

# Leeds Student

11th June, 1982  
FREE

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● NEWS ●  
● SPORTS ●  
● ARTS ●  
LAST EDITION!

# IT'LL ALL END IN TEARS

## COCK-UP ON BIG BANK FRONT

Roger Holland, the self-confessed 'joke' candidate who unexpectedly won the West Yorkshire NUS election, is facing a vote of no-confidence before he has even taken up his post.

Members of LWYANUS Council are determined that he is not going to be allowed to become their Convenor, although he won their election unopposed.

Many of the Colleges in the Area say they will disaffiliate if Mr. Holland is in charge. He has no commitment to the job, they say, and has shown himself to be anti-papal, anti-women, anti-NUS, ... in fact anti-everything!

Mr. Holland has reacted strongly to the threat of dismissal. He says he was thinking of resigning anyway, but the no-confidence motion has made him change his mind. He now plans to fight the council, all the way to the High Court if necessary.

Mr. Holland has taken advice from a member of the Law Department, and believes he has a 60:40 chance of winning a court battle. Even if he loses he

expects to be able to claim certain damages.

Getting rid of Mr. Holland will not be as easy as his opponents might have hoped. He is protected by a constitutional loop-hole that allows an elected Convenor to stay in his job even after he has been no-confided.

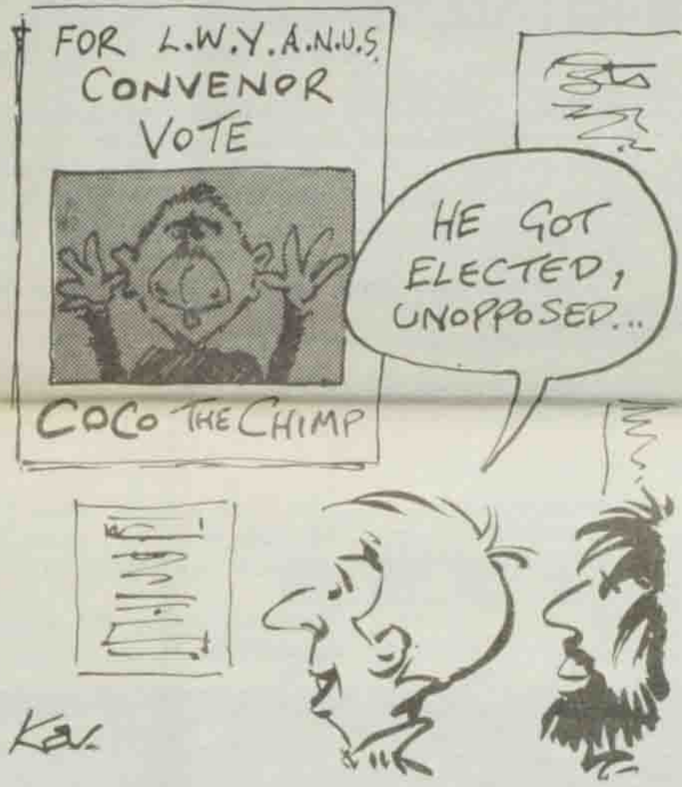
To try and get round this, a constitutional amendment will be passed and ratified (a process that normally takes two weeks) only minutes before the motion is passed against Mr. Holland.

Tricky stuff, but it should work.

Even then the saga will not be over. In fact LWYANUS will be no nearer to finding a replacement to the highly-regarded Mr. Nigel Fisher than they were six months ago. The first election was abandoned when no-one could decide how to count the votes, the second produced Mr. Holland, and there will now have to be a third.

It is sincerely hoped by all concerned that this will produce the goods sometime before the end of this term.

JAMES MATES



A cock up on the political consciousness front has prompted blushes of embarrassment around LUU exec. offices.

For a space filler photo on the cover of the newly published Alternative Prospectus highlights local branches of three of the big four banks the union has declared ideological opposition to.

Research and Welfare Officer Martin Blakey who helped with the compilation of the £2,500 prospectus said the photo was included in after the copy was sent off to the printers. He said proofs were sent to exec., and any mistakes should have been spotted by them.

LUU general sec. Elaine Goswell said the proofs they received were of only the contents, not the cover.

"If Jim (Murtagh) or Seamus (Gillen) had spotted this, it would have been taken out straight away".

Over 5,000 copies of the prospectus are to be sent out to reach prospective students for 1983/4. The union has managed to swing a deal with university authorities so that the prospectus accompanies the "straight" version, with the university paying postage.

Elaine said that in most other respects, the exec. was pleased with the way it had turned out.

RAY CASTLE

## CUTS - DETAILS NOW PUBLISHED

A grim round of cuts and closures are formally announced this week in a bulletin from University Senate.

A decision to publicise the document, which itemises cuts including the closure of Archaeology and Drama, came at last week's Senate meeting.

The action comes in the wake of a six per cent cross campus cuts package, and aims at lopping a further four per cent off the budget.

Economy decisions suggested are planned to tip the spending balance slightly from the arts to the physical sciences - leading to a planned reduction of 430 in the arts student population, and what the report terms a "slight increase" in science student numbers.

Social sciences are intended to take the brunt of the arts cuts, but along with the earlier mentioned planned departmental closures amalgamation within language schools is also suggested.

The School of medicine also looks to be hard hit with planned 15 per cent savings.

In total Arts faces a 13p in the £ cut, clinical medicine 11p in the £, Sciences 9p, Dentistry 8p, and Engineering 7p.

Recommendations from this report are due to go before University Council next month, while Senate are to iron out final details at the November meeting.

RAY CASTLE

## In Brief...In Brief...In Brief...In Brief... In Brief...In Brief...In Brief...In Brief... In Brief...In Brief...In Brief...In Brief...

