

# Leeds Student

6TH MAY 1983

FREE

Your pre-exam  
Leeds Student  
(it's a gas!)

## Seven arrests at anti-war peace protest

Seven students were arrested following a meeting about the RAF and the Falklands/Malvinas War. The students were making a peaceful anti-war protest at the meeting at which a Squadron Leader who fought in the war was to give a talk to 250 people.

An outside firm had been permitted by the University to use the Rupert Beckett Lecture Theatre for a film and lecture which had been discreetly advertised in Leeds but which was organised primarily for a RAF and cadet audience.

The firm, Northern Aeroplanes Ltd., comprising ex-RAF officers, specialises in RAF memorabilia and restoring combat aircraft. The students read a statement condemning the present levels of world arms expenditure and bore placards reading

"I am a dead soldier, why did I die?"

The University has so far refused to comment on who called the police to the campus to make the arrests. The students were released in the early hours of Friday morning.

The Union is appealing for witnesses who passed the main entrance to the University by the New Arts Building between 8.30 p.m. and 9.00 p.m. on Thursday evening. Anybody who saw anything should contact Paul Hill in Exec.

MARTIN GILCHRIST

# STUDENT IN GAS SCARE

A student suffered carbon monoxide poisoning during the Easter vacation whilst in University accommodation, it was revealed last week.

Alan Morton, a first-year Chemistry student said that he was "pet sitting" for Mr. Martin Harrison, the James Baillie site agent, when the incident occurred. Although he had only intended to feed the cat and dog, when he noticed the cat was ill, he decided to stay in the site agent's room and look after it.

When Mr. Harrison returned Alan collapsed as he tried to get up. This happened several times, and Alan was rushed to hospital.

Carbon monoxide poisoning causes breathlessness, black-out and a flushed complexion. It can take some time to feel normal, after a large dose of the gas. In some cases, it can be fatal.

Alan said that the gas boiler in Mr. Harrison's room had been badly fixed, causing gases to be blown back into the room.

"A request for repair was put in eighteen months ago," he said, "but it wasn't done until the day after my accident."

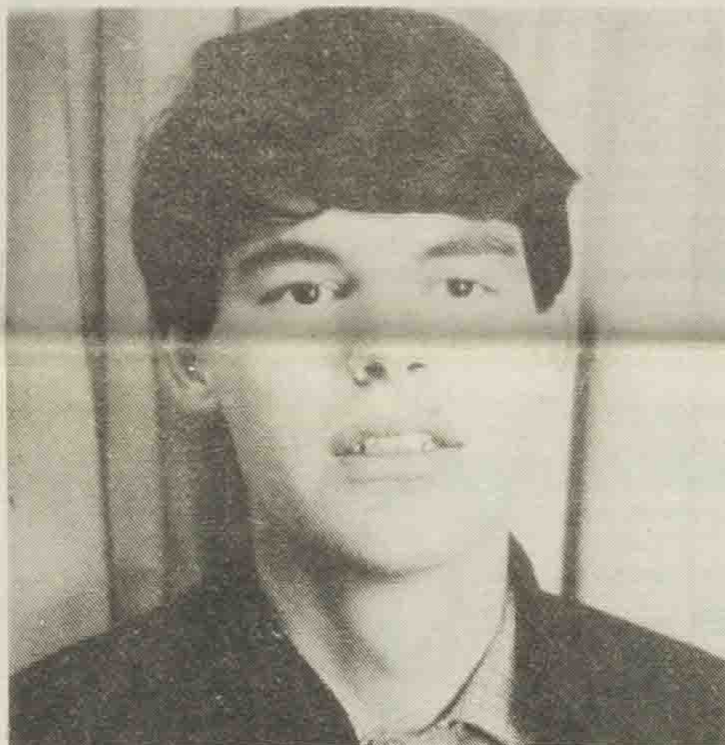


INSIDE ...  
Jonny Sussman  
Lutes for  
Liberty P3

Although this room is not official student accommodation, it is owned by the University.

When asked about the incident, the University accommodation department refused to comment. It appears that the complaint is under consideration.

SUE RYLANCE



● Andy Morton

## Students win rent refund in poor housing case

### No contract

Letters to Mr. Laughton remained unanswered. None of the six even received a copy of the contract.

In August, they were advised by the Citizens Advice Bureau to repudiate the contract and move out as no repairs had been done.

Mr. Fisher left for the last time on 12th September, the only repair having been done was the placing of a brass tap on the open gas pipe upstairs to seal it.

Mr. Laughton ignored requests to repay the bond money and first quarter's rent, totalling £211 each.

Neil Gilbert got in touch with a solicitor via the Union Welfare Services, who advised them on what to do. The prosecution did not receive a copy of the contract or any papers concerned with the case before it came up.

### Refund

The arbitrator deemed that, as luggage was in the house, it was partially used and so the 'Headingley Six' received only half their money back and half

their costs. As the non-fulfilment of contract was not absolute, they could not have all the money.

