as the average person living in Edinburgh we would need 3.2 planets to live on.

The main factors creating an individual's ecological footprint were food, housing, transport, consumer goods, and public and private services.

The capital scored worst when it came to the environmental impact of food and other consumer items that its residents bought. But hopefully one-day the university's boffins, with their 'lubricated and stimulated' minds, change that and improve the city's carbon footprint.

Check out our new web site!

We've developed a new website for the Strathclyde Telegraph that has all the information you need to write for us. Keep it bookmarked as in the coming weeks, there will be some major updates!

www.StrathclydeTelegraph.com

What Freedom of Speech?

Peter A Smith

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I KNOW my rights. Doesn't everybody these days? Don't touch me or I'll sue. Don't smoke or I'll cough. Don't tell me off or I'll cry. It is a shame that we are not quite so vocal about our responsibilities.

It is specifically the right to freedom of speech which is so often misunderstood and so cruelly abused by those with no respect for the responsibilities such a wonderfully positive right demands. I don't imagine for a second that my right to freedom of speech grants me legitimacy for telling lies, for example, but surely I should be granted an opportunity to speak before being censored.

Last year, it was intended that a member of the British National Party would take part in a debate at our Union. The move was, however, blocked due to an existing "no platform" policy for the BNP at Strathclyde, a stance shared by NUS Scotland. What sort of freedom of speech was this? Students are seemingly all a little too delicate, like vulnerable lambs in a scary world of wolves just dying to corrupt us with their offensive howls. Are earmuffs and blindfolds really the best remedy?

Other universities have been

more daring. Most notably, the President of Iran, Mahmoud Amdinejad, was recently invited to speak at Columbia University in New York. Thousands of protestors gathered outside the university to demonstrate against the presence of a man who is accused of denying the Holocaust and sponsoring terrorism, particularly in Iraq. Yet he remained defiant, saying, "In Iran, tradition requires when you invite a person to be a speaker, we actually respect our students enough to allow them to make their own judgment and don't think it's necessary before the speech is even given to come in with a series of complaints to provide vaccination to the students and faculty".

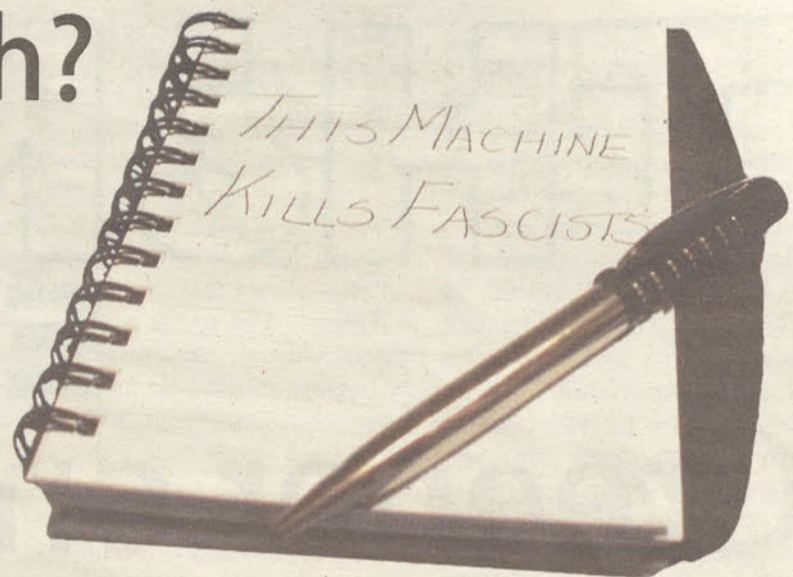
Afterwards, even many protestors recognised this event as a beautiful and courageous act in the strongest possible defence of the right to free speech. Academics more than anyone should understand that words can be reasoned with more effectively than bombs and censorship – both options destructive to democracy. If we make exceptions to free speech, then either it is not necessary or there is no difference between us and those we chastise for oppressing democracy.

Our Union has not always been so coy. Just last year a bold debate was hosted over a woman's right

to choose abortion, which the motion outrageously opposed. It was a powerful and stimulating exercise well worthy of the excellent arguments presented by top politicians, humanitarians, and religious representatives. Is it not a pity that this year the debates team could only muster a feeble discussion as to whether there are too many freshers?

I believe that if we gave the BNP a platform they would be unable to sustain a reasonable argument for more than five minutes without, when challenged by our skilled and experienced debaters, descending into racism, homophobia, and sheer lies. Then, and only then, should we withdraw the platform. If the BNP do cross that line, they will no longer be entitled to freedom of speech. By simply giving them enough rope, they might just hang their ridiculous, uninformed, fascist arguments.

In the mid-1920s Hitler was banned from speaking in Germany. His Nazi party used this as a tool to rouse the suspicion of the disillusioned German people during a depression. Why were the government banning him? What were they hiding? The anger swelled the myth and before long Hitler was the iconic outlaw who, regardless of his politics, many Germans looked to as a symbol of



their salvation.

Even so, it is important to stress that the BNP are not the Nazis. This is not the 1920s depression and they are not a frighteningly ruthless machine. What the current BNP bunch are is a group of racist folk who feel angry and isolated, and their party offers them sanctuary. We ignore these people at our peril.

If nothing else, recent gains by the BNP should have set alarm bells ringing across our country. Key questions should have been asked as to why our government – local and national – has allowed so many people to feel so disenfranchised from their communities, and why our education system has fostered such intolerance and blatant ignorance of other religions and cultures. The BNP's threat is only as real as these problems.

We cannot simply ignore the challenges and hope they go away. If our state seems impotent over such delicate issues then we must be resolute. We must not drive them underground as that is fascism's playground. Our Union's decision to ban the BNP may have been taken with the best of intentions – to protect students and the Union's reputation – but it has cost us the most fundamental right which unions across the world have been struggling for over centuries.

Fascists are people. Not monsters. The BNP are wrong; their followers mislead and misinformed. We should be confident enough in this belief to face them with intellect and the great leveller of individual ignorance – truth.

Your Letters

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to the article published in the October issue of the newspaper about the election that never was. In it the writer argues for fixed term parliaments, something I can not see much benefit in.

What the writer fails to acknowledge is the problems of the system he advocates, a prime example being the system in the US. There the fixed term commonly produces lame duck presidents as the authority that they once held begins to seep away as their term comes to an end.

This does not happen so commonly in our system. One example of where it did happen is the elections of 1974 where a minority Labour government was returned in February. The fixed term would have let this government remain for four or five years

while their authority would have been undermined consistently. Instead, Harold Wilson was able to hold another election in October which returned a result that gave him the authority to go about the business of governing the country.

While our current system may appear to be unfair or biased – and in some cases it can be – there are reasons for it which are clear and of great benefit to our country.

Ralph Kirkwood

Dear Editor,

Firstly, I want to say thank you to your "Picking Sides" editorial in the last issue. It relieved me from having any moral dilemma and a guilt-free weekend as I enjoyed a pint in the pub while others around the world are fighting for basic human rights.

The article was confusing to

say the least. Were you informing us about dubious monks? That ethnical divisions have caused bloody wars? Or soldiers are human beings? Whatever the point (if there was one) it did not convey at all the point that there are two sides to every story – unlike this one. You were right to highlight that people should be well informed of all facts before deciding to jump on the popular bandwagon.

What you did with his article was damage the image of the Burmese monks who are protesting peacefully and for all of Burma by referring them in his first paragraph. Buddhists and monks prefer to protest non-violently very similar to Ghandi's actions. Burmese monks are putting their lives on the line for the ordinary Burma man, woman, and child because they know that the gov-

ernment, as well as the international media, will take serious notice. The plight to end tyranny and promote democracy is, I believe, a great cause to stand up and protest for. And what has happened to these monks? They are now in prison and probably being tortured.

You have conveyed through haphazard words and a muddled thought process that students at Strathclyde should not protest because we are all ignorant fools. I would like to say to you that you are lucky to spout out your one-sided views in a country that has freedom of speech – the Burmese don't have that choice. Maybe you should ruminate on that topic.

R. Lees

Dear Editor,

It was with great pleasure that I read the article entitled

The Warm Heart of Africa in the most recent edition of the Strathclyde Telegraph. I too spent the summer in Malawi and I found the article to be a very interesting read. It was fantastic to read about the experiences of another student who had gone out there to volunteer. As your readers may be aware, the University of Strathclyde is twinned with the University of Malawi, and Strathclyde does a great deal of good work in the country. Further to this, the first ever elected female student president, Patience Thombozi, will be paying a visit to Strathclyde at the beginning of December. It would be great to see some coverage of her visit in the Telegraph!

Thomasena O'Byrne

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THINK ENVIRONMENT

Greener on the Other Side?

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I'M PLEASED TO announce to all you pessimists out there that Green Week had the desired effect on me, or at-least it did inadvertently, in the form of a little green cotton shopping bag. Every time I walked into level 7 last week, nasty plastic bag in hand on a few occasions I do admit, the site of the organic pile got me thinking about how "green" I actually was. My conscience has always been my weakness, an advertiser's dream.

I'd always considered myself fairly environmentally friendly, well at-least compared to the majority of the student population. I never, ever leave things on stand-by and hate the sound of dripping taps; I often cart my old newspapers back home at weekends to recycle them (damn you Glasgow City Council...we have big brown bins where I live) and I have started washing at 30' with Ariel; I even have the makings of a herb garden. Dig me (pardon the pun). You're impressed already I am sure? So, amid all this shrubbery, I decided set myself the task of having a thoroughly 'green' weekend, consulting a number of "how to" websites for the rules of the game along the way. How hard could it actually be?

The World Wildlife Foundation's website offered to work out my carbon footprint with a few simple questions. We all like a quick fix. Supposedly I live as if we had 2.29 planets to support us, which, shockingly is below the

national average. My carbon footprint was a massive 8.62 tonnes a year. Not a good sign.

Spending the weekend at home rather than my flat seemed the easy option. I would have recycling bins galore a mere half a mile away and the trees in my garden certainly produce more oxygen than the buses on Glassford Street, but the first hurdle came almost immediately. Are green people allowed to use trains? My house is almost 30 miles away from Glasgow and Primark pumps create a blister every few hundred metres, walking just wasn't an option. According to The Pocket Green Guide For Scotland, "carbon dioxide emissions from transport are the fastest growing contributor to climate change" and at present transport produces a quarter of all our greenhouse gas emissions. The guide suggests we get out of our cars and walk or cycle instead but it also explains that sharing journeys with others is ok. I see this as a green light, every seat, and luggage shelf for that matter, has a bottom occupying it on the Friday evening commuter train so at least I'd be splitting my CO2 a few ways.

Once home there was another problem I had not envisaged, the teenage brother. The younger of my male siblings would be Al Gore's nightmare. His room has enough electrical implements in it to power a small town (none of which he ever switches off) and he seems quite oblivious to the concept of turning the light off when you leave a room. To add to this most of the food he eats comes in

thick plastic covering, the kind no council lets you recycle. Communication is not our forte but I warned him to keep away from me, I didn't want his consumption spilling over to mine.

To start, I invested in two energy saving bulbs, which were boxed in recycled cardboard and claimed to be recyclable themselves. One was for the lamp beside my bed (me, late night reading and candles would not mix) and the other for my brother; they allegedly use more energy to switch on and off than to keep on, so he wouldn't have any problems. This whole process took a couple of minutes and I was left unfulfilled. More green was needed.

Next I volunteered to do the shopping trip by foot, rain made a good excuse on the 'helpers' front. Cue little green shopping bag. With hindsight I should have probably guessed that a family of five's groceries would not fit in one cotton bag but I felt so moral when I stated to the girl on the checkout that I had "my own bag thank you". She smirked when I had to sneak a couple of plastic jobs, "Oh, I'll re-use them" I muttered, pink in the face.

On the food front, it is important to note that today's organic culture is not as environmentally friendly as many consumers would assume. Don't get me wrong, pesticides are horrible things, but if you fly an "organic" sugar snap pea over from Africa it must rack up a fair few unnecessary air-miles. This also links to the fact that shoppers today (especially those muslin-clad earth mother types

to grossly generalise) demand all vegetables, all year round, despite living in a country whose level of precipitation would drown even the largest of butternut squashes. My green bible expresses the importance of buying local, seasonal produce. My local Tesco had a few vegetables grown locally, most of which were not organic, but due to increasing demand they stock exotic fruits and vegetables from all over the globe.

Now to the topic of water. My Mum and Dad are ahead of the game when it comes to washing, doing as much as possible at 30' and 40'c, and have always taught us to boil only the amount of water needed, so there was no need for me to lecture them on this front. My mum did however point out the irony in me carting my washing home most weekends, "surely that is not very green". Mum 1 - Kirsten 0. I'm already a 'shower person', long soaks in a hot-bath tend to give me palpitations, but I grudgingly turned the shower dial down an admirable 5'c, despite it being a cold and frosty morning (Is that from the postman Pat theme-tune?). I also, equally grudgingly, checked that the heating was on 'low', whilst piling on my second jumper. The most difficult thing was remembering to turn off the tap when brushing my teeth but I did get the hang of it; practising would have defeated the purpose of saving water! By Sunday afternoon I felt fairly pleased with myself. Maybe I had helped to preserve a little piece of ice cap.