### RENT STRIKE SGM

The Polytechnic Union is to hold a Special General Meeting on Thursday 17th June in order to discuss the next move in their rent strike which has been going on since the beginning of this term. The rent strike was called initially to put pressure on the Polytechnic to give an indication as to the likely increase in level of hall fees for 1982/83.

As yet no figure has been forthcoming although a meeting of the Polytechnic's Finance Committee has recommended that hall fees and catering charges are to be increased by about 17% next year. The students have been campaigning for an increase of no more than 4% i.e. the likely increase in students grants for 1982/83. The motion for the S.G.M. calls on the Union Executive Committee to put forward a motion to the next meeting of the Governing Body in

order to try and get an increase in fees a great deal smaller than has been recommended. To this end the Executive Committee is likely to canvas members of the Governing Body in order to gain their sympathy and support.

### KIDS TO GO

The Poly nursery is to be moved over the long vacation to Queen's Square, and will be run by the City Council.

The Poly Executive were on Wednesday awaiting confirmation from Councillor Doreen Hamilton, the chairman of the Nursery Sub-Committee.

It is understood that the nursery will be in operation at the new site by the end of September.

### EXAM SHOWER

HND business studies finalists at the Polytechnic received a divine stay of execution on Friday June 3rd.

Heavy rain stopped play exactly half way through their 3 hour exam,

as water poured through the ceiling of the James Graham hall at Becketts Park - recently refurbished at a cost of £1.5 million. Half of the papers were destroyed, and the students will unfortunately have to resit the exam.

### PRESIDENT IN HOSPITAL

Sean Morris, the Polytechnic Union President was admitted to hospital this week for an emergency stomach operation.

He had been suffering from abdominal pains early in the week, and on Wednesday was admitted to LGI, where surgeons removed some fatty tissue which had become lodged.

Yesterday he was well enough to receive visitors.

# FINAL SCORE

This is the final edition of Leeds Student for the session. The retiring editor, Chris Jaecker, thanks all of the staff for their hard work throughout the year, and wishes his successor, Sue Rylance, the very best for next year.

Especial thanks go out to the staff of both the University and Polytechnic Unions, and those of Hamilton Press, without whose patience and assistance, this would probably have been the first edition!

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Cartoonists: Kev, P.J. Polyp.  
Crosswords: Tintin, Astigmat.



# We are not mindless...

Dear Editor,

Following the unprovoked and libellous attack on the "Motor Club Society" by H.M. Thorpe and C. Jarecki, we would like to state the real facts of the matter.

We are called Leeds University Union Motor Club and our weekly social meetings are entitled pub runs, not pub crawls. Pub runs begin from the steps of the University Union, where we swap lifts each week, and we drive to one of the many pubs outside Leeds which serve good beer. Those who are driving either remain teetotal or sample one pint of the usually excellent

brew, those not driving often have more - although we go for quality not quantity.

May we also point out that the legal limit for driving is 80mg alcohol/100ml blood. This on average is the equivalent of 2-2½ pints of beer knocked back - about twice what we drink in the whole evening.

Towards closing time, after our usual discussion on motor sport, the price of petrol (we can't afford much beer!) and other topics, we proceed home. No-one in the Motor Club has ever, in its long history, killed, maimed or injured any one - innocent or not - on one of our

pub runs, neither has anyone been stopped for driving under the influence of alcohol.

Due to our strong motor sport links and many competitive events, we are probably more aware than J.M. Thorpe and C. Jarecki of the dangers of motor-ing. As for the accusations of us being "the scum of society" and "mindless murderers" we demand a prompt apology or legal action will ensue.

We would like to take this opportunity to invite anyone on our pub runs to verify the facts for themselves.

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION MOTOR CLUB COMMITTEE

**LETTERS to the EDITOR**

All contributions must be received by the Sunday before publication.

ST 5th roads  
Editor  
Leeds Student  
155 Woodhouse La  
Leeds 2  
... can only be ...  
... have to say ...  
... of thing ...  
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... of thing ...

Dear Editor,

The letter below was handed into the Leeds Student Office on Friday 14th May, 1982, and was unfortunately not printed in the last issue.

We, the Women's Centre Support Group, were disturbed by the article published in Leeds Student last week concerning the introduction of rents at the University Women's Centre. We feel strongly that your reporter presented this issue in such a distorted way, without any consultation with the Women's Centre in order to clarify the facts.

Firstly the Centre is designed primarily as emergency accommodation and is not a hostel. The policy that we have decided upon recently is that women may stay in the centre for up to five nights without paying rent.

The charge of £8 rent per week will only apply to those women who are forced to stay in the centre for longer than five nights, due to exceptional circumstances.

The Women's Centre is now firmly established and well used, due to the energy and commitment of the Women's Centre Support Group, and the helpful attitude of various members of the executive, signed The Women's Centre Collective.

In addition we feel strongly that an unbalanced view has been put forward once again

with reference to the letter by Gill Walls (Miss), concerning "two unemployed homeless women".

It is one of the major aims of the Women's Centre to offer its facilities not only to women students but also to women in the local community; a policy which Leeds Union itself promotes. As the original letter states, the centre is not a hostel but primarily emergency accommodation. In her letter, Miss Gill Walls shows a total lack of sensitivity towards the problems of the homeless and unemployed people in general. One of the women has now moved out, and we feel that we have played a valuable role in helping her through a difficult time. Throughout the women's stay the centre has continued to function normally, with numerous meetings, discussions and events.

Leeds Student has been irresponsible in allowing such an unbalanced and misinformed view to be printed, therefore undermining the work done by the collective.