Mr. Laughton claimed that he had had all the appliances repaired, although he had no proof. He did, however, manage to find some other students to move in, before the first quarter's rent had expired.

As Mr. Gilbert pointed out, "He owns lots of houses which students live in yet is still not doing the work."

MARILYN HONIGMAN

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

Trinity and All Saints College are currently without a Vice President for next year.

At the close of nominations last week no-one had stepped forward to contend the post. Nominations might be re-opened but, according to a member of the College, since all other posts on the Executive Committee have been filled there is not too much concern. "I'm sure that the President-elect can cope" he said.

PAUL BROMLEY

★★★★★

Nominations are now being taken at Park Lane College for their Executive Committee posts for next year.

Elaine Goswell, LWYANUS Area Convenor, is the Returning Officer for the elections the results of which should be known in the next two to three weeks.

EUGENE HUGHES

★★★★★

The "Happy Hour", the time when drinks are sold for half price, is to be extended from twice weekly to every week day, at the Polytechnic's City Site.

Times are: Monday to Friday, 5.30 to 7.00 p.m.; except Wednesdays, 6.30 to 7.30 p.m.

DERMOT QUIGLEY

★★★★★

## Fleas Please

The second Flea Market bazaar took place at the Polytechnic Ents hall last Wednesday.

Clothes, of all descriptions were being sold on the twenty five stalls, as well as shoes and jewelry. The latter was particularly fine, being hand-made from brass and nickel silver. Vice-President, Margaret Saville, who organised the Flea Market, was pleased with its popularity. "There are no fleas on me, everything has run smoothly," she said.

A quarter of the stalls were attended by students selling their own clothes. Obviously their grants couldn't stretch this far into term. Students were thus given the opportunity to wear their best friends clothes without any fear of animosity.

DERMOT QUIGLEY

# BRINGING THE STATS ONTO THE STREETS

The Leeds leg of the nationwide People's March for Jobs met with adequate if not overwhelming support on Saturday and Sunday.

Although subjected to mixed meteorological conditions over the weekend, over 800 people assembled on the Town Hall steps and marched round the city on Saturday, and an estimated 1,500 people braved the wind and rain on Sunday to attend the festival in Potternewton park.

Saturday's march began on St. Annes Lane in Headingley, went along Cardingan Road, and past the University along Clarendon Road. Leeds University, Poly and some small colleges were represented, along with many political groupings.

The Bradford leg joined the Leeds marchers on the Town Hall steps after having marched eleven miles.

## RALLY

Leeds MP, Denis Healey was greeted with a mixed reception, though his speech did reflect the mood of the meeting. MP Stan Cohen, and Councillor John Battle also addressed the meeting. A speaker from the Aire Valley Yarns factory, where black workers already working a 72-hour week for £1.02 per-hour were sacked for attempting to join a Union, was met with applause. The Bradford march was detoured especially to lend its support to the picketers. The rally closed with a brief speech from the March organiser.

## FESTIVAL

The Leeds People's festival against unemployment was blighted by poor weather. However, the events took place as planned, as most of the stalls were moved to inside the marquee tents.

The three tents catered for all musical persuasions... Rock, Folk, Reggae and Blues. Bow Wow, a Japanese rock band, and Seething Wells were amongst the attractions. Stalls, games, roundabouts and donkey rides were provided for the children.

Later on that evening, the Trades Club held a disco to round off the PMFJ and May Day festivities.

## SUCCESS

Ken Smith, one of the organisers, and Chairperson of Leeds Town Committee said afterwards: "It was a minor success rather than a major disaster."



● Spot the MP ... Pic by Mike Mandelbaum

ter. Though not so much of a disaster as this Tory Government."

Though well supported, some doubted how responsive the Government would be to their plea. As one said, "I think I shall go on next year's March..."

But as thousands of people make their way to London on foot, no-one could honestly question their commitment to showing the Government that unemployment is a major issue and that no Government can ignore it, least of all double it.

SUE RYLANCE

FILM:  
"FREE COUNTRY OR DEATH"

SPEAKER:  
JON SNOW

TUES. 10th MAY  
ROBERT BECKET LT.  
7.30pm

50p

O God I wish I'd worked O God what I do I wish I'd worked it's ONLY 2 weeks worked HELP ANYTHING god I didn't in the plus WORKED I'd worked it's not for WHY didn't I work why why why I work god I'll fail by AT'II O Do what'II I do to fail oh god it's the hell there are exams??!

IT IS 3 WEEKS AWAY FROM FINALS  
IT IS AFRAID  
IT IS TOTALLY UNPREPARED  
IT IS...

**E.T.**  
THE EXAM TAKER...

P.J. Polyp o god what am I doing drawing this I've got finals (wish I'd work...)