To end this account I will put my hands up and admit that there



was one thing I did not comply with in my weekend of greenness, the "only flush with a number 2" rule. Sorry, but I have my dignity and toilets have handles for a good reason. (Mine actually have special two button ones so you can choose the volume of water needed!) I understand the concept as much as I wish to but there is a line of which I shall not cross. The WWF website still believes I act as if there are 2.04 planet earths... but in perspective that does mean I shed a whopping quarter of a planet in three days. A building block if ever I've seen one. I suppose what I was trying to do with this slightly erratic mini experiment was to prove how simple it is to make a few small changes in our lives, and if you have read to here then hopefully you will have a go.

GOING GREEN IS AS EASY AS 1, 2, 3!

Scare Tactics

Chris Clements



A COUPLE of months ago, my friend and I spotted an interesting front page in *The Independent* on Sunday. It was about genetically modified (GM) crops and had a huge headline. I cannot recall what it was, because I was transfixed by the publication's choice of photograph: it was a crop field, which seemed to stretch on forever, and in the middle of it stood a representation of the Grim Reaper, scythe in hand, glaring at the camera.

I remarked to my friend that the company who owned the field in the photograph had probably made a bad business decision. Imagine ruling that the official work uniform should be in the style of Death himself - it was sending out completely the wrong message! Then my friend said that the photograph was probably

staged, and I felt like an idiot.

However, that particular front page spoke volumes. It marked a definite attitude in the editorial team's stance in the GM foods argument. GM CROPS BAD, they seemed to be saying, GOING GREEN GOOD.

The debate over what we should eat, and why, has never been as heated as it is now. We are constantly given conflicting information. If one respected scientist says that genetically modified foods have no adverse effects, then another (equally respected) scientist will subsequently claim that they are dangerous to our health. It all gets rather confusing.

Environmentalists claim that getting into bed with biotech companies and introducing GM foods to the country would open up any number of unknown dangers to our future health. There is also the concern over the possibility of cross-pollination from GM crops to organically grown plants. Incidentally, there seems to be an

increasing hostility towards the idea, especially in Britain.

The GM foods backlash is probably the most extreme example of a growing aversion to technology interfering in farming. More and more we see the media and advertising companies push the sales of "organic" produce. We are told that using pesticides in farming is bad (the damage to the workers, the environment, unknown long-term health effects, etc) and asked to believe firmly in the superiority of organic products. They are produced more 'naturally', they say. Subsequently, the organic food industry in the UK is booming, with larger supermarkets buying into the idea and the organic label demanding higher prices than foods produced by other means. It is making some people a lot of money.

However, recent developments seem to validate the organic movement. At the end of October, a four-year study funded by the EU found that organic food contains far more nutritional value. The investigation shows that fruit and vegetables farmed by organic means have at least 40% more an-

tioxidants, which scientists believe cut the risk of cancer and heart disease. And according to other studies conducted recently, organic foods also taste better and are of higher quality.

But what about people on the breadline? What about me, and my poor student friends, who favour the cheap and cheerful? I work part-time in a supermarket and I am consistently amazed at the price difference (54p for some everyday broccoli, but 87p for the organic stuff!).

There seems to be a growing snobbery about food in this country. Personally, I blame Jamie Oliver. I blame him for many things, but mainly I blame his stupid television show that patronised working-class parents and berated them for giving their kids turkey drumsticks instead of freshly-plucked organic sun-dried tomatoes and bean sprouts. I was a kid once, you know, and I have a vague recollection that this kind of stuff would have made me scream. Some people can't afford to eat organic produce everyday. Their budgets don't stretch to that extra bit of cash it takes to ease your

guilt about the environment. If, in an extreme example, the widespread introduction of GM offers a cheaper and easier solution for poorer families (and students), then why shouldn't they take it?

"Any evidence of negative effects that slipped through decades of testing would have shown themselves by now", says Professor Chris Leaver, expert in plant science at Oxford University. "The organic lobby sells food by spreading scare stories and untruths. None of its claims of catastrophe have come about. The World Health Organisation, the Food and Agricultural Organisation and other international and regulatory bodies have reported no evidence of health or environmental harm from GM."

In the end, whether or not you choose to go organic, for ethical or health reasons, is a lifestyle choice. As for myself, well, I've always been a tight-arsed frugal sort of guy. If I can get something for 'cheaper' I'll take it, because that's the kind of person I am, alright? And if that means I value quantity over quality, then so be it.

Stepping into the Body of the Kirk

Kris Mitchell



THERE are few things harder to grasp than the idea of religion itself. What does it mean to be religious and how do you measure it? Are you religious if you go to church, read the Bible, pray, lead a moral life? The idea of what makes a person religious is more pertinent now than it has been for generations because the church has been haemorrhaging members since 1955 and the bleed shows no sign of clotting before the religious body of Scotland has gasped its last breath. Statistics don't lie and in the 2001 census there was a marked absence of religion in Scottish life, with only 67 per cent of people registering that they considered themselves to be "religious".

In an effort to gain a first hand account of what is happening to religion in Scotland, I went along to my local Church of Scotland Sunday service and had a look at what it is really like. I then spoke to the Minister, Reverend Ken Russell, to see what the feeling is from the other side of the pulpit.

I was surprised from the beginning by the frank way in which the Minister spoke about the condition of the church in modern Scotland. He was more than willing to admit

that, "organised religion is in decline", and throughout our discussion seemed to have an openness about the problems facing the Church of Scotland, which belied the dour Calvinist caricature that seems to dominate popular ideas of the church.

Perhaps more of a revelation than his candidness, was the astute way in which he picked up on the reasons, as he saw it, for people no longer having a "firm connection" with the church. He was simple and insightful with his comments but, from the outside this seems to be making little difference in the way the church shows itself in public.

"The older model of the church is not connecting with people", he said. He even offered an unashamedly realistic reason for why things haven't adapted and won't change easily, because "fundamentalists are in a traditional camp and if you are too radical you risk losing their support". If this is the reality across Scotland then does it leave the church with nowhere left to turn, as their traditional support is dwindling? Will new people come to a church which is seen as being out of touch with modernity?

The Minister explains that there is hope. There are some churches which "offer a menu of services", in which they have different services to reflect the diversity of

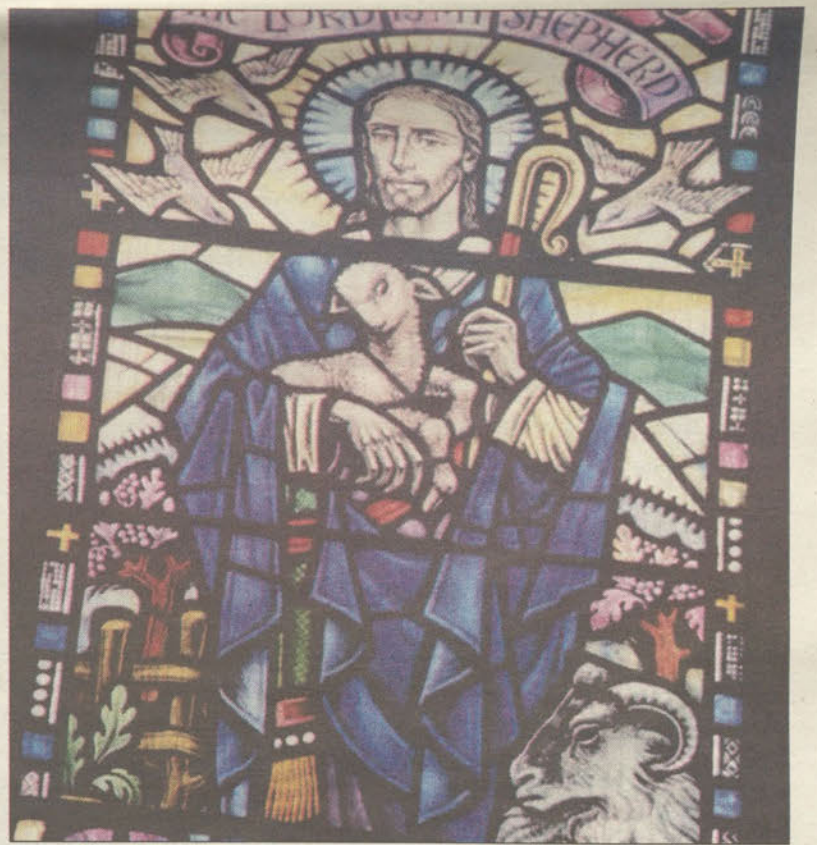
people who are a part of modern Scotland.

Away from the nuances of church service, it is not surprising that the minister became most animated over the issue of Christmas. He attacked the secularisation and hijacking of the religious message for consumer gain and commented that, astonishingly, "some kids would even struggle to tell you the component parts of the nativity".

Again, his view of the church's role during this time was simple, as he stated, "it is to help people find peace in the madness".

After we had discussed the general role of the Church of Scotland there was a change in focus, from the generality of society to the specifics of abortion. It was the Ministers' stance on the latter issue that seemed to be the key to making a step forward for religion in modern Scotland. He made it clear that there was a wide range of opinions in the Church of Scotland on the issue. Obviously, he would like for there to be no abortions but, went on to say, "I don't agree with war but, sometimes to kill people or have an abortion is the lesser of two evils".

In my opinion, it was not so much that his comments were shocking or dramatic, it was more because they were middle of the road that made them so refreshing to hear. In a modern, liberal Scotland, it seems encouraging that



the nation's main church should offer such a considered and reasoned response to an issue that has so much vitriol surrounding it.

As for the future, the minister had a bleak outlook for formal religion: "I reluctantly admit that organised religion as we know it is on the way out" but, he refuted any suggestion that religion will disappear. "I think it will re-form", he said.

The condition of the religious

patient that is modern Scotland is bad and the outlook bleak. The bleeding body is leaking more and more people, as they turn away from organised religion full stop. However, there is hope. It became clear from my time with the Minister that there is still an alert brain which has clarity of thought and a lucid vision of the future. The body may die but there will always be an influence on Scottish society.

Shalloween

Emma Paterson



THE Saturday before this Halloween our local Tesco was absolutely mobbed. Plagues of harassed parents had descended on the packs of fun size Mars bars, stuffing plastic bags full of apples and tangerines, wrestling each other for the last cellophane sack of monkey nuts and muttering under their breaths about the national pumpkin shortage. I turned to my boyfriend and sighed, uttering the infamous words feared by the young, "well, it wasn't like this in my day"...

But it is true. It really wasn't. Halloween used to be my favourite of all the holidays, I'd get excited months in advance (that probably says something fairly tragic about my social life but even so). I can remember my mum, heavily pregnant, blistering her fingers trying to make the requisite amount of pom-poms for my wee sister's Andy-Pandy costume (I was Looby Loo, naturally). That set a precedent for the years that followed: I demanded to be a gingerbread house, a toadstool, Cogsworth (the clock in Beauty and the Beast) and even Cher. My dad would du-

tifully beg cardboard boxes from the local supermarket and we'd all attempt to get creative - great fun even if I did end up looking like a twit each year (a very gluey, face-painty twit).

The costume sorted, the next thing we had to come up with was our 'piece'. My mum had strict rules about us guising (none of this Trick or Treating malarkey, in Scotland it's definitely guising) - if we were going to force folk to part with some sweets then we better be damned sure that we had a good piece at the ready. A good piece, in my mum's opinion, was a song, poem or jaunty dance - bonus points if you made up your own. My sister took to carrying about her wooden swords and doing Highland dancing, which was a great portable potential Health and Safety hazard (and tended to up the stakes, sweetie wise. Those wooden swords were quite a scary prospect for anyone who didn't deliver). I wrote awful themed poems ("See the house and look within, can you taste the pumpkin?") to recite while staring at my feet and blushing.

We lived on a cul-de-sac so all the neighbourhood kids would go about together, descending en masse to demand goodies from every door on the street. Number

eight didn't have any children of their own but went mad on Halloween, giving out giant marshmallow numbers and gummy burgers like they were going out of fashion. Other neighbours were less keen, but even the "Ratfinks" (or so we had named them after a rather unfortunate incident involving a rogue football and their prize-winning rhododendrons) made an effort to dig out some ancient, out-of-date Kit-Kats with musty, faded wrappers. After we'd finished our guising we'd sit and stuff our faces with plastic bagfuls of goodies. The memories.

Best of all the things about Halloween were the special themed parties. Digging in the flour for sweets, dooking for apples, trying to reach sugary donuts dangling from strings with your mouth, sticking your hand into buckets with peeled grapes or cold spaghetti - at our primary school party we even had a costume parade when we pranced across the assembly stage to 'scary' music.

Sadly, these days Halloween just doesn't seem the same. Too many people just buy their costumes from the supermarket - what is the point of that? Half the fun of Halloween is having an excuse to wear a really crap costume. My mum won't even let kids in our



house to do their pieces anymore, there are too many neds wandering about with Scream masks on (I hate those Scream masks, could people not at least cut a couple of holes in a sheet to show willing?). Some of them don't even have a single joke at their disposal, they just stand on the doorstep looking gormless (those without the Scream masks, that is) and asking for money.

When I first started at Strathclyde I was so excited about the union Halloween party. I wanted to go all out and dress up as some kind of condiment but, luckily, others persuaded me that a fairy was a more appropriate choice.

Well, I'm glad they did. The union event was pretty much just a mass orgy and I was so disappointed (to be fair, I seemed to be the only person there that was). I've never seen so much toned, tanned flesh on show in a public venue (one lass was literally just turned out in her knickers). Sadly, it was all too risqué for my geeky self, so after my two comrades were led off by a guy dressed as a pimp (he offered to make them money, lots of money), I booked myself a taxi home and stuffed Milky Way after Milky Way into my gob at home.

Bah humbug, I'm coming over all geriatric - it just wasn't like this in my day...

Matt Meade



Does the romance depicted between a busker and his admirer in the acclaimed Irish indie film, *Once*, directed by John Carney, play out on Glasgow's most famous street?

