

STRATHCLYDE
COLLECTION. 378.4

UNIVERSITY OF STRATHCLYDE
- 5 MAY 1989
Strathclyde
TELEGRAPH
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Strathclyde University Students' Newspaper

4th May 1989 Volume 29 Issue 7 Free

UNIT 65 AXED

Telegraph reports on the demise of Strathclyde University's twenty-four year old Student TV service, once an everyday feature of life in the Students' Union.

Following a year and a half of debate, accusation and counter-accusation, Unit 65, the Strathclyde University Students television service was finally suspended at the Seventh Statutory Meeting of the SRC.

The service had been as good as inactive since the summer, when Reds had been built, when Unit 65's cables to its main outlet - the old Dining Hall - were all taken out and not replaced. Moreover, Unit 65 had not been called upon by the Communications Committee, the Association Executive or the SRC itself to perform any services for over a year.

Under these circumstances, Strathclyde Students President Frank Hotchkiss informed the Students Representative Council, Unit 65's budget of over £1500 (mostly spent this year on repairing Unit's aging equipment) seemed unjustified and the Council agreed, suspending the service and effectively clearing Unit 65's three rooms on Level 7 of the Students Union for other uses.

Following protestations by the DOC Elect Roger Dubar, the question of whether Unit 65 will receive a budget next year or not will wait until the next meeting of Council (the last this academic session) although prospects of Unit 65's survival as anything more than a student club using University-owned equipment once or twice a week seem very slim.

Strathclyde students have had a television service - as its name suggests,

since 1965, usually existing in the very basic form as described above, although for a number of years, until it would seem now, Unit 65 has built up a stock of video equipment for its own use, and was thus in a privileged position amongst student TV services.

Unit 65's current Acting Controller, David Thom, reacted bitterly to the news, claiming that its future had been jeopardised by the political machinations of the 'politically motivated' Association Executive. Mr Thom claimed that Unit 65 had been a service used by 'ordinary students' and should be respected as such by the Executive.

However, Roger Dubar, an active member of Unit 65 last year and Brandon Fletcher, Unit 65's well known eccentric ex-Controller (and twice Association Presidential candidate) both admitted to Telegraph that the service's usefulness



Brandon Fletcher, eccentric ex-controller of Unit 65

to the Students Union had been limited by a technical rather than 'productive' bias.

Unit 65 is in the unusual position in having no pro-

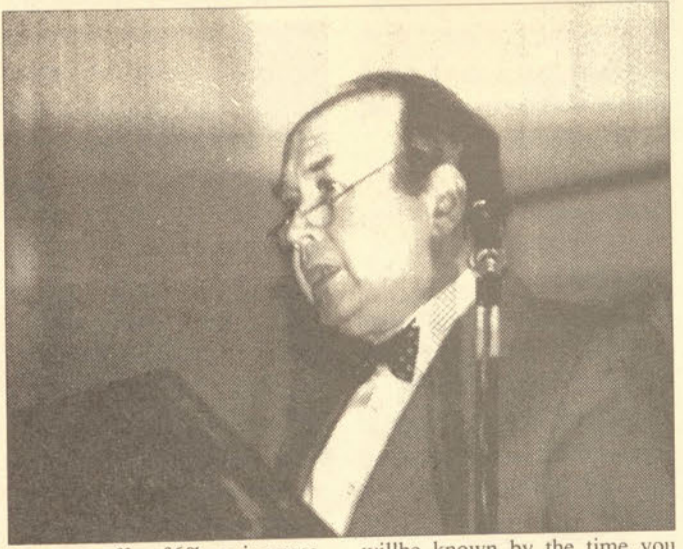
tection from a 'constitutional' viewpoint unlike, for example, Telegraph, which is 'protected' by a charter passed by an Association General Meeting.

Examinations "Will Go Ahead"

Due wholly to bad timing, TELEGRAPH is unfortunately unable to bring you news of any conclusion there may have been as regards the AUT pay dispute. TELEGRAPH's deadline for going to press was the day before our reported ballot result - and this is our last issue of this December year.

What is clear however is that the examinations will go ahead as scheduled. The Association of University Teachers decided at the end of April to end their industrial action in furtherance of a pay claim, but not to mark any examination papers until the dispute is resolved.

The AUTs dispute with the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals (CVCP who set lecturers pay) is over a two year period without any new pay settlement. The CVCP has backed down consistently from its position in December, when it claimed no pay increase would be possible, to



its current offer of 6% pay increase.

The AUT nationally has rejected this offer, although Strathclyde University Principal Sir Graham Hills has taken the unusual step of offering a similar deal to Strathclyde lecturers at a local level. The Strathclyde University AUT has balloted its members in this offer and the result

will be known by the time you read this.

It is thought that if the 6% national deal were to be back-dated, the AUT nationally would probably accept it.

The Students Association of Strathclyde, and the NUS, have at all times in the dispute been in full support of the AUT's pay claim.

AGM

Although there has not been a quorate Association General Meeting of Strathclyde University students for two years, the new Association's Honorary Secretary Annette Erikson is campaigning to stir student interest.

Ms Erikson told TELEGRAPH that she expects motions on the AUT dispute and on the issue of student loans would be among those on the Agenda.

AGMs are the highest authority as regards the Student Association and can overturn any action of the Association Executive or SRC or even censure of 'fire' any Association office-bearer.

In the interests of democracy and your Student Union, you are urged to attend in Level 8 on May 10th at 1pm

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Singles, Albums and Morrissey - all this and more from page 15

ASSOCIATION GENERAL MEETING, MAY 10TH, 1PM, LEVEL 8

SCOTLAND REFUSES TO SWALLOW 'POPULAR CAPITALISM'

Strathclyde University Principal and well known 'liberal' Sir Graham Hills must be completely enamoured with the latest work to be published by the Department of Politics at Strathclyde.

The extension of Popular Capitalism, written by Anthony Heath and Geoff Evans (of Nuffield College, Oxford), Roger Jowell (Director of Social and Community Planning Research, London) and John Curtis of Strathclyde University, uses the resources of the uniquely comprehensive 1987 British General Election Study, and in part clarifies the failure of 'popular capitalism' to give the Conservative Party a political boost in Scotland.

The study further predicts that Labour's vote in Scotland will not erode at the expense of the Conservatives in the foreseeable future.

Strathclyde's Principal, Sir Graham Hills recently went against the growing body of modern academic feeling - which states that an understanding of current affairs and political thought is vital to all in Higher Education, with his pronouncement that students need 'less Marx and Engels, and more Marks and Spencer'.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE

Sir Graham will no doubt be a good deal more pleased with the £50,000 awarded by the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales to a team of accountants at Strathclyde University's Business School (sic). The team will carry out an investigation on how commercial ventures can best raise capital through the new higher risk/higher return 'new financial instruments' (NFI's in the parlance) such as convertible bonds, options, fixtures, interest rate swaps, etc.

Gone are the days, the team says, when entrepreneurial ventures raised money mainly through boring old equity bonds or bank loans.

Professor Anthony Puxty, the team leader, comments "the use of complex NFI's to raise money for British industry is growing rapidly. Existing legislation is inadequate to deal with these new circumstances and it seems likely that UK companies are using a variety of methods when it comes to reporting the use of NFIs in published accounts". This in turn may be affecting potential investors ability to access a comprising risk profile. It is therefore of vital importance that the accounting profession has an understanding of the important characteristics of NFIs and their economic implications.

We at TELEGRAPH could not agree more wholeheartedly.

INVASION OF THE EURO PLUMBERS

With the ever closer prospect of the Single European Market of 1992,

Briefing

Strathclyde University has become the first Scottish University to offer a European business based Honours Degree of Bachelor of Engineering. The course leading to the new degree will include a three month period in Europe, either in a university or in industry. Special classes will be offered to external knowledge of European institutions, business and industrial policies.

The degree is expected to have wide appeal to its potential entrants and applicants with an adequate command of mathematics, physics and a European language may be offered direct entry to the Second Year of the course.

It is hoped that it will be possible to study any of the major European languages in conjunction with the new euro-degree.

EDINBURGH STUDENT TORIES IN POLL TAX ROW

Edinburgh University's Conservative and Unionist Association are seeking legal advice this week following the publication of special anti-poll tax issue of *Midweek*, the University Students' Association magazine.

The result, if the newspaper is found to have contravened the boundaries of a student association, and to have abused student association funds, could be a court case.

The Secretary of Edinburgh University Student Association and editor of *Midweek*, Mr Wheatley, believes that as the Edinburgh University Campaign Against the Poll Tax is a properly organised student society that it is acceptable for it to use the newspaper for publicity purposes.

Members of the University's Conservative Club however, are of the view that as the Poll Tax cannot be regarded as a specifically student or educational subject, then *Midweek* should not have been used as a vehicle to publicise the Campaign against the Poll Tax views.

Midweek has offered the Conservative Students the chance of replying to the Poll Tax edition, but this offer has so far been rejected.

STRATHCLYDE'S GOVERNMENT GRANT CUT AGAIN

The University Grants Committee, which allocates money to universities from funds set aside by government has announced yet another real-

terms cut in Strathclyde University's grant for next year (1989/90)

Although Strathclyde University fairs well compared to other such institutions around the country, its 4.8% grant increase from last year's level is well below the 7% (and rising) rate of inflation.

UNIVERSITY'S SILVER JUBILEE

Strathclyde University attained the wondrous age of 25 years this term with a snivel and a whisper - ten or so representatives from universities around the world turned up for an unexciting ceremony and photo-session, but on the whole the anniversary did not really shake the world.

The significance of this year to our institution seems to have passed by the Students' Association unnoticed - and indeed has failed to stir any enthusiasm in the TELEGRAPH office. The dreaded 'Strathopathy' once more rears its ugly head.

Although as an academic institution, Strathclyde University has a tradition dating back to 1796, it only gained University status in 1964.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Telegraph,

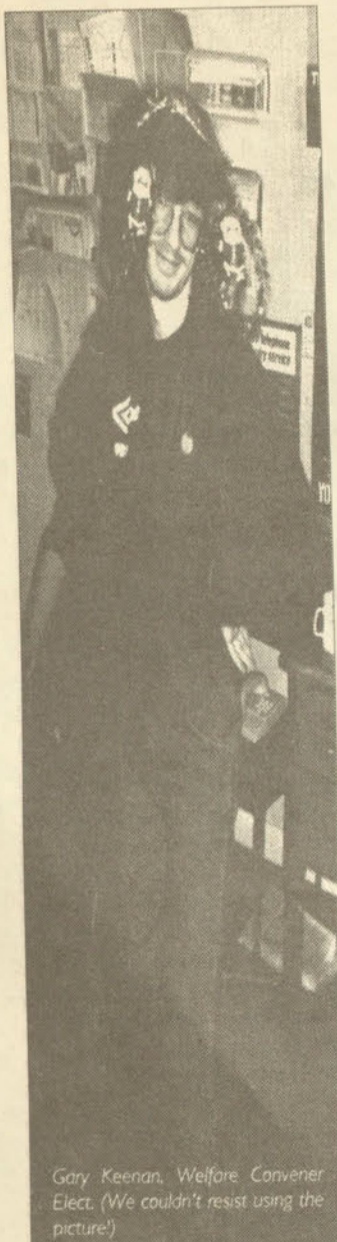
In the latest edition Jonathon Jardine comes in for quite a hammering for his story on the Sabbatical Elections. Now while I agree with Louise Orr's wish to set the record straight, I do think something has to be said in support of Mr Jardine. First, any journalist is only as good as his/her sources. In this case, certain sabbaticals and others were only too pleased to make political capital out of some convenient 'inaccurate' reporting. Second, Mr Jardine must not be held totally responsible for the story. Telegraph and its reporting is the responsibility of the Editor and the DOC. Does the Editor of the Herald publish major stories by his reporters without first checking the accuracy?

Telegraph must be more careful about this as there are people on the political right at Strathclyde who wouldn't hesitate to bring in the lawyers against what they see as a left wing mouthpiece. I do hope Mr Jardine will not be put off writing for Telegraph as a result of this incident and I look forward to seeing the accurate reporting of NUS conference he has promised us!

In conclusion can I congratulate the whole Telegraph team on its new image and particularly on picking up 'live' issues like rape. Here's hoping it will continue to get better in the coming year. From my own experience I know how much work goes in. What we must all remember is that Telegraph is written by students in their spare time not by paid journalists!

Yours sincerely,
A Concerned Telegraph Reader

Dear Aunty Welfare



Gary Keenan, Welfare Convener Elect. (We couldn't resist using the picture!)

It's like wearing a raincoat in the shower

Dear Welfare
My partner is really against condoms - he says things like 'I can't feel a thing', 'just this once' and 'it destroys the romantic atmosphere'. How can I convince him that condoms make sense?
Frantic
Castlemilk

Dear Frantic
You're right of course. Condoms do make sense. Although they are not 100% safe, condoms dramatically reduce the risk of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS. Talking it through with your partner is obviously important. Choose the right time and make it clear that you're not just protecting yourself. By playing safe you're teaming up together to protect each other. Get some leaflets from Welfare to help raise the subject.

I can't sleep at night!

Dear Welfare
This Poll Tax is really getting me down. I lie awake at night worrying about it. It's beginning to get to me in all sorts of ways - I dread the postman's knock, and die every time I hear the phone ring. I know I have to do something about it - but what?
Worried
Pollok

Dear Worried,
You obviously need reassurance. But you haven't said what it is about the Poll Tax that is getting to you. Is it registration? You can still register at the Community Charge Registration Office, 40 Cochrane Street, Glasgow. Have you received a bill for the full amount? This is probably because your entry does not state you are a student. Contact the CCRO as above with your certificate of student status to have your entry amended. If it's something else that's worrying you, call into

the Welfare Office on Level 9, where we'll try to help.

I'm too small

Dear Welfare,
There's lots of things that I want to find out about from Welfare, but I can't reach the Level 8 button in the lift. What can I do?
Frustrated,
Crossmyloof

Dear Frustrated,
Welfare are happy to send out information packs to students, completely in confidence. Why not phone us for information - the number is 041-552 1895 (Ext 241) (Of course, you could also try climbing the stairs)

I feel so insecure!

Dear Welfare,
Help! I moved into a new flat at the beginning of February and the landlord says its something like a short assured tenancy - what does this mean?
Bewildered

Dear Bewildered,
This is a new term introduced by the Housing (Scotland) Act 1988 and applies to tenancies entered into after 2 January 1989. Briefly, a short assured tenancy must be for at least 6 months. You only have security of tenure during the agreed period of the let. During that time you cannot be evicted as long as you don't break any of the tenancy conditions. At the end of the agreed period, the landlord has the right to apply for repossession if he wants. But you can still stay on until the court grants the landlord a possession order. The Housing (Scotland) Act is quite complex. Call into Welfare for a straightforward guide to the new regulations.

What IS the limit?

Dear Welfare,
Friends are beginning to say I drink too much. I don't agree and it's led to some real arguments. Can you tell me what the safe drinking limits are?
Snakebite

Dear Snakebite,
You don't say if you're male or female. Women are more affected by alcohol than men and the recommended safe limit for them is up to 14 units of alcohol per week. For men it's up to 21 units per week. A half-pint of beer or cider or a quarter-pint of strong lager contains 1 unit of alcohol. Remember though - alcohol is supposed to add to your social life. When it begins to take away in any important areas of life, like affecting friendships, maybe you should begin to question how you are using it and do something about it.

We hope you've enjoyed reading our problem page. OK, these problems aren't real, but the worries expressed in them are and they're concerns that we deal with in Welfare all the time. So if you're out there and there's something worrying you, try sharing it with us and we'll do our best to help. Contact us on Level 9, The Union, 90 John Street, Glasgow G1 1JH

Student Japary Raises A Packet

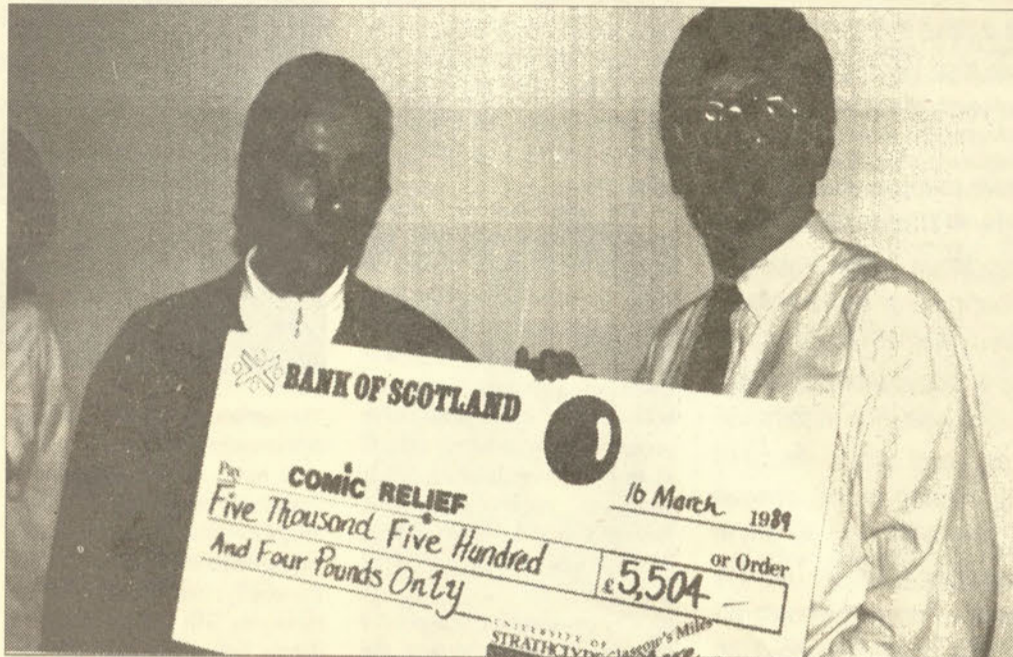
Robert Burns reports from Comic Relief, as Strathclyde University does its bit in the name of whacky-studentdom

See me, see you, see compassion fatigue - don't talk to me about compassion fatigue, because I don't believe in it. So bear with me for a brief (Thank God sez you) resumé of the Comic Relief activities of one group of Strathclyde students. On the designated day (well organized, eh?) we hit the streets (to coin a much over-used phrase of the day) at about 7.45 am. Our intention? - by means of fancy dress and ridiculous behaviour - to dislodge the cash from public pockets and purses. How did it go? Well: read on: The first ten minutes or so were quite embarrassing, as we hassled lonely postmen and end of shift railwaymen. Then, in a beautifully conceived, but raggedly executed pincer movement, we went for the railway stations. The Mexican, the strumming policeman, the tramp (Hi Jockey!) et al pushed the bath to Queen St, while the Centurion, Sumo Rae, the Maniac (at last Sammy in a

straitjacket) are the rest headed for Central, combining well down the wings with the Anderson Lion and one of Sigourney Weaver's co-stars. (Not an alien - dickhead!)

The response from Glasgow's travelling public was simply amazing! old women gave their last pennies, as did schoolkids... everyone... well, nearly everyone... was just so generous! As the day wore on we toured the city centre, getting chucked out of some places (say hi! to the Savoy Centre Security Men) but being warmly welcomed by shopkeepers almost everywhere... Body Shop, Bargain Books, The Gap, Littlewoods too many to mention. The Queen Street Comic Relievers owe special thanks to the station staff for letting them share the morning coffee break.

I think we all found that dressing up gave us power of sorts normal(ish) people



Association President Frank Hotchkiss hands over the large cheque to Simon Hodgson of Oxfam

suddenly became eccentric, exhibitionist, plain mad stopping to traffic to demand Comic Relief road taxes, singing hopelessly out of tune - so that a big donation would shut the bleeder up -!

As we hid behind the costumes we acquired new personalities and - naming no names - some acquired personalities for the first time!

Good natured street collecting carried on apace -

including sponsored daffodil eating - until around 4.30 pm. But there was more to come - in the shape of the great double-decker bus pub crawl, featuring even greater numbers of multifariously attired eejits preying on the generosity of the drinking public. Once again the response was tremendous, cash and notes of all denominations was thrust into the collectors tins, buckets and pockets

(innocently!). Again, all involved enjoyed themselves immensely, but were doubtless glad to get back to Barney Rubbles for a well earned booze up and boogie - coping admirably with the half hour queue at the bar.

How much did this tomfoolery raise? Have a peek at the accompanying pic - you'll see Union President Frank Hotchkiss presenting the cheque to Simon Hodgson of

Oxfam - a cheque for £5,504.00 - surely not to be sniffed at? Simon must have thought he was entering Dante's inferno that night - it was a wee bit busy - but despite the moronic heckling he received from some quarters, he was delighted to accept the cheque, and doubtless will be back to more next year!

Yeah, I realise you're fed up now - but linger a little longer while I offer some thanks... thanks to the Drama Centre for the bath and the costumes, thanks to the Union branch of The Bank of Scotland for their sterling (AAARGH!) work, but, most of all, hanners and millions of thanks to the generous people of Glasgow, many of them dug deep more than once - you're all magic, by the way. Special thanks are due to those poor sods (usually young, if not underage, girls!) who had to put up with Dave (Melodramatic?) Barr, as he turned on the syrup on his knees in the street. I'll forgive him though, for getting people out collecting, once again, in the name of charity. It's a shame it all had to end well it hasn't there's still the Comic Relief parachute jump to come - if it gets off the ground (sorry!)

Colm's Conference Report

Colm O'Dwyer, Students' Union President Elect, The Peoples' Friend, The Students' choice, brings to you exclusively through the pages of your number one TELEGRAPH his impressive, impressed opinions of the National Union of Students Scottish, and Spring National Conferences. Mr O'Dwyer stood for election as president on a pro-NUS platform, but he has promised to temper any ties in this article.

By the 20th March 1989, 208 Tory MPs had put their names forward in support of an Early Day Motion baying for the blood of NUS and student unions. Since there are only 650 MPs in Parliament, the Motion which calls for an end to the 'wasteful bureaucratic empire building' of the NUS is indeed threatening. It was in the shadow of this that delegates from universities, polytechnics and further education colleges all over the UK gathered for the Annual Spring Conference of the National Union of Students.

Now, if you've ever been to Blackpool, you'll probably realise that listening to someone from the Revolutionary Communist Party argue with Social Democrats over whether colleges should get one delegate for every 750 or for every 1000 students, comes quite far down the list of things to do - probably below having your wisdom teeth extracted while cartwheeling along the Pier. But since the Pier was closed that is exactly what eleven members of the Strathclyde Barmy Army did over the first week of Easter. For four of us this was an invitation - our first NUS Conference and we soon lost our innocence. Every

shade of political opinion seemed to be represented, from NOLS (National Organisation of Labour Students), easily the biggest to Cornish separatists, whose member (member - Ed), though slightly smaller in number, seemed to favour some form of devolution for pasties. One young lady even tried to lead me down the road of SSin (Socialist Students in NOLS) but I ended up finding the one for me, an organisation of supposed



Maevie Sherlock, re-elected as NUS National President

non-party delegates called Students for Students who managed to sit on the fence on every issue, in fact they were so wishy-washy I felt like a revolutionary radical among them.