**WOMEN'S STRUGGLE AGAINST THE PASS LAWS IN SOUTH AFRICA**

Sir Roger Stevens Memorial Lecture 1983  
Friday 20th May at 7.30pm

in the  
**RILEY SMITH HALL,  
LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION**

Given by  
**RUTH MOMPATI**  
Chief Representative of African National Congress

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM  
EXECUTIVE OFFICE,  
LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION

# LUTING LOONY

The lute-playing loony from Leeds second year student Jonny Sussman, ended his non-stop nationwide tour on Tuesday.

Beginning in Brighton last Sunday, Jonny accompanied by Miriam Gitlin travelled to Leeds via London, Bradford Sheffield and Manchester, playing his lute all the way. He completed a total of 55 hours of non-stop, sleepless strumming.

## A lute of money

Billed as "a lute for liberty", Jonny hoped to raise the issue of Human Rights behind the Iron curtain, whilst making money for charity along the way. So far an estimated £1,500 has been raised, though it is hoped that this figure will be doubled once the sponsor forms have been collected in.

The money will be sent to appropriate charities, such as Amnesty International and Students and Academics Campaign for Soviet Jewry.

## Reso-lute

A drizzly day on Brighton pier saw an early morning debut for Jonny on Sunday, from there he

luted his way to London to join a demonstration for Human Rights behind the Iron Curtain which took place outside the Russian Embassy where a puzzled Policeman requested "Motorhead on the lute."

Strumming on the 125 to Bradford met with a disinterested response from the commuters, and once in Bradford, a bus driver wouldn't let him play his lute on the bus.

But it did have its high spots, and Jonny said that there was increasing encouragement and interest as he got more national media coverage.

## Minstrel Marathon

An opportune arrival in Leeds

during the Renaissance Festival took Jonny into the final 24 hours of his marathon.

Afterwards, Jonny said that he was "tired but happy that it's all over," adding that he might possibly do it again, in view of the amount of money he raised for charity.

But it was no joy ride. "The nights were really exhausting," he said, "and Miriam had to keep nudging me awake."

Exhausted or not, Jonny still managed to strum a few chords for Yorkshire Television's "Calendar". But the Union Council meeting which followed saw him slump into well deserved and welcome slumber.

SUE RYLANCE



• Pic. Mike Mandelbaum • Loo-ting



• Pic. Mike Mandelbaum. • Facing the Y.T.V. cameras.

## Fresher than ever...

Revolutionary plans were made at last Tuesday's LUU Council meeting.

Formally to achieve the coveted status of "person" students had to survive into their second year at University. Veterans would thus overcome the stigma of being called by the demeaning term "Fresher".

However, our egalitarian minded Exec., amid much heated protest, have deemed that it is one's right to be called a "person" simply through birth, not experience.

"Person" status is now even to be applied to greenhorn "Freshers". This controversial move means that "freshers" are no longer to be called "freshers", but "People". In line with this egalitarian vein "Freshers week" will be changed to "Intro week". This status of "People" is to be conferred on all "freshers" forthwith so that veterans will no longer have an excuse to be patronising to poor little innocent first years.

A motion proposed by Mike James to condemn the religious persecutions of followers of the Ba'hai faith was passed. An amendment urging the Union to recognise Khomeini's revolution as anti-imperialist and show support for it was defeated.

Also passed were measures to improve OGM's so that less time would be wasted on suspension of standing orders and more time given to speakers.

DERMOT QUIGLEY

## Shoes Shuffled

The season for shoe stealing started again last week at the University. The first victim of phantom shoe stealers was a student who was taking a shower in the Union. When putting on his garments he realised that his boots had been seized in a silent swoop by culprits unknown.

He immediately reported the theft to the porters office and then attended his remaining lectures in bare feet.

The porter had his own suspicions and later found the pair of boots in the games room. The boots were thus soon returned. Last summer there was a

spate of similar thefts from the Union shower area, with trousers as a main target. Students are advised to keep a firm grip of their trousers in future, and to take them off only in emergencies.

DERMOT QUIGLEY

## Better Letters

£10 is the prize on offer for the best design for the Polytechnic's letter heading.

The current heading displays an owl, the symbol of both the Poly and the city of Leeds. The new design can reflect students, Leeds, the Poly or all three, but it must contain the words 'Leeds Polytechnic Students Union'

and show the addresses of the three sites.

Pete Godwin, President of the Union, said that the aim is to present the right image to whomever the Poly writes.

Entries should be handed in to Pete Gaffikin in the Poly Exec. office by Monday.

ABEL MUSCART

## Hollands disarms

An Ents Five-a-side football match last Wednesday spelt disaster for University Cultural Affairs Sec., Guy Hollands.

After falling over someone and landing on his arms, it seemed at first that no damage had been done. But during the afternoon, his arms stiffened up and became quite painful.

He went to Leeds General Infirmary, where a doctor took X-rays without being able to find anything wrong. But a visit

to the Fractures Clinic next morning revealed a hairline fracture of his right radius and, in his left hand, a broken scaphoid — a small bone at the top of the hand which is very vulnerable and takes a long time to heal.