THERE IS A hilarious scene in *Once*, the new Sundance Award-winning musical ode to love and busking on the streets of Dublin, where Glen Hansard's lead character desperately chases after a dodgy ned who swipes his pitch earnings while he plays in the city's famous Grafton Street.

For those buskers who ply their trade on Glasgow's Sauchiehall Street, such a risk is part and parcel of the street performer's experience, and decidedly unamusing. But what of romance?

Once also tells the story of budding love between Hansard's busker and a Czech immigrant (played by Marketa Irglova). Touchingly, both these actors have started dating for real. So does life imitate art for the guys who belt out songs

on Glasgow's most famous street?

"Aye, I've had experiences like that", says Kevin O'Reilly 20, a student at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama, who is busking outside Papyrus, a popular pitch on Sauchiehall Street. "Sometimes you get girls coming up and giving you a kiss on the cheek. Mind you, you see it a lot more when they're drunk, not so much when they're sober."

Bearing in mind that even his battered-looking Westfield acoustic guitar can work as a female fishing rod, Kevin considers what songs are best to catch such attention. "Snow Patrol and Razorlight are a big hit with the ladies. Also Paulo Nutini - that kinda stuff, girls respond to it. I was playing Chasing Cars [by Snow Patrol] and four girls from the same Hen party left their numbers in my bag", he beams.

So is busking the ultimate romantic gesture?

"I like to think so. I don't think I express it when I'm playing but I like to think I'm a romantic soul".

Sam Baker, 29, from Glasgow's West End has been busking for just three months to supplement his income as an office worker. He

Buskin' and Lustin'

makes a "decent" amount ("decent being not much more than the minimum wage"). He talks to me on a boisterous Friday evening across from Lauder's Pub:

"For this time of night I would play student things like Arcade Fire, the Kooks, maybe some Oasis. Drinking music I suppose. I even play Disney stuff and cheese. People like cheese. Wee kids are mesmerized".

Not so with the ladies. "I've had no numbers so far. You do get attention but it's hard to measure or judge because you can get a 'look', but they just pass by you". Sam is certainly not unattractive or without talent, with his raucous rendition of Paul Simon's Call me Al earning a donation of a packet of Apple Pies from a blushing teen. "I hope they're not space cakes!"

Jim Ward 52, from Maryhill, blasts out Shadows-esque instrumentals through a formidable-looking amp at the popular Sauchiehall-Buchanan Street junction and fends off regular noise-related complaints from nearby

shops. "I compete with Virgin when it comes to volume".

Whereas our previous respondents play purely when in need of extra cash, Jim is a busking heavyweight and makes a living from playing an incredible six days a week. "I treat this as a day job and also teach guitar at my home in the evenings". Surely spending this much time on the street increases his chances of being approached by, say, the more mature lady? "I've had a few approaches with women phoning me up, but I'm not interested in a relationship. I get approached by weirdoes everyday though", he says, gesturing towards an odd looking fellow a few feet away in a bright yellow fluorescent jacket filming his playing. I mention the scene in *Once* where the hovering jakey nicks the buskers takings. "Funny you should say that! I had people trying to steal out of my hat two days in a row last week. I chased them and got my money back though".

Strathclyde Student Sam Nevin and his mate Charlie Reader, both

19, play a novelty mixture of Bagpipes and Bongos to "drum up trade" as they head towards the Sauchiehall to find a pitch.

"It brings in the money. Once we played jazz, and people looked at us like we were out of our minds. I like pushing boundaries, but we want the big bucks 'cause we're skint", laughs Sam. Bringing in "the burds", however, is not a priority for Sam, who is in a relationship. He firmly rebukes my query asking if he serenades his girlfriend. "No, she'd punch me in the face if I tried! I have done it once but she gets very embarrassed. She supports me coming out doing this, but at the same time she's like, 'get a job'. She's got two".

Rather than witnessing blossoming romance, so richly depicted in *Once*, the buskers of Sauchiehall Street entertain mainly tipsy flirtation. The reality is that the potential for making money is a more pressing and likely concern than the potential for making love.

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Achieving more together



Masters of Slaves

Alia Choudry



ARISTOTLE wrote, "Humanity is divided into two: the masters & the slaves", but I prefer, "Humanity is divided into two: the considerate and the indifferent."

In May of this year, I was at the NUS' Black Students conference in Liverpool, where I was embarrassed to learn quite how ignorant I was when it came to the subject of Black History. This year represents two hundred years since the 'abolition' of the slave trade and yet very little is known about it.

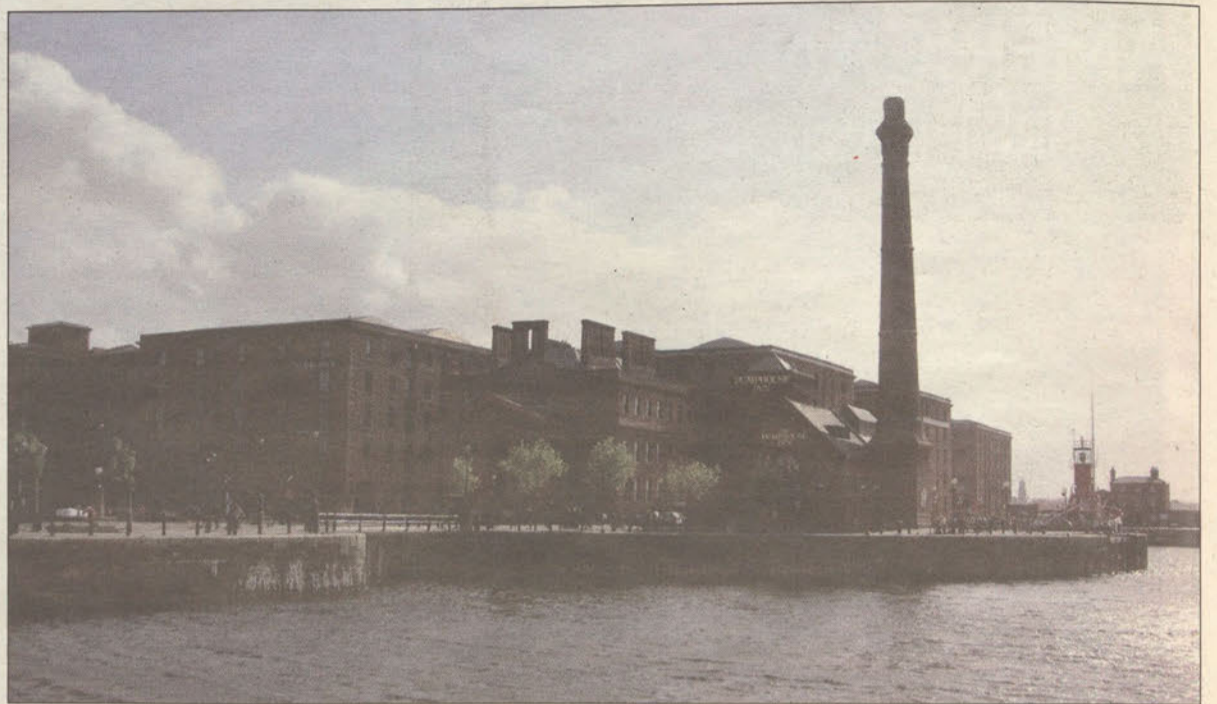
What is known, however, is that Scotland's population is in decline and it currently requires 13,000 immigrants a year to fulfil this void. One would think therefore that it is completely unacceptable for school kids not to be taught about their own history. If you want to 'tick-box' me, I'm Asian and Scottish. History was a blur at school but I do recall spending a great deal of time learning about 1066 and World War II. They are both important aspects of British history and should certainly be taught, however Scotland (and Britain) need to face up to the fact that it is, in fact, a multi-cultural society and must invest more in teaching school kids a larger breadth and

with short references to the Indian Ocean and the trans-Saharan trade routes, which were ruled by Europeans and Arab leaders respectively.

Europeans thought the slave trade to be a 'godsend' that would save Africans from the barbarity of their continent, but as the old African proverb goes, "until lions have their own historians, the story of the hunt will always glorify the hunter". Suffice to say the truth of the matter was very different.

Unfortunately, not much is known about the trans-Saharan slave trade but it is estimated that roughly 15 million black slaves crossed the Sahara Desert, Red Sea and Indian Ocean over a 1250 year period. The enslaved were used as soldiers and servants and it is estimated that many more women than men were taken. The female slaves were forced to work for the women of harems, and some males were castrated to serve as guardians there.

The Indian Ocean trade started with a few thousand slaves taken each year from the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, but as the requirement for labour on plantations rose and the availability of 'superior ships' increased, the trade of slaves also escalated to tens of thousands per annum. These slaves were then sold on throughout the Middle East by Arabs, the



were enslaved by Europeans as labourers and it is estimated that a further 10 million died during capture and transportation. Each ship journey saw slaves chained in coffin like confines, which lacked both ventilation and sanitation. Thus each enslaved African would have to sleep, eat, urinate, defecate and menstruate in the same place. Treated as 'human cargo' and 'commodities', it should be of no surprise to learn that children born of slaves were branded and abused as well. When slave laws were finally introduced they were often flouted by slave owners and the testimony of a slave was inadmissible in court. Thus, the only means to an end was violence.

The climate of the Caribbean islands was known to present ripe conditions for the growing of luxury crops such as sugar and tobacco. To make the most money hardworking, cheap, indentured and slave labour was required. Slave labour took the form of African slaves as opposed to Native Americans, as they were believed to be more resistant to European diseases and were more accustomed to agricultural labour. Indentured labour took the form of convicted criminals, political prisoners and religious non-conformists from the UK, and was different from slave labour in that plantation owners owned the labourer's time not the labourer himself. These slaves were then sold to the Caribbean and to Virginian plantation owners with Scotland dominating the Virginian tobacco market. Due to the easy route from Glasgow to Virginia, Scotland became the centre for tobacco imports in Britain and Dunlop Street, Glassford Street and Buchanan Street are all named after these merchants.

Although punishment for rebelling was horrific, the enslaved did not abstain from rebelling. For every nine ships leaving Nantes, France, there was one revolt and Dutch figures were even higher; figures for British slavers aren't known, as there was a fear that this would dissuade investors. In order to bring this tyranny to an end there were many arduous rebellions. None was more successful than the St. Domingue rebellion in 1791, where slaves overthrew French colonial rule to permanently liberate what is now known as the island of Haiti.

In 1787 the Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade began to focus on a parliamentary campaign to end the trade rather than slavery itself as it was thought that ending this would be easier. Olaudah Equiano wrote about his experiences as a slave and then toured with his book as part of the abolitionist cause. William Wilberforce was an influential MP, who introduced bills to parliament to abolish the trade. Reverend Thomas Clarkson was a leading abolitionist who rode around the country collecting information on the horrors of the trade. He also collected objects that he used when presenting abolitionist lectures, which he used to show the skill of African craft-people. William Dickson wrote the radical book Letters on Slavery, which was picked up by Clarkson, who sent him travelling around Scotland to gather support for the cause. Others distributed pamphlets describing the horrors of slavery and good ole' Robert Burns took to his poetry, writing 'The Slave's Lament', based on tales of slaves in the Scottish estates in Virginia.

Even with such influential fig-

ures it wasn't till 1807 that the Slave Trade Act was introduced. This act outlawed the Slave trade throughout the British Empire but not slavery itself. By instigating the Slave Trade Act many campaigners thought it would bring better treatment to existing slaves; unfortunately this was not the case. 1807 to 1834 represented some of the most difficult years, since slaves were no longer brought into the country, the existing female slaves were subject to more sexual demands to breed 'new slaves' to ensure numbers didn't drop. In the early 1830's many more campaigns to end slavery itself began, with Scotland putting forward 1000 petitions to Parliament alone. It wasn't till 1838 that complete freedom was granted to slaves; a key factor in this was the 1832 Parliamentary Reform Act which was passed. This allowed some of the middle classes, who had tirelessly campaigned against the trade and slavery, to vote. Remarkably, when freedom was eventually granted there was no compensation given to those who had been enslaved. On the contrary, the government handed over 40 per cent of its budget in the form of compensation to plantation owners, money that would keep them going into the 1940's. How considerate of them.

This year may represent two hundred years since the abolition of the slave trade but slavery is far from over. Modern day slavery, in the form of debt bondage, child labour, and human trafficking is evidence enough that we have not yet got the 'pedal to the metal'. Slavery must be eradicated and one way to do so is through education. Considerate or indifferent: where do you stand?



depth of history, that is maybe more relevant to them.