WCC

*I challenge your use of the word irresponsible. The article was correct in its reporting. As to the letter from Miss Walls, she is as entitled to her opinion as you are yours. The only difference is that yours are shared, as you point out, by various members of executive, hers only by students.*  
THE EDITOR

## John James asked to resign

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read the letter written by Mr. J. James last week. I entirely agree with the sentiments which he expressed about the corruption, concerning anti-NUS candidates, in the Federation of Conservatives Students.

However, it should be realised that Mr. James is not entirely without sin himself. He

was recently asked by six decent committee members to resign as Chairman of the Leeds University Conservative Association for incompetence and under-hand dealing. This happened because he tried to prevent two members from attending the Federations Annual Conference in Loughborough and a regional meeting in York last term.

May I refer you to a sentence that you may find interesting in view of his own post: "Unfortunately such hypocrisy is not unusual in the individuals concerned and it can only be hoped that any that have not resigned will be rooted out by a subsequent party enquiry."

Yours faithfully,  
K.P. CROMPTON

## New Theatre Group productions

Dear Sir,

Theatre Group's next two productions "Equus" by Peter Shaffer, and "To die among Friends" by Micheline Wandor are perhaps their most ambitious yet. Wandor's play is feminist in intention but deals with the social roles forced by convention onto both male and female. The play breaks down into several sketches, each focusing on two characters and the way they interact.

Wandor uses an ambiguous,

elliptical style, which gives a surreal effect, and emphasises their isolated state, and inability to communicate with each other.

"To Die Among Friends" is performed by an all female cast and is directed by Denise Servante. It can be seen on the 17th, 18th and 19th of June in the Riley Smith Hall.

"Equus" was one of the most successful and controversial plays of the 70's. Dr. Dysart, an overworked psychiatrist, is told about a teenage stable-boy, who

one night blinded a group of horses with an iron spike. As the doctor starts investigating the boy's religious and sexual background, she becomes increasingly disturbed as she uncovers the events that led up to the horrific crime. A new slant to the play will be added by having a woman in the role of Dysart.

"Equus" is being performed on the 28th, 29th of June, and the 1st and 2nd July in the RSH.

Yours,  
LUU THEATRE GROUP

# CRICKET IS NO LONGER THE MAIN ATTRACTION IN HEADINGLEY.

W.G. Grace would spin in his grave. Something other than Cricket is drawing people to Headingley. It's the Boston Diner, at 44 St. Ann's Lane. A new restaurant that's American in its furnishing as well as its food. And what food! There's a choice of 44 dishes.

Some, like crab claws and spare ribs, you'll know. Others, like Teriyaki chicken and Boston Broil you won't. The Boston Diner

caters for every kind of eater from the conservative to the downright foolhardy. And every kind of meal from the quick burger and chips to the full blown three course. Or you can just call in for a drink.

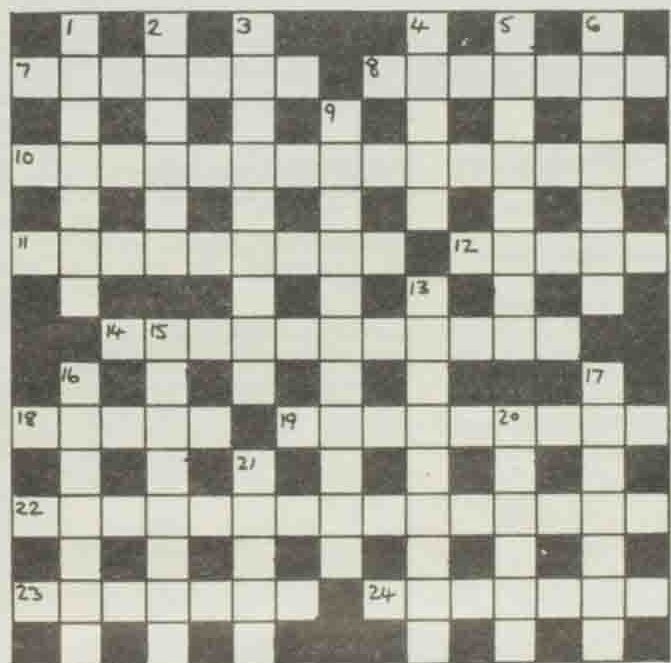
We serve beers and wines from the US as well as closer home. And we offer a wide range of cocktails. So pop in for a drink and have a look round one evening after work. We have a happy hour between 5.30 and 6.30. It beats watching cricket!



THE BOSTON DINER  
44 ST. ANN'S LANE, HEADINGLEY, LEEDS.  
TELEPHONE: (0532) 755404.

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### tintin 8



DOWN

1. Sad letter to American bird (7)
2. Adjudicator enters wager but becomes 23'd of life (6)
3. Wise about one rent mix-up? Make ready for the cold (9)
4. Bed contained Bert before Harry (5)
5. Angelic paper? (8)
6. Gives back to soccer half mixed up in bad jest (7)
9. Dispenses wildly in amid rests (11)
13. Edgar? Owen? Foot?... they're not enough (3,3,3)
15. Unfavourable; you point to drawback (8)
16. Masquerades puts iron in track (7)
17. Thorough examination of the ocean (2,5)
20. More heat causes the rot (6)
21. The hottest oven in the world? (5)

ACROSS

7. Bird, You, we heard, belt it senseless (7)
8. Thought about going for a second hand (7)
10. Elected Tories ship literary extracts (8,7)
11. Final temperature precedes rain. You'd better run for it! (4,5)
12. Kashmir thread causes laughter (5)
14. Sing on, quite horribly. Why? (11)
18. Stops return of Marks? (5)
19. Tacking irritation in wound (9)
22. Bed warmers blast to the tower? That's strange (3,5,7)
23. Take away pre-dive preparations (7)
24. Goes over 18 (7)

## Arts

## Fossil Rock... Electric Gang... The Passage...

## Gigs

QUEEN  
ELLAND ROAD

If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it. 40,000 odd people forked out £9 each to see a band that died seven years ago with *Bohemian Rhapsody*.