With so many different factions the inevitable infighting occurred with some saying any reform was a sell-out and others stressing the survival of NUS as the most important consideration. Little was achieved in the various debates over reform but many felt the fact that it was discussed at all will be enough to appease Tory backbenchers. The next subject to come before Conference was that of sexual abuse. Although no doubt worthy of much debate, it seems

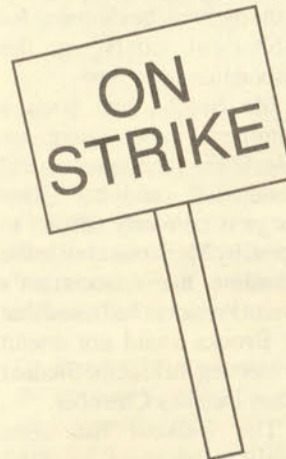
to me a farce that this should be prioritised - to the detriment of other issues - as the second most important issue facing students. The NUS stance on sexual abuse would hopefully be quite clear-cut and warrant little controversy, or so I thought. It is perhaps here that NUS strategy fails since lengthy discussion was given to something such as this over which a gathering of students could have little effect while other welfare issues such as the Poll Tax went undiscussed much to the dismay of the Scottish delegations. If the NUS is to really appeal to students it must surely address them on their level on issues which are currently affecting them. Yet the debate over loans was relegated to the final three hours of the week-long Conference and the only mention of the AUT dispute took place just before a lunch-break in the absence of 80% of delegates.

The concept of a national body to represent students is, to me, perfectly valid since we need a voice at national level on issues which directly affect us. Yet it must also address the provision of services within student unions such as welfare, sport and recreation/entertainment if it is to have mass appeal. Was the Conference, as the President of Strathclyde Socialist Workers' Party, Phil Andrews, joked merely 'a deviation from selling newspapers?' If it was, its Scottish counterpart held in Edinburgh over the second weekend in April certainly wasn't. Real motions of concern to students were discussed on an almost amiable level and the factions of Blackpool were less in evidence. In fact the only things to get overheated all weekend were Roger Dubar's hormones...

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Strathclyde TELEGRAPH

EDITORIAL

Another journalistic year draws to a close this, the last issue of Telegraph - a bumper edition no less! We hope that you have enjoyed your newspaper this year - if not, why not? Let us know.

It seems a shame that we have to leave you when so many issues are still unresolved; the AUT dispute murmurs on with information hardly in abundance - does anyone in the University really know what's happening? By now all you lucky people have probably received your Poll Tax demands - all I'll say is don't let the reams of paper intimidate you.

Telegraph will open its positions for election to form the superteam for next year; editor, news editor, features editor, sports editor, advertising manager and reviews editor. Elections will be held on 10th May at 2.30 pm in Telegraph Towers. Nominations close at 4 pm on Tuesday 9th May. Nominations accepted from anyone who thinks that they can do the job - if you haven't worked on Telegraph before then you'll be given all the 'training' required.

We are considering starting a subscription scheme for graduates and anyone interested should come up and talk to us about it. It offers an opportunity keep in touch with what's happening at Strathclyde from whatever far-flung corner of the world you happen to be living in. Will Graham Hills turn the university into a commercial enterprise? Will the sabbaticals you elected do their jobs well? Will Brandon Fletcher stand for the presidency again next year? Will he win?

All that's left to say is good luck with your exams and enjoy the summer break. Mayfest has struck again - have a good one!

Yours, for the last time,
Emma Lewis (Editor)

p.p. Yvonne Gordon, DOC

CREDITS

Editor Emma Lewis
News Roger Dubar
Features Shona Fraser
Reviews Tony McNulty
Sport Ann Devenney

Design Picas, Pixels and Points,
118 Blythswood Street,
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lots of expensive
computers and stuff

Thanks to L McC, MD, None of
the Exec except Frank
and Anette, everyone
who contributed to
Telegraph this year,
whether we published
you or not. All the
record companies, book
companies, theatres and
cinemas who's wares
made this year bearable.

Editorial May 10th, 2.30pm,
elections Telegraph office

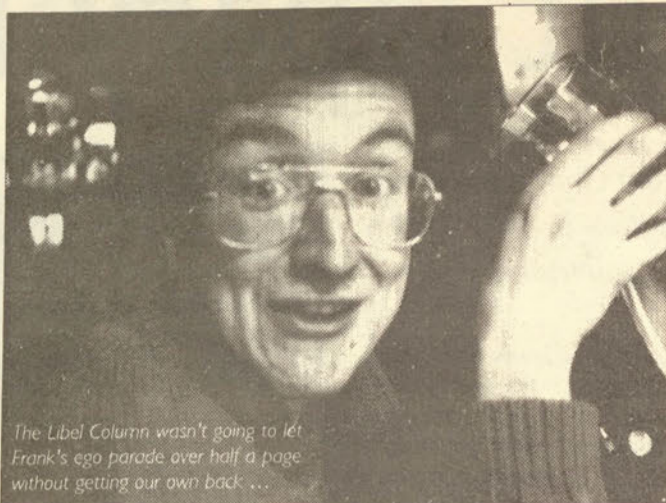
Telegraph Level 7, Strathclyde
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041-552 1985 ext 230

This issue of Telegraph has been
brought to you by the letters 'c'
and 'o' and by the number '3'



Colm looks thrilled at the prospect of a year as President of Strathclyde University Students' Union - don't worry Colm, no more pictures like this! (maybe)

"Goodbye to all that"



The Libel Column wasn't going to let Frank's ego parade over half a page without getting our own back...

This is the last Telegraph of what has been, for many at Strathclyde, an eventful year. There is a Chinese curse which says 'May you live in interesting times'. I don't think I really knew what it meant before this year. My time as President ends on June 30th, my successor has been chosen and things are winding down: a time for reflection.

The year has seen many attacks on students' rights and lifestyle. The White Paper on loans, the bills for the Poll Tax, the attempted closure of departments and the ever present threat of vouchers from our beloved Principal. There have been many encouraging aspects as well; the overwhelming defeat vouchers received in the Referendum at the hands of both staff and students was one of the highlights.

The co-operation between the Students Association and the campus Trade Unions on the Referendum was particularly gratifying. The vote for a one-day shutdown and its subsequent materialisation was, in British student terms, of historical significance.

The turnout of Strathclyde students on demonstrations, up enormously on previous years, has also been heartening - and I hope can be built upon in years to come.

Nobody of course can tell what will happen in the future, but it may be that the Government will ensure we do not have a right to work collectively through the National Union of Students or have a Student Union at Strathclyde.

The battles on those are largely still to come.

I have enjoyed my year as President immensely - many things I would have liked to have happened haven't but many have. Personally, one of my abiding memories will be the challenge debate between myself and the Principal on Level 8 in November. The turnout was more than could ever have been hoped and the debate itself showed, I believe, that at least amongst students, the ideological debate in education has already been won.

There are many people I would like to thank for making this past year as successful as it has been. First of the staff in the Student Union, although I cannot name individuals (quite rightly) due to staff protocol - there are a couple who I would single out who have helped me personally. One of them is a perennial asset to Sabbaticals and has shaped, kept on time and covered up for a lot of people

before me; but I particularly grateful to her. (*The Lioness?* Ed.)

The second person is probably the best employee of a Student Union in Britain and we are privileged to have him at Strathclyde. That might sound like a lot of sycophantic nonsense, it's not. I am probably the last Sabbatical he will have to work with who was here before him but forthcoming ones should remember changes for the better in the Student Association are, at least largely attributable to him.

I would also like to thank all the members of the current executive, not forgetting Jairaj Chetty, who had to resign as Honorary Secretary a few months ago. My two fellow sabbaticals Elaine and Hugh are owed many thanks as well.

Hugh O'Donnell has not been the most ever present VPE we've had, but is easily one of the most likable. Strathclyde has a tradition

in the student movement of producing people who are, for want of a better word, 'characters'. Hugh O'Donnell epitomises a Strathclyde character. Good Luck Hugh.

Elaine McNally as VPI has had one of the most difficult jobs in the world. At the best of times VPI is a thankless task. In addition she has had to put up with two of the largest egos in existence in myself and Hugh - specially our continuing rivalry for the title of 'Strathclyde Singer of the Year'. Elaine also understands the job of VPI better than anyone I've known and because she doesn't act like a student politician, is easily the most under-rated person involved in the Association. She's taken a lot of hassle but still manages to laugh at my jokes (some of them) - no mean feat.

I've made many friends (and some enemies) during the year, especially at different colleges and universities in Britain and I hope I can stay in touch with at least some of them. I will not be totally removed from student life however as I'll still be on the Executive at Strathclyde as Past-President and have now been 'elevated' to the Steering Committee for NUS Scotland, which runs the conferences. I'll be checking to make sure that the 'unique' reputation Strathclyde University enjoys in NUS is maintained.

Good luck and I'll see people on June 30th for a final fling.

Love Frank
PS Labour Club - Give them hell!

Cheers as Strathclyde Tories Resign

To the cheers of assembled council members, all but one of the Strathclyde University Conservative Club's small contingent on the Student Representative Council (SRC) resigned their positions at the Seventh Statutory Meeting of the Council, on 24th April.

In all seven Conservatives resigned, in protest at one of their number being excluded from the meeting due to being banned from the Student Union Building. As featured recently in a somewhat distorted form by the Evening Times newspaper, Edward Brooks had been banned by the Student Association's Disciplinary Committee for bringing alcohol into the Union Building and damaging Union property on the night of the elections for Sabbatical posts in the Association next year.

Mr Brooks had been a prominent campaigner for Colm O'Dwyer, the successful Presidential candidate. This charge is currently subject to appeal by Mr Brooks but in the meantime the Association's current President had noted that Mr Brooks could not attend the meeting, held in the Student Union Debates Chamber.

The walkout has been widely condemned by SRC members. Elaine McNally, VPI stated that as an

Association Member, Mr Brooks had, like everyone else, to follow the rules of the Association or face disciplinary action. His position as Council Member, Ms McNally stated, should afford no special privileges in this area.



Iain Martin, chair of the Conservative Club

Those resigning were Alastair Frame, Alan Springham, Graham J Murray, Gareth Bacon, John Gardner, Iain Martin and Mr Brooks himself.

One Conservative student, John Rule, did not join the protest.

Mr Rule had also been involved in presenting two Conservative Club motions to Council - one anti-NUS and the other condemning Winnie Mandela and the ANC in South Africa as terrorists, and thus proposing 'that the Mandela

Bar should be renamed the Thistle Bar after Scotland's National emblem'. These motions he withdrew with the consent of Council, later admitting to Telegraph that, while supporting their sentiments, he was not happy with their wording.

Even so, given the political make-up of the SRC, which has for over ten years been staunchly pro-NUS and pro-ANC, the motions themselves stood no chance of success.

Two other motions were discussed by the Seventh 'Stat', both being passed unanimously. One was presented by the Student Amnesty International group President Paul Timkin (himself not a Council Member, although Council granted him speaking rights for the motion) to join the Student Association voice to those around the world

condemning the present Draconian government in Turkey. The other came from Roger Dubar (Law 2 and DOC Elect) and Phil Andrews (Postgraduate Science, and Chair of the Student Union's Socialist Worker Students Society), and by way of remembering the 100th anniversary of Hitler's birth, and the 30th of the death of Blair Peach - killed on an anti-racism March, allegedly by

Police - it reaffirmed Council's opposition to all Fascist and Racist groups. More controversially, the motion banned from entering or remaining in the Union Building, all people being 'known' supporters of Fascist groups, and all those viewing the insignia of fascist organisations or ideologies. The motion drew much discussion - all in favour of its aims, and directed especially at the forthcoming 'Bad Manners' concert in the Union, where some form of trouble from individual fascist-supporters was unfortunately feared. Prominent in the discussion were Douglas Blackstock (Union Honorary President and West of Scotland NUS Leader) and Benny McLaughlin (Honorary Vice President and President of NUS Scotland).

The rest of Council time was taken, as usual with scrutinising the hefty bulk of papers produced by the Association's Executive Committee and Office Bearers, who run the Association from day-to-day and from week-to-week. Council then launched into its usual binge of questioning, mandating and occasionally threatening the Executive Committee.

The Contemporary Condition of Caledonian Capitalism

Calum MacInnes reports from a meeting of the Politics Society to discuss the state and intellectual fallacies of the Conservative Party and its supporters in Scotland.

Armed with my prehistoric tape-recorder, I sat in L6.18 on the third of March, waiting for the guest speaker to arrive. Dr Mitchell interrupted the finishing of his new book 'Conservatism and the Union' to attend. Despite it being lunchtime, the sun shining and six flights of stair sup, the lecture room was soon filled with mainly politics and/or political students.

THE PROFESSOR

The first speaker, Professor C Harvie, was from the German University of Tübingen. He is a professor of 'British and Irish Studies' there and his talk was entitled 'Scottish Conservatism: its history and contemporary condition'.

He opened his talk by describing the current 'braindeath' of Scottish Toryism. After calling Malcolm Rifkind a political fall-guy, he began an attack upon Michael Forsyth. His '150% loyalty was for promotion prospects', said Harvie.

The professor then diverted his scorn to the Adam Smith Institute and their idea that Scots banks should float their own currency. Forsyth, apparently claimed inventing this novel notion. He then gave an historical account of

Conservatism and its battles with the Whigs. The first half of the twentieth century saw unionism in the ascendancy both politically and religiously. Thirty-four years ago, the majority of Scots seats and voters were Conservative - they even held Govan!

However, a series of miscalculations and the economic decline of Scotland's industrial foundations cost the Conservatives votes but especially funds in the troubled 1970s. With the Scottish oil industry just arrived the image was of a 'hapless primary producer' and the Scottish Tory became an 'endangered species'.

THE DOCTOR

Our own Dr Mitchell then rose to give his talk on 'The Intellectual Pretensions of Thatcherism'. Firstly he attacked her claimed links with Adam Ferguson, Adam Smith and David Hume, and secondly her Church of Scotland speech where she compared Thatcherism to Christianity.

He claimed it was impossible to regard Ferguson as a 'Thatcherite' since in his 'Civil Society' he was revealed as the 'father of sociology' and Thatcher has rejected 'society' as an abstract. Marx, noted Mitchell, quoted Ferguson especially on the 'dehumanisation' of labour.

Dr Mitchell then said Adam Smith had been 'taken over' by the 'extreme' right. He pointed to the Adam Smith Institute and their free-market Thatcherism views, calling this a nonsense since in

'the Theory of Moral Sentiments' (regarded by Smith as his most important work) Smith set parameters to the free-market. Smith related his 'hidden hand' to a moral, just diet that aided but also restrained the free market. Smith recognised the state as responsible for public health, education and entertainment (a precursor of the BBC).

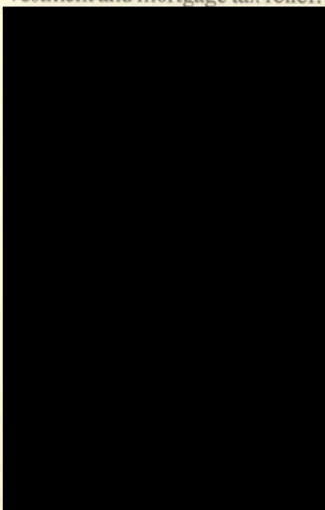
Hume's 'Treatises on Human Nature' promoted philosophical skepticism and not Thatcher's 'conviction politics'. Mitchell regarded these two as opposites. Thatcher's example of Hume, an atheist and her philosophical claims of Christian morality were exposed as a ludicrous paradox by Dr Mitchell.

He agreed with the professor that in defining Thatcherism there was no Scottish historical, ideological or intellectual link. He damned Thatcherism as an 'interests ideology', especially for the South-east's businesses and the City. He made the classic north/south divide points and condemned privatisation as a means of bribing voters and placating the city.

With less venom and more logic he went on to reveal the major contradiction of Thatcherism. He described modern public sector investment as a redistribution of resources for the South-east, using the M4 corridor as his example where infrastructure investment in road and rail, and defence contracts have created a

boom, accredited to an 'enterprise culture' but the government.

Dr Mitchell also referred to Glasgow, where public expenditure not private investment gave G.E.A.R. the Garden Festival and 'yuppie flats'. On housing he said, the public sector cuts had been matched by a rise in private sector housing supported by public investment and mortgage tax relief.



He concluded the government was only free market when it chose to be but remained loyal to its South-eastern heartland. He redefined the 'dependency culture' as the Tories and 'the voters that depend upon the benefits of shares, tax relief and other handout goodies'. He recognised this clever tactic of 'electoral system manipulation' had succeeded and said, 'when the opposition understand this then they can make gains'.

THE AUDIENCE

Questions from the audience revealed the pessimistic consensus for Labour. Harvie predicted the EEC bailing us out of an economic crash as the 'conflicting Thatcherism interests' led to collapse. The Scottish Office lost the 'no-win scenario', said he, as they were forced to change the mad ratings system but then criticised for the 'economic colonialism' of the Poll Tax and the 'image of imposition upon the guinea-pig-nation'.

One questioner challenged their underlying assumptions by saying that the Labour party, too, had its 'vested interests to serve'. Dr Mitchell readily admitted this and pointed out that never was the 'voter patronage' so blatant and widespread as today.

Praise must go to the two academics for their rise about party politics. They didn't give in to the temptation trick of describing how things are not but should be, but told their view of politics and society as they honestly saw it without once suggesting that a Labour government would be utopia.

THE INTERVIEW

As the meeting finished, the 'rump' left but the 'loyal core' of the politics society retired gracefully to Buzby's where the novice interviewer abandoned tape recorder technology and took notes of answers to his jumbled questions.

Q: Do you think that Scotland has a socialist consensus and that 'conservatism' is becoming irrelevant?

A: Yes.

Q: Do you think the recent rise in the nationalist vote reflects the predominantly English nature of Thatcherism and its apparent failure to appeal to the majority of Scots?

A: Professor Harvie agreed and referred to the emotional nature of Scottish nationalism showing in the Scots' disgust for the 'British' national anthem used in sports. Their 'Scotland in Europe' campaign seemed logical to him and more politically realistic than the present system. He emphasised that anti-Thatcherism wasn't anti-English but that she embodied the worst features of the English to the Scots, referring to the 'suburban middle class, housewife/golf club image'.

Q: Do you think morality and politics are incompatible for example with reference to the return of the Secretary of State for Energy?

A: Here I am forced to paraphrase, and say that Harvie described Cecil as 'not a nice person'. He cheekily pondered if Mr Parkinson would perhaps address The Church of Scotland Assembly himself one day. More seriously, he agreed with my observation that politics and morality were diverging. I cited Gorgeous (??) George Galloway and he gave the pseudo-Christian 'Victorian Values' as his example of hypocrisy, as deregulation gives 'sky-slime' television.

Q: Is Mrs Thatcher's new found concern about ecology sincere or merely political opportunism?

A: He praised Jonathan Porritt (Friends of the Earth Director) and said the greening of the government would be difficult. His exact phrase was 'With Nicholas Ridley it would be like trying to wean a wolf on to rice crispies'.

Q: Adam Smith characterised a good tax by its simplicity and its relation to one's ability to pay, yet Smith, 'The founder of modern Thatcherism' has been abandoned since the Poll Tax is complicated and not related to one's income. Can you explain it?

A: Dr Mitchell told how chapter five of Wealth of Nations reveals Smith's opposition to a poll tax. He said the Adam Smith Institute misquote Smith's views since he actually said a poll tax was only used in countries with no respect for the poor.

Q: Do you think the radical nature of this government is damaging to its conservative traditions?

A: Professor Harvie said he was a radical but that the language of politics had changed, especially the meaning of 'radicalism'. It was now more 'action' than 'intellect'. He said the government's talk of 'radical reforms' was a cheeky contradiction of its old meaning.

Q: Do you think the Labour advance can be halted in Scotland or will anti-Thatcher co-operative eliminate all Scots Tory MPs?

A: He thought this possible if a Constitutional Convention had that definite aim and that this would be a 'quasi-revolutionary act'.

Q: Do you consider a decade-long government to be harmful for democracy especially when there is, as yet, an ineffective opposition?

A: Yes, he said his experiences showed him that Germany was more democratic than Britain, which was almost a 'pre-authoritarian' state.

Q: It is said that the success of a party's philosophy can be measured by its effect upon its oppo-

nent's views. With regard to the ongoing Labour reforms and their adoption of more moderate policies, would you say the so called 'neo-liberal consensus' is now accepted by Labour?

A: Prof. Harvie said that a deep authoritarian element in Labour applauded Thatcher for her concentration of power and quoted a new version of Lord Acton's phrase, 'All power is absolutely wonderful'. He said Labour is trying to recreate the 'value-free' politician. 'Kinnock wants to win badly and will ignore the party structure.' He referred to New Zealand and Spain where he said Labour governments had 'played with power'.

Q: If Labour is defeated again do you believe they will adopt P.R. and join Dr Owen's 'Constitutional Coalition'?

A: He was more positive about P.R. Britain is unique in Europe with retaining the first-past-the-post system. He thought that a 'pro-P.R. pact' was possible but that Labour had a 'leadership problem' and that if they were led by John Smith they would be much more flexible. He astutely predicted that if the Conservatives were in serious trouble they would let Labour into power.

Q: Do you think the Centre can recover to unite and form a credible opposition to the Tories as it almost appeared to do in 1987?

A: The 'centre party charade' had degenerated to personalities. Necessity made a local pact possible. The professor said the SDP's Richmond 'success' was a fluke and derided a party that celebrated having 'won' second place. He noted the lack of a strong centre base in Wales or Scotland.

Q: Keeping in mind that the 1945 Labour government altered Tory policy markedly for decades, do you think of Labour was returned to power they would return Britain to the Welfare State society or accept the Thatcher legacy with just minor reforms?

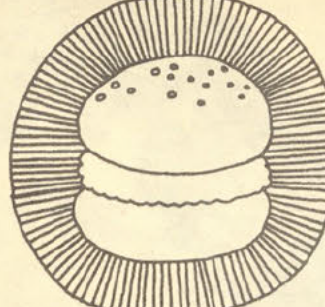
A: No, since the Thatcher legacy will be a 'god-awful mess and Labour will 'pick up the tab'. Thatcherism had failed to restructure the economy and society. They had weakened the old traditional connections that had kept it in balance, without regenerating at all. Thus Labour faces an 'un-governable situation'. Their only hope is electoral reform.