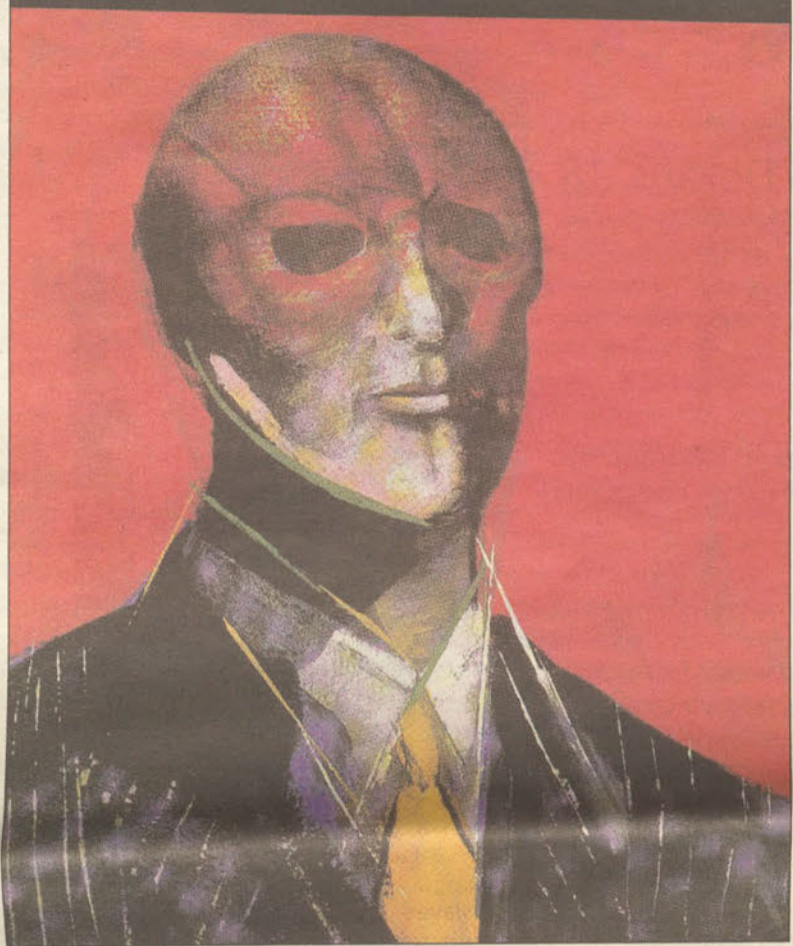
For instance, the slave trade is an aspect of history that was never taught, in any form, at my school but it has existed for hundreds of years and is still going strong. It is a huge topic to cover so I shall mainly focus on the trans-Atlantic,

majority of who were black themselves. David Livingstone of Blantyre estimated that thousands of slaves died each year before even reaching the trade markets of Zanzibar in modern day Tanzania.

The trans-Atlantic slave trade is better documented. An estimated 10 million West Africans

Cult Books

AMERICAN PSYCHO BRET EASTON ELLIS



American Psycho

Scott Ramage



MANY of the modern cult classics divide fans. These are the type of books which, for every fan who claims it to be influential and intelligent, there is another reader who will dismiss it as weak and unnecessary. Bret Easton Ellis' 1991 novel *American Psycho* is an example of one of the most polarising pieces of literature ever written. Controversial and violent, it is illegal to buy if you are under 18 in New Zealand, yet is still considered to be one of the most outrageously funny and successful pieces of satire written, and was adapted into a film in 2000.

The book tells of Patrick Bateman, a young businessman with a well-paying, undemanding job, a good house and a large circle of friends with connections to all the right people – essentially, the average stereotypical “yuppie”. He is also a psychopathic serial killer. The majority of the book doesn't have any great narrative arc; in

fact, one of the most shocking aspects of the book is how little happens in terms of plot. There are the violent scenes of murder which are so explicit it's almost difficult to read them, as well as the graphic sexual passages, and the internal thoughts of a bigoted, sexist monster, but not much particularly happens. Instead, the focus is on a character and his flaws. His treatment of women, his contempt for different minorities and his shallow concerns about everything from his physique to his business card are all displayed to sicken and disgust.

Much of the criticism and antipathy towards this book is based on these aspects of Bateman's character. However, the portrayal of Bateman is not meant to be sympathetic to these traits, but instead highlight the idiocy and narrow-mindedness of the holders of such views. Characters in this book are so far-removed from the realities of life that they believe ideas as ridiculous as dyslexia being contagious, and are instead caught up in their shallow, vacuous lives. The women in the book are treated

with contempt and disrespect, but are far more agreeable characters than the men, who are generally sex-obsessed drug users.

The ending of the book is often said to be confusing and unclear. Without spoiling it, the almost-twist throws into question everything told in the book, and asks the novel's biggest question about identity and meaningfulness. It's an extremely effective and appropriate conclusion to the book, showing the superficiality of Bateman's lifestyle for what it is: an empty void which nobody cares about.

The book is set in the late 1980s and there are a lot of cultural references, which almost make the book seem dated. However the issues that the book deals with are still present in society: consumerism and greed still exist today in many different guises, and for that reason the novel is still as relevant and important as it was when it was first released. The satire is still just as over-the-top and absurd, but it's also just as plausible, and that is what makes this book really scary.

Slaughterhouse Five

Chris Clements



KURT Vonnegut's 1969 comic novel, *Slaughterhouse Five*, is the account of a certain Billy Pilgrim, a World War Two veteran who has come “unstuck in time”. He wakes up one day and he is in a POW camp near Dresden in 1945. On another, he is practising as an optometrist in America in the Sixties. He may walk through a door and find himself as a child, being bathed. Then Billy Pilgrim turns a corner and finds himself in the middle of an Allied fire-bombing.

To make matters even more complicated, Billy is abducted by aliens, calling themselves Tralfamadorians, and paraded in a human zoo where he is forced to make love to a movie star. Yes, it is extremely bizarre reading.

The central event in *Slaughterhouse Five* is the destruction of Dresden, which Vonnegut himself witnessed when he was a prisoner of the Nazis. The suggestion seems to be that Billy Pilgrim has been so traumatised by what he sees during that night in February '45, that he subsequently imagines his capture by the friendly Tralfamadorians and their supposedly better way of life.

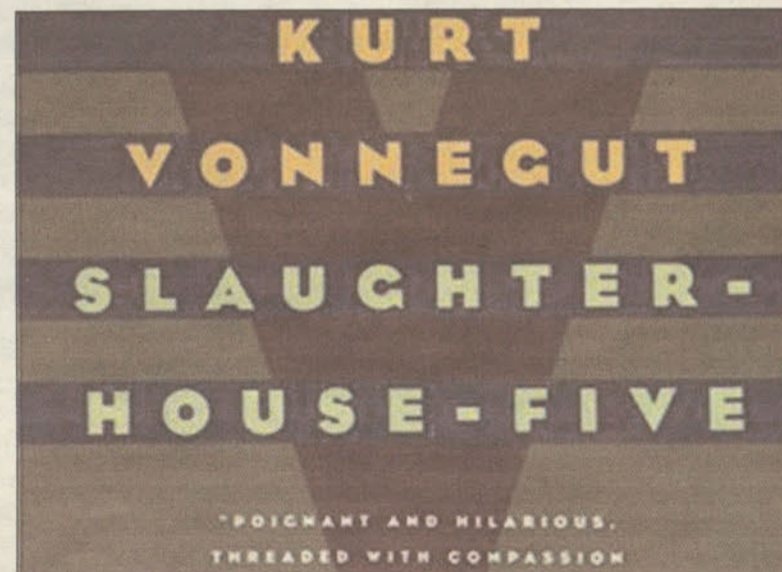
All moments in time, the aliens say, exist simultaneously and it is possible for someone to mainly focus on the good moments rather than the bad ones. Billy, however, does not possess this ability, but randomly flies between events in his life. He is “spastic in time”, writes Vonnegut.

The book is littered with death. The passive hero shrugs off these events, and blunders through life, accepting things the way they are, never having the courage

to change them. He accepts the death of his wife, and the destruction of Dresden, and the execution of poor old Edgar Derby, the teacher-turned-soldier who is shot in the ruins of the German city for stealing a teapot.

Slaughterhouse Five is a post-modern masterpiece. The out-of-order narrative means the reader has to work hard to discern what is going on, as well as pick up the little hints and references that interlink everything that occurs to Billy. The story of Billy's catastrophic life is also framed by the account of Vonnegut himself trying to write an epic war novel. Vonnegut pops up briefly between times as a background character. “That was me. That was I. That was the author of this book”.

One of the best sequences in the novel takes place on the night Billy is abducted by the aliens. He watches a war movie in reverse,



where the artillery heals burning planes and the Allied bombers take back their bombs from the ground. And Billy then imagines that all mankind, working in reverse, is attempting to create two perfect people, Adam and Eve. It's wishful thinking on Billy's part and

incredibly bittersweet. (This sequence also inspired Martin Amis to write his acclaimed Holocaust novel *Time's Arrow*, an entire narrative told backwards.)

Funny and wise, it is a book with much to teach us about war and the effects it has on the mind.

Style @ Strathclyde

Here's what you fashion conscious lot have been wearing around campus this week...

Adam McManus, 19

2nd year Marketing student

What is your favourite item you're wearing?

My converse because they are so comfy.

Where is good to shop in Glasgow?

I like Superdry clothes, so Cult on Queen Street is good.

What is your autumn 'must-have'?

A big cosy scarf to keep warm.

What is your fashion 'must-have' for university?

Definitely an over-the-shoulder bag.



Michaela Dorans, 18

1st year Business student

Who is your style icon?

Debbie Harry, she is really cool.

What is your favourite item you're wearing?

My leather jacket. It is from Primark so it was pretty cheap but I really like it.

Where is good to shop in Glasgow?

Urban Outfitters and Primark. I also love browsing vintage shops, like Watermelon in the West End.

What is your autumn 'must-have'?

A hat. Mine is from River Island.



Stephanie Durnion, 18

1st year Social Sciences student

How would you describe your personal style?

I wear whatever is ironed in my wardrobe!

Who is your style icon?

Kate Nash. She just throws everything together, but it works.

What is your autumn 'must-have'?

Leggings because they go with everything. I have about 7 different pairs! Lots of woolly stuff too.

What fashion magazines do you read as a break from textbooks?

Look and More. I get them every week.



Alex Watson, 18

1st year International Business student

Where do you get your inspiration?

Music. My style icon is Ben Gibbard, lead singer of Death Cab for Cutie.

What is your favourite item you're wearing?

My watch from Diesel. It's my favourite item because my girlfriend bought it for me.

Where is good to shop in Glasgow?

My favourites are Topman, H&M and Urban Outfitters.

What is your fashion 'must-have' for university?

Cool shoes, but they must be comfy!



Big thanks to all the camera friendly students who participated.
You all looked great!

Words by Hannah Weall, pictures by Magnus Hofshagen.

Once Upon a Time

Jenny Rush
Arts Editor
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THINK of musicals and you conjure up images of boisterous thigh slapping and chorus lines. *Once* is about a millions miles away from this stereotype, despite the fact that it could, technically, be lumped in with your *Greases* and your *Annies*. Directed by John Carney, and set in Dublin, it tells the story of an Irish busker who meets a young Czech émigré and forms a touching relationship over the course of the following week.

The film does, as is typical of a 'musical', hang around a core of music, but it subverts the usual formula in several ways. Primarily, instead of writing songs to fit around the story, in *Once* it is the songs themselves which drive the story forward and provide the basis for the very tangible connection between the main characters (we never learn their names). The songs (which are gorgeous, acoustic, folksy numbers) do not interrupt the narrative flow, with trumpet blast and megaphone, but are

subtly woven into the fabric of the film. Boy is nursing a broken heart. Girl is fleeing a messy marriage and trying to support her mother and daughter in a strange country as best she can. Girl is attracted to the boy's raw emotion as he sings a self-penned song late one night on the streets of Dublin in the belief that no-one is listening. She herself is a talented pianist, who practises the only way she can - on a shop piano at lunchtime with just the assistant to hear her. She believes in the power of the boy's songs. With her faith, the boy begins to believe too. And so the story goes. The narrative is refreshingly straightforward, and, to be blunt, not much happens, but trust me when I say that this matters not a jot. When the end comes it will hit you where it hurts. Right through the heart.

The actors, Glen Hansard and Marketa Irglova, are mesmerising when they sing; they are first and foremost musicians. This is one of the many strengths of the film - there is absolutely nothing affected about any of it. The exchanges between the two are so

natural, so warm that it is easy to become completely submerged in the utter charm of it all. Irglova, who was an unbelievable 17 years old when it was filmed, is instantly captivating, from the moment she appears in front of Hansard, demanding in her Czech-Irish lilt who he wrote the song he is singing for, to the scenes where she drags a hover around the streets behind her, like a child leading a reluctant dog, and beyond that to the times when she duets with Hansard. Hansard himself is a lovable scruff; self-deprecating, mixed up, awkward, universally identifiable.

Winner of a 2007 Sundance Award for World Cinema Audience, *Once* was filmed on a meagre budget - handheld cameras, natural, harsh lighting, locations which took in only the streets, a shop, a bedroom and a recording studio. Still, this only serves to add to the human impact of the story. If you are looking for a film that foregoes big names, big money, big stories but which still manages to give you goose pimples and the heart a fiery glow, then go and see this. A diamond in the rough.



Shopman



Scott Ramage



LAST week, one of my classmates dashed into a tutorial twenty minutes late. It was surprising, not because he was late, or even how late he was, but his reason for not being on time. "I was in this shop called Primark," he began, "and it was amazing. They had all these clothes that were really cheap." The rest of us looked at each other. "You don't understand! They had hoodies for £5." I asked him why he'd never been there before. "I don't know. I just haven't. But it's great!" And he continued to rave about his new cheap tie from this 'secret' palace of cheap clothes.

Glasgow is such a big city that it can be hard to find even where to begin the hunt for inexpensive, trendy menswear. There are so many shops vying for your attention - and what's left of your student loan - that they are almost

throwing clothes out the door in an attempt to part you of your cash.

The best place to start is probably H&M. There are two stores in the Buchanan Galleries, and they both sell menswear, which is impressive considering that there are only a few other branches in Scotland which do this. H&M is far cheaper than other high street faces such as Burton or Topman, and yet it is consistently good for trendy clothes to suit current fashions. It also has a great range of plain t-shirts in nearly every colour of the rainbow, and they are surprisingly durable against fading and looking worn-out.