Well that's what I thought anyhow. I know they did *Under Pressure* with Bowie, but I thought that was a part of the neo-rock phenomena that means that John Lennon and Elvis Presley are bigger stars now than they were before shuffling off this mortal etcetera. I mean Scott Joplin wrote the theme to *The Sting* after seventy years on the wrong side of a tombstone didn't he....

I went along preparing such lines as.... "Elland Road received its first showing by second division players".... and .... "Queen played the audience and both sides lost"..... you get the picture.

What I had forgotten are two things. If that many people pay that much to enjoy themselves, then they bloody well will enjoy themselves. No one likes being conned out of nine quid do they? The

other is the simple fact that Queen are one of the most enduringly popular bands around. It seems to be one of the prerequisites of growing up. Acne, Head and Shoulders shampoo, Queen album....

Alright, confession time. I didn't see Heart. I think I heard them though, as I started walking down to the stadium. I could be mistaken though. It could have been a pre-emptive nuclear strike, or

**Peter Parker  
has an audience  
with Queen -  
Roger Ball takes  
pictorial evidence**

they might have re-routed Concorde due to snow on the points at Dubai.

Teardrop Explodes were okay, better than they were in the Refectory. They did *Passionate Friend* and *Treason and Reward*, and went down like a fart in a Volkswagen. Their links were apparently contrived to irritate, and the audience, to its credit took them quite well....the missiles were thrown in a good natured way, aimed more to maim than kill outright.

Joan Jett was a runaway success (a pun). Energetic and surprisingly tuneful she produced a set in the Ramone

tradition. Hard rock guitar backed up a voice composed of equal parts Suzi Quatro and Patti Smith.

Of course I recognised *I Love Rock and Roll*, whilst the rest of the set was good enough to make their gig in the Refectory next year one to look forward to, the audience loved them....no-one threw anything at all, and a lot of them danced.

It's totally irrelevant to discuss how Queen played, or what they played. They could have stood on the stage and waved their bums for all the audience cared. Mr Mercury did actually, though he applied the mike to the conventional orifice, and took us through an assemblage of their hits old and new. I was embarrassed to recognise all of them, with the exception of album tracks later than *Sheer Heart Attack*.

Beginning with *Flash Gordon*, through to the National Anthem, the audience was as critical and impartial as grown people with the hearts of seven year olds could be. From ancient ones of twenty four to kids who'd only come along out of duty because they'd already got the patch embroidered on their denim jackets, everyone had a ball. Mercury sang and showed his ego, all the while producing



fresh sounding version of songs he originally wrote on parchment, whilst Brian May pulled out the old finger and held the stage on occasions when Mercury was too far up the scaffolding to make it down to the keyboards on time.

All in all, the event was quite a shake up for someone

whose been told for years that Leeds hasn't got any large enough venues because there's no demand. I can't claim to love Queen any more, I still think they're fossils from an unlamented era, but I was overwhelmed by the turnout of palaeontologists. For their sake, I hope fossil rock goes on for ever.

THE GANG OF FOUR  
BRADFORD UNIVERSITY

Thunderstorms, rain, lightning and electricity in the atmosphere. Pills poised in our hands, Hugh Elitist and I watched the downpour from the security of Bradford Union. Apart from barrels for stools and plastic fold-down seats, it wasn't a bad place. On Saturday night there were a smattering of punks and ordinary people who had managed to hear about the gig and brave the rains.

Slow to start, the bands did not come on till late, rain having flooded the stage....and the antiphon (Ehh - Ed) of the evening was: "we don't want to get killed". Electrocutation. Nasty business. Electricity in the air, charged, built up, frenetic.

Let the sound sink into your ears, and suck your cheeks in, because tonight's "vital". Banish revision to the back of your mind and remember *Street Cred*. Remember 1979, the Corrie-Bill march, and a dishevelled band playing on the back of a lorry. Remember Leeds Union 1980, discordant chords and back from America. Tiffanys....some months later....riding high on *Solid Gold*.

Now Bradford Union: after

a comparative silence they had jumped back with a vengeance, and a female bassist from Robert Fripp's *League of Gentlemen*. Smart suits, sophistication; but still the same tension, the harmonium, the guitar as a statement, Andy Gill's stare. Further concrete words, that sense of urgency - even more important now: "the Good Life is so illusive". We've been to America and back, we've progressed, and kept going.

Two women have joined the band; stronger backing vocals, adding a slightly different, improved sound. Running through their new album we hear *I'll be a Good Boy*, *Why Theory*, *To Hell with Poverty*, and their recent single *I Love a Man in Uniform*. Only a small audience, but appreciative. Clock creeps to half-past eleven. Staying to the final second before we have to hurry back to the station. Leave them towards the end of a magnificent set....pity more people never came....why didn't they play Leeds?

Train and rain on the way home; squalor amongst the piss artistes; leaving with the illusion that you touched reality again.

LUCY O'BRIEN.

VERBA VERBA/ SENSE/ NO  
PROBLEM  
THE WAREHOUSE

No Tears (for Fears). It's amateur hour down the Warehouse instead and my feet remain stuck to the floor (must be the lager).

*Verba Verba* are Clare Grogan gets funky - Maximum Joy stumbles headlong into *Classix Nouveaux* and they've got the right haircuts too. They're on stage like they mean - and enjoy - it: *Solid Gone Funky*.

Throw away your cocktails though - the synth refuses to be abused; it chucks out some great (white) noises and squeaks as awfully as Glaswegian Clare herself.

The band move around like children into *Living in a Bus Stop* (?) The guitarist smiles. A neat bit of cowbell from the bassist and I'm forgetting how tired I really am.