Q: The traditional working class base of the Labour party is declining, the non-unionised service sector is booming and internal rows, particularly over defence policy caused division. Do you think economic and demographic changes this decade have made a Labour government nearly impossible?

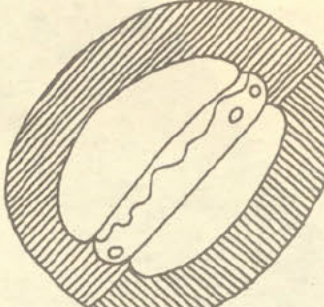
A: No, but he said an 'appalling Labour constitution' caused difficulties. He remarked that Sweden had experienced a near non-stop Labour government for 60 years. His skill at describing the complex in colourful metaphors was employed in his best phrase of the day, when he said Labour's constitutional and structural organisation was a catastrophe: 'Their flows of authority were like a mad plumbing system with the sewage outlet leading straight to the top.'

AVAILABLE AT THE MANDELA BAR

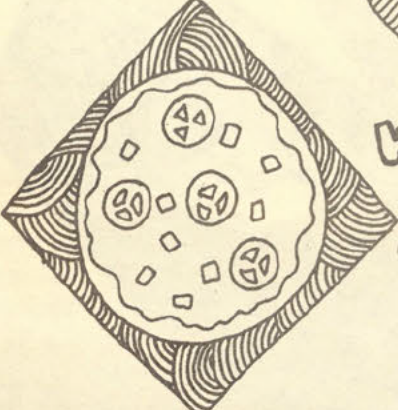
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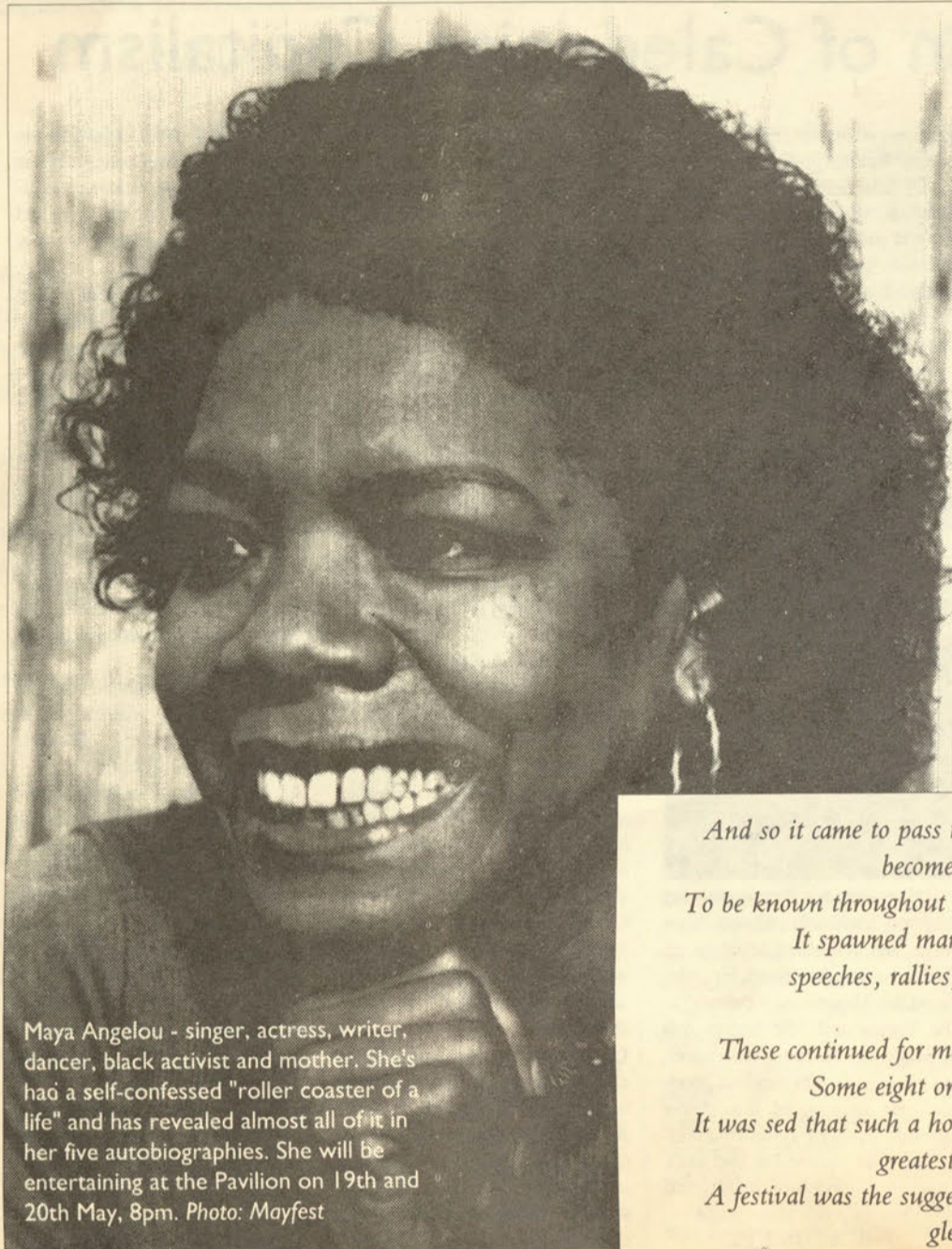


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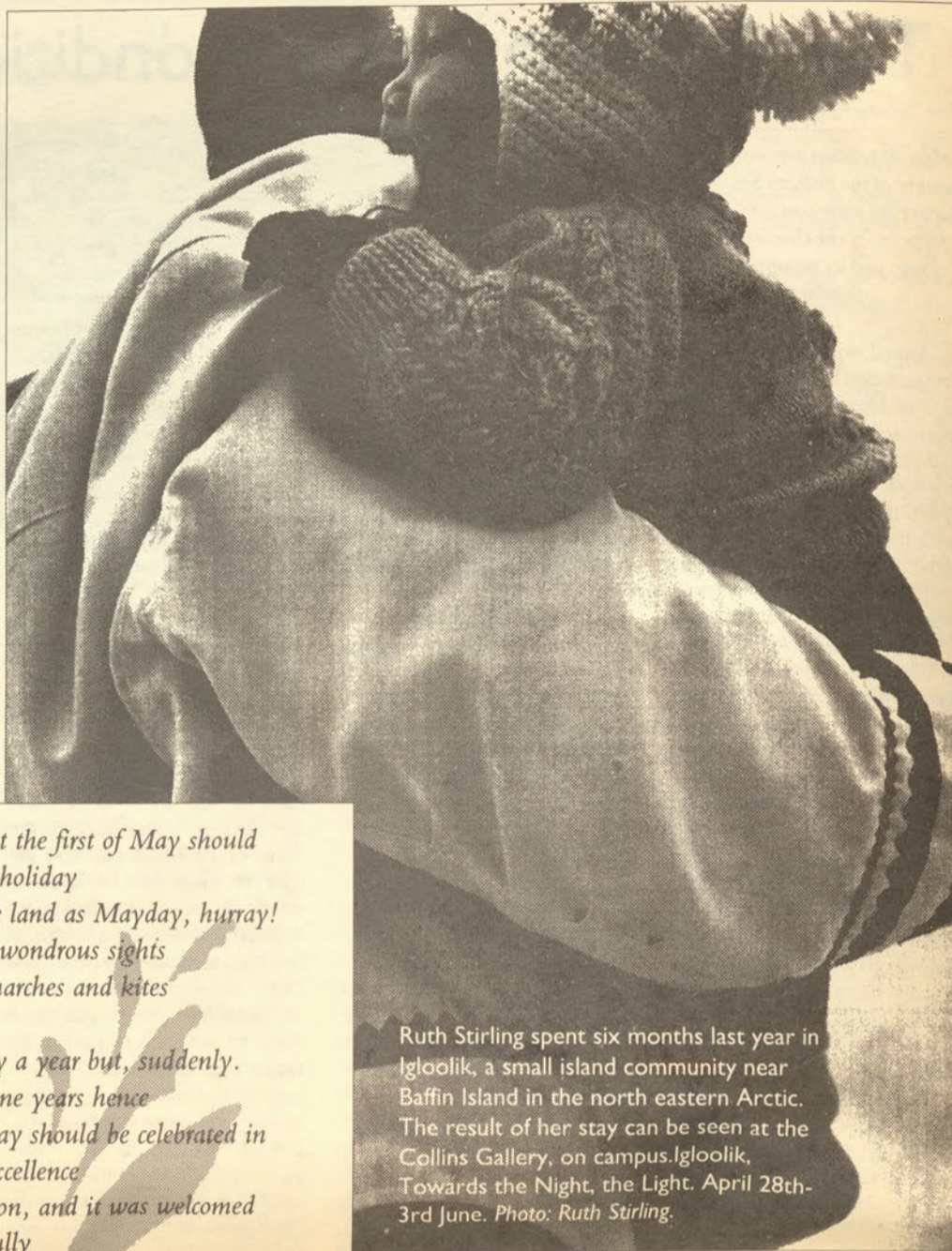


VEGEBURGER
85p





Maya Angelou - singer, actress, writer, dancer, black activist and mother. She's had a self-confessed "roller coaster of a life" and has revealed almost all of it in her five autobiographies. She will be entertaining at the Pavilion on 19th and 20th May, 8pm. Photo: Mayfest



Ruth Stirling spent six months last year in Igloodik, a small island community near Baffin Island in the north eastern Arctic. The result of her stay can be seen at the Collins Gallery, on campus. Igloodik, Towards the Night, the Light. April 28th-3rd June. Photo: Ruth Stirling.

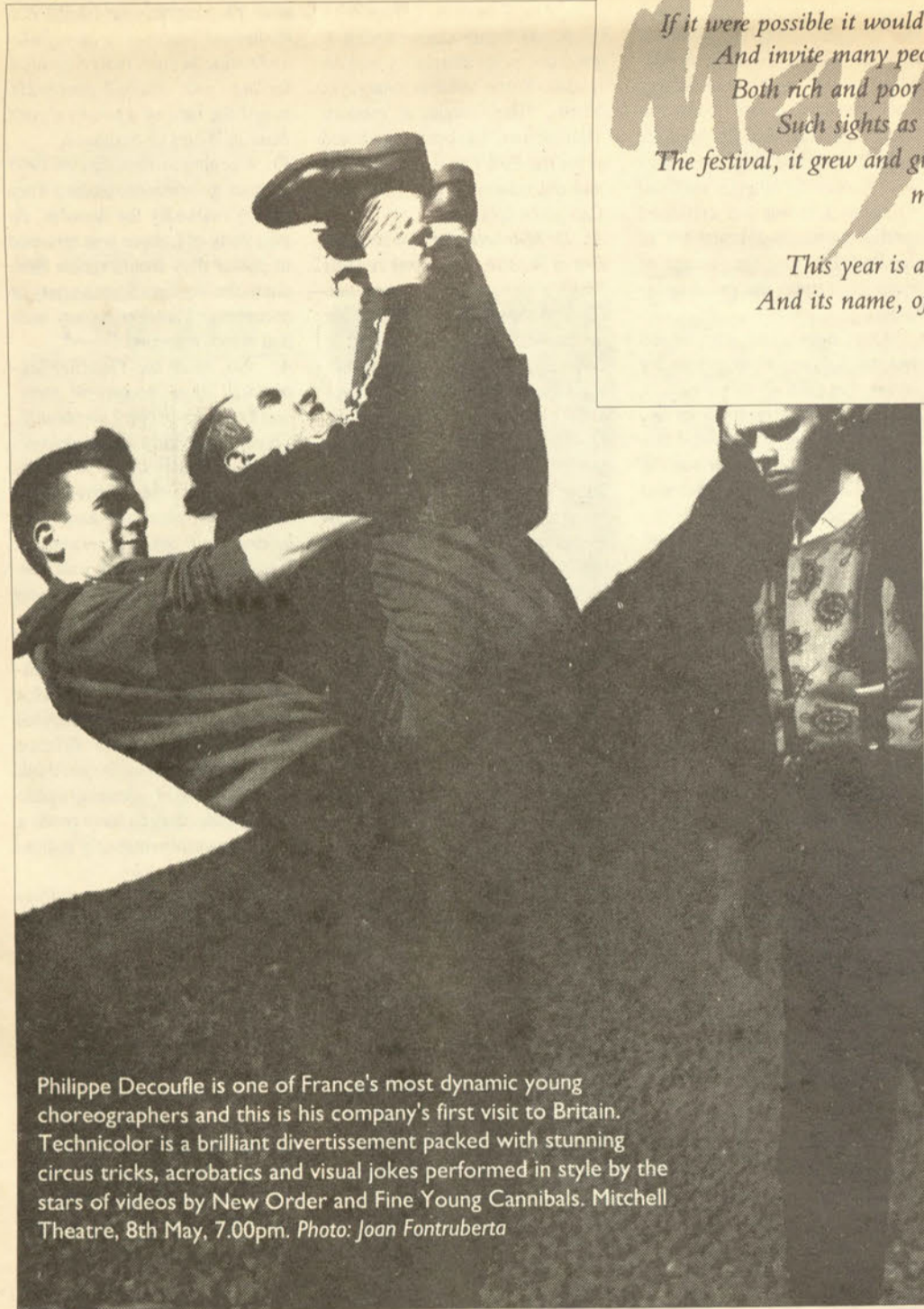
And so it came to pass that the first of May should
become a holiday
To be known throughout the land as Mayday, hurray!
It spawned many wondrous sights
speeches, rallies, marches and kites

These continued for many a year but, suddenly,
Some eight or nine years hence
It was sed that such a holiday should be celebrated in
greatest excellence
A festival was the suggestion, and it was welcomed
gleefully

If it were possible it would extend throughout the town,
And invite many people to Glasgow, come.
Both rich and poor could see great things
Such sights as never seen before
The festival, it grew and grew and soon there was much
more

This year is amongst its finest
And its name, of course, is Mayfest

Shona Fraser



Philippe Decoufle is one of France's most dynamic young choreographers and this is his company's first visit to Britain. Technicolor is a brilliant divertissement packed with stunning circus tricks, acrobatics and visual jokes performed in style by the stars of videos by New Order and Fine Young Cannibals. Mitchell Theatre, 8th May, 7.00pm. Photo: Joan Fontruberta



The Théâtre de Complicité often present wild and intricate plays in Glasgow but on this occasion they have pared down to one person. Tim Barlow gives a hilarious performance in his - My Army - written about his early army years in Sandhurst to Burma. Hail ed by the NME as the reincarnation of Tommy Cooper Barlow has written episodes which include "plane crashes and tropical diseases I have survived". RSAMD, Chandler Studio Theatre, 4th-7th May, 6.00pm. Photo: Mayfest.

To disciples of the music press the band are known as NMA, pronounced "enema", a pain in the arse! To the prospective interviewer the recent chart success with *Stupid Questions* is not encouraging. Nor is the lurking memory of *Vengeance* with its infamous "I believe in getting the bastards" much of a spur to meeting with a band whose public image is one of dour-faced six-footers in biker's jackets and leather coats long enough to hide a shotgun. Add to this the fact that the interview has been set up through the ominously named *Totally Obnoxious Management* and my expectations slide until I begin to pronounce the band only as "Enemy".

Having ascertained that Slade the Leveller did not know we were coming, that he has not yet been fed, isn't keen on doing interviews since he recently had sixty-three of them in three days, we settle down and the tape is nervously set rolling. Robb Heaton, drummer and co-songwriter wanders in briefly, sees the microphone and mutters something about "a laundry to do" before rapidly disappearing. We are left talking to Slade - or is it Justin Sullivan?

Slade arose out of an old punk tradition of using stage names while playing in a band in order to avoid being caught by the dole. In recent years he has begun to shed the stage-name and it is Sullivan who appears on the new album. But is Slade the Leveller part of the image which he wanted to portray? The title, along with the band's name are allusions to the Cromwellian anti-royalists of the English Civil War and have more to do with a stance on morality than a wish to appear imposing or impressive.

Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill!

"Everyone thinks we are really macho. We're really pussycats. People take us too seriously - we don't take ourselves seriously. But we take what we make very seriously."

Does that make the support of vigilantism expressed in *Vengeance* a personal belief?

"Some people think rock music is all about style, and fashion, and so on. I think that it's the folk music of the 20th century. Everyone understands it. Basically songs are about emotional communication. So if I write 'I believe in vengeance/I believe in getting the bastard' it's just how I feel at that particular moment - and I still often do. It's not that I've changed my opinion, but it's important to remember that it's not some intellectual philosophy that I've worked out."

On the whole NMA tend to stick to the old traditions of the folk formula; shortish songs with easy to remember choruses - songs to sing along and dance along to. Anyone who has seen NMA live will testify to the emotional communication which occurs, as young Braves rise totem like from the crowd to 'play' alongside those on-stage. To communicate to a wider audience wouldn't it be better to play pop?

"What is pop? The music isn't something to hang the lyrics on - it's an equal part. We could go out and play a string of instrumentals and still communicate something. If all we had were words then I would be a poet and the rest of the band wouldn't be here. We play the music which communicates something."

In the past this seems to have manifested itself as a tendency to release singles like *Vengeance*, *No Rest* and *Stupid Questions* - and the uninformed could be forgiven for assuming that NMA are simply 'angry young men' thrashing out their frustrations on vinyl. But a listen to the new album, *Thunder and Consolation*, shows a range of musical diversity which the singles-buying public are unlikely ever to hear. The band would love to release the balladic *Green and the Grey*, with its folk-inspired acoustic feel, or the infectious *I love the World* - but at five and a half minutes long these tracks would only be played by a brave DJ - assuming one could overcome the stigma associated with NMA themselves.

Throwing Insults; Breaking Glass

Many of the issues addressed by NMA are of a political

N.M.A

nature. I asked Justin if he considered himself a working class hero; a people's poet?

"I was asked if clogs were an attempt to establish my working class northern roots. I'm a middle class boy from Slough for God's sake."

Mrs Thatcher is the worst thing to happen to Britain since - I don't know - since the Black Death I should think. And I'm a middle class person saying so. A working class person might feel that more strongly - debatable - I feel it as intensely as anyone I know. I'm not particularly political in that sense. I would do anything to get the bitch out, but I'm not a paid up member of the Labour Party or anything like that."

Slade seems to feel that movements like the Red Wedge deliberately avoid NMA despite the fact that he knows Billy Bragg quite well. Similarly with Greenpeace who they contacted around two years ago at a time when they had just released *White Coats* (anti-animal experimentation). This and songs like *Ballad* identify NMA quite closely with Greenpeace ideals, but word finally trickled back to them that NMA were not the kind of band that Greenpeace wanted for their concerts.

"I think the moment we had written *Vengeance* most left-wing people said 'You can't say that'. I know it's a bit dodgy, but the problem with alternative politics is that in the 50s and 60s it was all about civil liberties across the world; but in the 70s and 80s it's all about guilt. 'I'm purer than you. I'm more working class than you. I'm more of an anarchist, and wear less leather, and eat less meat. It's a kind of guilt. The reason Mrs Thatcher has been able to walk all over everybody is that the opposition are too busy tearing each other's throats out; trying to be better children of the revolution than each other."

Bugger the revolution for the time-being - let's get the bitch out."

American Express of Slow Coach to VISA

NMA were three times refused work visas to play in America despite having a sizeable following in that country. The explanation that the band had 'no artistic merit' was undoubtedly official reaction to the anti-American line taken in some NMA songs. What does Slade think of America?

"Wherever you go in the world there are really intelligent, interesting and nice people, and lots of complete bastards. Whichever country you are in you will find this. If you are talking about America politically that is a completely different think. I wouldn't live in America - I dislike their political system and I dislike their culture - or lack of it. I've met some really nice Americans, and physically it's a really beautiful place."

On the other hand Slade sees the Americanization of Britain as a shame. The single *51st State* mourns the passing of England

as it is absorbed into the American nation. Slade prefers to look to Europe - to countries like Holland and Germany for inspiration. America doesn't have anything that he needs. In the course of this discussion he realises that he has been talking about England when he means Britain. Is he aware of a North/South divide?

The little village in which he grew up 30 miles outside London is now stockbroker belt - the house his parents bought for virtually nothing he could not afford now in a million years. But the North/South divide he sees not as economic, citing the poverty of the East End, but as arising from an arrogance of the South-east towards the rest of the country, and of the English towards the Scots, the Irish and the Welsh.

"It all fans out from London. It's based on the media more than money; a certain attitude in London that says 'This is where everything really matters; this is where

the decisions are made, and we have the power, and the god-given right to influence people and tell them what the fashions, the cultural opinions and value systems are in the South-east.' They never understand it when people in other parts of Britain don't accept them. I couldn't possibly live in London"

Do you prefer the claustrophobic society of towns, as portrayed in *Green and the Grey* or *Small Town England*?

"The funny thing about that song is that sometimes we play London and people come up to us and say 'London is just the same attitude - we can't stand it.' In fact we went to Tokyo, and some little Japanese guy came up to me and said 'The song *Small Town England* expresses exactly how it is in Tokyo.'

Would you ever do Top of the Pops or any other mime show and not play live? You could do what the Fun Boy Three did - just dancing about while the record plays on regardless - take the money and waggle two fingers at the producers.

"We don't do mime shows because it's embarrassing really. You can either do that and be really clever - but to do that you've got to be naturally cool people - we're not naturally cool. We're hot. We really like going on and playing, so as soon as a TV company say they want us to play we say 'Right, we'll play live. Full stop.' We've got a lot of pride in the fact that we can play."

It is this pride which has made NMA such an easy target over the years for journalists keen on doing a hatchet job - it is easy to knock someone who is proud of what they do. This is one of the factors which has contributed to the bands' immensely slow rise from obscurity to relative obscurity.'

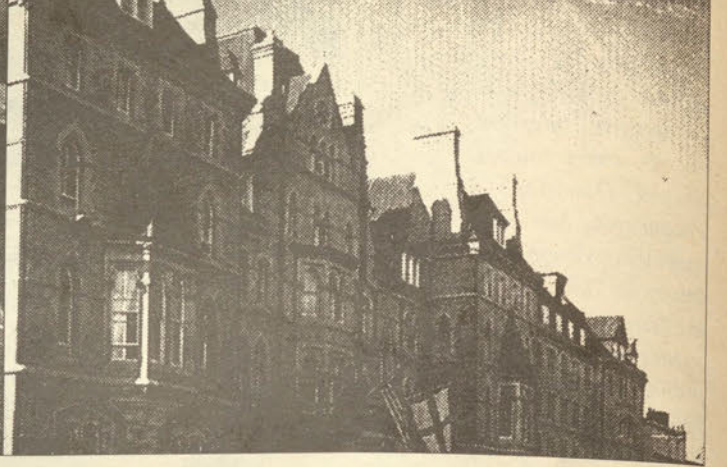
The Gra(titu)duate

Six months ago NMA decided on a mini-tour at a time when the new album was supposed to be out and wasn't. With no record, no radio, no TV or press, they decided to go out and purely by word of mouth managed to sell out the tour two weeks in advance. The one hundred season tickets available for the present tour came about through pressure from the fans rather than being the cheap publicity stunt the venture was accused of being. How has the tour been going?