H&M is fantastic for everyday wear, but if you're looking for something a bit more special, there are other places in the city to try. All Saints, situated on Ingram Street, is a lot pricier, but it's worth it when you've got a smart shirt that nobody else has that will keep for special occasions. Similarly, there's Cruise and Reiss in the Merchant City that will satisfy the spenders, and if you keep an eye open you might even spot a footballer.

At the other end of the scale, there are the city's many vintage shops. The most famous, and arguably the best of these, is Mr Ben

at King's Court. A stone's throw away from Argyle Street, the shop is named after the 1970s children's television show and many of the clothes could be from the decade. There are some strange, odd articles which should really remain consigned to history, but many of the clothes on the racks would look good today, and you won't have to burst the bank to afford them.

The cheapest shops are often the best, and amazingly some of the best shops in the city are the charity shops, particularly in the West End. There seems to be a concentration of rich, stylish donators around Byres Road. There's nothing better than finding a pair of designer jeans, completely brand new with the original tags, slashed to a tenth of the original price. So don't be a snob and get stuck in to the racks - you can always wash your bargains once you get home.

There are so many different places to buy clothes in Glasgow that it's hard to even have heard of all of them. There are a million uncovered gems waiting to be found. The only thing to do is get out there, get exploring and have no fear when it comes to buying for yourself. You don't know what you might find - maybe even a hoodie that's less than £5.

Jenny Rush
Arts Editor
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WALKING down Gibson Street the other day, as is the usual direction of my thrice weekly jaunt into university, I passed the Left Bank. Now, this café/bar/bistro/whatever the correct trendy terminology happens to be these days, has been well established since the middle of last year. It has caught my eye before. I've heard good things about it. And with huge front windows, it makes the temptation to stare in at people irresistible. However, that day

was different. That day they had a sign outside, boasting of victory in The Observers' "best cheap eats 2007". Perfect, I thought, for only the other day I was pondering, somewhat gloomily, the fact that my boyfriend and I never seem to eat out.

So, I goes home, and I ring up the boy and I tell him - I tell him, "We're going out for dinner tonight". "Ok," he says.

It is a balmy evening, as we make our way over the hill and approach said destination. Once inside (it is nice to be on the other side of the glass for a change) the décor is very laid back - all dark wood, low benches and flatter-

Phish Food

ing lighting. The wallpaper is that luxurious quilted type which, for some reason, always makes me think of toilet paper. It sports a suitably subtle floral pattern. The place is not too busy when we go in - it is too early for the bar to be crowded and we have missed the early evening diners. Warmth emanates from every direction of the interior, and although not huge, space is cleverly utilised. We are guided to our table which is in a nook sunk down below floor level. Very cosy. Although, when the other 2 tables arrive and our knees are almost knocking together, I become very aware of what I am saying and the conversation dies somewhat. Or it might just be that we have nothing more to say to each other. Either way...

We order from a set menu - which offers 2 courses for £9.50. Very reasonable, yes, and indeed worthy of the title 'cheap'. Drinks, however, do not qualify for this category, and 2 bottles of Corona cost over a fiver. Ouch. For starters I choose a garlicky mushroom

crustini and Don has the crab salad. These arrive very promptly, delivered by a nice young man, who enquires throughout the course of our meal, with a somewhat alarming frequency, if "everything is ok?" Sometimes I worried that I may spray him with food in my haste to reply. The crustini was lovely - tasty baby mushrooms in a creamy garlicky sauce sitting on a bed of fresh salad and crunchy toast. Don did not say much about his salad, but I guessed from the speed at which it disappeared, that it was enjoyed. He assures me that there was plenty crab in it.

Following hot on the heels of our starters come our mains, consisting of beer battered fish and chips with a tartar sauce. The high point for me had to be the chips - or perhaps "fries" would be more fitting. They were finely cut, lightly salted, and cooked to perfection. As it turned out they were to form the core basis of my main meal, which I did not find particularly appetising, on the whole. The fish was soggy. Now, Don informs

me that this was because it had been "beer battered", but I wasn't convinced. Soggy fish, beer battered or not, is a most off-putting texture to place in one's mouth, and combined with the lack of actual flavour, was very disappointing. Also, the thinking behind the tartar sauce confused me - it was very very spicy. First of all, I have never encountered spicy tartar sauce before. Secondly, and more importantly, it burned my mouth and made me regard it with a kind of woeful betrayal - an undoubted attempt to shake up a very traditional meal, which just didn't work for me.

All in all, however, the Left Bank provided a lovely evening out. Friendly, welcoming, and with as aesthetically pleasing premises as they come, the food - which, overall, was very tasty - was simply one element of an otherwise outstanding dining experience. Still, shame about the fish...



Haven't I Seen You Before?

Grant Rule



AH, the Hollywood remake. Sadly, one of the industry's most profitable products and, therefore, one that is sure to continue. However, when celluloid disasters such as *The Hitcher* and *The Omen* are being lobbed at us left, right and centre, one important question must be asked: why?

There are many ways in which to pay homage to a genre, film or director that you really like. Take the example of *Grindhouse*. Quentin Tarantino and Robert Rodriguez slaved away at something truly original, witty, scary, and every other positive adjective that can be launched at something of its calibre and crafted a loving homage to exploitation movies. Clever references abounded, while it was still accessible to the modern audience not used to double-features and the like. And what happened? It made approximately \$25 million at the US box office and has been massacred by distributors over here. Even the best remakes do little business. *Poseidon*, for example, was a fitting spin on the classic original. Nobody saw it. However,

the almost shot-for-shot rehash of *The Omen* which opened on the same week doubled its budget in box-office terms.

Apparently, to be successful these days, the word "homage" no longer exists in film executives' vocabulary. Replace brains, tension, atmosphere, good acting and everything else that made an original 'worthy' of a remake with big-breasted girls, Calvin Klein models, rent-a-shock scares and a twist ending that nobody's buying and hey presto! You've just made yourself \$100 million, you lucky suit, you!

What's sparked this rant, you may be asking yourself? Well, it all started a few years ago, when some genius decided to let Rob Zombie (yes, it's who you're thinking of) put a new spin on possibly the greatest horror movie of all time, *Halloween*. After having seen this atrocity in recent weeks, I felt I had to put pen to paper and release some of my anger. If putting a new spin on this seminal classic means providing a twattish backstory which is more laughable than sympathy-inducing and completely destroying every ounce of power the Michael character may once have held for cinema-goers,

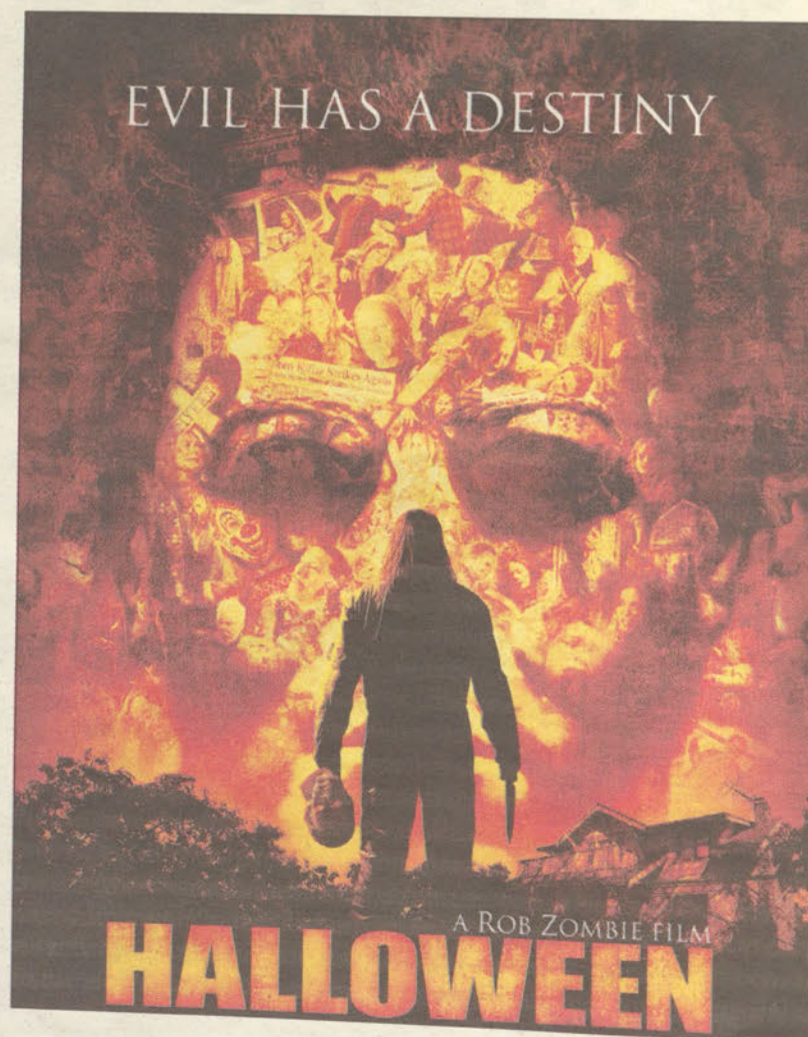
then well done! That this tripled its budget at the US box-office despite opening in late September (good job, marketing guys! The prospect of *Saw IV* opening on *Halloween* weekend a little too much for you?) is beyond a joke.

Even when attempts are made to class things up a little by hiring well-respected and genuinely talented actors, their talents are wasted. Freddy Rodriguez, Mia Farrow, Kurt Russell, - all have starred in remakes which have either been abysmal or little-seen. Therefore, even the idea that Naomi Watts may headline a remake of *The Birds* is little cause for celebration.

Hope springs, however, from the fact that audiences do seem to be losing their appetite for this kind of fare. *The Hitcher* underperformed badly (although combining Sean Bean and half the cast of *One Tree Hill* was never a recipe for box-office gold, now, was it?) and critics have been savagely mauling them ever since they started. When movies like *Grindhouse* and *Poseidon* fail, however, and a Rob Zombie-directed horror movie makes almost more money than both of them combined, it's time to worry. So, I urge you, people. This weekend? Give *Saw*

IV and *Halloween* a miss. Go see *Rendition*. Go see anything other than a sequel or a remake. By all means, see these films if you enjoy

them, but give good movies with something to say about the world a chance, as well. You may just be surprised.



Family Values



Picture: mafleen

Geraldine McKelvie



IT has often been argued that the hallmark of a well-played tragedy is when the audience find themselves hoping against hope that it will all end well. This was certainly true when innovative director David Levin brought Sophocles' *Antigone* to the Tron Theatre last month. The third of the renowned Theban tragedies, it tells the story of the defiant titular character, determined to overrule the authority of her fiancée's father, King Creon, by giving her disgraced brother a proper burial.

The set, characterised only by the overhead TV screens which Levin incorporated into the production to give it some modern resonance, initially seemed bare and uninspiring. However, as the action unfolded it served to ensure that our attention was focused solely on the power of the story and the quality of the acting which brought it to life.

The performance marked the professional debut of RSAMD graduate Hannah Donaldson, who tackled the eponymous role with sensitivity and style. She had little

difficulty conveying Antigone's courage, emotional torment and intense family loyalty. It was a timeless performance which acted as a perfect foil for an able supporting cast - particularly Sally Reid as her tortured sister Ismene and David Ashwood as fiancée Haemon. All three skilfully communicated the agony of Creon's decision, giving great scope for audience involvement and perhaps even empathy with this classic tale. This, of course, is no mean feat considering the stigma modern audiences often attach to classical drama.

A memorable performance was also delivered by Jimmy Yuill as Creon who competently added to our sense of connection with the drama. In the moving final scene, his evident despair over the loss of his son and wife help us to understand his struggle between moral and civic duty, one of the key themes of the play. He struck a near perfect balance in his portrayal of a forceful dictator who simultaneously maintains a strong, though warped, sense of family value. In this, then, veteran director Levin, has had the distinction of successfully expressing the relevance of a classic to a modern audience.

Competition



Picture: Scott Fieldstein

Calling all poets!

THE TELEGRAPH will be running a poetry competition to find fresh new voices, with the best two entries winning the chance to be published in the paper. If you fancy yourself as the 21st century equivalent of Keats or Coleridge then don't hesitate to send us your pieces before the closing date of December 4th! Poems are to be on the theme of Christmas and should be no longer than 30 lines.

Inspector Morsel

Undercover Agent



NEAR the end of last term I had an epiphany, of sorts. As I sat in the rather depressing, dimly-lit library cafeteria, with the pungent stench of burnt cheese from the toasty machine wafting up my delicate nostrils, whilst shoving a four quid, sun-dried tomato and mozzarella, pretentiously packaged panini down my gullet, which, by the way, tasted like melted plastic bags between two doughy slabs of 'Italian ciabatta' (that I'm sure the Italians would pelt you with if you served it to them) I wondered: What the hell am I doing! (Now breathe). As if by some cosmic co-incidence, at that precise moment of clarity, my pal Lauren announced that last week she found, of all things, an eyelash in her tuna mayo wrap. Combining this with the fact that I spend half my student loan on these god-awful, pre-packaged sandwiches, I officially declared that I would not waste another penny on them. Instead, I went on a crusade to find

the cheapest, tastiest joints for us students to sate our appetites.