*Sense and No Problem* wore everyone down. Total boredom stakes. Yawn. Give me a cigarette!

Nobody cares much for *Sense's* New Musik meet *Soft Cell* rip-offs. Or their self-penned classix like *Loving is Easy and Take me Away*. *Eleanor Rigby* proved that the band at least have a sense of arrangement, but very few original ideas, and certainly no sense of style.

No Problem, ahem - have

lots. I found their guitarist (knew he was a Geordie) embarrassing. The Sax and Bass were OK, but nothing new - easy to draw comparisons with a *Laura Logic-Rough Trade-XTC* type, and the bassist looks like the bloke from *Any Trouble*. **Subject to Contract** they sing. No likely! Go and see *Verba Verba*. Forget the rest!  
HUGH ELITIST.

THE PASSAGE  
WAREHOUSE

For two small men and a drummer, *The Passage* make a lot of noise. The small audience, who seemed reluctant to give up the comfortable grind of the disco, stood around and watched the group work up a sweat.

*The Passage* sound is based on simple elements, drums, guitar, a handful of keyboard notes, half-spoken, half-sung words, but these sometimes lost their balance and fell into noise.

The distinctive keyboard undertow and chime was lost from time to time as Andy Wilson's slashing guitar got a bit too rough and cut up the songs, the drumming became too dense. When the music did get into that rich Phil Spector-like wall of sound, though, the effect was epic and uplifting.

Unfortunately the all-important *Passage* words were lost. On record, main man Dich Witts uses parable, satire and dialogue to make his political points. He rarely slips into simplistic slogan but live he pays full price for his verbal ingenuity: you can catch a sneer now and then, and assumed, satirical voice, but not much else. You need to listen hard.

Some songs don't need words: a manic *Fear*, taken at break-neck speed, worked on pained shouts and panicky turbulence alone; where as some longer pieces meandered, dissipated their tension. Without the sense of words the songs had to work on broader bands of feeling.

The groups were concentrating, building up tension and pressure, converting joy; the audience response was polite applause or silence. Perhaps the sound was too abrasive or the dance beat too hard to find, nobody seemed to be shaking anything.

Given Witts' declared political intentions it looks like he needs to review his approach and spell things out more clearly if he wants to do anything more than play to the converted. The spirit is definitely there.

CHRIS BOWEN.

## Musical Magic...Thrills From Australia...

Arts

## Cinema

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN  
A.B.C.

Mediocre reviews in worthier papers had prepared me for a mediocre film - yet another Hollywood musical. I had vague memories of enjoying the T.V. series of a few years ago and expected the film version to be the usual truncated apology.

But I was wrong. This is really a very good film. Inevitably it is slightly spoilt by television *deja-vu*, but the director, Herbert Ross, has made some interesting changes. The setting has moved from Thirties London to Thirties Chicago - 1934 to be exact. Dennis Potter has translated the screenplay into American for this purpose and the result is really quite convincing. True to musical style, *Pennies From Heaven* has its fair share of sugar (or is it saccharine), on top of this Ross has thrown in a multitude of period references - Busby Berkley dance routines, Walker Evans photographs, animated Edward Hopper paintings and

countless echoes of other musicals. To complete the atmosphere the photography hints at forties Film Noir. The most interesting element of the film, though, is the use of original period hits, which are mimed by the actors. More of this below.

The story has Steve Martin as an aspiring sheet music salesman with bigtime dreams and a smalltime wife. In an attempt to escape from his claustrophobic marriage he takes up with Eileen, a schoolteacher (Bernadette Peters). Things don't exactly go well for the couple - and they get worse. This is where the music comes in. The period songs are used as reveries or daydreams to display latent frustrations, hopes, desires. The general idea is that life is pretty hard going and it is only a strange belief in every cloud having a silver lining that keeps the suicide rate so low. It is an interesting and effective use of standard musical material.

In one of the most successful scenes Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters, in an attempt to escape the dreariness of Depression existence, are watching a Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film. Suddenly they are dancing alongside Astaire and Rogers,



shadowing them perfectly, and then they are transformed into the stars.

At the close of the film the harsh depression reality and the magical escapism of the

songs merge in a climax which leaves a nice, happy ending.

As musicals go this one is certainly good. Despite its obvious debt to many influences it succeeds in being dif-

ferent. If the depression of the exam anti-cyclone is getting you down, go to *Pennies from Heaven* and see if you can escape to the 'place where the songs come true'.  
**STEPHEN McCUE.**

ROAD GAMES  
A.B.C.

With the stream of sex-crime thrillers we have had to endure in recent years, stretching from *Dressed to Kill* to *Blow Out* and ranging from the unimaginative to the downright offensive, one inevitably approaches a film which proclaims on its promotional material "On a 1600 mile stretch of desert someone is playing a game of sex, violence... and sudden death!" with more than a little trepidation - even if it is made in Australia.

Despite the atrocious

advertising campaign, though, *Road Games* is a worthwhile film. Admittedly it does make use of those archetypal thriller formats: Keach plays a rugged, self-educated truck driver with the proverbial heart of gold, who in the course of the film runs into the one girl who can truly understand him and wages a private war on the savagely insane murderer who is at loose on the roads.

The main point about *Road Games* though, is that it never wallows, Brian de Palma style, in the killings which it presents. In fact it goes some

way at least towards suggesting that it is the male view of women that is responsible for the existence of this friendly neighbourhood psychopath, and not the behaviour of any group of women.

Another welcome feature (or non-feature) of *Road Games* is that, not being American, it is refreshingly free of the great American guilt complexes: nowhere in the entire film is there any reference, symbolic or otherwise, to Watergate (taping and its associated cover-up) the Kennedys (various political deaths and their

associated cover-ups) or the failure of the American Dream (and its associated cover-up).