"Like all tours - some good nights and some bad nights. The difference with this tour is that we have become public property. In the current situation where people have heard you on the radio, or read about you in the Sounds or NME you reach a wider audience. But, not only do they inevitably view you differently but the hard core that used to come and see us anyway feel suddenly that we have changed - not because we have - but because the media's attitude towards us has changed. That changes the atmosphere of gigs, it makes it more 'we'll watch and you play' from the audiences point of view, whereas usually our gigs have been particularly characterised by 'you play and we'll play too'. The audience generate as much emotional energy as we do, even with all our guitars and thousands of watts of PA."

Perhaps he's right and there is some degree of factionalisation in the crowd that night as NMA play their way through a superb set but I don't notice it and everything seems friendly. Everything that is, including the band; who are pronounced incidentally as 'New Model Army'.

Maedhros



This is the second article in an erratic series discussing potential opportunities for graduates

Oxford University is broke. At least that is what the people who run Oxford University are claiming at the moment. Last year saw the launch of the Oxford campaign, an organised attempt on the part of the university to raise, wait for it, 200 million pounds from corporate commerce.

The Campaign launch itself was a typical Oxford do. There was a gowned procession, and speeches and the inevitable buffet-lunch with the inevitable gathering of Ascot-looking hats and elderly men standing around holding wine glasses. No suggestion here of going cap-in-hand to anyone. The Leader of course was thrilled by the whole idea - Britain's oldest University, the favourite finishing school of the establishment, at last waking up to economic reality and earning its keep from the city. An example for the rest of the country to follow.

Of course Oxford University is not broke in the least. What they mean is they've run out of loose change. The University is about as poor as the Vatican or Buckingham Palace. It is said that you can walk from Oxford to Cambridge on land which is owned

by one of the Oxford colleges. Besides, every college is a treasure house to itself, with the previous clutter of five or six or seven hundred years of history and bequeaths stashed away in the vaults.

And there's always the summer conferences and summer-schools. The summer-schools in particular are very popular with the Americans, who pay untold amounts of money to come and live and learn in Oxford for three or six weeks, presuming that Oxford is the place in the world to learn anything. And of course it is old. And then there are the old boys. The men and women (who presumably aren't called old girls) who went down forty years ago and are now sitting at the top of company boards the length of the country.

Last year my own college, Exeter, unveiled a refurbishment programme which had cost around one and half million pounds. Every penny of it came from former college members. Very broke. The opening of course was done with all due ceremony. A large marquis was erected in the front quad - well, a buffet lunch just wouldn't be the same without one. A little platform was built in the back quad for the worthies to sit on and listen to the opening speech, after which there was a polite rush for

the grub and the free wine in the marquis. It was in the queue for the food that I came to closest in my life to hitting a woman. I was talking to someone and hadn't realised that the queue had moved on. The woman behind me had. 'Shoo!' she said. I turned round and looked at her. Sure enough, there was the hat a mile wide and the great pointed nose cleaving the air. I was shaking. For a moment I knew exactly what I wanted to do. But it passed and probably just as well. I got my lunch and sat down in the giant white tent while the mingling and gossip got underway seriously. In the crowd I noticed Alan Bennett, the playwright and realised what riches of quietly vicious fiction the observation of such a gathering, such a way of life, offered.

It is a different world. At least for me it's a different world, and for anyone else who was born and brought up in the north of the country or in Scotland. I started at Exeter College, Oxford in October 1987. Or rather I 'went up' in Michelmas 1987. I had graduated from Glasgow University in the summer with a good honours degree in English Literature. Having graduated I realised that I had barely thought of what to do afterwards. I had worked so hard for the finals that I had forgotten

that life goes on after them. The only thing I had done was to apply, on the advice of my tutor, to a few places for postgraduate work. I got a grant; Oxford said yes; so I went.

By November I was thoroughly depressed. The whole town seemed to be permanently wrapped in a thick fog, exhaled from the surround swamps and marches. As Andrew Lang once said, the damp got into the heart of everything. Besides the climate I was experiencing acute culture shock. Everyone knows what a silly upper-class accent sounds like, but to hear it two feet from your ear at least once a day and to be surrounded by the attitudes which go with the accent is another matter. For the first term I walked around with gritted teeth. Any encounter with a fellow Scot was a blessed event, but alas only a temporary experience of reality and common sense. The next day I would be told that I had to go to such-and-such event which required a gown and white dickie bow. At Glasgow I had worn a gown once - the day I graduated. Down here it seemed I was never out of the thing. And the atmosphere was claustrophobic. At Glasgow I either commuted in from Greenock or walked to the University from a flat in Finnieston. But you knew you

were in a city, and the university was only a small part of it. Oxford, on the other hand, is a small town and the university is big. The social life outside the university circles is very limited. Admittedly London is only an hour away but a day and a night out in London is something you have to open a deposit account for. Anyway, eventually I stopped gritting my teeth and the accents stopped annoying me. It is simply a matter, I think, of time. In the end you become immune, or at least immune enough to get on with your own life amongst it all. Besides, spring came and the smell of blossom filled the Iffley Road.

But there were other problems, like my work. Since coming to Oxford to do a D.Phil (a Ph.D. anywhere else) I've had to work part-time to supplement my grant, which while better than what I got as an undergraduate, is still woefully inadequate for anything resembling a passable life. The part-time work interfered with my academic work and all the time I was hearing how hopeless the jobs situation was in the arts, particularly in English. And I began to meet people in their fifth, sixth and even seventh year of research who had got stuck in a rut of tutoring half the year to keep themselves and trying to work for the other half. As every year passed

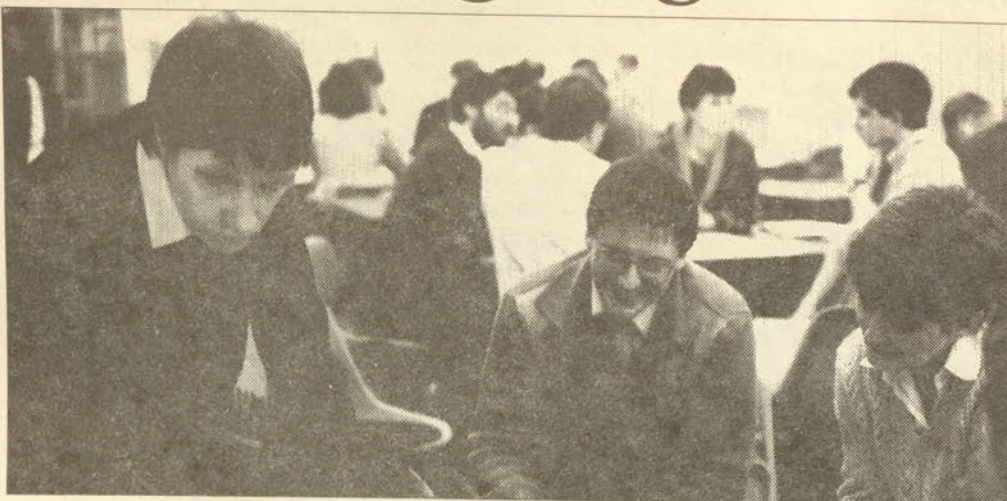
they became more and more unemployable and more and more used to their lifestyle. They were, in effect, permanent residents.

It was time, I decided, to move. I've now decided in my second year here, to go for an M.Litt... the intermediary post-graduate degree and I've started writing away for jobs, hoping to start somewhere in September.

But research at the moment, while it has suffered greatly in the last decade along with everything else that isn't obviously wealth-creating, is still worth considering as an alternative to starting a career immediately after graduating. A D.Phil is a long and arduous process but not all subjects offer as few job prospects in their own subjects as English and not all post-graduate degrees have to be as long as a D.Phil. One or two years of postgraduate work will very often give you an added advantage in the job market and the Oxford name, whether you like it or not, is also an advantage. If nothing else comes of a few years in Oxford, you'll always collect enough material for one of those delightfully predictable comedy of manners which the BBC go in for after the news; and you'll understand why the English have such a tradition of satire.

There is so very much to satirise.

Help! I'm going to fail



Centre for Academic Practices

The recently opened Centre for Academic Practice offers a learning resource base designed to support all aspects of undergraduate/postgraduate study and learning.

Since its formal establishment in 1987, the Centre has been concerned with three major areas of activity:

- staff development and appraisal
- student study skills
- development of the learning environment

These general themes have

enabled the Centre to explore a variety of issues and undertake many practical initiatives. These have included staff development and training courses; workshops on teaching methods and course design (I haven't noticed your lectures and lecturer improving recently).

For students the provision of study skill seminars and workshops on thinking skills have been set up - together with courses for postgraduates on thesis preparation.

The Centre can be found in Marland House (where some

of us sat exams last year) and provides to visitors, staff and students a range of services including information, consultancy and workspace. It offers a versatile learning environment and a developing collection of learning resources including video and computing facilities.

If this all sounds highly impersonal don't be put off. Bill Johnston, the Learning Co-ordinator, is a charming man and is willing to help everyone. He can be contacted on extension 4063. The Centre is open Mon-Fri 9.30-4.30 pm

17 Mai 1989

May is here again and it is time to celebrate the 17th May, the Norwegian Constitution Day. As usual we will arrange a traditional 17th of May celebration. We welcome and encourage everybody to join in our celebration.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE DAY

- 10.45am The city of Glasgow invites all Norwegians to a reception at the City Hall (Candleriggs 98)
- 12.15pm We assemble in Martha Street, by Strathclyde Union. Our excellent brass band strikes up and we march along St Vincent Street, Bath Street, and Sauchiehall Street to Kelvingrove Park. There we will sing 'Ja Vi Elsker', have speeches, games and Norwegian folk dance. Refreshments will be sold!

After this we will have a few hours rest, before -

- 6.30pm The doors open for the Dinner Dance at the Hospitality Inn (Entrance from Renfrew Street), where a welcome drink will be served.
- 7.15pm We will take our places, and the grand four course meal will be served. Our excellent band will play swinging music, after which the Disco will be on until approximately 3 am.

The 17th May Committee welcomes EVERYBODY!! Bring high spirits and let us have a fun and memorable celebration.

The 17th May Committee

Tickets will be on sale from Lord Todd today and tomorrow between 12-1 pm

Will Mrs Whitehouse complain about sax on TV?

Up until a couple of years ago there was very little jazz on television. Then, a couple of years ago Channel 4 began to import high quality programmes to show on The Late Shift and similar shows. Now the British are beginning to get round to making their own stuff. This month sees the start of a six part BBC Scotland series featuring tenor saxophonist Tommy Smith. Michael Tobyn talks to him about the series.

I made a documentary for the BBC and they thought it was a success with the public and the reviewers so they decided to go ahead and make a series. It seems like a long time ago now but it was in the middle of last year.

Were you given a free choice about who is going to be on the programme?

Obviously, since it's my show, I thought it would be great if we had a variety of idioms and musical environments, so we've done a symphonic one and we had to find a composer, we got Glasgow composer Bill Sweeney for that. We also did one with pop band Hue and Cry, another featuring Chick Corea and Gary Burton. I also wanted to get a standard type piano player and we got Tommy Flanagan, for something a little different we chose the 29th Street Saxophone Quartet and I wanted to do something for a local band that wasn't getting much recognition, The John Rae Collective, so we brought them in as well.

Have they all worked as well as you would've hoped, especially with those musicians that you're unfamiliar with?

They've worked better so far, we've managed to get good half hour shows with everyone.

Is it hard work making the programmes?

It's hard work when it's all concentrated. At the moment we're recording in four out of five days, I've had to write a lot of

music for the shows, and I'm going to have to learn some obscure standards for the Tommy Flanagan programme.

Does an obscure standard not defeat the point?

They're obscure to players of my generation but obviously not to older ones.

The programme with Hue and Cry led to you taking part in their tour at the end of last year. Playing at the SECC must surely be different from what you're used to as a jazz artist?

It's just a sea of bodies swaying back and forth and screaming their heads off, it's a completely different sensation. We did a nine date tour and we're going to do another sixteen dates in May. We wrote a song together for the show called *Second Nature*, I think it's quite good but you'll have to wait to hear it. It was interesting to see how three guys get together to write a song.

You've also done a programme with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, something completely different again.

It's a challenge because the piece was very intricate. Playing with seventy musicians is a nightmare, initially because, as a soloist you've got to play your part perfectly. If you make a mistake you've got seventy pairs of eyes looking at you. I studied the music for that very well.

The series, entitled **Tommy Smith : Jazz Types**, begins on Friday 5th May.

5th May	Gary Burton/Chick Corea
12th May	29th Street Saxophone Quartet
19th May	Hue and Cry/John Rae Collective
26th May	Tommy Smith Quartet featuring Arild Anderson
2nd June	Tommy Flanagan Trio
9th June	BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra

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Tickets valid for two months. Under 26's only.

For further information contact:



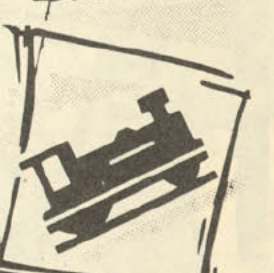
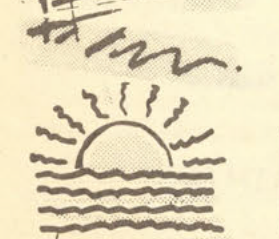
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What's On

A guide to what's happening in and around Glasgow. Edited by Shona Fraser.

THURSDAY 4th MAY

7:84 The Scottish People's Theatre in Road by Jim Cartwright Kings Theatre

Gerard Kelly can only be described as multi-talented for not only does he star in BBC Scotland's wicked comedy *City Lights* (and more recently the stage version) but he is also Associate Artistic Director of 7:84.

He could be described as a comic genius and in Jim Cartwright's *Road* he takes his audience along his derelict Glasgow street in a series of sharp comic scenes which reveals the bitter and tragic story of a community fighting for lost dignity.

This isn't a story of failure. It is a passionate and positive portrayal of working class life.

Starring Gerard Kelly as Scullery. Directed by David Hayman. Performance: 7.30 Tickets £2 - £5.50

Strathclyde Theatre Group in Romeo and Juliet

Drama Centre, Ingram Street

STG begin their Mayfest presentations with an innovative production of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Early one Sunday morning a group of Scottish villagers gathered to watch the beginning of a ritual enactment of *Romeo and Juliet* being performed by members of a local religious order.

The outcome: not at all what anyone expected. Performance: 7.30

FRIDAY 5TH MAY

Scottish Opera in La Traviata by Giuseppe Verdi Theatre Royal



Scottish Opera consistently present excellent opera productions to the Scottish people. Their recent presentations of *Das Rheingold*, *Don Giovanni* and *La Boheme* were highly praised and tonight's production of Verdi's *La Traviata* illustrates, as other productions in the past have, that the Scottish Arts Council's confidence in the Scottish Opera company is well formed.

Verdi's opera, directed by Nuria Espert tells the story of Violetta, a glittering demi-monde singer. She has an incurable disease and is facing death. Nancy Gustafson sings Violetta, conducted by John Mauceri/John Pryce-Jones.

Performance: 7.30 Tickets: £3-£23 (concs. available)

Rutherglen Tennis Club present

A Race Nite

Burnside Hotel, Burnside

A groovy evening to be had - so go.

Tickets: £2.50 including a splendid supper 8-12 midnight (I hope this is appreciated, T.)

SATURDAY 6TH MAY

Happy Birthday, Alistair See you on the green.

Morton v Raith Rovers Cappielow Park 3.00pm Kick-off

Continuing our look at Morton Football Club and it's progress this year, we interviewed Ally McGraw, the Morton Manager. He agreed with us that Morton's year had been disappointing but argued that Morton fans must be patient. With Morton's strong youth team and McGraw's policy of bringing young players into the team McGraw believes that within three years time the Morton team would be good enough to stay in the Premier Division.

Ally McGraw also agreed that it was immensely disappointing to see older players like Andy Ritchie ask for transfers but he admitted that financial considerations played a large part in a player's decision. Morton is a part-time club and if a player can receive £300 a week playing for another team - rather than £60 a week playing for Morton - then McGraw feels obliged to let the player go. He puts it this way to the fans "I say to them, if it was your son you wouldn't want me to hold him back so I can't refuse to let the players go if they want to".

The Morton manager is in a difficult situation and it is to his credit that Morton has reached the Premier Division in the past - we are sure that he can do it again.

PS Congratulations to Albion Rovers

Strathclyde Union Bad Manners

This may upset some diehard fans but I really thought that this band no longer existed so I'm especially glad that they are playing here tonight. Go on Buster Bloodvessel. Performance: 9-2am Tickets: £3

Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow University The La's

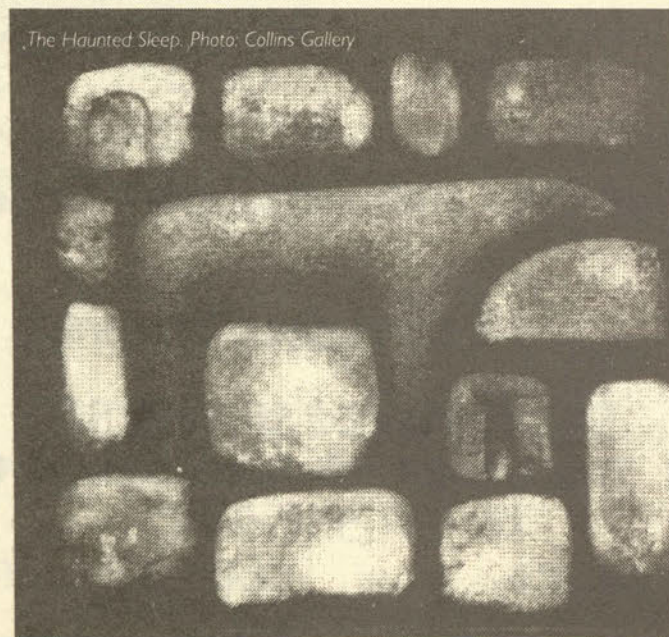
Creators of that elusive perfect pop song 'There She Goes', The La's are sure to delight all the 16 year olds at the QM tonight. Performance: 9-1am. Tickets: £4

SUNDAY 7TH MAY

Collins Gallery, on campus

The Haunted Sleep

This is an exhibition of paintings and sculpture by Lorna Graves which explores the relationship between men and women and beasts to rivers, mountains, forests and the sky.



The Haunted Sleep. Photo: Collins Gallery

Lorna will talk about her work and the process of raku pottery (as seen in the exhibition) on Wednesday 17th May 7.30-8.30 pm Exhibition runs until 3rd June 1989

MONDAY 8TH MAY

Good Luck Sharon - Knock 'em dead

Rudolf Fila Third Eye Centre, Gallery 1



Rudolf Fila lives and works in Bratislava, capital of the Slovak Socialist Republic. This is his first one person exhibition outside Czechoslovakia.

The exhibition examines the conflict between the intellectual (presumably the rational part of our mind) and the subconscious by creating a tension between the foreground and the background of Fila's (and other peoples) paintings. This takes the form of an addition to the painting or the photograph.

It's probably really interesting but keep it for the day when you think that you've failed all your exams and go and laugh at the pretentiousness of some catalogue writers and artists.

Exhibition runs until 4th June 1989

TUESDAY 9TH MAY

Citizens Company in A Tale of Two Cities by Charles Dickens

Citizens Theatre, Gorbals

The last Citizen's production, *The Alchemist*, was visually impressive but didn't quite succeed dramatically. This time the Citizens has chosen Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities* as its text and hopefully the more modern choice will make all the difference between an off-balance show and a successful production. With the same director, Philip Prowse, this play celebrates the 200th anniversary of the French Revolution.

Performance: 7.30 Tickets: £3 (£1 concs.)

Union Film Club

Jean De Florette

plus

Manon de Sources

Performance: 7pm Tickets: £1

Free with film card

WEDNESDAY 10TH MAY

Trades Hall, 85 Glassford Street

Strathclyde University Chamber Orchestra

Baroque Bunch - Bach, Handel and Telemann

Wendy Hanson (flute)

Rebecca Tavener (recorder)

Performance: 8 pm Tickets: £3 (£1.50) from Candleriggs.

Union Film Club

Jean de Florette plus Manon De Sources

Performance: 2.30 pm

THURSDAY 11TH MAY

People's Palace, Glasgow Green

A Stitch in Time

An exhibition of women's banners and needlework. One of the

most successful early trade disputes was won by women at the Bryant and May match factory in 1896. They had a banner - it's not at this exhibition but many banners with similar stories will be.

Opening hours
Monday to Friday 10-5
Sunday 2-5

FRIDAY 12TH MAY

Third Eye Centre
The Pointy Birds



The Pointy Birds are an eccentric, hard-hitting and bristling individual combination of saxophonist Steve Blake, cellist David Fitzgerald and bassist John Edwards. Their influences run riot from Ornette Colman's harmolodics, Reich style processes (whatever they are) and Middle Eastern Folk musics (ah - I recognise that).

Described by the NME as 'hip lunatics' they play at a punky speed and are at the Third Eye for one night only
Performance: 10.30 Tickets: £5, £2.50

SATURDAY 13TH MAY

Scottish Exhibition and Conference Centre
Diana Ross



Supreme songstress Diana Ross should charm the pants off the audience tonight

Tron Theatre, Trongate
Tarragon Theatre Co.