The hand will remain in plaster for at least three weeks, whereas the arm is expected to loosen slowly in a sling over several months.

Mr. Hollands cannot write

and find it difficult to pick up the phone. But he says as most of his duties are up to date, the effects of his accident are not as serious as they might have been.

As Mr. Hollands is going home next week, C.A.S.-elect, Stuart Galbraith, will be in Exec. most lunchtimes to deal with routine enquiries. If anyone has any real problems or forms that need signing, they should see Denise Blanks, Union Treasurer.

MARILYN HONIGMAN



The Fourman Nursery will stage its open day next Wednesday.

At the nursery situated in Mount Preston Street (across the car park from Charles Morris Hall), there will be exhibitions and activities as well as an inflatable for children at the nursery to play on.

The aim of the open day is to show both students and staff what facilities for child care are available at the University.

It is emphasised that Wednesday will be a normal working day rather than a formal occasion.

At a similar event last year, more than 600 people attended and was said to have been "very successful".

PAUL BROMLEY

## Clearing the way

Ask anyone in the Leeds University Conservation Volunteers and they will tell you practical conservation is great fun. The group go out every weekend of term for various tasks in the countryside or urban areas.

This weekend everyone is invited to join us and other Conservation Volunteer groups in West Yorkshire for our sponsored stream and litter clearance. Whether you are sponsored or not you are entitled to come out and enjoy yourself. It will take place this Sunday at Fagley Beck, Lower Fagley. Everyone is meeting in the car park opposite the Blue Pig Pub at 10.00 a.m. A minibus will leave the University Union steps at 9.30 a.m. A list and more details are on our noticeboard in the Union.

Join in and find out for yourself that practical conservation is the ideal way to spend a Sunday.

RICHARD WINSPEAR



**LEEDS POLY ENTS**

■ **CARIBBEAN EVENING** ■

Friday, May 6th  
**FREE**

Cocktails 99p — Steel Band  
8.00 p.m. to 12.00 midnight  
(midnight bar)

# COMPETITION!



## Win tickets to see the JOBOXERS

LEEDS POLY ENTS have kindly donated the prizes for this week's competition. All you have to do is answer these three questions.

1. What were JOBOXERS formerly called?
2. Name two items of clothing common to all the band?
3. What record label are the band on?

PRIZESPRIZESPRIZESPRIZESPRIZESPRIZESPRIZES

1st Prize: Two tickets for the gig on Tuesday, 17th May.

2nd Prize: A 12" signed record.

3rd Prize: A 12" unsigned record.

Answers to the Leeds Student newsdesk at the Poly (in Exec.), University Union office, or 155 Woodhouse Lane please. Deadline is Tuesday, 10th May, 2.00 p.m.

## RESULTS ... RESULTS

Well, what a lot of film addicts we have out there! Thanks for all your entries to the Tootsie competition but unfortunately there can only be seven winners. They are:

- Hugh Gubbin
- Alexander Ho Siew Hua
- R. G. Atkinson
- D. J. Livesley
- Ben Southwell
- Mark Clutterbuck
- Julie Gillard

Call in to the Leeds Student office to collect your tickets. The correct answers were:

- Dustin Hoffman - Tootsie, Michael Caine - Dressed to Kill,
- Jack Lemmon - Some Like It Hot, Boris Karloff - The Girl From Uncle,
- Cary Grant - I was a male War Bride,
- Anthony Perkins - Psycho.

In Brief... In Brief... In Brief... In Brief...  
 In Brief... In Brief... In Brief... In Brief...  
 In Brief... In Brief... In Brief... In Brief...

## Motionless

The Polytechnic's last OGM fell some 50 members short of quorum.

No motions were submitted for discussion at the meeting held at Beckett Park on Thursday of last week, but officers were available to answer questions.

However, since none were forthcoming the meeting was promptly closed.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Speechless

Actor and author Peter Ustinov visited Austicks bookshop last week in order to promote his new book, 'My Russia'. He stayed at

Austicks for an hour signing books, and then he moved on to a U.N.I.C.E.F. charity lunch at the Queen's Hotel.

Mr. Ustinov has been very active in U.N.I.C.E.F. for a number of years.

Though his normal witty self, Mr. Ustinov was suffering from a loss of voice, and kept talking to a minimum.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Fun, fun fun ...

Too Much but Such Fun, a new gay nighterie, opens at the Phonographique on May 17th.

It'll run weekly on Tuesday evenings at the Merrion Centre venue from 9.30 p.m. adm. 50p.

BRIGGATE TIE-DYED? SHOCK! HORROR! PROBE!

# MECANIC

AT

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Saturday 8.45a.m. to 12.45p.m.

Leeds Poly Students Union

## O.G.M.

# 12.45 ENTS HALL CITY SITE THURSDAY 12th MAY

*Please remember your Union Card*

## COME ALONG AND GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS

Ents present

# JOBOXERS THURSDAY MAY 17th

Tickets £3 from Info. Point Poly City Site



# It's a Melp

## Why are all these apparently respectable people dressed

The University campus was transformed over the Bank Holiday weekend for three days of continuous revelry as the Renaissance Festival opened to the public of Leeds.