There are strong references here to the time (way back) when America was capable of producing good films without the aid of foreign directors and script-writers, notable points of influence being Spielberg's *Duel* and the complete works of Alfred Hitchcock, which only serve

to highlight the redundancy of imposters to Hitchcock's vacant throne like the talentless Mr. De Palma.

Suffice to say that *Road Games* is a thriller that is worth seeing, and that makes it a great rarity in these dark days. Meanwhile we still await the first bad film to come from the New Austrian Cinema.

**DON WATSON.**

## Austicks for books

## University Bookshop

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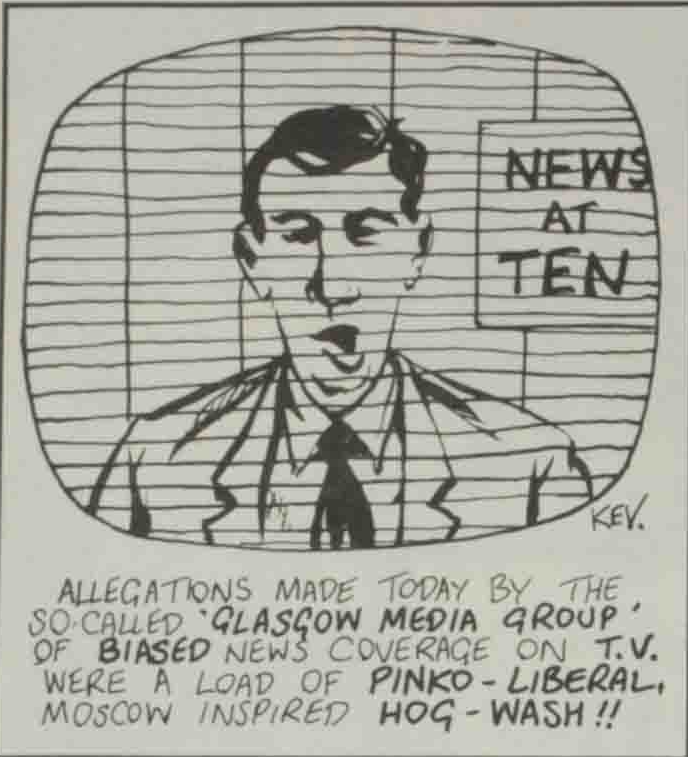
2/3 July  
**CARIFESTA**  
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Tonight and Tomorrow at 7.30p.m.  
Fellini's  
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Mon - Wed 7.00p.m.  
James Ivory's  
**THE EUROPEANS (U)**  
with  
**THE END OF AUGUST (A)**

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**CITIZENS BAND (AA)**  
**TESS (A)**  
full details in our film leaflet from Theatre or watch local press.

## Off Duty Reading



**REALLY BAD NEWS  
THE GLASGOW MEDIA  
GROUP  
(WRITERS AND READERS,  
£2.95)**

Once referred to as "A shadowy guerilla force on the fringe of broadcasting" (Lord Annan), the Glasgow Media Group have now been active for eight years, combating the myth of unbiased television news.

In their previous studies, *Bad News* and *More Bad News*, the group argued that, while the political bias of the BBC and ITN news and documentary programmes was less apparent than in the transparently interest ridden private press, close examination of the methods of presentation and of the backgrounds of those involved in the reporting revealed a distinct tendency to mislead.

Now in their third book, *Really Bad News*, the group present further proof for their

initial conclusions, together with some suggestions on how a more democratic system of broadcasting might be arrived at.

Presented in a readable and accessible manner and with the group's usual attention to detail it provides a convincing back up to the two previous studies, even if it is a little thin on the ground in the area of new insights.

If you are familiar with the Group's work *Really Bad News* provides an interesting up-date, if you are not it is essential reading, providing startling insights into the tremendous degree of bias in what passes as 'impartial reporting.' Try this one for example, a BBC reporter on a wage of around £15,000 per year to an unemployed Glasgow man with thirteen children: "You get sixty-eight pounds a week? That's quite a lot, isn't it?"

DON WATSON.

**APPROACHES TO GRAMSCI  
EDITED BY ANNE SHOWS-  
TACK SASSOON  
(WRITERS AND READERS,  
£3.95)**

This book comes out at a useful time when most of the trendy Marxist intellectuals now think it's hip to talk about Gramsci.

More seriously though, this renewed interest in Gramsci's political thought might be of particular benefit to the left. Gramsci was the only Marxist theorist, discounting Stalin, to have been actually involved in revolutionary action, and his theories have the advantage of having been worked out from practice, from the failure and successes of the Italian revolutionary movement.

This collection of essays from people such as Hobabaw and Pasolini highlights what were Gramsci's most relevant theories for us now.

The failure of Marx and Lenin to foresee capital's constant recuperation of radical action, their failure also to see the ruling class as ruling through consent, these have led to serious weaknesses in left-wing understanding of modern capitalism. Gramsci's concepts of hegemony and passive revolutionaire useful tools with which to try and fill the gap.

Approaches to Gramsci isn't a distillation of his works in any way. It is still necessary to plough through Prison Notebooks or one of his toppers to study him, but this book does point to particular areas to look at and is useful not only for its short biography of Gramsci but also for its Gramsci dictionary - a neat little guide to all the banded around concepts everyone's been so confused about.

QUINTIN BRADLEY.

If you're entering the post-exam limbo and looking for some light reading to keep your mind pleasantly occupied and prevent it from straying towards the dreaded subject of results, I can highly recommend a meander through the satirical landscape of Tom Sharpe's *Ancestral Vices*.

The first thing that strikes you about Sharpe's style is his comendable affinity to the comic potential of raging verbosity; his reluctance to use less than five letters when he can get away with more than ten fitting in perfectly with the larger-than-life qualities of his characters.