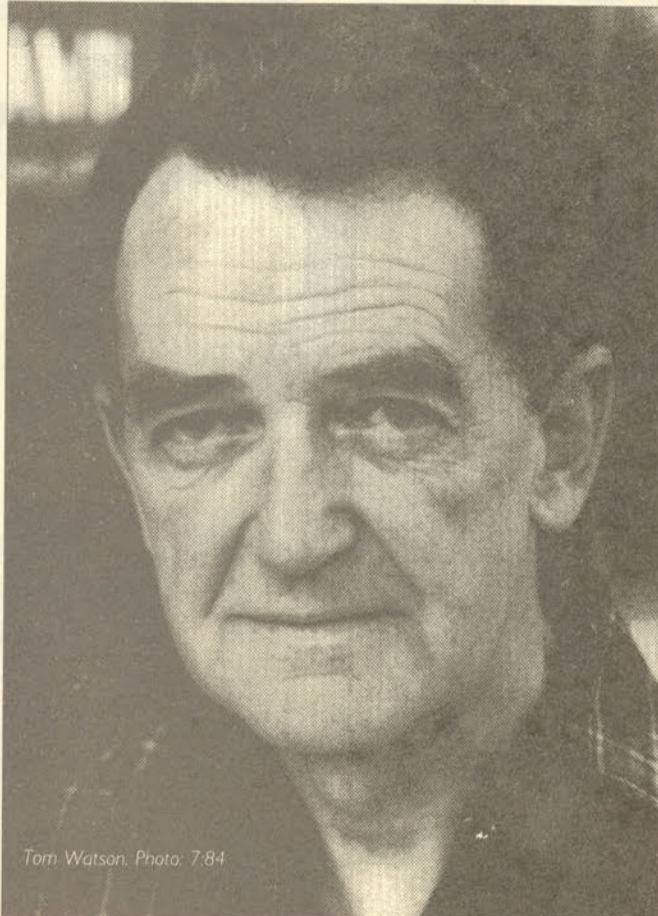
Danny Thompson's Whatever and the Real World

Danny Thompson, one of the world's greatest acoustic bassists, will provide tonight's cabaret at the tron after Tarragon Theatre's production of The Real World. This play contains a playwright who has written a play about his own family and finds himself trapped between two different domestic realities that make him think twice about the wisdom of exploring his family so ruthlessly in his writings.

The Real World 7.30 Tickets £5 (Concs. £2/£1)
Danny Thompson 11.15 Tickets £1.50 & £2.50

SUNDAY 14TH MAY

7:84 The Scottish People's Theatre
Potestad
by Eduardo Pavlovsky



Set in Buenos Aires in the present day, Potestad tells the story of a doctor as he reflects on his life and work under a corrupt military regime. The play not only demonstrates the appalling consequences of a fanatical military junta, but is also a harrowing psychological study of a man's personal tragedy - portrayed brilliantly by Tom Watson.

Performance 6.00 pm Tickets £5 (£2.50)

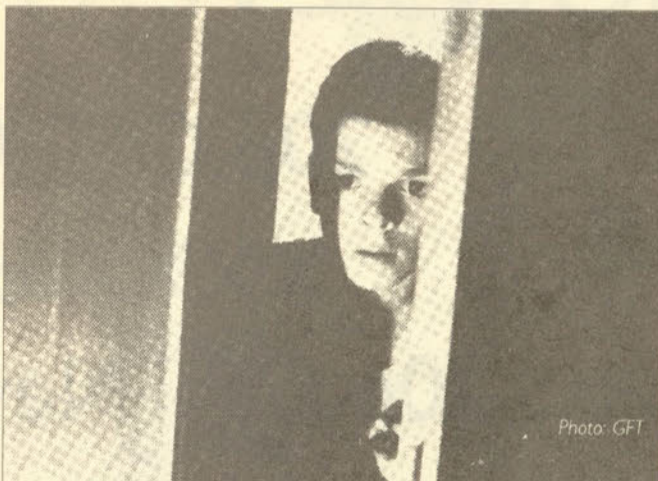
Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama
'So you think you're funny?'

If you think that you are capable of making a real audience laugh (and I'm convinced that some members of the Union Executive could enter) then send a tape of some of your jokes to the Mayfest Office (46 Royal Exchange Square) and you could be on this stage tonight.

Performance 9 pm Chandler Studio Theatre
Tickets £5 (£2.50)

MONDAY 15TH MAY

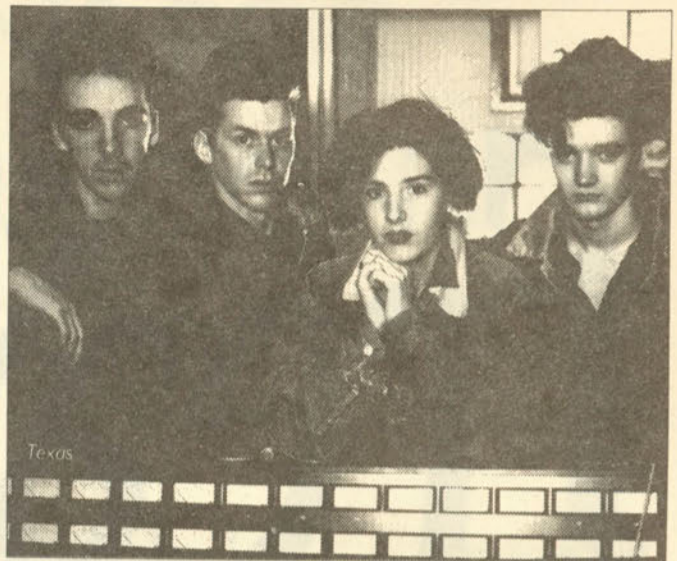
Crazy Love
GFT



Belgian director Dominique Deruddere had linked three Charles Bukowski short stories to show one boy/youth/man's progression from carefree, fairy tale pubescence through a witty sexual education to a derailment - a most grotesque case of acne. Mordantly funny, stunningly designed, exquisitely photographed, quirkily directed and all too brief - it's on the big screen a mere 90 minutes. The film puts tyres on Bukowski's wheels.
Performance: 8.45 Concessions available.

Credits

Peoples Palace
7:84 - cheers Liz
Ally McGraw
Andy for the encouragement



TUESDAY 16TH MAY

Texas
Pavilion Theatre

Already sold out but maybe you can get tickets from the touts - that's if you really want to go. I'd rather watch Dirty Dancing again, and again, and again, and...

Union Film Club
Broadcast News 8 pm
£1 Free with film card

WEDNESDAY 17th MAY

Dr Who
by Terence Dicks
Kings Theatre

The Cybermen and the Daleks want to take over the world. They are in Glasgow and have kidnapped the American President. Dr Who sets off to save him - and the world - equipped with a laser computer. Someone stop him - please.
Performance: 7.30 Tickets: £2.50 > £1

Film Club
Broadcast News
2.30 pm

THURSDAY 18TH MAY

English National Opera presents
A Small Green Space
by Fay Weldon and Ilona Sekacz
Stevenson Hall, RSAMD

A young boy sets out to preserve a piece of land for his local community and encounters rock, blues and soul singers and a youth chorus on his journey. They agree to help him in his fight.
Producer: David Sulkin
Conductor: Alec Roth
Performance: 8 pm Tickets £6 (£3)



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Friday Night is Movie Night!

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The Best in
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Yes, it's free!

Friday May 5

THE VERY BEST OF SKA!
DANCE CRAZE

Friday May 12

THE BEATLES IN
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

Friday May 19

PRINCE IN
SIGN 'Ø' THE TIMES

Friday May 26

SEX, DRUGS 'N' ROCK 'N' ROLL
THIS IS

Friday June 2

SPINAL TAP
BY POPULAR DEMAND
GREASE

Friday June 9

BOB DYLAN IN
DON'T LOOK BACK

Friday June 16

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Friday June 23

DAVID BOWIE IN
ZIGGY STARDUST

LIVE

Saturday 6th May

£3

A SKA BONANZA WITH
BAD MANNERS

and

CAPONE AND THE BULLETS

Saturday 27th May

£3

FROM IRELAND
CACTUS WORLD

NEWS (tbc)

plus
GIANT

Plus more to come ...

TEENAGE RIOT

On their short UK tour which included two sell-out shows at Level 8, *Sonic Youth* entertained Telegraph Musos *Tony McNulty* and *Jane Mulready* with some rock 'n' roll excess.

Sweat. Lots of it. The sauna suite at the Holiday Inn and we're digging deep into the pores of Lee Ranaldo with shovels. A man who endured a tortured puberty inflicts pain on his fellow saunaists. He turns up the heat.

Stifling. Music to stifle your interest. Sonic Youth bombard their music with noise, feedback and an attitude to kill. Spawned from New York and born out of some amp run from the wrong size voltage, Sonic Youth could be the Frankenstein of the music world, or just another inept noise band.

Ten albums on and they're all set to sign to a major and play big league for the new generation of souls searching for an alternative - alternative to what? An interview means time to play - playing is work. Call this work?

"Our music is so important to us, we love this music as a bare expression of our culture" Thurstone.

Oh yeah? Middle-class babies and grown up teenagers - Sonic Youth are over thirty - except the little guy - and getting on. Lee's got his wife and kid with him, not very rock 'n' roll is it? But madcap they must be and they prove to be quite the American high school brats acting real cocky and being somewhat less than serious.

Waterboys

Pool side, Thurstone plots. "We've got to take over the administration building. And once we do that, we go get a rifle. Here comes Mark Rudd" Who? "He was a jerk-off student reactionary revolutionary who sat in the Dean's chair at Columbia. They took over the building." So you don't like students then Thurstone? "Never will, never have."

At this point Lee, the aging family man and pock face guitarist shouts "Yeuch, what is this stuff" And flings a can of your other national drink right into the middle of the deep-end. He then shouts "And fuck you too, Muscles!" at the disgruntled pool attendant. Rock 'n' rollers or what?

"Do you think members of Orange Juice were there tonight?" asks Lee. Nah, not if they had any sense. You guys were shite says a brave Tony. "What about the Reid brothers?" he asks. "Those

Monday I developed a theory that if I ran up the stairs to my flat I wouldn't be so exhausted by the time I reached the top. This is a development if the theory that if you run fast through the rain you present a moving target and don't get so wet. Both are now scientifically proven to be complete twaddle. I nearly had a coronary. Which reminds me, I haven't seen the postman lately. I used to think we had obscene flat callers because of the early morning heavy breathing until one day I met him struggling up the stairs.

Tuesday The lift was broken in Royal College so I skipped my sixth floor class and went in search of a photocopier instead. I know that somewhere in the University there must be another photocopier besides the library's. It's a bit like Royal College toilets. Its stands to reason they're there somewhere, but I'm blown if I can figure it out.

Wednesday Went to buy a wide black belt. I tried an elasticated one on. Much as I liked the 18" waist it squeezed it, I wasn't so keen on the 40" hips it squeezed out, so I didn't bother. I bought a milkshake instead.

Thursday I'm trying to decide what to do in the summer, but contrary to what the advertisers seem to think I'm not willing to pay to work. I'm not even convinced I'm willing to work at all except I need the money. If I can scrape up enough to repay the overdraft and the poll tax fines I'll reward myself with a week's R & R on the Costa Del Clydebank. I only hope Greenpeace don't mobilise their beached whale force on me this time!

Friday I had three essays due next week so I wrote one which was promptly put off until Easter. I started the next one and that got put off until the end of term. Now I only have one essay due next week, the one I haven't done. I think I'll go to my tutor, give him the other two and say "I haven't done yours but look at all the work I put into these two!"

"I like the new romantic movement. Duran Duran, etc"



Blast First Records

"I hate doing interviews. Talking to the press is such a drag."

Sally's Diary

Saturday Went to the hairdresser where I composed a poem: Hairdresser, I know you mean me no harm, Anaesthetised by your confidence and charm, Why does the hair on the floor cause alarm?

I also came across a new busker: imagine Grandpa Walton, wearing a cowboy hat with a huge feather in it, tap dancing (one leg at a time because he's not as nimble as he was and he's forgotten all the steps) to "Stand By Your Man" ...

Sunday Went to a 'traditional Glaswegian Pub' and was bored witless. The washing machine is broken again and I may be buried under a pile of smelly clothes any day now. I had a nightmare that the building caught fire and I couldn't get out of my messy room. I leapt out of bed and cleared a space to the door, and slept like a baby afterwards.

Monday I have been preparing for my essay for the past month but still not started and time is running out. I showed my last essay to my tutor and he perceptively suggested that it looked as though I had found six good examples and thought of an argument to link them. This time I've reversed the philosophy. I've thought of a good argument and found six good examples to illustrate it. Tip: it saves a lot of time-consuming research if you offer to proof read a friend's essay (especially the references).

Tuesday Created a new recipe; nearly edible this time - soya chunks, tikka sauce, peanut butter and potatoes. Roast until you're too hungry to wait; give it to a friend to test. NB keep a bowl handy in case of involuntary regurgitation.

little fags!!" shouts Thurstone (who shouts quite a lot). "They like all that acid house crap that's got all the same beat. We don't like it."

"I like the new romantic movement more. Duran Duran etc. The pirates thing."

"You guys have such good trends" says Steve.

"Nah, that's bullshit. I'm into the whole Pathétique movement. The Silver Apples. Alan Vega said they really influenced Suicide." Thurstone

Changing track, we ask if it upsets them that Ciccone Youth sell more albums than Sonic Youth?

"It's not true!", says Lee, on the defensive. "Do you believe everything you read?" Well, we don't believe what you guys tell us.

"James Brown (N.M.E. scribe) made all that up. We thought that was such a wanky feature."

"James Brown is a dick" says Thurstone. "His face looks like my butt. He's even uglier than Mark E. Smith"

Heartdisease Hotel

How much does it cost to stay here?

"It's £128 per person per bed, so you can have your own room if you want to." Thanks very much.

"Hey," says Kim, "Thurstone's on a video show in a moment with David Thomas (Pere Ubu's lead singer)"

"I hate doing interviews" says Thurstone. "Talking to the press is such a drag. I've never really asked myself why. I dunno why." Why, Why, Why?

"Because we're all slaves to Paul Smith (S.Y. manager)", says Kim. "The South Bank Show was really good." she continues. "You could get more of what we were like than anything you could read." "All you student journalists are wankers" says Thurstone. "Do you know where I could get a cheap set of bagpipes?" And if we did would we tell you guys?

Now, dear readers, we can take only so much shit. After a split second looking at each other, we grinned, and shoved the small weedy drummer Steve right in the 2.2 metres, drumsticks, high-hat, cymbals and all.

"Help! Help! My water wings! My water wings!" he gurgled. "Right! Outside the rest of you fucking American shiteheads!" But wouldn't you guess, they didn't show.

Wednesday 5.01pm Handed my essay in on the deadline. 5.15pm Realised that I still had part of it in my folder. The lecturer said it made just as much sense without it. I wonder what he meant?

Thursday Yet another election. I had that recurring nightmare about drowning in paper again. Then I had the living nightmare of my latest Economics result. I failed again, only this time more convincingly. My bank manager is unsurprised.

Friday Comic Relief. I could have done a sponsored swim or dressed up and roved Glasgow collecting. Instead I bought a red nose cake and scoffed it in (unsponsored) record time. I did lend my nose to a more gregarious friend. I went to bed in the afternoon so I wouldn't miss the Young Ones and Monty Python, but I forgot to set the alarm and missed most of it. My flatmates agreed to donate a fiver each if I ever tidied up, so I accepted, but I figure 1990's soon enough.

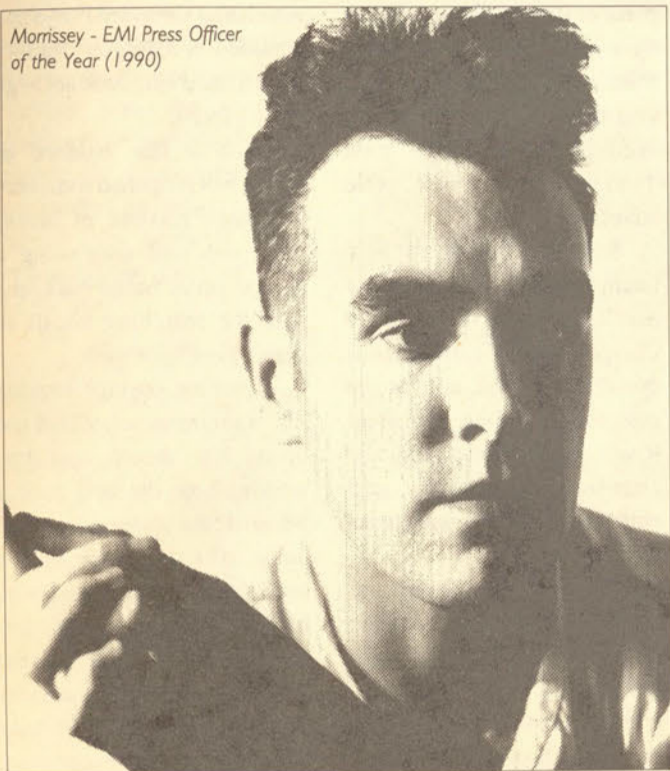
Saturday Went to my friend's wedding. Typical student. 200 miles for a free meal. I found the photographer a raging wreck out the back. It seems he remembered the six lenses, seventeen filters, flashes, tripods, etc, but neglected to put any film in the camera. I helped him to the bar and we discussed the recruitment details of the French Foreign Legion.

Sunday Watched "Fatal Attraction" with my little brother. When they got home to discover the pet rabbit boiling on the stove, my brother remarked it was lucky they'd bought the rabbit - after all they'd never have got the labrador in that little pan. Celebrity Recipe: "Glen Close's Lazy Rabbit Stew": Take one live rabbit. Place in saucepan. Boil vigorously. No time-consuming preparation there!

In this the last ish Reviews Ed Tony McNulty lends an ear to the latest seven inch releases. Snide comments and character assassinations by HotDog.

Morrissey in "Not the Single of the Week" Shock!

Morrissey - EMI Press Officer of the Year (1990)



Single of the Week

Jive Turkey Rotate (Chapter 22)

Always a sure bet to throw out a surprisingly generous piece of vinyl, Chapter 22 enlighten this singles page with a four track 12" from Jive Turkey. With an intro reminiscent of Death Cult's Spiritwalker, High Heels On stands up well to this daunting comparison cutting raw and hard into the eardrums. Beautiful Way to Die is a strikingly good opener and could provide Jive Turkey with a sizable following if played often enough at the Tech on Saturday nights.

Morrissey in Not the Single of the Week Shock

Morrissey Interesting Drug (HMV)

Interesting Drug is released at long last and sees Mozzer once more stabbing that dead beast in the side. Judging by the multifarious press reports surrounding its release, this

single once more proves that the drama queen is by no means dead, as Morrissey is portrayed as the tortured artist having to doctor his lyrics, his video and sully his hands with such ugly matters as money: having to actually pay Stephen Street for his work on previous projects (Oh Stephen, surely you must realise that working with Morrissey is a privilege, and should not be taunted by such non-artistic elements as money?) Interesting Drug continues along the same path as Suedehead and Disappointed, relying heavily on the lighter elements in Morrissey's voice to carry the song. By the time Strangways appeared, the lyrics were becoming more contrived, more forced, more nursery school and less important even to those Smiths devotees who would introduce hermeneutic theory to uncover the true Steven Patrick Morrissey. All the original line up is present with the notable exception of Marr on guitar. Craig Gannon replaces the irreplaceable and for testimony

as to the skills of Mair's substitute check out the intro to Sweet and Tender Hooligan on the 12". What became of You? Did that Shift Eclipse Torture You? Oh But I remembered You! Little Man What Now?

Sticking to My Teeth

The Pastels Baby you're Just You (Chapter 22)

Stephen Pastel the man who has the dress sense of Paddington Bear produces another fine melancholic record with drawling Hammond lurking in the mix. A song to watch rain fall on dirty streets. The Vaselines will love this. Hotty: Bet you can't put a Chapter 22 Pastel in your mouth without chewing it! (Ouch)

The Seers Sun is in the Sky (Hedd)

First intro to this band was when they toured with the Iguana at Christmas. An exciting and energetic

elephants come in here today MA: Oh well, I'll just have a smoke then.

Does anyone have a bunsen burner handy?

Simple Minds This is Your Land (Virgin)

H: The band of the people as Jim Kerr proclaimed them in 1986 produce a ballad which is as dull as dishwater after a jaundiced dug has shat in it.

Horse You could be Forgiven (Capitol)

H: A festering heap of manure. This Horse should be drowned at Beechers.

Gail Ann Dorsey Just Another Dream (WEA)

T: This could be Belinda Carlisle if it had a little more life

The Neighbourhood Missing Out (EMI) Soho Message from my Baby (Hedd) Senators



Diesel Park West breathe a sigh of relief that they didn't have a single reviewed in this column

performance then, and this 60s inspired tune proves not disappointing showing The Seers to be more than another crap band who've flirted with thrash and the LA skate scene. A close runner-up for top-spot with an intriguing sitar in attendance.

Marc Almond Only the Moment (Parlophone)

Barman: What will it be then Marc? MA: Just the usual 8 pints please Barman: We've not had any

Man No More (Virgin) T: Is this what is termed sheer vinyl eczema? H: Quite possibly. The first two bands are rip-offs of Roachford and Bananarama respectively The Senators are incomparably bad. If not, sheer vinyl eczema then certainly sheer watery faeces

Enjoy this trip

A Guy called Gerald Voodoo Ray (RHAM) Beats Workin' Burn Out (FFR)

Funtopia featuring Jimi Polo Freedom (Gee Start)

Acid House the sound of the underground

The association between the music and the drug is obvious. No-one sensibly rationally and with functional ears could possibly dig this when straight. Consider the scenario:

T: No Hotdog you're hallucinating, its these acid records

H: No way man I mean (picks himself up after standing on his right flared trouser leg) it's him I can see him, he's down on his knees man.

T: It can't be, no-one's seen Kensince...since... well since Issue One

H: He's praying, on his knees and praying

T: Hell it's his God and Glasgow feature, he must be trying out the 40 days and 40 nights routine.

That boy suffers for his art.

Reality is a Dirty Word

Now kiddies back to reality, and beware those funny little micro-dots.

Wild Weekend Breakin' Up Breakin' Down (Parlophone)

T: Hey danceability! This is feet-moving, ass-kickin, sweat inducing dance fever from a band who look likely to have a Buenos dias future. Dance your ass off.

H: Like Mental as Anything who are as mental as an anaesthetised cat awaiting dissection, their name betrays them. Wild weekend o'd-ing

on horlicks and gypsy creams.

Deacon Blue Fergus Sings The Blues (CBS)

Jon invades the singles page to say that the Deak's new single is groovy and without doubt the best thing on this desolate page. Although there is an absence of blues (except for a bit at the end), it's brill.

Kitchens of Distinction The Third Time We Opened the Capsule (One Little Indian)

Following in the distinguished footsteps of their last release Prize the Kitchie's (bit dodgy that abbreviation) slap us out of our comatose state with some flavoured feedback and sonic searing.

A taster for their debut album Love is Hell, Four Men and The Third Time We Opened the Capsule on this 4 track 12" simmer along gently.

Seasoned (according to taste)

Bizet Boys Ride'em Carmen (Parlophone)

A 'discoing' of a French classical masterpiece this is the most ludicrous record yet. Unlike Cana, we did not keep the best till last and more of this is just not acceptable. Are EMI that desperate to associate themselves with this kind of music?

If you're not in a band, never want to be, can't play any instruments and generally hate music, phone EMI. Maybe they'll give you a deal.

Fin

Bizet Boys - Would the real Errol Flynn please step forward



Strathclyde TELEGRAPH

competition time!