So, after searching far and wide and much, much research (and by research I mean stuffing my face) I found the perfect place right on our doorstep. If you haven't discovered it yet (and I'm swithering whether to tell you in case the queue gets any bigger) I'm talking about Jamieson's - the wee humble roll shop on the corner of George Street, under the Livingstone Tower. In my opinion, any place with a line of builders outside is a sure sign there is cheap, tasty grub on offer and Jamieson's has these hard-hatted, fluorescent-attired gentlemen all over the shop. There's none of this touchy-feely, namby-pamby organic guff. Just plain and simple, big, crusty Morton rolls with classic hot or cold fillings and home-made soup galore. If a tourist asked me where to go for a Glasgow culinary experience, I'd send them round here for a roll and square sausage with potato sconé followed by a bottle of Irn-Bru to wash it down. Cannot be beaten.

If you do go in though, I give you three friendly pieces of advice: Firstly, bypass the refrigerated sandwiches on the way in. Secondly, don't worry about the queue. The gaggle of able women behind the counter zip through customers with a no-nonsense, dinner-ladyesque manner. There's none of this - "Can I help you?" or "the customer is always right" rubbish. Just get your roll and whatnot and get the hell out. NEXT!!! These women have a job to do and damn, they do it well. And finally, for the love of God, do not ask for a kid-on coffee. If you like your low-fat, de-caff, soy milk latte with a whisper of foam, this is not the place for you, unless you want the radio to suddenly stop playing and everyone to stare at you like they do in the Queen Vic when someone's having a barney. My advice - go back and join the rest of the Star-schmucks and continue to bankrupt yourself for your lunch. You don't belong here amongst the polystyrene cups and brown paper bags. Be Gone! Yes, Jamieson's may be no frills, but I must say, I find this thrilling.

Your Letters

Dear Editor,

The Strathclyde Union Green week set what is looking to become a theme across campus this academic year. The environmental movement within the student body is gathering momentum with the potential for 2007/08 to be remembered as the year that Strathclyde "went green".

We would like to congratulate our Vice President of Support and Campaigns in the Union for

organising the green week but, we must ensure that this is the beginning of big things at Strathclyde and not simply ticking the green box for another year. There is much happening behind the scenes on campus with the Environmental Action Collective. This new group includes People and Planet, representatives from the Union, Plane Stupid, Ecodemia, and a range of academic backgrounds. All involved with the

collective have the common goal of turning Strathclyde and its wider community into an institution which can provide a quality of living and learning for the students of today without compromising the ability to provide for generations to come. Let's keep things moving and not lose the momentum green week created.

Strathclyde People and Planet Society

Dear Editor,

For me, Green Week asked the questions that needed to be asked: who decides whether Strathclyde continue washing the campus with chemicals which leaves soil ruined for eternity? Is it right that students should be forced to fly to European field trips when coaches don't half as pollute? Who the hell decides that every single-sided photocopier, every new car park, and

every weekend 'conference' flight to New York is paid for with student fees and potential staff wages? And fundamentally, is it right that the UK Higher Education Sector emits 3 million tonnes of CO2 from energy consumption alone?

In the face of organised resistance, these are the important questions.

Dan Glass

J Pop Tarts

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IT'S FUNNY seeing just how far trends will be followed. When I was in Thailand last year, they seemed to be mad for alternative rock American style, and this year I find myself surrounded by the bright lights of Tokyo at two o'clock in the morning pondering their fondness for pop music. Now, I can understand a love for a bit of alternative, being an unashamed fan myself, and I found there were occasions where these Thai bands

seemed to "get it" more than the droves of American bands churning out average drivel just to earn an easy but pretty much wholly uninspiring living.

But Japanese (J) pop? In a country that seems to have everything you could possibly want at all times of the day and night, what exactly were they thinking of here, I wonder? Its been quite some time since that which was considered pop music constituted an essential part of a healthy aural diet, so why the fascination? It's a difficult question, but then I'd be foolish to overlook their inherent

love of fun, what with video game arcades and dressing up at every opportunity, and I suppose there wouldn't be many among us who wouldn't secretly admit to liking the odd pop tune for enjoyment's sake.

And that really got me to wondering, does everything need to have some kind of deeper meaning? Can't we just forget all that 'scene' nonsense and have a bit of fun for a change? With Halloween been and gone, it doesn't mean we can't indulge in getting all dressed up and learning the moves to Michael Jackson's *Thriller*.



Stephen Fretwell

Sarah Nowak



I ASCENDED THE tour bus as Stephen Fretwell was changing his trousers. Having just played the eleventh gig of his tour at The Classic Grand on Jamaica Street, he was probably looking forward to relaxing.

After a few minutes waiting for him with current band mates Pete and Richard of Elbow, Stephen emerged, even friendlier and more likable than his onstage persona.

While the audience at the Classic Grand ate up Fretwell's every note, he found it paled in comparison to most of the previous tour stops. "That wasn't the best show we've done - in fact it was my least favourite. The sound was a bit strange and that guy was shouting in the front."

Few others aside from the distracting gents stood at the very front, which is quite a different scenario from what one would find at any gig in New York City, where Fretwell spent time last year. After finishing a tour with Feist, he opted to shoot down to Manhattan from Canada. Fretwell hadn't intended on writing or recording in New York, but found himself eager to create when he met Eli Janney, of Girls Against Boys and producer of Ryan Adams. After hearing Fretwell's work, Janney encouraged him to record *Man on the Roof*.

"If anything, being there made

the album more British, Fretwell notes, "I tried my hardest not to let it influence anything too much. I didn't want to make some record like [singing] I'm riding down the East River..."

An easy impression of Fretwell is that he has long thought about New York and America. "I always had these ideas about New York in my head when I was young. I suppose I've always been quite secretly obsessive about American culture."

Why *Man on the Roof*? The title came from a friend staying in Toronto who suggested the title because the man on the roof in a cowboy film is always the last guy to get shot. "You never notice the man on the roof," Fretwell imitated his friend, "and that's like you, nobody ever notices what you're up to."

Maggie, the album that preceded *Man on the Roof*, made people sit up and notice Fretwell. He describes the sudden acclamation as strange, and he is relieved to be back in the underground again. "That was, I think, the most character building thing that's ever happened to me, having to deal with that, with grace."

One of the artists who inspires Fretwell the most is Elliot Smith. With his experience in the spotlight, he believes he can understand what happened to Smith. "All of that adoration for Miss Misery, and then moving back down... I wonder if that's what really depressed him. As much as he didn't want to be a big act, maybe



Picture: Nicola T

something inside him did and he felt guilty about it."

Within most artists there lies a root of dissatisfaction. For Fretwell, an early dissatisfaction brewed over his hometown of Scunthorpe, England, which he has described as lacking soul. He often wonders what would have happened to him if he hadn't fled. If he stayed, he probably never would have recorded at Abbey Road Studios. "The heritage of the place was amazing. Studio 2 is massive, and it's a really nice place to set up 4

or 5 musicians." Fretwell chose to record *Maggie* there for several reasons, one being that he is a massive Beatles fan.

The average person might find it hard to have any aspirations left after such an experience, but Fretwell maintains some goals. "I just want to keep writing and making myself happy with songs. I have never experienced a natural high as much as when I've just completed a song that I'm happy with."

Fretwell claims to be the type

of artist that feels compelled to follow a career in music. He quoted Tony Wilson: "97% of musicians are trying to make millions of pounds, and the other 3% feel they for some reason have to do it, and can't stop themselves from doing it." Fretwell's status in that smaller percentile is palpable. While quite talented, he'll be the first to remind you, whether intentionally or not, that he too puts his trousers on one leg at a time.

Music Reviews

Mark Ronson ABC: Tuesday, October 16

Scott Ramage
on Music



THERE'S a definite party vibe to tonight's show. The only trouble is that when it comes to parties, there are some things which are only a good idea at the time.

The night gets off to a good start with support act Ali Love.

Coming across like the love-child of Prince and Jake Shears, his mix of disco and light pop sets a relaxed, fun tone, and he's amassed an army of swooning admirers by the time he pulls off his top and finishes his set.

Ronson's show is immediately striking for its very unusual set-up. There are two drummers with their own kits, alongside three

brass players, a keyboardist, a bassist and Ronson himself switching between various guitars. Guest vocalists wander on and off stage to take turns at performing, with singers such as soulful Daniel Merriweather and the feisty Talia compensating for the absence of the stars such as Lily Allen and Amy Winehouse who feature on his recent album *Version*.

The show itself is a mixture of highs and lows. An inventive, dramatic cover of Britney Spears' hit *Toxic* is played early in the set, leaving other tracks sounding weak and less inspired. The lead singer of Phantom Planet Alex Greenwald joins the stage for a rendition of The O.C. theme tune *California*, and it sums up the problem presented by Ronson's music - it is enjoyable, it's just not so amazing that it's particularly notable as anything other than background music.

Not that any of this is given a moment's thought by the audience. When hit single *Valerie* is finally played there's a real sense of joy, and the ABC is not just rocked but positively pogoing at encore *Stop Me*. When the party is this good, it's impossible not to have a good time. Just don't expect to remember why it's such fun.

Roisin Murphy "Overpowered"

ELECTRO-POP is a difficult style of music to do well. Sometimes it can seem simple and dull - for example, Rachel Stevens or Sophie Ellis-Bextor - or it can be quite difficult and challenging to listen to - examples being Justice and M.I.A. However, there are a handful of artists who are able to do it well, and Roisin Murphy is one of the better acts producing this music. Previously one-half of Moloko, this is Roisin's second solo album and features production from talents such as Richard X (Sugababes, Annie) and Andy Cato of Groove Armada. However, it is Murphy herself who is the main talent here, with an album of disco-inspired grooves guaranteed to fill any dancefloor. The beats and basslines throb and hum as Roisin purrs seductively and longingly on tracks such as *You Know Me Better* and recent single *Let Me Know*. Like Goldfrapp, the music is sultry and sexy, but Murphy's strength is in her



soulful, almost jazz-like voice: quiet and innocent on house anthem *Movie Star*; yet full and forceful on the call for respect *Checkin' On Me*. With this album, Murphy has managed to find the middle ground and make a record which is both straightforward enough to appeal to the charts, yet interesting enough to be a captivating listen.



Picture: BBC Interactive

Love Machine

"I BETTER take off my big sunglasses," says Ali Love as he sits down beside me. He looks every inch the trendy modern pop star, with his big coat, unbelievably skinny jeans and huge trainers. Yet it's a look which is almost at odds with his style of music - "ultra-gay disco-pop" as he describes it himself. He begins to talk about his latest single *Late Night Session*, claiming it's inspired by "bands like Earth Wind And Fire and 80s boogie music," and immediately his passion for music becomes obvious. Currently on tour with Mark Ronson - "it's a good crowd, and there's a lot of nice girls" - Love is building momentum for the release of his debut album entitled *Love Music* due out early next year, which is written, performed and produced all by himself and set to be an exciting mixture of pop, disco, funk and rock and roll.

Love's father was an artist who tragically committed suicide when Love was only 13, and his stepfather is acclaimed folk musician

Hank Langford, so it's only natural that he fell into the creative process of making music. "I love music. I'm a songwriter, I love everything about music," he says, and is honest to admit that he doesn't care how much the album sells. "It's hard for a label to know what to do with me. I'm known in the underground; it's difficult to make the transition to the mainstream."

That's not to say Love hasn't already tasted success. He has already released a handful of independent singles on his own *I Love* label, written a song for the *Just Jack* album and featured on The Chemical Brothers recent smash hit *Do It Again*. "Me and Tom (of the duo) were like naughty schoolboys, making this naughty song. I actually got them into the vocal booth, which they never do. It was a boost of confidence, working with them." It's connections like this which mean that Ali Love is often considered as part of the New Rave scene. "I think New Rave is cool, I'm up for anyone painting

their face!"

However, Love's music is much more similar to that of Lily Allen and Kate Nash, with its social commentary and catchy pop hooks. How does he feel about these comparisons? "I like Lily Allen, I think she's good. I think Kate Nash is really for girls - she's alright. I think people like to hear real things."

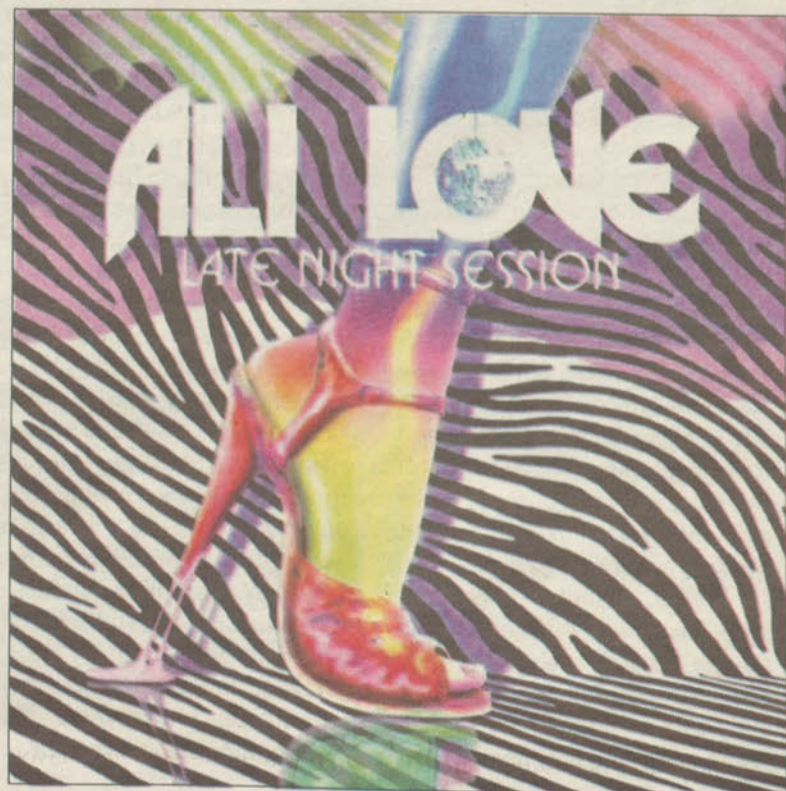
There are few songs as real or direct as his early single *Lost in the K-Hole*, which is a plausible yet hilarious story about a night's experiences under the influence of the wrong substance. "It's about what people get up to. There are people going out and getting out of their minds. It's the truth of life, and I'm just writing something honest about it."