Stages were erected for the Chester Cycle of Mystery plays being performed in their entirety for the first time in four hundred years. Stalls were set up as part of a Tudor fair, selling all kinds of period wares from ancient musical instruments to food and spinning wheels. Billows of smoke poured into the sunny sky from the forge of a practising Alchemist, while on the next stall two and a half thousand Yorkshire puddings were sold.

### BAWDY SONGS

Enzo, one of the wandering minstrels of 'Grynwode' sang typical bawdy songs of Tudor times. One of the multi-talented jugglers, John Ballinger was equally period with his jokes. Juggling with knives under his legs he remarked "this act is called *Castratum Ultimatum*". Later he called for a member of the audience to participate in a public hanging. He said that the person "must be strong, young," and darting forward to grab an unsuspecting woman "and willing!"

This was typical of the way the street performers involved the crowd in their shows.

Danny Av Rutick, a juggler all the way from that little old medieval town of Washington DC, admittedly said "I enjoy getting paid for playing with my

balls in public". "Any ten year-old boy could do these tricks... with fifteen years experience." Danny was a great favourite with the kids and constantly entertained them, even when he had finished his official stint.

### ANACHRONISM

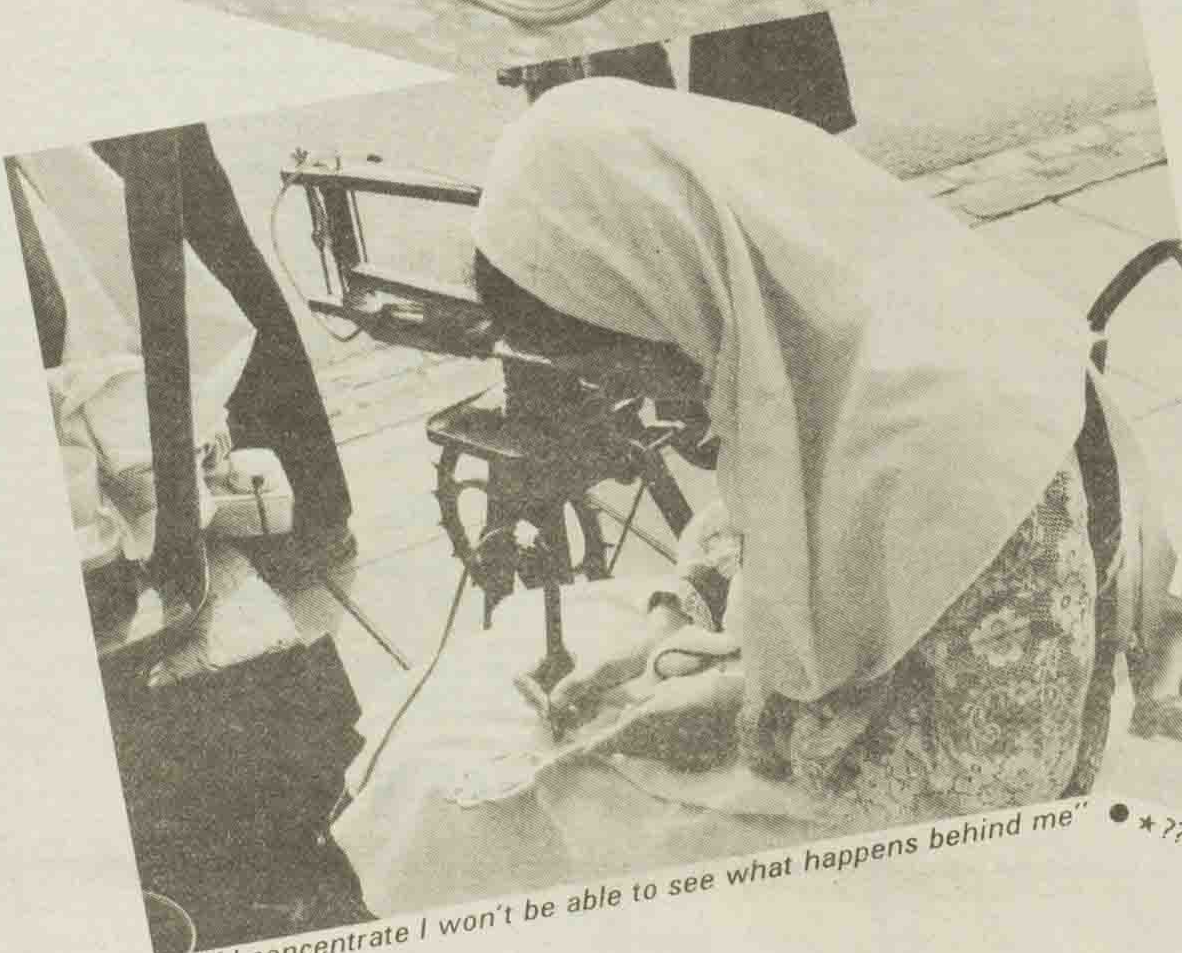
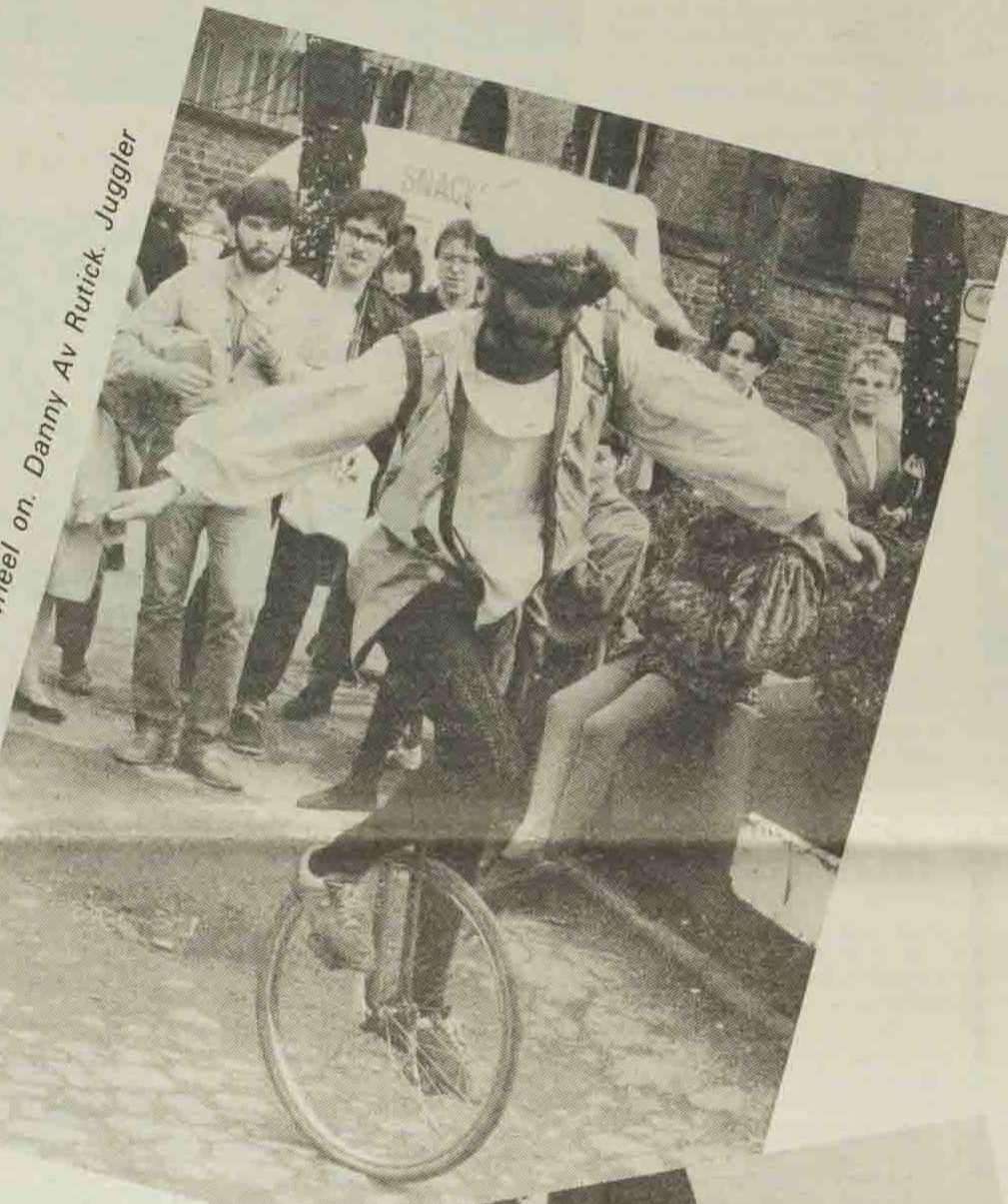
Rain on the Sunday and Monday meant that everything had to be moved inside the Union.

It was quite a bizarre experience walking through the corridors of the University Union as pageants of actors from the mystery plays strolled past in fantastic costumes. Saints with halos, angels with magnificent wings and Gods with Gold faces and colourful robes. There were plenty of fiendish looking devils in black and red costumes wearing grotesque masks and sporting long forked tails. Nowhere was there more fun than in the Mouat Jones (M.J.) coffee bar. Usually an after lecture recovery area, it was transfused with vibrant musical festivities.

If anything, a more intimate atmosphere was generated inside the Union halls than outside, but it did tend to be crowded, and chaotic at times, yet nobody seemed to mind.