Mega prizes on offer in this the bumper packed 22 page summer special edition of Telegraph. Opening this week is the new Mel Smith movie, The Tall Guy, starring Rowan Atkinson, Emma Thomson, and Jeff Goldblum, wittily crafted by Richard Curtis who brought us Not the Nine O'Clock News and the legendary Blackadder. The prizes for this competition include two Blackadder videos for two lucky winners, and 10 runners-up prizes of Tall Guy T-shirts. To win these groovesome freebies simply send in the answers to the really easy questions below, to reach Telegraph Towers before Wednesday May 10th.

The questions are :

1. Name two of the Not the Nine O'Clock News team?
2. Who plays Baldrick in Blackadder?

and the tie-break question is to complete the following phrase in twenty words or less : 'I think Mel Smith is fat because

CALLIN' 'TIME'

Wonderstuff
Jesus Jones
Mega City Four
Barrowlands

Mega City Four sound like any band from the last ten years with a Buzzcock's fixation. They have guitar power-chords-fuzzback and catchy little tunes. Just like the Buzzcocks. And hundreds of goddamn indie bands, come to think of it. They even have a song in the "indie charts" (i.e. sold fifteen records) the title of which I'm sure I'll remember in a moment. Does the world need another British Ramones? Judging by the warm reception MCF received, most of the audience either don't care or are too young to remember punk.

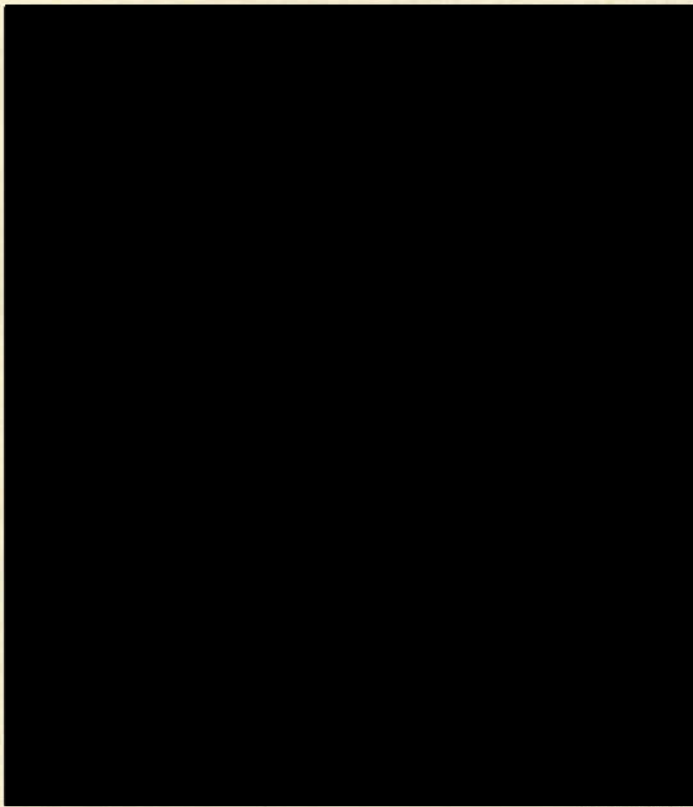
Jesus Jones, however, combine the best of the past guitars (but without ripping them off!!) and a hyperdrill Judge Dread drum sound. They're currently being touted as the next big thing since the last big thing or something....

They'll be invited on Big World Café where ol' Eagle Eye and his chums will say "Hey, contemporary!" and "Man, the sound of the nineties

in '89". What they need is some Bengalese shoe-horn shakers. Anyway, they have an enigmatic frontman in Jesus who's bigger than Jesus (but not quite as handsome). Jesus is convinced he is brilliant, and plausibly the new Messiah. Trouble is, with those Robert Powell eyes, he could be right.

Tonight, Barrowlands is filled but I can see the stage. The Wonderstuff have gone down market: by about six inches. From student indie-followers, The Wonderstuff, through the *Who Wants To Be a Disco King* mainstream chart smash, have attracted a younger, school age audience. The result is you have to wade through three inches of vomit to reach the toilets and when you get there a 14 year old youth is hogging the mirror with her 42 kinds of hairspray trying to fix her spike.

The new Wonderstuff post-indie songs mingle with more familiar songs from the *Eight Legged Groove Machine*. Thatcherite anthems like *Give Me More, More, More*, and *It's Yer Money I'm After*, and an acoustic version of a song all about the lead singer called *Unbearable (ly bad)* sound a



A Disco King?

lot better than most of the new material.

A violin player comes on in an effort to break the monotony, but I'm damned if I can tell the difference. In the search for a single half decent British band the music press have gone overboard on the likes of the Wonderstuff. No-one knows why.

There's nothing to be ashamed about pilfering Velvet Underground and Blondie back catalogues, unless you sound like piss-poor, cheapskate, K-Tel imitators. As my good friend Andy would say, "Come in Wonderstuff!! Your fifteen minutes are up."

Jane Mulready

POST HISTORIC

Dinosaur Jr
Glasgow Tech

J Mascis, singer and guitarist with Dinosaur Jr suffers from a terminal case of lazy-itis, the result of a mind and body fried by too much TV radiation. Legend has it that at one gig a member of the audience was asked to operate his wah-wah pedal, thus saving him the unnecessary exertion of standing up.

He has also been described as 'totally rock 'n roll' by soul and label mates Sonic Youth. And it's true. After shuffling slowly about stage, Dinosaur Jr pick up their instruments and burst into life. Where all the energy comes from is hard to discern but those weaklings sure make a mighty noise.

The laid-back attitude - laid-back as in lying fast asleep on the floor - is only present in the drawled vocals, but disease

creeps in on most songs on *The Leper, Sludgefeast, Repulsion*, Dinosaur Jr must enjoy wallowing in cesspits.

Freak Scene, their anthem of sorts is Dinosaur Jr at their most furiously indifferent. Their new single, a cover version of The Cure's *Just Like Heaven* is a strange choice of song, neither an obvious influence nor a purposely outlandish and ironic gesture as most cover versions usually are. The gamble pays off though.

Some of the songs hang in the air, most of them explode. Like so many of their contemporaries, Dinosaur Jr write great songs, then demand that you listen to them on the runway at Glasgow Airport. They are three wimps busy unplugging volcanoes and starting earthquakes.

Gordon Smith

MOSH MOSH MOSH

Anthrax
Edinburgh Playhouse

The long haired, leather clad crowd were gathered and began to mosh as Anthrax hit the stage with the rather jovial *Be All End All* - well it makes a change from Death, Satan Death.

Anthrax had set their captive crowd alight and they continued to pour fuel on as they passed

through *Madhouse, Metal Trashing Mad*, and *Howling Furies*, until the Playhouse was a roaring blaze.

Vocalist Joey Belladonna donned the traditional head-dress and galloped about the stage as they continued with *Indians*. The Playhouse leather choir enthusiastically sung along, in their usual angelic style, with new songs, *Anti-social*, and *Finale*.

A rumbling bass meant only one thing at this stage, and the crowd knew it. Anthrax reached the peak

Sonic Youth
Mudhoney
Strathclyde Uni Level 8

New York! - The Empire State Building, The Statue of Liberty, Lou Reed, the Velvet Underground, Madison Square Gardens, The Harlem Globetrotters... and Sonic Youth. From New York, play loud songs, sometimes called Ciccone Youth and cover Robert Palmer and Madonna songs.

Therefore it's hip to like Sonic Youth. Which is why many people left the first night's gig enthusing about Sonic Youth, when really same Youth were rather poor. Sonic Youth think they are funny: "I've just discovered that Jimi Hendrix is dead" "You sound like a head of cattle" "Tramp is a real ass-kicker" (referring to 'The Lady and the Tramp')

- obviously comedians in the Jimmy Tarback mould. And who told Lee Renaldo he could sing? I could break wind more melodically. Spending about 5 minutes between each song and filling this time with excruciatingly annoying sampling of what sounded like

of their performance with the very much appreciated *I am the Law*. This song epitomises Anthrax - it is the very core of the band, a song shot from the bowels of thrash metal.

'We could stay on all night', 'You're just great', 'You could show those mothers back in the States how to do it', and several other hollow compliments were poured on the crowd as Anthrax left the stage. But the audience didn't fall for this flattery.

Encores which followed included

Thunderbirds, Sonic Youth were a major disappointment live. Despite playing it about 20 times at the sound check they still screwed up the intro to *Silver Rocket* and totally murdered their best song, the classic *Teenage Riot*. It was left to Mudhoney to save the night and they played with a kind of verve and energy that Sonic Youth sorely lacked. They were called on for a well deserved encore.

The second night the roles were reversed - Mudhoney were besotted with sound and timing problems, and Sonic Youth turned in a more relaxed and improved performance. Less time between songs and less of that bloody sampling, Sonic Youth played an altogether tighter set. They even came up with a funny one-liner - "I don't think we'll bother with intros tonight" - before bounding into *Silver Rocket*. However, despite the ferocious clash of guitars and the thumping bass of the dragon-like Kim Gordon - a female Iggy Pop - Sonic Youth just don't do it live. The Globetrotters would've been more fun.

Hot Dog

N.F.L. and *Caught in a Mosh*. Rap favourite *I'm the Man* ensued, accompanied by the acrobatics of drummer, Charlie Benante. A rapping song from a thrash metal band, sung by the drummer and guitarist, whilst the vocalist went behind the drum set - what a versatile band!

Parasite and *Air* were followed by an excellent cover of *God Save the Queen*, to round off a tremendous gig.

Campbell Boyd

WATER BABIES

Wild River Apples
Quinn the Eskimo
McEwan's Lager/Tower
Studios Band Exchange
Fury Murrays

Showcasing unsigned bands from Scotland and the North of England in this adventurous piece of P.R. McEwan's Lager have joined forces with Tower Studios to promote up and coming acts - playing Wednesday at Furys then Thursday at Newcastle Riverside.

With the throng of new talent around the West of Scotland at the moment the Glasgow side should win hands down every time, as was the case tonight where the Wild River Apples blew away the chaotic, shambolic and embarrassingly amateur Quinn the Eskimo.

Plagued by technical difficulties and a disparaging lack of tuning, they brought their jangly little songs to Glasgow and how I wish they had stayed home tonight. Their absurdly tall lead singer must wish he could be in Happy Mondays with his indifferent attitude and twist song stage departures. But no Happy

Wednesdays for these guys. Don't quit your day job Quinn.

Day jobs or hanging around music shops, a record deal and lots of press pics cannot be too far off for the Wild River Apples. Fronted by the enigmatic Gwen Stewart, they tore off the veil of disinterest which had shrouded Furys and heralded a Glasgow victory from a band who look set to go some places.

With a fine balance of sound WRA opened some ears with their mixture of bluesy rock and soul combining a jagged guitar based backdrop with the searching vocals of singer Gwen Stewart.

Creeping onstage looking like a timorous schoolkid she opens her mouth and you wonder how the hell such a wee girl can create such a vivid noise. The girl who busted twelve microphones at a Radio Clyde session with her fearsome voice, holds great stage presence and captivates her audience as she literally throws herself into every song. She's got a voice Sharleen Spiteri would kill for.

Wet Wet Wet they're not.

Tony McNulty

GFT

Glasgow Film Theatre
12 Rose Street

Sun 7th May 8.00pm SPECIAL PREVIEW
PELLE THE CONQUEROR (15)

Mon 8th 3.00pm & Wed 10th 3.00 & 6.00pm
LAST TANGO IN PARIS (18)

Mon 8th - Sat 13th at 8.45pm
THE PRINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA (15)
Students' Bargain Matinee Friday 3.30pm

Sat 13th May 1.00 & 3.30pm
THE NAME OF THE ROSE (18)

Sun 14th 8.00pm SPECIAL PREVIEW
THE COMMISSAR (pg)

Mon 15th - Sat 20th at 8.45pm
Bizarre and Beautiful ...
CRAZY LOVE (18)
Friday Bargain Matinee 3.30pm

Mon 15th & Wed 17th 3.30pm Tue & Wed
6.00pm
A WORLD APART (pg)

Adventure Playground

Singular Adventures of the Style Council
Style Council
Polydor

Is *Singular Adventures* the perfect pop record, replete with equal quantities of danceability and poignancy, bereft of dud songs and containing juicy, succulent morsels of pop that burst on to your turntable leaving you, the fortunate listener, emotionally and physically drained but ready for another go a.s.a.p. In short, have the Style Council produced the greatest album of all time?

No they haven't, but they've come as close as I've heard (or am likely to hear) this year, and as you can see, it had me reaching joyfully for my copy of the NME's Record Reviewer Dictionary.

The only trouble with Paul Weller is that he's an asshole, but a uniquely gifted one. This record confirms what a lot of us have been saying for years, that he's a singles man who cannot sustain the quality over the more demanding LP format. Every song on this 'Greatest Hits' singles compilation is a classic, from the early hits like *Speak Like a Child*, and *Money Go Round*,

via forgotten gems like *Wanted*, right through to *Promised Land*, which was probably recorded in a couple of hours but sounds none the worse for it.

There is thankfully little evidence of the side of Weller's nature which drives him to put hour long interviews with Gary Crowley on the B side of the *Our Favourite Shop* cassette (a bugger if you've got to wind all the way through it on your walkman), or put a track listing which only bears passing resemblance to the actual running order on the otherwise brilliant *Café Bleu*. We are however subjected to a few choice sleeve notes courtesy of the "Cappuccino Kid", terrifyingly bad prose which leapt straight from the record sleeve to "Pseud's Corner" in *Private Eye*.

But there are bigger assholes with less talent in the music industry today (stand up Pete Waterman), few of them are likely to produce an album anywhere near as good as *Singular Adventures* ... therefore I, for one, am willing to forgive Weller his idiosyncrasies and praise the day he started making records with Mick Talbot. **Michael Tobyn**

BAD MEDICINE

Good Deeds and Dirty Rags
Goodbye Mr MacKenzie
Capitol
Doolittle
Pixies
4ad

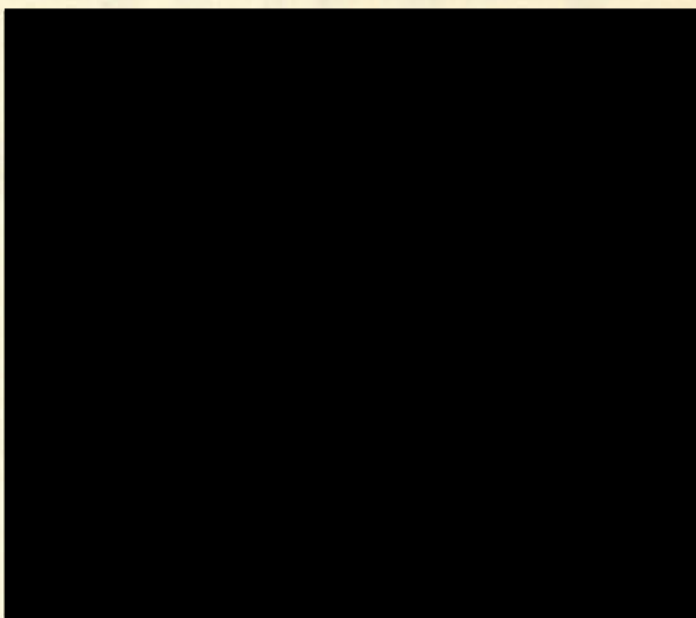
Another of those bands who featured in the 'most likely to...' category a couple of years back, Goodbye Mr MacKenzie finally get their act together and release their debut album. Life has not been altogether easy for the Macks, between management and recording problems they succeeded in beating their heads more than most against brick walls, while their counterparts left them for international success - Wet Wet Wet - or for a couple of hits and then obscurity - hello Skin.

After kicking off the shackles of Precious and kicking out their wee raving Christian guitarist the Macks sought to beef up their sound with the unholy John Duncan. Yet three years later, some things never change with the ever present, re-recorded, re-released and re-packaged *Rattler* and the addition of both *Candlestick Park* and *Goodbye Mr MacKenzie* pointing the accusatory finger at Metcalfe's

desolate songbook.

Major faith and product marketing can increase press scope and airplay but ultimately it's down to the songs and the music - the bare bones.

Metcalfe's cynical outlook on this album is ultimately wearing after ten songs. I mean this guy has got serious problems. Is this what living in Edinburgh does to your life? Whether the lyrics are dictated by the image of the band or a defensive reaction against any Bucks Fizz comparisons between the main members is a moot point, but when they let go of their dance fixation, the Macks do have a couple of songs to let the kids get worked up about. *Good Deeds* closes this album and shows that there is some light within this darkness, while *Open Your Arms* proves once more that a decent record is never equated with chart success. MacKenzie fans will be disappointed by the lack of new material - especially those who have bought previous 12" singles - and the fact that they have yet to pen a song to surpass the excellence of *Candlestick Park*.



A band who would not dare to disappoint are Bostonians The Pixies who have released their second full length album *Doolittle*. Where *Surfer Rosa* raised your expectations *Doolittle* will expand your mind with its surreal images and raw physicality.

You break my arms/You spoon my eyes (*Gouge Away*). With the worst elements of Lynch's *Blue Velvet* and Dali's *Un Chien Andalou* Black Francis probes the underside of the stone, lifting it up and licking its inhabitants.

Debaser screams to be

released as the next single after the precarious *Monkey Gone to Heaven* and has a bass line to pump blood around your body, aching capillaries to stretch and tear and bust open.

Where Steven Albini's influence in producing *Surfer Rosa* was apparent, Gil Norton allows this album more space to breathe and breed its infection. Breaking the language barrier, the Pixies communicate their vision intensely. Talk with the animals.

Tony McNulty

GOOAALL!!

Brazilian Classics
Various Artists
Beleza Tropical

Brazil is a country where the Premier Division of Rock megastars like David Bowie and Tina Turner can easily pull crowds of a quarter of a million people and even those First Division hopefuls Simple Minds can bring in over a hundred thousand. It is clear that this is a country that loves its pop music.

It is an indication of how little we know of the indigenous music of the country that the most prominent name on the record sleeve is not actually one of the performers, but the compiler of the collection. David Byrne, Talking Head and World Music entrepreneur has been signed up as a "name" to help sell the collection. Jazz musicians have often been more willing to incorporate Brazilian music into their repertoire, from the days when Bossa Nova became a standard Jazz form to the present day, where Pat Metheny makes the most of the airy rhythms of the country on his fusion albums. It was under the auspices of the Glasgow Jazz Festival that we got a rare opportunity to hear one of the artists featured on this album, Milton Nascimento, played an excellent concert at the Pavilion last year.

The subject matter for the

songs is much as you'd expect from a deeply religious country with fiery people whose main passion is football. But, as all the songs are sung in Portuguese it is difficult to know what they are singing about until you read the translated lyric sheet; what you think is a tender love poem to a girlfriend may in fact be an invocation to the centre forward of the local team.

David Byrne goes to lengths in his sleeve notes to explain that the simplicity of the music is misleading, the songs in fact have complex musical background. I actually found those songs that were the simplest, with perhaps just a guitar and voice, most satisfying. Where the artists have tried to incorporate Western sounds and recording techniques is where the record falls down; the songs end up sounding like poor Radio 2 MOR fodder.

To continue the football analogy, this album reminds me of the Scottish team. Each individual is brilliant (the present Scotland team? - Reviews Ed.) but together they don't gell all that well, although there are some sublime moments like the musical equivalent of Paul McStay rounding three English defenders to set up the ball for Ally McCoist, who slams it past a despairing Peter Shilton.

Michael Tobyn

Like A Prayer
Madonna
Sire

Madonna's wishy-washy blue period, when she dedicated her album to Sean, was her worst. Her and Picasso. Anyway now she's dumped Sean and it's DIVORCE, she's back to her old brilliant bubblegum self. And a good thing too.

This album is her most autobiographical (i.e. feels sorry for herself): *Our luck is running out of time/You're not in love with me anymore* (Till Death Do Us Part), *You can't hurt me now/I got away from you* (Our Father). But it's really Sean that we should feel sorry for. After all he's the brainless, boneheaded acrobat who goes around pounding people all the time to make up for his inadequacies. He was married to the richest, most beautiful, funniest woman in the world and he goes and wastes it all. Very clever.

So this album is both happy and sad at the same time. Hooray! because now even Madonna realises Sean is a twerp and sad, because folks, she really did love him.

Unless you live in a different galaxy or are Norwegian, then you should know all the words to the first song. *Like A Prayer* shows the beauty of a religious, idolatry relationship and proves that nuns just are the sexiest people. The next song, *Express Yourself*, is the grooviest song on the LP.

The collaboration with

Prince, *Love Story*, begins with some dodgy French and should have ended sooner. File under "like it when bored with all the othersongs". However, it's not as bad as *Promise To Try*, where we go into weeping-cello 10,000 Maniacs overload. Turn the album over as soon as you reach this song. (Unless you like *Julie*, "used to something big between her legs" cello-type playing from *Fame*).

Cherish, thankfully, is not the seminal Kool and the Gang dirge but another intelligent dance song and should convince the whole wide world that Madonna is a poet. *Dear Jessie* has a violin riff Vivaldi should have composed or stolen, and takes us into a magical fairytale landscape. It is the cutest My Little Pony post *Yellow Submarine* song ever.

Madonna may have made some mistakes, but she's the only 80s woman to match credibility with sexuality and make it big. So if you say "Madonna is organised prostitution" please tell me why. Because no-one I know can tell me what it means. She's never pretended to be something she isn't (unlike Morrissey) and she has complete control.

You may not believe it, but it is inevitable that you will worship this album. It swells like heaven, tastes like communion, and makes you dance like a priestess at her sacrifice. File under fuckin' A.

Jane Mulready

The Grosvenor



The Cinema in Ashton Lane
041-339 4298

from 4th May

Kelvin

closed for refurbishment
until 2nd June. Re-opening with
Shirley Maclaine in
MADAME SOLSATZKA

Ashton

Glenn Close in
DANGEROUS LIAISONS (15)

Late Shows

5th/6th May

Ashton

DANGEROUS LIAISONS (15)

Crucify Him

Jesus Jones
Fury Murrys

He struts and frets his hour upon the stage Full of sound and fury; signifying nothing

Pop music is essentially about the communication of ideas. Pop culture, on the other hand, is about giving the kids what they think they want.

Riding out the fizzling shock-wave of deep-acid-hip-house-ska-jazz comes an incongruous blend of skate-mutie mentality and the once risqué (but now clichéd) incorporation of the word 'Jesus' in a group's name as an alternative factor index. Put another way: What do you get if you cross a chicken with a synthesizer or hit a skateboard with a plectrum. The answer, of course, is Jesus Jones.