It's easy to assume that Love is not to be taken seriously, and even he admits he likes to make fun of himself - "I just don't know if everyone's got the joke," he half-worries - but Love insists there is a deeper level to him and his music. "I think you've made it

when you've made it mentally in the world. I think I've made it just because of where my mind's at... I'm not violent, I know where my priorities lie, I'm nice to people."

At one point he tells me he would like to be a Buddhist monk, yet he confesses he would probably have ended up "selling drugs in a club" if he hadn't reached the

point he is at now. It's that seemingly paradoxical personality that makes him so exciting, in both terms of someone to interview and as a musician. He's a character with as much as energy as is in his music, and he's happy to be that way. "I've got a lot of confidence in what I do. Whatever I do, it will be alright."



Idlewild – Scottish Fiction Tour

Barrowlands: Sunday, October 21

Kirsten Johnson



A BAND will often release a 'best of' when support for new material is dwindling, they wish to cut their losses and end on the coat-tails of a past high. This is not the case, however, with Idlewild, a group who have grown-up alongside their fans and who seem more comfortable than ever.

After a bit of difficulty regarding guest-lists, I am perching on a rather handy step at the side of the Glasgow Barrowlands, the vintage venue where scores of Scottish bands have launched their careers. The floor is sticky, the air smells like moss and an unidentified fluff hangs from the ceiling fans but that's all part of the charm, apparently.

The support act, Twilight Sad, have started. They look the part, made up in skinny jeans and pastel Lyle and Scott jumpers, but suffer greatly from the audience's usual want for the lead act to come on. A number of relentlessly boring rifts in, it becomes apparent that they are but a poor man's Editors (and if I'd wanted to see the Editors I'd

have been down by the river witnessing the real thing).

At last, Roddy and his comrades stroll onto the stage with an air of achievement, it's only there eighth time here! They have little to prove to an audience who sing word for word and it is worth the wait. Roddy, minus the usual thespian shirt, thanks the audience for coming, "it's reassuring you came out here on a Sunday night".

When I Argue I See Shapes opens the 90+ minute set and the crowd love it. Smiles greet me as I peer back at the illuminated faces, something quite unusual in a time where criticism is deemed cool. Guitarist Rod Jones flies around the stage, if it wasn't for the tell-tale bandage covering most of his lower arm you wouldn't know he had broken it a mere two weeks previous. Next comes You Held the World in Your Arms, arguably their most famous. The crowd, like me, associate it with times past, of teenage parties and the inevitable avoiding of homework. Nostalgia is a wonderful thing.

Roddy's vocals have noticeably developed over the years, moving from an angsty rasp in the nineties to a more tuneful, folksy sound.



Picture: tlobf

This is most apparent when they perform Roseabilty and English, two of my favourites... I do a wee cheeky air hammer, and I am not a hammerer.

A few new tracks are intertwined into the classic line-up, the band may have a 'best of' album but, as Roddy expresses in his online blog, they have no intentions of finishing up. As a "present to the crowd", they also perform their first ever two songs, Queen of Troubled Teens and Chandelier, from before they even secured

a record contract. This separates hardcore fans from the casuals and I witness a crowd surf. The mid twenty-something couple in-front of me get so excited that they proceed to spill the entirety of their plastic cups on each other without a seconds glance.

The gig concludes as all should, with two encores, oh yes, and a nice sappy number. The Remote

Part mixes tuneful guitar solos with a gentle drum beat and affecting words. There are lots of cuddles (homo and hetero) and said drunken couple mentioned above have a clumsy snog.

I'm all for new bands, although the current indie-rave influx is getting ever so tiresome, but I shall admit that familiarity certainly doesn't breed contempt.

The Sexy Kids

Mono: Monday, October 8

Fiona Inglis
on Music

To be honest, when I first heard that the band playing at Mono tonight was called The Sexy Kids, I thought, "Please, not another repulsively arrogant, annoyingly attractive bunch of indie kids out to rule the world". But when the band finally came on stage I was left blinking, mouth open, like a freshwater guppy! Enter five of the most awkward characters the city's ever seen: Roxanne, Patrick, Molly, Graeme and Andy.

As they fumbled about on-stage, organising instruments and the like, I couldn't help but ponder how a group of people so apparently odd could sound so good. Without warning they began: bass,

guitar, recorder, drums, keyboard, wooden blocks and all, drenching Mono in a cocktail of sound.

Initially it was a bit of a barrage on the ears as each instrument fought to be heard, but halfway through their opening song the dim descended into something fascinating; something so brilliant that I actually started to laugh!

The Sexy Kids' sound is jingly jangly, it's shambolic and it's unashamedly happy. Well at least it appears joyful... if you scratch beneath the surface the lyrics are actually painfully melancholic. Ironically, they've just delivered in a way which somehow managed to make everyone in the audience (which included Alex and Bob from Franz Ferdinand) smile.

Talking to Roxanne after their performance, I discovered that The Sexy Kids are still in their in-

fancy, "we've only been together for about three weeks!" Perhaps the fact that tonight was only their third time playing to a live audience could help explain why they didn't look entirely comfortable. As it turns out, Roxanne and Patrick are both members of another Glasgow band, The Royal We (who are incidentally about to release an EP then announce their split) while Molly is also playing in a ukulele duo! Given time to develop the band properly and explore their own sound, The Sexy Kids could really be one of Glasgow's best kept secrets.

Part their unapologetically haphazard style, part their quirky charm, The Sexy Kids may not be so easy on the eyes, but they're certainly easy on the ears.

Look See Proof

Barrowlands: Tuesday, October 9

Fiona Inglis
on Music

"Ow'ight Glasgow, how ya doin'? We're all the way from Lun-dan", beams David Sells, lead singer and bassist of the capital's latest indie offering, Look See Proof. "Waaah-hyyy!" cheer the crowd, for some reason. Lovely. With the formalities out of the way, the band began their set.

Between Here and There was the opening track and a short burst of energetic, funk-fuelled power pop: everything Maximo Park wished their second album sounded like. After their second track, and an ample applause, David goes fishing for brownie points:

"Has anyone in here ever heard of the Dykenies? Best fucking band in Scotland right now", the crowd cheer and swell with pride; LSP are well on their way to winning some new fans north of the border.

Riding high on their mini crowd triumph the band continued to unleash a string of catchy pop songs.

Casualty and Start Again are both guaranteed pop grenades, stuffed with well crafted guitar riffs, powerful drumming and more teenage angst than Adrian Mole's diaries; pop shrapnel spattered in all directions as soon as they're dropped into the crowd.

Closing their show was the soon to be released debut single Local Hero, a track which wouldn't sound out of place on Radio One slotted alongside the Pigeon Detectives and The Cribs.

Don't get me wrong, Lee, David, Jason and Jonny aren't doing anything particularly new for music: they're four typically indie looking guys, shoehorned into typically skinny jeans, sporting typically tousled hair, fronting a typically indie sound. However, where this band differs from their indie peers is in their portion of talent and their stage presence, which guarantees their potential to be massive.

Hell, I even paid £15 for a t-shirt and for a skint student that's saying something... but should you need Proof, go Look See.

Halloween All-Nighter

Hats off to all the trick-or-treater's who dressed up and went to the Union's Halloween All Nighter.

Here's some of the *ghoulish* photos we were unfortunate enough to take!





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Cometh The Hour, Cometh The Iceman

Euro Select vs. Rest of the World

Craig Taylor
Sports Editor



rest of the world squad is formed using players who are non-Europeans.

Best elevens are a ubiquitous form of trivial footballing fun, but this issue I'm going to propose one with a twist. The teams must be formed using current players, any legal formation and only one player per country is allowed, obviously the

I have chosen what I think is the best European side plus subs, and the world team was submitted to me by student, Calum Johnson. Who would you pick and why? Email c.taylor@strath.ac.uk or come into the media centre and fight your case like a man!

Euro X1

Rest of the World

- GK Given, Ireland
- LB Riise, Norway
- CB Terry, England
- CB Cannavaro, Italy
- RB Puyol, Spain
- LM Nedved Czech Republic
- CM Ballack, Germany
- RM C. Ronaldo, Portugal
- SS Henry, France
- CF Van Nistelrooy, Holland
- CF Ibrahimovic, Sweden

- GK Friedel, USA
- LB Heinze, Argentina
- CB Márquez, Mexico
- CB Córdoba, Columbia
- RB Diogo, Uruguay
- CM Essien, Ghana
- CM Kaka, Brazil
- CM Park Ji-Sung, South Korea
- SS Martins, Nigeria
- CF Drogba, Ivory Coast
- CF Eto'o, Cameroon

Bench: Boruc, B. Ferguson, Van Buyten, Vidic, Healy

Bench: Schwarzer, Solano, Adebayor, Balde, Karimi



Picture: Strzalek

There are a few things he's done that not even the staunchest Celtic supporter can surely agree with. There was no need for the goalie to show two fingers to the home support in the Govan stand whilst his skipper lay on the deck with a serious head wound. There was also no need for him to provoke the Hibernian fan earlier on in the season, especially when he made two massive blunders to hand Hibs the win.

However, I do believe that the man deserves a break, especially from the Scottish press. He blesses himself at Ibrox (as he does do at EVERY game) and it makes the front page of some newspapers, with some claiming he uses his religion to goad the opposition. However, when Celtic won the league and Rangers did not applaud them onto the pitch, isn't that a way of being unsportsman-

like, disrespecting Celtic's achievement and in a way winding up the Celtic support?

Oh, and don't give me the spiel about it the rivalry being is too fierce to allow such an act - Chelsea, who aren't the best of friends with Man United, applauded them onto the pitch when they stole the League trophy away from them.

Surely in this day and age we can respect someone's religion no matter whether they are Catholic, Protestant, Muslim or Jewish. And surely we can accept the fact that a few players like to bless themselves or pray before a game.

Or does it come down to the fact religion and football are so completely intertwined in this country, that religious hatred is burned that deep into sections of support that times will never change, and it's an ugly part of the game, much like Lee Wilkie, that we must accept.

cluding crucial details on weight distribution.

The qualifying session in Hungary revealed the degree of animosity between the McLaren drivers - Alonso appearing to hold Hamilton up in the pit lane after Hamilton had refused to honour a tactic to allow Alonso to overtake him. Alonso reminded us of his brilliance behind the wheel at the rain-drenched European Grand Prix, pulling off a great move on Massa towards the end.

Amongst all the accusations and the press releases, the laid back Finn was getting to grips with his new car, pulling off good wins in France and Britain, minding his own business. With Ferrari winning the Constructor's Championship due to McLaren's expulsion by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile (FIA), it seemed likely that the Drivers' crown would go to the rookie Hamilton or to Alonso for the third time.

At the Brazilian Grand Prix, Hamilton showed the first signs of nerves and his rash first lap, combined with a car problem, an apparent software issue, sent him backward. The pace of the Ferraris was such that Massa and Raikkonen took control of the race, with another great drive from Massa who shall prove a tough man for Raikkonen to beat next year. And so it was the Iceman who sneaked in quietly through the back door to claim his first, and no doubt not his last, Drivers' crown.

someone on his side. For instance, whenever Boruc goes to Ibrox, did you know that the only reason he blesses himself is to wind up the Rangers support? I mean he never blesses himself at every home and away game for Celtic; and he never blesses himself when he plays for his country either.

If blessing yourself at Ibrox annoys the home support so much, then I'm just a little bit confused as to why no one whipped out their mobile phone to record the Barcelona players blessing themselves as they stepped onto the Ibrox pitch. Surely the only reason they blessed themselves was to wind up the home fans and create a hostile atmosphere for themselves.

If the answer is no then why the controversy about a Celtic player blessing himself at Ibrox, and if the answer is yes, then why is there not one single clip on YouTube asking for serious action to be taken against those players believed to be guilty.

team became the main talking point at each race. At Monaco, Alonso held off his team mate to take the win, only for Hamilton to later claim that he had been told to hold station.

There were some signs that Alonso, the two times reigning champion, was struggling to come to terms with his brave and confident team mate. Meanwhile Ferrari were suffering from some uncharacteristic reliability problems and the odd driver error, most notably from Raikkonen in Monaco qualifying.

As if the on-track action was not enough, it emerged that a spy scandal was at large, with McLaren later fined £50 million for receiving information from Nigel Stepney at Ferrari. Although this was downplayed in the British media, Stepney was found to have exchanged over 300 emails and texts between McLaren's Coughlin, in-

just like to stress that I personally think every player from every team should shake hands with the opposition - win, lose, or draw. However, should players just walk off the pitch then it's no big deal is it?

Try telling that to the Celtic keeper, Arthur Boruc. The Celtic number one has got it coming from all angles. He can't walk off the pitch without shaking hands with the certain Rangers players, without some of the press calling for his head. The poor guy can't even bless himself for good luck in a football match now without some idiot recording it and posting it on YouTube.