Beginning with two stock clichés, the ill-tempered, gout ridden old capitalist and the absent minded, out-of touch left wing intellectual Sharpe builds up an infinitely detailed picture full of delightful cameos and acute and acidic observations on both the grim reality of capitalism and the blissful unreality of the world of left-wing theorists.

The book positively bulges with sharp observations such as the following description of a modern University library:

"Built of reinforced and unnecessarily pre-stressed concrete, a maze of metal conduits and carbon fibre columns all of which supported nothing more than a substantial acre of glass, the library managed to break every rule in the energy conservationist's hand-

## Single

**PLUTO: "RAM GOAT LIVER"  
(TROJAN)**

With the only reggae represented in the national charts usually being confined to English groups bearing inferior imitations of Jamaican sounds Pluto's return to the charts after a five year absence brought a worthwhile warm blast to the clinical music (super) market, even if it did take an old song, "Your Honour", to do it.

With this unexpected coup, it was inevitable that Trojan would delve into the vaults for a potential follow-up, and here it is in the lively, infectious form of "Ram Goat Liver".

This time your friend and mine is a bus driver running behind schedule and hurrying towards his destination but stopped shorts by a ram, which runs in front of the bus and consequently comes to a sticky end.

Temptation comes Pluto's way, though as a passenger suggests that "Ram Goat Liver" makes a powerful aphrodisiac.

Swayed by his tantalising description, our hero scoffs the organ in question only to find himself with "A runnin' belly like a judgement day." "Crime Doesn't Pay" he reflects ruefully.

Buy this record and put it in the charts, where it should be followed by Gregory Isaacs and Black Uhuru (some hope).

JOHN KENT.

book.....thanks to the architect's obsession with the idea of advanced technology and his consummate ignorance of its practical application."

So vivid you almost get the impression you've been there isn't it?

## by REED

If, on the other hand you prefer something a little further from home and are prepared to devote a little more time and dedication to taking your mind off things, then take a look at *Little Big*, a new novel by John Crowley published by Gollancz and all yours for a mere £5.95, for the paperback that is.

The cover price may be a little prohibitive, but believe me for a novel as interesting and original as this is well worth it.

Not being a great fan of fantasy novels I was initially rather wary of this hefty volume, but it took a mere three pages for Crowley's mysterious, anecdotal style of ensnare me completely.

Attempts to describe the plot would be entirely redundant in the context of *Little Big*, it is not the plot but the timeless atmosphere with

which Crowley endows it, and the strikingly inventive manner in which it is presented which makes this book so remarkable.

".....a book that all by itself calls for a redefinition of fantasy," runs the comment from Ursula Le Guin which adorns the front cover. I heartily concur.

A far more predicatable book is Raymond Kennedy's *Columbine*, costing £1.75 and appearing as part of Pan's subsidiary Pavanne, who aim to produce a variety of books under the general orientation of "an interesting diversion for women who don't need one."

This slogan plus the following cover blurb should tell you about all you need to know about *Columbine*:

"She waited at the brink of womanhood, when he came back from the war looking for life and for love.

He brought her over the threshold of her sexuality and then he taught her of the pain of love.

She learned about jealousy for the first time and turned on the world to wound it as she had been wounded....."

For those of you of either sex who do need a diversion, however, you could always try the Pan book of cross-words, number forty one just released and retailing at 95p.

### DON DARE.....

Greetings, my old friends, this is the Dare here, speaking to you, I regret to say (choke, choke.....excuse me, that's not emotion, just stifled laughter) for the last time from the pages of this feeble rag, since I shall be moving on very soon to pastures new and more lucrative than this haven of the small-time embezzler (oops!)

May I take this opportunity (why not, I've taken everything else - including the desks and the typewriters) to write a short reply to the very serious and concerned (yawn) young lady who complained about the Zoomtown Prats column, penned by mi grate friend mister Nigel Molesworth.

Firstly, my dear, try checking your facts out - the 12 (not 16) year-old girl involved in the 'Don't Like Mondays' incident was scarcely starved in the area of parental-love and affection - I wish my old man, Dan, was fond enough of his only offspring to buy me a high powered rifle to commemorate my day of birth. On the other hand I can think of a few people around here that should be grateful for this shortcoming in his parental attentions.

Nastiness aside (some hope) however, the idea of the flip-pant comment was to attack the abundant pretension of the ditty in question, not to make light of the incident itself.

On the contrary I would venture to suggest that it is old Big Mouth himself who has made light of the incident in the appalling Bohemian Rhapsody-type melodrama which he built around it. Speaking for myself, if any relation of mine had been murdered by a spoiled

psychopath, the last thing I would want would be Bob Jerkoff raking in the akkers on a musical commemoration of the event - but perhaps I'm just sensitive.

Jerkoff himself, of course, used to be a journalist, and I would venture to suggest that *I Don't Like Mondays* reflects in its every word the creep's solid training in the art of sensationalism. In fact the only rival the over-blown o-puss has in terms of festering opportunism is Thin Lizzy's highly amusing (laugh, I nearly spat) paen to the Ripper, Lady Killer.

Bob Geldof and Phil Lynott out to be done away with in the most unpleasant manner possible - class dismissed.

Anyway, if you lot out there think you'll be able to retire to a closeted world of Rory Gallagher idolatry on my departure, I'm afraid my old friend DÍ EGO DE VEGA (otherwise known as 'that awful Ego person') has news for you - he will be occupying this space next year to continue the crusade against the dull and dowdy. And I hope you'll both be very happy together.

I hate long goodbyes usually but just this once, what the hell:

G O O D B Y E,  
DON DARE.



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# CRICKET!