Performances appeared to spring up spontaneously in every conceivable corner. This apparent loose co-operation was due in fact to the hasty re-organisation of the festival directors. The smooth transition from outdoor to indoor activities was achieved by Sheila Williams the organiser of the

● *Jest a minute I'll put the other wheel on, Danny Av Rutick. Juggler extraordinaire.*



● *"If I concentrate I won't be able to see what happens behind me" ● \*??!!\*★*



# ystery

## ssed up?

fair with fellow director, John Tailby. Martin Riley one of the actors gave invaluable assistance to prevent total chaos. The main problem encountered on the rainy Sunday was that the new rota was not completely adhered to, as performances went on longer than anticipated. So a quick news services was formed. Martin Riley would

Leeds University Sadler Hall sword team gave an impressive show of their skills.

Wandering through the corridors more entertainment - two female clowns sang for the children, their rendition of "Nelly the Elephant" being particularly gripping. But as children were jostling to see past the enraptured adults one had to make room for them.

### CROWDED

This was difficult because of the crowds that had developed. The quickest way through was to proclaim urgently "I'm a doctor, I'm a doctor, let me through please." "No I haven't got anything for nappy rash, try the apothecary." "Alright, then rub the affected areas with Wolves bladders, and Mead". The Mead could be obtained from a stall manned by Sarah Henderson, and Nina Nannar, two University students and with the aid of the wondrous wizardry of Dr. Byrn from the German department. Dressed as he normally is for lectures, in wizard's hat and cape he makes his money from telling fortunes, and selling Mead. The Mead was highly recommended. The fortune telling was based on an old German text. One could ask such questions as "Should a widower or bachelor take a wife." The answer I got was "You should not take that particular woman as a wife because she will not do as you tell her, you can be sure of that." Clearly they were less concerned with sexism than today. Cathy Trotter, one of our Leeds Student photographers asked the text if her "Lover was faithful". It answered, "Your sweet lover is as constant as water going through rapids and is not really interested in you so be warned". However, on the same stall was sold a recipe to make one's lover constant. The only problem was to find the ingredients like bat's wings and

**DERMOT QUIGLEY TRAVELS BACK 400 YEARS WITH PHOTOGRAPHER IAN "BEAM ME UP" SCOTT**

rush up to the refectory balcony and bellow in true "OY YEZ" style where and when events were to be held, finishing broadcasts with "Keep tuned to this station for further announcements".

### 'TREASURE'

Martin Riley's act which he told with the help of some props from the audience, was even better. That is, Martin persuaded people to be trees, or thieves, or a little 'treasure'. He was aided by a student from the University Annabel McGoldrick in telling Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale. It was a moral tale of how drunkenness led to gluttony which led to gambling which in turn led to blasphemy. But these ills could be avoided if you bought a special elixir in a Capo De Monte bottle sealed with the wax from monks ears. You could buy water from the sea of Galilee "to practice walking on water", or a piece of Abrahams beard as a charm.



● Urgh! What are those two doing at the bottom of the page!

then to administer the strange mixture to one's lover without him knowing!

### ARTISAN

On other stalls were displayed some delicate and intricate crafts including some beautifully hand-made harps.

Two sets of minstrels, 'The York Waits' and 'Estampie' who had a hurdy-gurdy instrument were predominant throughout the fair. There was a Punch and Judy show with an amazing beady eyes crocodile which enthralled the children and adults alike. Mime artists mesmerized and mischievous monks cajoled while the mystery plays provided a tremendous spectacle. They too were not without a touch of humour. In the Shepherd's play a real baby played Jesus and was definitely the centre of attraction. His smile won over everyone who watched the play. However he had not been informed that his father was the Holy Ghost and called out several times "daddy", whilst pointing in his general direction.

Jane Oakshot the Director of the Festival was well pleased with the support she got to make it a great success. The general consensus of opinion according to a Guardian/Leeds Student poll was that such festivals should be a regular event on campus.

### DERMOT QUIGLEY

● A Horny little Beast.



● "What a wiz" - Well they seemed to think it was funny, but then, they were on the stall selling Mead. L - R: Sarah Henderson, Nina Nannar, Wizard Byrn.



● Let God have the last word "One pint of Mead please"

## FILMS

## Tootsie fruity...Time of your life...Up in arms...

## BOOKS

TOOTSIE  
Odeon

**Tootsie** has the odd distinction of being a minor film with a major star - it's never going to be considered a classic, but it does boast a fine performance from Dustin Hoffman, it's very funny and very well worth seeing.

The story deals with an out-of-work actor, Michael Dorsey, and his plunge into transvesticism which results in his emerging from the corsets and the make-up as a more understanding man. The physical difficulties of womanhood are mostly treated in straightforward comic fashion. When Dorsey/Dorothy lands a job in a TV soap opera he realises how much shit women seem to have to take, and cavils at the director's patronisation.