The band recently supported the Wonderstuff at the Barrowland - but unfortunately haven't quite grown enough to make the transition to headline status. Another 'Jesus' group - The Mary Chain - used to claim

that the human attention span was less than twenty minutes, which they used to excuse their extremely short sets (Ha!) Admittedly Jesus Jones don't always hold your attention during their short set - but that isn't our fault. And here, basically, is where the problem lies. It's not just that Jesus Jones don't have enough material (give them a break, they're relatively young) but that they don't have enough good or interesting material.

Jesus Jones are a band about style and not about content (designer berets, for fucks sake!) and yet there are definite moments when you can feel the potential trying to break through.

Infroreako vaults head and shoulders above the rest, forcing us to sit up and take notice. At other times, the peculiar ability to unhinge mind and stomach and tickle each separately (a bit like musically rubbing your tummy and patting your head) is only hinted at. The rest is sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Maedhros

Expressive Debut

The Mad March Ball
The Union

The Mad March Ball this year was designed to cater for a particular sort of music fan - someone who loves the *Pastels*. Seeing as you either love them or loathe them, at first glance there didn't seem to be much else on offer for those who hate them.

There were a number of films on in the debates (most of them seemed to be *Grease*), and a disco in Reds.

Barney Rubbles promised cabaret and other excitements. Comedian Mark Steele was extremely funny, as was Spitting Images impressionist Steve Coogan (though he wasn't on for much more than twenty minutes).

Highlight of the evening however, was *Bluesville Express*, described recently to me as "urban blues". Making their first ever live appearance, their debut set was full of life - a bit rough round the edges, but all the better for that. Guitar, double bass, harmonica, drums - simple, yet well played and great fun. Barney Rubbles was jumping to their fast and furious music. Look out for this band - they'll be making a lot of appearances around Glasgow in the coming months. Go and see them - you'll witness something special - music getting back to its roots, played by people who obviously love it. You'll love it too.

Jon

RATTLE AND HUM

Goodbye Mr MacKenzie
Glasgow Barrowlands

Having at last achieved some chart success with *The Rattler*, the MacKenzies have yet to prove to the mass record buying public (which means the teenyboppers) that they are not one hit wonders. Though there were a few teenies in evidence (three appeared behind me when *The Rattler* was played, screeched out the song then vanished again), most were either dedicated followers or those interested in being initiated into the slightly sleazy, warped visions of Mecalfé and the rest of the band.

Starting with *Open Your Arms*, the MacKenzies played a fast and furious set; as well as most of the album, they played several covers including Nick Cave's *Knockin' on Joe* and a completely manic version of *What Shall we do with the Drunken Sailor?*

Face to Face, probably the most graphic and powerful song about rape ever written (and subsequently banned), missed off

the album, was a moving and sombre part to the gig. "the judge and the barman said if it happened then she must have been asking for it..."

Strangle Your Animals, also missing from the album, was also played to wild applause. "I'm sick in the head".

After they finished the main set with, naturally enough, *Goodbye Mr MacKenzie*, they encored with *Good Deeds are like Dirty Rags*, one of the strangest, most twisted songs in their repertoire, and finished with *Candlestick Park*.

Altogether a brilliant gig, which heralded well for the future. As long as Goodbye Mr MacKenzie don't get trapped in an endless series of re-releases and concentrate on new material, like *Goodwill City*, a tale of decadence, sex and AIDS in a nightmare city of the not so far off future, they should achieve the major chart success which has so far eluded them. They deserve to.

Jon

Hit By Lightning

When the World
Knows Your Name
Deacon Blue
CBS

Deacon Blue's first album was greeted by critical acclaim in the summer of 1987. Two years on, and several smash hits later, their second album has finally been released. Was it worth the wait? The flavour and style of the album was indicated by the two hits so far released from it, *Real Gone Kid* and *Wages Day*. However, what is surprising is that it is a remarkable departure from the slightly sombre (yet endowed with a sense of hope) atmosphere of *Raintown*. Almost all of the tracks are joyous and full of life, suggesting that Ricky Ross and Co have come a long way from the unemployment and hopelessness of Glasgow in the past. Gone is the stark beauty of Oscar Marzaroli's photography; a designer style, possibly reflecting the 'new' Glasgow has been created, and this is echoed in the music. Have their 'traditional' values also been swept away?

The album opens with *Queen of the New Year*, a rousing mixture of drums and bass, touched with the hopefulness which permeates through the album. The next two tracks, *Wages Day* and *Real Gone Kid* need no introduction. After a tender and touching song, *Love and Regret*, comes what many regard as the highlight of the album, *Circus Lights*. One of the tracks written over a year ago and a live favourite, it is a powerful

anthem - Ross's songwriting at its best. Whereas the predominating image of *Raintown* was rain, the theme of this album seems to be that of light, reflected in the delicate keyboards in this track and many of the others.

This Changing Light shows that Deacon Blue still have a social conscience, that even with that "cruel and heartless woman" from the south, things are changing.

Sad Loved Girl is a strange, minute long track, not really just a filler as it has a wonderful atmosphere, but it seems to be a prelude to *Fergus Sings The Blues*, an up-tempo and rocky anthem to a white blues singer. Despite the seeming contradictions, it's a great song - how can anyone argue with lyrics which mention the Campsites and Memphis in the same line?

The World is Lit by Lightning is also about a year old, and includes the line which gives the album its name, "when the world knows your name, it will call you angel". Reminiscent of an early B side (*That Brilliant Feeling*), with a very percussive intro, it is without doubt one of the highlights of the album.

Deacon Blue have produced one of the most consistently high quality albums to be released in ages. In their rush towards fame they haven't forgotten their roots. *When The World Knows Your Name* is music with a social conscience, wonderful pop with a message behind it. Don't miss out. Buy it.

Jon

See You Up There
Stiff Little Fingers
Virgin Double LP

Alternative Ulster, Suspect Device, Gotta Getaway - all classic tracks which helped make Stiff Little Fingers one of the hottest bands to emerge from the punk/post punk era. *Inflammable Material* is one of the great LPs from that era - 4 angry young men sounding off about the state of their city - the city of Belfast in Northern Ireland. As a live act, SLF always went down a bomb anyway; their loud abrasive yet passionate performances inspiring chaotic scenes at their gigs. 4 years after they first split, the Stiffies reformed for a series of gigs in December '87 which quickly turned into a full European tour culminating in more UK gigs three months later and by October 1988 had played their last every gig (again!).

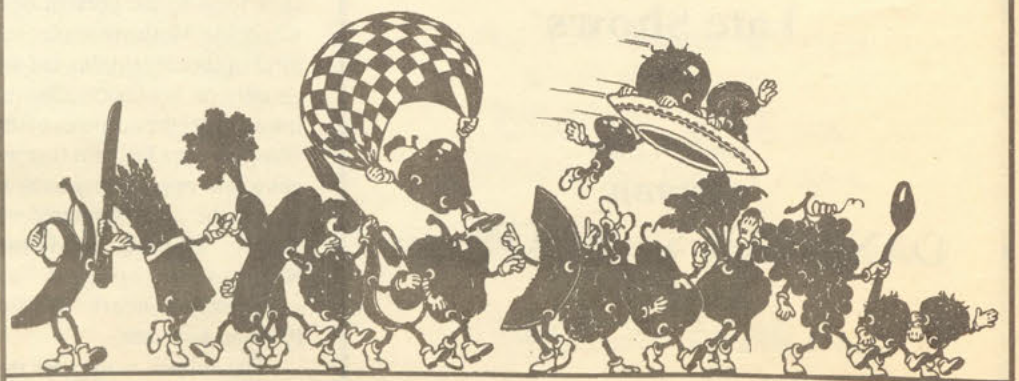
But what the hell is the point of this double live set? This recording of their 1987 'St Patric's' gig at Brixton Academy was preceded by the release of a gig recorded at Kilburn National Ballroom only 3 months earlier on Link Records *Live Bootleg* series. Although it lacked the superb packaging of the recent offering, it was at least equal (if not better) in sound quality and the actual gig itself was better. So what are SLF playing at? It seems that they've given a big 'V' sign to their fans by asking them to fork out again for a similar live set, merely as a promotional ploy for the release of the accompanying video. The fans deserve new material - the fans want new material, and if that's never going to happen then don't release vinyl simply to rip off people who have supported you. Stiff Little Fingers? Bloody brass neck.

Hot Dog

SANDINO'S

Healthy Eating
Wholesome Fare

Why not try our Baked
Potatoes and superb
fillings - from only 65p!



FALL FROM GRACE

A veteran of many Pogues campaigns and a serious reveller whenever those seasoned liggers hit Glasgow, *Hotdog* appraises Ann Scanlon's new Pogues biography, *The Lost Decade*, and recalls the unique atmosphere of those early Pogues concerts.

7.30 p.m. 11th September 1985. Irish Rebel songs are emanating all over Glasgow's Gallowgate. The Saracen Head pub is, as they say, "jumping" - young revellers decked out in Celtic and Eire tops and scarves and flags, are singing every song you've ever heard on a Saturday afternoon at Celtic Park. The bar has been drunk dry of draught beer. People are on the windowsills, the tables, the bar itself as the joyous celebration continues. Three shammy's and five white T's later, the song continues in Glasgow's Barrowland Ballroom - an ocean of green white and gold, an Irish Sea of a different kind. Suddenly the lights dim and eight shabbily dressed people take to the stage amid deafening cheers. Beer is spilled over my hair, a cigarette is stubbed out on my hand. The music starts. Within 30 seconds, an elbow has rebounded off my front teeth - blood is seeping from my lips. Before I can recover, about 20 people are sprawled on the floor - I am one of them. As I am helped to my feet, I hear somebody vomiting behind me - but I don't care! I'm too drunk to care! Too happy to care! Too much entranced by the unique atmosphere that is a Pogues concert.

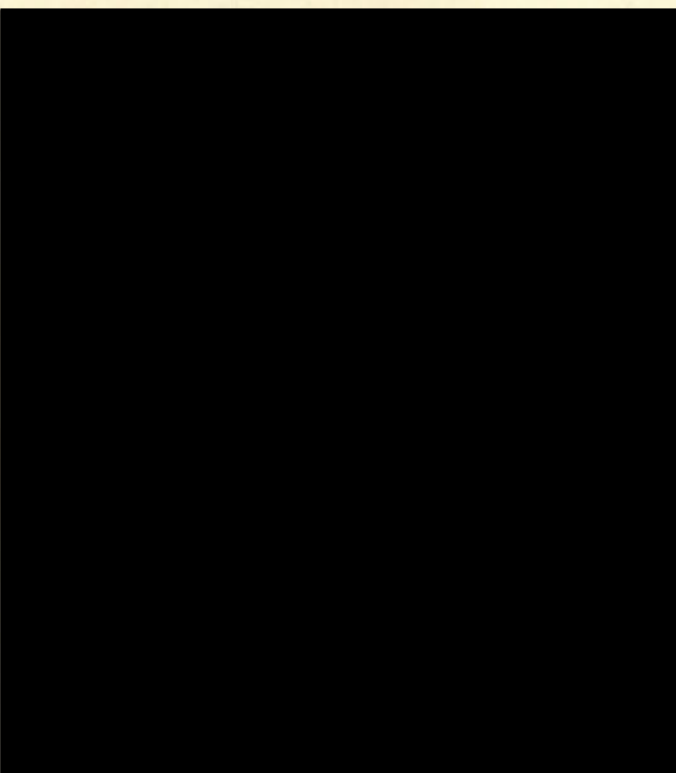
The Pogues are a phenomenon - their unique mixture of punk rock and Irish folk music being the perfect accompaniment for the amazing poetry of Shane MacGowan, their lead singer and founder member. Born from the ashes of the subtly-titled "Nipple Erectors" Pogue Mahone (Gaelic for kiss-my-arse) quickly gained a reputation as one of the hottest live bands performing in and around London's pub circuit - and it was not long before they released their first single - the classic *Dark Streets of London* on their own label. However a BBC Scotland producer took offence to the Gaelic name and the single promptly received a nationwide ban. A name change was called for and the Pogues were born!

The Pogues' second single was the rousing *Boys from the County Hell* and although it failed to set the pop charts alight, Shane MacGowan (né O'Hooligan) was emerging as a songwriter of some substance. When the Pogues' debut long-player *Red Roses for Me* arrived on Stiff Records, it contained such gems as *Streams of Whiskey*, *Transmetropolitan*, and *Waxies Dargle*, complete with Spider Stacy playing beer tray. Live, the Pogues were becoming something of a cult band following a superb performance on "The Tube" in which MacGowan was forced to mumble incoherently (and hilariously) through the swearing bits on *Boys*. The Pogues set off on a major headlining tour, taking in Glasgow's QMU, and culminating in a sell-out St Patrick's Day bash at the Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel, which received a superb review in of all things, "Smash Hits".

".....the crowd sang Celtic and Ireland" - six words from that review which persuaded me to fork out the £4 required to see the Pogues at Glasgow Barrowland on 11th September 1985, a gig which was to go down in history as "The Jock Stein Gig" and which provided the Pogues with possibly their finest ever performance. The night after the death of the great man of Scottish football, the sell-out Barrowlands crowd were united as one as they sang 'Jock Stein'. The Pogues bassist Cait O'Riordan dedicated the song *I'm a Man you don't meet every day* to the memory of the big man. The Pogues' second LP had been released to critical acclaim and the only thing keeping The Pogues out of the charts was lack of radio airplay. Then in early 1986, the *Poguetry in Motion* EP breached the Top 30 and the success story had well and truly begun.

All this and much much more is summarised in Ann Scanlon's excellent biography, *The Lost Decade*, - an entertaining chronological journey through the Pogues career up till and including their week-long stint at London's Town and Country Club in March 1988. The book is a must for any Pogues fan, revealing many interesting facts about the band and recounting many of the hilarious drunken melées for which the Pogues have gained notoriety. However, although rejoicing in the Pogues rise to fame and fortune, the book fails to explore their apparent backward step.

In 1987 and safely established on the UK music front, the Pogues were wanted men. Matt Dillon and the Kennedys were seen at their US gigs and at home, the band were requested to appear on RTE TV's *Tribute to the Dubliners*, and won a much



coveted support slot on U2's *Joshua Tree* world tour both at home and abroad. MacGowan's writing achieved recognition when folk legend Christy Moore covered *Pair of Brown Eyes* on vinyl. A top 10 smash followed with *Irish Rover* - a joint effort with the Dubliners. Like the band's St Patrick's Day gigs in London, the Christmas Barrowland gigs had become something of an institution. So it was no surprise when the band filled the famous ballroom 3 nights in a row. The same week as these gigs (which featured Joe Strummer on stage), the Pogues new single *Fairytale of New York* - an excellent ballad featuring Kirsty McColl on vocals - reached No. 2 in the charts pipped for the Christmas No. 1 by The Pet Shop Boys. It was the success of this record which marked the beginning of the end of the Pogues' life as a cult band.

Many of the Pogues diehard fans expressed a sense of disappointment with the band's third LP *If I Should Fall from Grace with God*. Compared alongside the truly classic *Rum, Sodomy and the Lash* LP it is easy to see why. *Rum, Sodomy ...* boasted such tracks as Sally MacLennane, *Pair of Brown Eyes*, and the haunting *Old Main Drag* - songs for which Shane MacGowan was being glibly acclaimed as one of the best songwriters to appear on the music scene for ages. However the raw beauty of the songs was replaced on the *If I Should Fall* LP by songs like *Broad Majestic Shannon*, *Lullaby of London*, and the title track itself which revealed a much more professional approach to the music. In addition, on the LP, the Pogues explored a number of different fields - exemplified by the jazz-influenced instrumental *Metropolis*, the Latin-jazz fusion of *Fiesta*, and the manic *Turkish Song of the Damned*, a furious rant incorporating a 'taste of the East'. Furthermore, it wasn't solely MacGowan who was writing. Indeed two of the best songs on the LP were Phil Chevron's *Thousands are Sailing* and Terry Woods beautiful lament *Streets*

of *Sorrow*, which was dually with MacGowan's *Birmingham Six* - the recent victim of an IBA ban for supporting the IRA. Following the release of the LP, Woods and accordion player James Fearnley were approached to guest on the Talking Heads *Naked* LP. It is ironic that just as the Pogues were beginning to receive recognition as accomplished instrumentalists that they were losing the place. Two ill-advised singles followed - the title track and *Fiesta* - both of which failed to meet expectations. The Pogues downfall was well and truly in motion - their own 'fall from grace' was becoming apparent.

To further complicate matters, Shane MacGowan was having trouble handling the success and adulation that now followed him. His drinking exploits legendary, it was a common sight seeing him vomit on stage. Unfortunately, while this began as a harmless liking for the bevy, MacGowan is now an alcoholic - a shambling wreck of a man. Just look at any picture of him in the music press over the past 2 years - is he sober ever? Indeed this drunkenness led to him spending time in hospital - once when he was knocked down by a taxi in London and another time more recently when he collapsed at a Hothouse Flowers gig in Dublin following a prolonged drinking spree. In addition, he was recently convicted on a criminal damage charge for kicking in a window of a London pub whilst being in a drunken state. MacGowan is quickly becoming the Alex Higgins of the music world - only he sinks blacks of a different kind.

Whilst never being in the Frank Sinatra mould as a singer, MacGowan's voice has also suffered. Compare that classic Tube performance of 1985 to their December 1988 performance on *Halfway to Paradise* - with MacGowan's tuneless throaty murmurings completely trashing *Rainy Night in Soho*. MacGowan has become a parody of himself - the 'drunken Paddy' personified.

The demise of Shane MacGowan has led ultimately to the demise of the Pogues as a credible act. In recent interviews they have betrayed themselves - this classic from Spider Stacy: "The day the Pogues start planning things will be the start of our downfall." Well, if putting out total commercial shit like the recent 7" *Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah* in time for another shot at Christmas No. 1 spot isn't planning things, then MacGowan is handsome! Another choice quote from new bassist Darryl Hunt: "The Pogues can get away with anything now". But can they? Is that why *Yeah x 5* bombed despite having a sell-out tour to promote it? *Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah???* No, No, No, No, No!!!!

....7.30 p.m. December 9th 1988. Walking through George Square under the watchful eyes of the local constabulary. One manic train journey later, I am surrounded by casuals in the antiseptic atmosphere of the aircraft hangar that is Glasgow's SECC. Christ, the Pogues sound was bad enough at the Barrowland so what the hell was it going to be like in this place? And no bar either, at a Pogues concert!!!! The lights dim. The Pogues come on stage to the usual rapturous reception. They start playing. Once again I find myself on the floor within 30 seconds. Only this time nobody is helping me up. I feel pain, but most of all, I feel disappointment. I wander from the standing area to the vacant seats at the back of the arena. I survey the proceedings of my 8th Pogues gig! The stage set is ridiculous - a contrived 60s look incorporating a full size refrigerator. My mind wanders to the audience of 8,000 people. Where is the famous comradeship and unity that Pogues' gigs are famous for? Where is the customary singing? Then suddenly I remember - the Pogues are BIG now. The gig itself is a let-down - only three songs from the first two LPs are played as the Pogues go electric! My mind flashes back to another quote from the irrepressible Darryl Hunt: "The last Pogues LP created the ability in the people who like us to say 'Well, we'll accept whatever they come up with. It'll sound all right'". Pogue Mahone.

The Pogues - The Lost Decade, by Ann Scanlon, is published by Omnibus Press at £6.95.

GREEN

Stark
Ben Elton
(Sphere £3.50)

So in a year which has seen the greenhouse effect and ozone friendly become common usage Ben Elton produces his debut novel *Stark*. *Stark* an ecological thriller.

Wow, like hey right-on, you've really got your head screwed on and your heart gushing through your type-writer Ben.

The world faces imminent disaster and the ozone layer is being depleted at a staggeringly phenomenal speed. Not just bits chopped off it like the way Fowler chops bits off the ever decreasing unemployment figures, not just slashed in the same way that Mrs Thatcher slashes NHS funding, not even depleted in the manner of Cecil Parkinson's sperm bank. No boys and girls (girls and boys) the ozone layer is receiving serious bombardment till the days of malignant melanoma become as common as flu and the earth is shriv-

elling up and dying just like your fun size in the pool when you're trying so hard to manly impress. Pretty scary stuff eh?

With a yuppie, a hard-assed New York reporter, a soft-assed toffee nosed ex-public schoolgirl reporter, a couple of brain fried Viet-Vets and an archetypical pseud Ben's characters excel to the preposterous and entertain as much as the motormouth himself on Friday Night Live. But its this parallel which could prove to be the book's downfall. *Stark* reads too often like an Elton script between the TV Video Box and Harry Enfield's *Loadsamoney*. Most of this novel appears to be Elton's new series that never was, strung along by a thin plot. This is not to say that *Stark* is not a hit. It is a vastly entertaining novel which will cause Elton fans to laugh audibly on trains and wake-up flatmates at 3 am - such is its inputdown-ness and its humour due in the main to Elton's skill in character observation.

And in the oven that is Western Australia Eco-Action, that small but valiant assortment of ecologically sound earth lovers have come within feet of outdoing those rich capitalist bad guys who own 17% of the world's wealth due to the actions of a crazy hippy dropping acid and riding around on a flatulent camel.

Plausible plot? Consequences beyond your worst spatter movie? Capitalists with more cash than it cost to put together the Rangers squad? And Zimmerman could be right. His manhood may lie in some barren ground in Saigon, his mind may be in a different time zone but he may be right.

Oh come on man, I mean like, what is the point, for sure you know. I mean what is the point right?

OK so the point is don't buy McDonalds ham(sic) burgers - do buy biodegradable and buy some laughs - buy STARK.

Tony McNulty

Tall Tales

Long Story Short
Mitchell Theatre

Long Story Short is 7:84's first production since it underwent a major change following the Scottish Arts Council's decision to withdraw its funding from the company. The company now has David Hayman as Artistic Director with Gerard Kelly as his assistant.

We were assured of an excellent production, given its new staff and the pedigree of past 7:84's performances, notably *No Mean City* from last year's Mayfest. Included in the small cast were Vincent Friell perhaps best known for his role in *Restless Natives*, and Patricia Ross, known for her role in *Taggart*.

Described as "Voices of Today's Scotland" the production was a collection of short stories with various scenes of contemporary Scottish life presented before us. The first scene was a very dramatic one. The correspondence of a Scottish journalist and a Central American nun, Elena. She describes the many atrocities

committed against her people. It is a very thought provoking scene, especially when Elena begins to see that events in Britain, such as the Gibraltar incident and the banning of Trades Unions at GCHQ, mirror the gradual repression that crept into Central America.

From this, we are hurtled back to everyday Scottish life in a very funny episode about a painter who paints his childhood (and unrequited love) on the gable end of a tenement. Vincent Friell is worthy of praise here; his comic ability is well proven.