Or how I learned to ignore the world

by Ian Beddow



Last Sunday's outing of the Mountaineering club was just a typical Sunday meet. In the morning the mini-bus was late as usual but then again so were the members.

The day followed the customary pattern; a drive down to the Peak District, briefly stopping at the climbers cafe, 'Eric's', and then after tea and butties, on to the chosen crag. However, after an hour of climbing (well, 5 minutes of climbing and 55 minutes of deciding what to do) the weather broke and the rain poured down. As the weather showed no sign of easing everyone decided that

it was time to go back to sunny Leeds. Climbing was reduced to traversing on one of the University halls, this became very tedious, so the members thought they would pop over to Almscliff as it looked sunny in that direction.

At Almscliff there is only one route of any note, called the Black Wall Eliminate which has a grading of very hard. The climb was led by Gary Milner after a few false starts by Dale Fitt (see photo).

The end of the day was signalled by the approach of opening time.

DAVE NEEDAM

My excuse is that I was too good at Athletics to bother with the game. The real reason is that the ball travels a sight too damn fast for me to be happy within 22 yards of a bowler.

So it wasn't until I came up to Leeds that I showed the slightest interest in cricket. You probably know the feeling. Sitting there looking out of the window instead of revising, listening to the clones on Radio One, when one of them said something about "Second day at Headingley...". "Bloody Hell!" I thought, "This is Headingley... second day of what?" So I popped my head round

the door of the Cro-mangon next door. "The cricket innit" he grunted. "56 bus goes right to the ground". Rendered articulate by the thought of alcohol, he mentioned the fact that the bars are open all day. The rest is history.

I still don't know the difference between a leg break and a hole in the ground, but I can sit out in the sun like a gud un, and understand a scoreboard, so the only hard thing is managing to stay awake long enough to get through the wine.

The One day game against India was a good example. A quick nip into Safeways for the

I've picked up a hell of a lot of cricket trivia along the way. You know the sort of thing: Boycott is God or the Antichrist depending on how he's playing (and of course where), Bairstow should play for England, Botham's too big for his boots (unless he's re-writing history), Kapil Dev's over-rated (until he gets 60 runs off 39 balls) etc. etc.

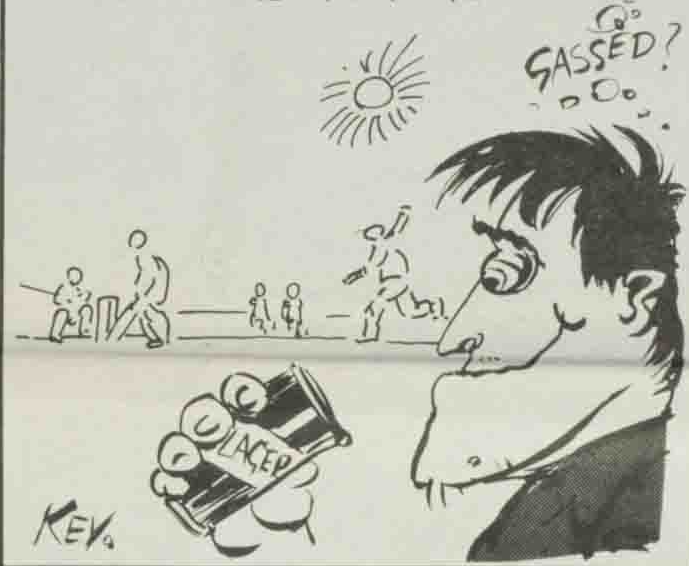
All of this useless information has been painlessly acquired by sitting and listening to the conversations around me at the games. Yorkshire seems to breed the most wonderfully opinionated types in the world. I mean, there are only two types of students in Leeds, the pseudo intellectual and the Cro mangon, but there's all types at the cricket. One fellow behind me was delivering a monologue to his mate in which he managed to solve the World Economic Crisis (Bring Back the Empire), the Falklands Crisis (Bring Back....), The Russian Nuclear Threat (Bring...), and the declining fortunes of Yorkshire Cricket Club (...).

Meantime, England were bowling out India, then India weren't bowling out England, and I was reading my book whilst slowly toasting in the sun. I wasn't learning much about cricket, but the wine and general holiday atmosphere was putting me into the best good humour I've felt all year. The library was miles away, I'd something to watch if I wanted to, plenty of conversations to listen in on, and a burgeoning affection for life that allowed me to consider the prospect of "really getting down to some work tomorrow" with the contempt it deserved.

Forget all the technical claptrap about cricket. One of the best explanations of the obsession goes like this... "The English are a very spiritual race, and cricket is their attempt to convey the infinite".

It is inconceivable that any other game could go on for five days and not get a result, but it's totally unremarkable in Cricket. No one who goes along really cares. There's no way you could turn round to your spouse and say, "I'm going to spend five days in the sun, drinking and getting away from it all", but "I'm going to watch the cricket" is simply a code way of saying the same thing. Oh, by the way, England won. (I think).

"THE ENGLISH ARE A VERY SPIRITUAL RACE, AND CRICKET IS THEIR ATTEMPT TO CONVEY THE INFINITE"



## CLASH COMPETITION RESULTS

### ANSWERS:

1. Keith Levine
2. Terry Chimes
3. Complete Control was produced by Lee Perry, who co-wrote "Police and Thieves".
4. Amongst others: Buzzcocks, Slits, Country Automatics (the Specials), Little Brother, The Expelaires, Vic Goddard and the Subway Sect.

WINNERS: Mark Curry, David Horn, Ann Rudge.



# OGM



RSH - 1.00p.m. 22nd June 1982

Questions to Publicity Sec. & House Sec.  
Motions: Ireland  
Falklands

*There is still time for submission of motions (by Monday 14th June - 1.00p.m.) to the General Secretary.*