Well I for one have decided that the man the Celtic supporters call the 'Holy Goalie' needs

Andrew Collins
F1 Season Brief



THE 2007 Formula One World Championship was widely thought to be the start of a new era - the retirement of a certain German, heralding a few driver changes at the top teams. With Fernando Alonso to partner the rookie Lewis Hamilton at McLaren, while Kimi Raikkonen crossed the divide to drive alongside Felipe Massa at the Prancing Horse. Honda had a new climate friendly car, but the less said about that the better, it was to be the only notable thing they achieved all year.

Round one of the season saw a dominant display by Ferrari at Australia, with Raikkonen winning comfortably, this led some to believe that it was to be a one horse race. As the season progressed, the internal battle at the McLaren

Bless You

Eilidh Roe



CAN you hear that? Listen just a little bit harder. Hear it yet? That deafening silence you can hear is the reaction of the Scottish press after Rangers failed to shake hands with any of the Dundee United players after their 2-1 defeat at Tannadice Park.

I know what you're thinking - so what if they didn't shake hands, it's not very sportsmanlike, but there is no need to hound them for it. After all there is no law in the game that says you absolutely have to shake hands with the opposition, most of us just think it's polite.

Now, before I continue, I would

Hockey Success

Strathclyde 1s 5 0 Dundee 1s

Laura McNeill
SC Women's 1A



ON WEDNESDAY, 24 OCTOBER, Strathclyde Women's British Universities Sports Association (BUSA) team headed out into the sunshine to play Dundee University Women at Stepps. With one win and two draws this BUSA campaign, we were ready to go out and get some goals to increase our wavering goal difference tally.

Pass back was at 2.30pm and, with the sun behind us and support from the Strathclyde Men's team on the side lines, confidence was running high.

The first half started positively and the game flowed better than it did the previous Wednesday.

This continued throughout the duration of the game, with goal after goal flying in for the mighty Clyde. Goals came courtesy of a Lucy Elliot hat trick with Kelly Liu adding to the scoreline. Notable misses came from Kathy McCandless who seemed to have difficulty hitting the back on the net on this occasion. Dundee pressure came predominantly from the midfield but seemed to be unable to get passed the impenetrable Clyde defence, needless to say, the goalie hardly had a touch.

Strathclyde came away with a 5-0 win, highlighting Dundee's defensive inadequacies. This result will undoubtedly boost confidence going into next Wednesday's game against league leaders Edinburgh.



Close Encounter



Craig Taylor
Sports Editor
c.taylor@strath.ac.uk



THE most horrifying event I witnessed this Halloween wasn't an over weight, scantily clad female at the Halloween All-nighter, it was the complete collapse of Strathclyde men's basketballing elite during the match with local rivals Glasgow University.

After the warm up session and the standard homoerotic shouting and fist pumping, the stage was set for what was to be an intense encounter, with Strathclyde looking to bounce back from a shock defeat the week previous at the hands of league minnows St. Andrews.

Glasgow won the tip off, but with neither side stamping their authority early on, it was to be Strathclyde who drew first blood from the free throw line, earning them a solitary point. Some excellent interception play by

the Strathclyde number eight allowed a quick and decisive break up court, setting up the first points from behind the arc.

A dominant display by Strathclyde in the first quarter, compounded by several unsuccessful Glasgow counter attacks allowed the home side to take in a comfortable 21-9 lead.

Squeaky voiced support rang out from a depleted Glasgow bench at the start of the second, this was to no avail as the home side, with a gaggle of females cheering them on from the gantry extended their lead.

An inspired timeout by Glasgow midway through the second quarter and the substitution of the Strathclyde captain, Alistair Hornell, saw the visitors right back into the game. Without their number four on the court Strathclyde lacked invention and drive, but managed to pull through to half time with a 30-26 lead.

Glasgow fought back hard throughout the third quarter, showing character and strength, capitalising on the home side's lack of conviction, eventually gaining the lead for the first time with three minutes left in the third. Strathclyde faced the final quar-

ter needing to overturn a six point deficit; all they needed to do was recapture the creative, fluid movement they showed in the first half.

The final quarter commenced and both teams knew the game was going to be decided by the smallest of margins - every point was going to count. A spree of scoring put Strathclyde right back in contention at 57-57 with two minutes left. Poor shooting from the free throw line and numerous spurned attacks undid all the hard work, with Glasgow running down the clock to see out an extremely close game, finishing 59-63 to the visitors.

Strathclyde's great start was to be their downfall, as captain and man of the match, Alistair Hornell emphasised, "We took our foot off the gas, attempted stupid shots and had no defensive structure."

Glasgow captain, Stephen Flavahan, took time to speak to *The Telegraph* after the game "It was a gritty match, both sides are extremely talented and hard working." He went on to say "We were short of a few players today, we only had two on the bench, but we're glad to come away with the win."

Battling Spirit

...continued from Back Page

got Strathclyde off to a great start with a commanding doubles victory that saw the visitors take the first point of the day.

Strathclyde's Chris Adams was

having a tougher test in his singles match as he was unable to cope with the power and accuracy of his Glasgow opponent, losing 6-1 6-2 and handing two points to the home team.

Following his victory in the doubles, Scott Nicholls continued his good form into the singles as he comfortably disposed off his opponent 6-2 6-0. He dictated the pace of this match and had his opposite number scrambling across the court in vain as he gave Strath-

clyde a three points to two lead. His team mates will be hoping he keeps up this momentum if they are to mount a serious challenge for the title this season.

Stuart MacPherson took his Glasgow opponent to a deciding set as they battled it out in a match that contained several enthralling rallies. But despite his battling performance he lost the final set to give the home side the initiative once again.

The second doubles match of

the afternoon saw Strathclyde's Adams and MacPherson again tasting defeat as Glasgow took a 5-3 lead into the final match.

Up step captain courageous Ian Canning, who knew he had to win to grab a draw for Strathclyde. With darkness beginning to fall he entered his final set tied at one all. Opting to do it the hard way, Canning fell 5-4 down before undertaking a remarkable recovery that saw him win the next three games to take the set 7-5, clinching his

match and a draw for his team.

Captain Canning said afterwards: "We're delighted with a draw. We were so close to losing it 7-3 when I was down in the last match. Fortunately I hung on but overall I thought it was a great team effort."

Strathclyde will be hoping to build on this result as they embark on a run of three home games, starting with the visit of St Andrews.

Capoeira: From Brazil to Strathclyde

Blair Brown



CAPOEIRA was created almost five hundred years ago by the African slaves of Brazil, interacting with different ethnic groups, including Brazilian Indians and Brazilian/European descendants. Usually described as a mixture of dance, martial arts and game strategy, it has a unique cultural heritage, expressed in the music, movement and expression of the art. Encompassing dance, fighting and artistic expression, it is a uniquely holistic art that has the potential to catalyse physical, emotional, intellectual and spiritual development in participants.

Capoeira is 'played' rather than performed or fought, which may lead one towards defining capoeira as a sport, but the essential expressive, musical and ritual elements of capoeira place it in the category of the arts. In Brazil, capoeira is most often described as a folk art, and is recognised by the government as a defining component of Brazilian national identity.

Capoeira is played in a roda, a circle composed of capoeira artists and students, the 'players', a group on one side of the circle play traditional Brazilian instruments, form the orchestra lead the 'game'.

Despite its intensely physical appearance - participants demonstrate deceptive kicks, sweeps, blows and acrobatics - the game is also an intellectually and emotionally demanding activity. Capoeira values playfulness and intellect over aggression, as well as rhythm, flow and grace. It's characterized not just by the elegant movements of the players, but by the unmistakably Brazilian music that accompanies it, nothing like the Brazilian music that you might hear in a bar or even in a concert, but traditional rhythms played for the most part on percussion instruments.

Music is integral element, where an orchestra of up to five instruments dictate which type of game should be played depending on the rhythm and song - for



example, fast or slow, close to the ground or high and acrobatic. Players must learn to play the musical instruments involved, the songs, folklore and history of the art that the songs allude to. The music constantly interacts with the game, meaning the players must be able to change their movements at a seconds notice, from slow and fluid to sharp and powerful kick leaps. All of the movements will be within the context of a combat simulation, each player trying to trick the other into letting down their guard, whilst at the same time maintaining an awareness that they may themselves at any second need to escape from an unexpected situation.

At its deepest level, capoeira goes beyond dance, martial arts and game strategy, it presents a philosophical framework for approaching and interacting with others and the world at large. Players must learn to play with, rather than against one-another to be

recognised as a good practitioner - each game should be a dialogue, not an argument - and this property gives capoeira a unique propensity to promote social integration among its participants.

In Brazil, people from the favelas learn capoeira alongside university graduates. The art recognises no advantage on the basis of sex, race or social class and has shown to be very effective method in establishing a way for people learn from each other, breaking barriers and promoting social inclusion.

The fact that no blocking of kicks is involved - a player moves with the flow of another's kicks and responds with another challenge - means that men and women, young and old can play capoeira with one-another, without discernible physical advantage.

Nowadays the art-form has become more organised with schools and organisations all over the world, capoeira has now become a

truly global phenomenon, with aspects being absorbed into modern dance, fashion, music and film.

Capoeira is a great way of increasing speed, strength, stamina, and flexibility along side other factors including socialising and meeting new friends and interesting people.

Hundreds of years on, the struggle continues to maintain the true essence of capoeira, and in some cases, thousands of miles from its birth. No matter where this art form may go and how capoeira may change with the times, it will always be synonymous with one word - freedom!

Capoeira on Campus

Grupo Senzala is a Capoeira association, created in 1966 in Rio de Janeiro, to teach, study and develop Capoeira. Grupo Senzala developed a very efficient Capoeira training methodology and together with a strong organisation

had a great influence over most of the Brazilian Capoeira groups during the last 40 years. Master Gato, one of Grupo Senzala's leading masters, has been organising Capoeira and other Brazilian folk art form courses and cultural meetings in many Brazilian, European and American cities. Now he's settling down in Scotland to support the work of his son, Pedro Albuquerque, which he started in 2000 at an entity called Group Senzala, based in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and now we're going to benefit from his extensive knowledge.

This is the first year of the University of Strathclyde Capoeira Society, we hold weekly classes on campus every Wednesday from 4.15pm to 5.45pm in the playroom in the union annex. If you are interested in getting involved, contact Blair 'Xarada' at blair.brown@strath.ac.uk.



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**STUDENT
MARKETING
TEAM**

A Week is a Long Time in Netball

Lesley Turnbull
Netball Roundup



| | | | |
|----------------|----|-----|-------------|
| Strathclyde 1s | 49 | 31 | Glasgow 1s |
| Strathclyde 1s | 10 | 15 | Edinburgh |
| Heriot Watt 1s | 8 | 160 | Strathclyde |

ON SATURDAY, 20 OCTOBER, Team Strathclyde Netball kicked off an intensive eight day schedule of competition with a comfortable win over Edinburgh 3s. With the East Coast University's first team having been promoted to the BUSA Northern Premier League, the league has been left wide open for any other side to challenge for the illustrious title.

Newcomers to the Strathclyde squad, Suzie Aitken and Rachel Nelson, proved there was good reason for their inclusion in the first team, whilst an outstanding and solid performance from everyone else in the team led to an exciting game with a 57-36 win over the opposition.

Sunday, 21 then saw Strathclyde enter the Scottish National Clubs Tournament, a one day event against the best club teams in Scotland. Having won the plate section in 2006, Strathclyde ar-

rived at the tournament with a positive attitude and a desire to retain the trophy.

Comfortable wins in the morning section gave the university side a pass through to the championship division. A few tough games meant it came down to the final match of the section to decide who progressed through to the semi-finals. Being drawn against Edinburgh 1s did not provide for much hope for the girls. However, skillful play from the team, along with spectacular shooting from Julie Ann Webster and Rachel Edwards took it to a 10-5 victory for Strathclyde, leading to progression to the semi-finals. Defeat in the semis and a win in the third place playoff still meant a great deal to the squad.

Our first game in the Glasgow Clubs League was the first of many matches this season against Glasgow University. Always a

tough side to beat, the game was played at a furious pace, with some great interceptions from defenders Lucy Botham, Erika Syme and Susan Dewhurst. The fast movements and speed of the centre court proved too much for the west end side, while the accurate shooting in the circle led to a 49-31 victory to Strathclyde.

A journey through to Heriot Watt on Saturday then saw a fantastic win over the league newcomers. Despite missing internationalists Jayne Duncan and Kym Wharton, Strathclyde strolled to a 60-8 victory, with a 19-0 score line in the second quarter.

The final day of the week long netball-fest produced the event of the year – the Scottish Universities Championships. As current title holders, the team were going with determination and enthusiasm, though fully aware that Edinburgh and Glasgow would be



out for revenge. The day started well, with easy wins over St. Andrews, Dundee, Glasgow Cale, Aberdeen and Edinburgh 2s. However, complacency led to a defeat at the hands of rivals Glasgow in the semi-final. Despite a constant fight, the physically rough and demanding game ended with the first Glasgow victory in two years – don't worry we'll get them next time. A third place playoff saw the

team presented with bronze medals as an end to the netball marathon.

As rewards for their great form of late, Jayne Duncan, Lucy Botham, Kym Wharton, Rachel Edwards and Lesley Turnbull were all selected for the Scottish Universities Squad.

Alistair Neil
Tennis Report



Battling Spirit

| | |
|----------------|---|
| Glasgow 1s | 5 |
| Strathclyde 1s | 5 |

A LATE Strathclyde fight-back helped to salvage a draw in this tense encounter played out at the Western Lawn Tennis & Squash Club. The visitors entered the match on the back of a win and a defeat in their opening two league fixtures and were confident they could get a result against their city rivals.

The impressive Scott Nicholls and team captain Ian Cannon

Continued on Page 22...



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