The scenes are too numerous to be fully detailed, but mention must be made of Laurie Ventry's portrayal of a bitter old man who has been in and out of prison all his life, and is now dying of cancer. He relates his life story and feelings to the Reverend Taggart. Lawrie Ventry, without the aid of make up, convinced the audience that he was that old man, so moving was his performance.

Ricky Ross, lead singer with Deacon Blue, had written the next scene, about a young

couple being forced to move from Scotland to find a job. Mary and Joe reflected on working life with the help of drunken Mira.

This was a very well written scene and suited the acting talents of Vincent Friell, whom I can't praise too highly.

The final scene also dealt with migratory Scots. Lawrie Ventry was "on a train again", looking for a job. He likens the new exodus to the south to the Highland clearances, of the 1830s. He wonders at the demise of Scotland, and it is with reflection that the show ends.

Like a book of short stories, *Long Story Short* left me perplexed and set me thinking about the raised issues.

To sum up: an overall excellent production with convincing performances from all members of the cast.

7:84 are putting on a play directed by David Hayman, called *Road*, during Mayfest. Gerard Kelly will play Scully in it. It should be worth a look so see "What's On" for more details.

Ann Deveney

Film

Roger Dubar reviews the latest film releases around Glasgow.

Alien Nation

Certificate 18, Odeon, Glasgow

Alien Nation is a wierd mix of a film. On one hand its scenario is clever and thought provoking - dealing as it does with the reaction of normal people to an influx of some aliens "integrated" into modern American society by well meaning politicians - and on the other the film has a decidedly main-stream feel, being a buddy movie about a cop with an alien for a partner.....

The mixture of intelligence and mainstream is well handled, although the direction and screenplay are frustratingly tight, with every little plot lead picked up on - which leads to a somewhat farcical and wholly foreseeable bit near the end of the film where the alien cop plunges his hand into the equivalent of sulphuric acid for no apparent reason other than to tie up the part of the story concerning the alien's different body chemistry.

The performances of the three leading actors are solid;

James Cohen as the hard nosed human policeman, Mandy Somebody as his alien partner, and Somebody Else as the alien bad guy bent on cornering a drug market amongst his fellow emigrés. (Eh? - Reviews Ed)

On the whole, *Alien Nation* admirably handles its issues of racism, intolerance, and integration, without ever forcing a point.

Punchline

Certificate 15, Odeon, Glasgow

Punchline starring Sally Fields and Tom Hanks is the story of two struggling stand-up comedians set against a dodgy home life for her, and mental instability for him. *Punchline* certainly isn't laugh-making stuff, but it has enough funny moments - and just the right amount of "human interest" - to be very enjoyable, if not quite mainstream cinema. Tom Hanks the past star of the

brilliant "Big", shows just what a fine actor he is, and Sally Fields is also excellent, and a disturbing reminder of how little is expected of female actors in cinema. *Punchline*, like 'Working Girl' is sadly unusual in having a leading (rather than a following) woman.

The Tall Guy

Certificate 18, Cannon

The Tall Guy is billed as "a sort of love story" and is British made - not usually an accolade for a film, although its makers hope it will further in the internally successful footsteps of its fellow countryman, *A Fish Called Wanda*. Jeff Goldblum whose past credits include *The Fly*, and *The Big Chill*, plays the tall person in question and the story traces his relationships with anasty star-comic (Rowan Atkinson basically as the bad side of himself), a stiff upper

lipped nurse (Emma Thomson as good but as lacking in emotion as ever) and a hit bad-taste musical based on the story of *The Elephant Man*.

The Tall Guy isn't a ripping comedy nor any sort of statement, but it is a reasonable 'relationship' film with lots and lots of great moments and more (although not nearly as brilliant as *Withnail and I*, another British film) and, like *Alien Nation* and *Punchline*. I can heartily recommend that this film is well worth seeing (although the Cannon is a hideously expensive cinema).

The Serpent And The Rainbow

Certificate 18, Cannon

On a completely different tack from the above films is *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, from Wes Craven, director of *Nightmare on Elm Street*. This is the kind of horror film that I thought the Americans had stopped making ie its crap. It attempts to weave a mysterious web of voodoo and political intrigue - but it fails miserably. Don't go and see this film unless you're very pissed, in which case you'll probably find it hilariously funny.

Finally, I just have time to remind you of two films already well into their runs, ie *Working Girl* and *Rain Man*. If you don't go to the movies often, you really should make an effort to see these two, because they really are excellent.

SEX AND DRUGS AND ROCK 'N'ROLL!

'Wonderland Avenue - Tales of Glamour and Excess
Danny Sugarman (Sedgewick and Jackson London £12.95)

"It's hard to say no to the best feeling in the world when it's right around the corner"

... and don't we know it. This book is a classic - the hard-hitting, entertaining, hilarious but frightening account of how a hyperactive 12 year old boy progresses from being a curious teenager to a junkie at death's door in 9 short years - years spent surrounded by the glamour and excess of the Los Angeles Rock Scene.

His wealthy parents divorced and treated like dirt by his new stepfather, Danny Sugarman just had to escape, and escape he does, straight into the big, bad world of rock n'roll. His own two fathers being unsatisfactory, The Doors Jim Morrison becomes Danny's mentor, mesmerising him not only with his music but with his every word. Encapsulated in the fast moving world of The Doors, it is not long before Danny begins experimenting with the easily available drugs that follow every band. The account of his first acid trips are hilarious, but very quickly the fun was to disappear from his abuse.

By the time he is 18, Morrison is dead and Sugarman is managing both the Doors and Iggy Pop. He is also a walking pharmacy - hooked on all kinds of drugs and knocking on death's doors all too frequently - "Will he be alive on the next page?" is what flashes through the reader's mind as we witness Danny Sugarman spiralling down the evil staircase to the seedy world of drug addiction. The reader watches spellbound as Danny and his girlfriend survive on love and any drugs they can get their hands on, until Danny realises he can no longer physically nor mentally cope with or without his all-consuming passion. His futile attempts at withdrawal culminate in him receiving a phone call on his 21st birthday telling him he has hepatitis. Within four weeks, he is given a week to live and his exciting glamorous world of sex, drugs and rock 'n'roll is replaced by one of pain, fear, frustration, agony and sorrow as the book reaches its harrowing conclusion.

This is the most entertaining book I've read for ages - its funny, revealing interesting, terrifying and its all true!

Experience the excess.

HotDog

THIS SPORTING LIFE!

Sports Editor Ann Devenney looks back on the past year ...

Having only previous issues of the Telegraph to go on (let's be frank eh?!), this is, by no means, the definitive version of everything that happened. Probably a better version of the year would be the President's Report! (although some might dispute that fact!)

Sportsgraph (as it was known until recently) began slowly. It covered a boxing match which (many complained) had little to do with University Sport Golf, however, had got off to a good start with a win over Royal

Troon. Men's Hockey on the other hand played a most gentlemanly game and only equalised in a match against Hillhead Polytechnic.

Come December, we have a new editor (ie the present one - me!) and a new way of typesetting - the Apple Macintosh. This seemed to make life easier, especially for the new editors like me, who had heard all the dreaded stories about 'cut and paste.'

In this issue, fencing were doing rather well coming third overall in the Teams

Championships, the Rowing Ladies were showing great potential, American Football soundly beating the 'Stirling Clansmen', Karate being chosen to represent Scottish Universities and many more.

Then came the New Year and a new logo! 'Sportsgraph' was dropped a more accurate title was put in its place: 'Strathclyde Sports'. This time, Athletics stepped into the limelight with their busy schedule for the indoor season (and their good land not so good) results. Ski-ing were hunting

for snow. Swimming were well on their way to a league title, and 'Man of the Match' in Football was (no first name mentioned) Milligan.

Athletic Club Ball time rolled round again in February and the February issue back page was almost taken over by it. No need to go through all the winners again but mention must be made of Carolyn Hutchison who won Sportswoman of the Year. She, in the same issue, was in the process of winning the Ladies Junior Championships.

Unfortunately, the editor has not heard how things went at the World Championships.

Finally, we have the last issue: the March one (some might say the mad March one!) Cycling, again, did not have any results to report but were celebrating sponsorship from Campus Travel. Athletics, again, showing consistently good results by winning two gold, six silvers and two bronze in the first Scottish Universities Indoor Championships. Netball was resting on its well-deserved laurels after winning

the Scottish Universities Tournament and being runner up in the Scottish University League. Caving went caving (what else? - sorry Erwin!) in a blizzard, while Rugby in a style we have now come to expect were having a 'social scrum'!

And here ends my selective (due to severe lack of knowledge) review of the year. Next year, we can look forward to even better! Don't forget to let me know about whatever you do, and more importantly whatever you win!

SIGHTED: DEMI-GOD IN EDINBURGH

With his exams cancelled and a free pass into the next round of the cup, Kenneth 'the Butcher' Russell has had plenty of time to enjoy his favourite pastime, and he also has been able to train hard on his bike. The dividends are now beginning to show after only a short time. Russell's first event of the '89 season' bought him a commendable 24.5 minute '10' down at Bishopton, beating team-mate Philip MacConnell

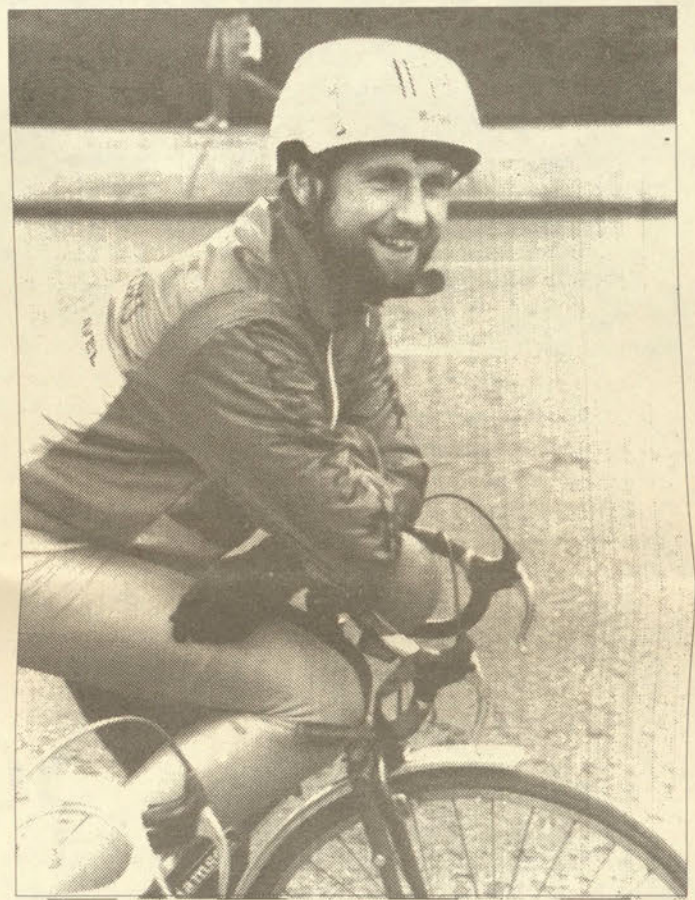
by two minutes. Although nowhere near winner Graeme O'Bree's (Wallacehill C.C.) time of 21.07, it was a satisfactory start to the year's racing. Russell, or 'the Bearded Bastard' as he is affectionately known to those who suffer on his wheel, came nearer a victory in the Tour of the Meldons finishing 9th in a field of 100 riders. Wednesday club run regulars James Lamont rode strongly to beat

Russell by 1 second in the 22 mile Time Trial.

All amateur events of recent weeks were overshadowed however by the professional criterion in Edinburgh on Sunday 23rd April. Symbol of all that is good in the Western world Robert Millar returned to Scotland for a brief moment to let the believers pay homage. After effortlessly coasting round what to most of the riders was a tough circuit

taking in the Mound and Princes Street, the world's greatest cyclist did the decent thing and allowed one of the lowly domestic professionals to win. And then, on a day when some strange force was obviously at play with the elements (snow fell amidst warm sunshine), Millar disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

The legend continues...
Bernard Hinault

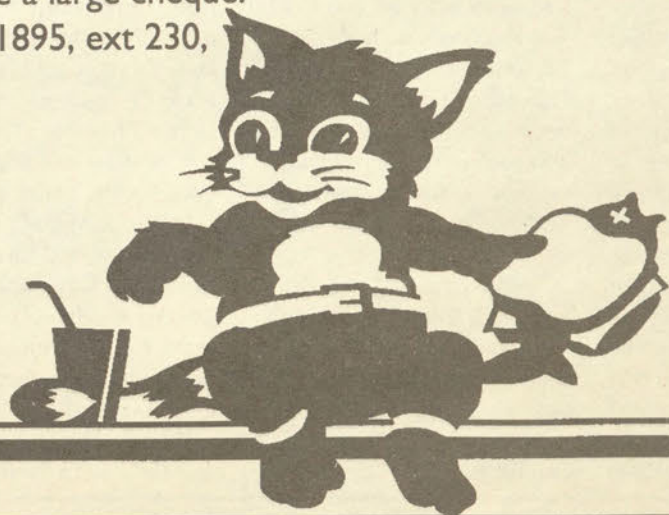
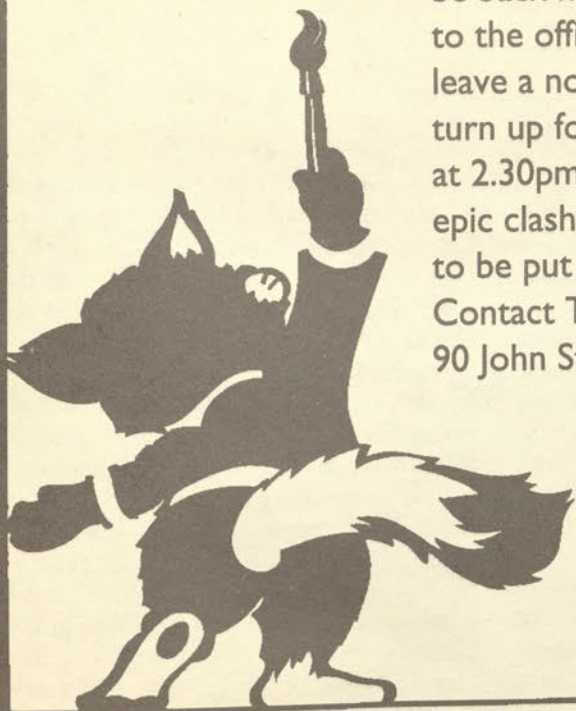


Dear Readers,

Sorry, but this is it! The end. It's over. Fin. Still, we don't care. (neither do you, probably). TELEGRAPH will be back next year. If you fancy writing for us, come up to the office before the end of term, and if we're not in, leave a note. Remember that all staff members should turn up for the TELEGRAPH elections, on May the 10th at 2.30pm in Telegraph Towers. Be prepared for an epic clash of egos - book seats early! If you would like to be put on a subscribers list, leave a large cheque. Contact TELEGRAPH on 041-552 1895, ext 230, 90 John Street, Glasgow, G1 1JH.

Love,
The Editors

PS - Of course, we're lying too.



Strathclyde SPORTS

OUT OF STEAM!



Scottish Universities Boardsailing Championships 1989: Tiree

In previous years many of the 'experienced' boardsailers at Strathclyde have been put off from joining the Universities Boardsailing Club. The main reason for this is the association of windless days on flat water on 'tame' long boards. The evidence to promote such assumptions was recently shattered by the Club's recent trip to Tiree.

Although small and remote, Tiree is a very special little island. Being officially the windiest place in Britain and surprisingly also the sunniest, it was no surprise venue for the 1989 Scottish Universities Boardsailing Championships.

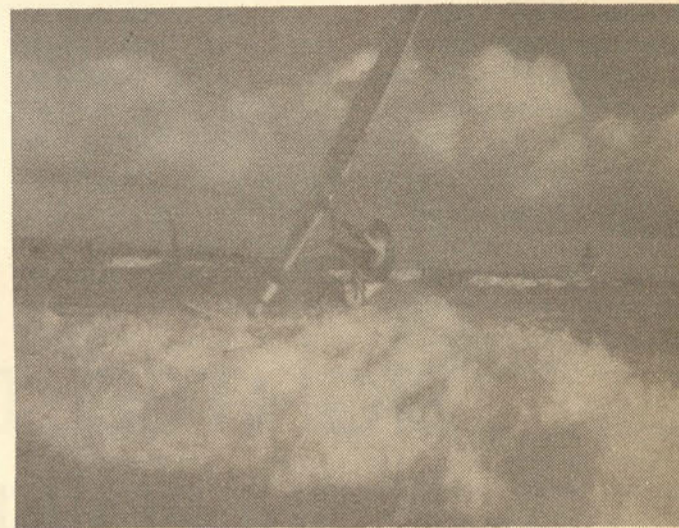
The overnight trip from Glasgow to Oban is usually quite short and uneventful, a boring start to a usually eventful holiday.

The Boardsailing Club head for the sunniest place in Britain for their British Universities Championships. Paul McLernan reports

Not this time. Less than 100 yards was travelled from the Student's Union to the junction at John Street when a moderately (8 boards?!) overloaded mini of ex Paris-Dakaar champ Simon Jones decelerated from 80-0 mph in less than half a second. The roofrack, along with its load of 8 boards, masts and associated paraphernalia continued part of the journey towards Oban, or at least for enough into George Street to give the drivers in oncoming cars an unwelcome late night surprise. Associated problems developed, however, and it was not until 1 am that we found a convenient corner of the ferry's passenger lounge in which to curl up for the night.

And so to Tiree. Although the conditions on Saturday through to Tuesday were superb, we had to wait until Tuesday for the arrival of other universities. A meeting was held early on Wednesday morning and a sheltered bay to the north of the island was chosen. Competitors ready, course laid, heats organised, action! action? As feared, the Gods did not play their part, and that day, indeed every other day as well, saw winds that teetered just below the elusive II knot minimum for competition.

The spare time was not wasted. Surfboards waxed, we 'went rippin' on the constant 8 ft swells. It took several hours to persuade a screaming Brian Caldwell that the dark shape lurking dangerously close below his board was in fact a seal and not a great white shark.



Although the wind remained too low and fickle on Friday, the organizers, Edinburgh University, decided that some sort of race should be held, if only to appropriate prizes. So, with boards ill designed for the conditions, an eight-heat, single elimination race was held. The University did not do well. Of eight men entered, only one was successful in his heat, going on to win his semi-final and finish sixth in the final itself.

Overall, this, the University's first trip to Tiree was a success, enjoyed by all despite the inevitable mishaps, and shall hopefully be pursued again in future years. Finally, many thanks must go to Joe and Andy of the 7th Wave, Charing Cross, Glasgow for their perpetual support, excellent and reliable service, and assistance with equipment. Without the support of this, the UKs best windsurfing shop, the trip would not have been the success it was.

Social Animals!

Recovering from Tiree, Alasdair Meldrum looks ahead to the third term.

After a week long trip to Tiree even the most resilient party animals are still recovering. The only thing that the trip

lacked was wind which prevented the three day event (The Scottish Universities Boardsailing Championships) being held. The only races held were a series of fun races at the end of the week, but with every university in Scotland there,

life never got boring.

Looking ahead to third term:

For beginners to intermediates - lessons are run every Wednesday afternoon at Lochwinnoch

For intermediates to

experts - trips down to Troon at weekends

For anyone - mid term holiday weekend away to some exotic location on the east coast. It promises to be a good drunken weekend so don't miss it.

If you're interested in any of these then watch the notice board in the AC Office or get in touch with the committee members.

Finally, with regards to the Tiree event, I would like to thank the following people; the

lads at Edinburgh University who organised the event, 7th Wave, Glasgow for kindly lending us a lot of gear, Simon and Brian for the use of their cars and lastly everyone else who made it such a good trip.

GLASGOW'S MILES BETTER ... Than the De Beaumont Centre!

For the past 'x' million years this national competition attracting universities from all over the UK, has been held in the cramped confines of the De Beaumont Centre, the home of British Fencing (a dark Nissan hut in a dodgy part of London). Thanks to the effort of Glasgow's universities (especially Helen Mackie of GU), this year it was held in the Kelvin Hall International Sports Arena. The weeks running up to the competition were spent scrounging bits of working(-ish) equipment from all over Scotland. When the fateful day finally arrived (the last Friday of term) everything was just about organised, although the preparations had

caused some casualties. Our Norwegians were back in Norway instead of terrorising British epeeists' egos, Stuart carefully planned an interview to coincide with any potential strenuous activity, and Erwin was as usual in such a state that he forgot all his equipment. However, it was not all bad news. The first day of the competition (epee) ran quite well, with creditable performances from Mike Gallagher.

Also putting up a brave fight in Ladies Foil were the Terrible Trio (Ann, Elaine, Sharon). Sharon came up against 'Big Val' (groan!) and was soon on the sidelines being comforted by her Diet Irn Bru.

Elaine met the very serious fencers (in fact, ultra serious) and unfortunately she soon joined Sharon. Ann was lucky enough to come up against some rather big (therefore, slow) girls from Essex and made it into the second round. Here she met her end up against some v. vicious Oxbridge ladies (?)

Saturday morning we were back for the major event, the men's foil. Mike G was back in battle, joined this time by Mike McKay and Erwin Losekoot. Mike G put up a brave fight but found himself rather out of his depth against the likes of Oxford, Cambridge and Bath. Erwin scraped his way through two rounds to the

3rd Round, where he was suddenly doing so well that he ended up getting knocked out on indicator points. This left Mike McK in as the sole Strathclyde representative, and he bulldozed his way through the opposition till he met an even bigger bully and he came 12th. Ann was our sole competitor in the Ladies epee (v. violent), but she had the same trouble as Mike yesterday (i.e. Oxford). We should also mention that Elaine sacrificed her lunch break from that illustrious bookshop in Glasgow (...) to come and cheer us up. That evening we had a really good party in the GUU, where people managed (almost) not to be cliquey. The

mountains of food were demolished at a rate of knots, and then we all drank ourselves to bed (our own, of course!).

Sunday was slightly more light-hearted, except for Nigel, who finally got his hands on some credible opposition for him to sharpen his sabre on.

Being the sole Strathclyde Representative, Nigel was determined to do well. Round after round, butcher, I mean Fencer after fencer passed by. Ironically, the person who put him out was someone whom he had phoned during the summer. Never mind, a creditable performance by coming 11th.

There was a women's sabre competition, but we decided

that it was likely to be too fatal, so none of our lot entered it (first ever sensible decision?) The rest of us started clearing up, and everything was over by 1500h, spot on time, so overall I think we can definitely say that the competition was a success, and even the people who had to come up from London agreed that this location was 'miles better'. Thanks to everyone who helped, and Nigel/Ann who dragged all the pistes back to Strathclyde!

**Erwin Losekoot
Even more grafitti, Ann
Devenney**