The film cleverly pokes fun at that hallowed American institution, the Soap, which in **Tootsie** bears a significant resemblance to the dreadful 'General Hospital' and which is shown to be hopelessly stereotyped - full of naughty nurses and lecherous doctors. 'Dorothy' gets a shock on looking into his first script:

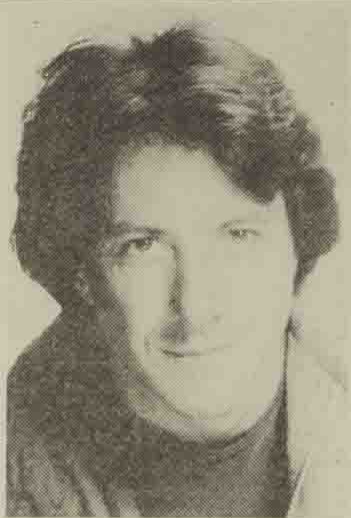


● What a nice looking lad.

"Hey, it says here I have to kiss Dr. Brewster!"

"Yeah," sighs the beautiful fellow actress, "All the girls get to kiss him - we call him 'Dr. Tongue'." Hoffman's face is a picture.

My favourite thing about **Tootsie** is the way it doesn't sell out to the Hollywood Dream. As soon as Dorsey sets eyes on Julie (Jessica Lange) you begin to have a sneaking suspicion that all this dress business is just a



ploy to get them into bed. Well, fear not. At the end of the film with Dorsey unmasked, they reunite in a new genuinely affectionate and so far non-sexual relationship with Julie borrowing Michael's female clothing.

Sydney Pollack, the director, who also plays a cameo role as Dorsey's long-suffering agent, deserves much merit for a fine film.

S.M. FEAY

ATOMIC CAFE  
Hyde Park

**Atomic Cafe** is created entirely from American propaganda films of the 40's and 50's. There is no narration, the careful juxtaposition of clips from films, radio, television, and cartoons tell the story better than any narrator could.

As all the old war propaganda films (when seen through contemporary eyes), **Atomic Cafe** is at once both horrifying and absurdly amusing.

The film begins at a time when the Americans were starting to play with the atom bomb. And it is with insensitive glee that President, Harry Truman announces the decision to "drop the big one" on the Japanese. And off the bomber-boys go.

One excerpt reveals how the pilots did not know what they were carrying until they were half way there. Not that it was too upsetting for them to find out.

While Atomic America

revels in its glory, Japan suffers the effects - slow, painful death, life disfigurement, illness, starvation, total devastation.

Sadly this is a thread which is sometimes lost. Though mushroom clouds in their thousands are screened, little correlation is made between them and the horrific genetic disorders which since have resulted.

After the first flush of success the atomic age begins to take off. Having liked it once, the States are keen for more, and begin a series of A-tests beginning in the Isle of Bikini.

Meanwhile, back at home, the domestic atomic market is booming... atomic cocktails, radioactive rock and roll. The airwaves are filled with chart-blasting stuff - 'Atom bomb baby' and even 'Jesus hits like an atom bomb'. And life is just grrreat.

Then the revelation that the Russians have got 'The bomb' too, turns hunkydory happiness into raging paranoia. The 'red hunt' begins,

cles, with relevant maps and an extensive bibliography for those wishing to do more research.

**World View 1983** also includes profiles of such notables as Ronald Reagan and Bobby Sands, and news behind the news about events such as the Lucas Aerospace strike, and workers unrest in Romania.

As well as the above, **World View** has a chronology of events from 1981-1982, statistical tables on the demography, armed forces and economic characteristics of those countries and regions covered.

A vast amount of work must have gone into compiling **World View** and the result really is very impressive. If you take a sudden interest in Turkey for example the relevant section will tell everything from which political parties are legal and area in square miles to life expectancy of the population.

**World View 1983** is a book that should be on every aware person's shelf.

ADAM LEBOR

WORLD VIEW 1983  
An Economic and Geo-political Yearbook

**World View 1983** is an invaluable source of information for anyone interested in current affairs. It is not so much a book to sit down and read through, as one to peruse at one's leisure and to dip into to glean information from its pages.

**World View** is written from a rather more radical perspective than is common in reference works, and does not attempt to disguise its left-wing stance on such issues as Ireland or the Royal Family. An article on such issues is necessarily subjective though, and the various contributors do not substitute polemic for argument.

Subject matter covered is extensive, to say the least. 163 countries are briefly examined for their distinctive characteristics from Mali to Albania, usually in articles that offer a regional view as well as a local one.

Larger and more important areas of the world and the 34 major nation-states are each the subject of full-length arti-

executions performed - hatred, fear, of the "communist threat..."

The Government, quick to react and anxious to avoid escalating hysteria launch more films, which to the world of the eighties show a naivety almost impossible to comprehend. Advice, not totally dissimilar from this Government's booklet 'Protect and Survive', on what to do in the event of nuclear attack, is given by Burt the Turtle, who gives his infallible method of surviving - duck, and cover. Simple!

Absurdities such as these give the film contemporary relevance, which is where the film wins. We are still seeing this sort of propaganda films.

**Atomic Cafe** is a powerful and interesting film - even for those who think nukes are a good idea. (Incidentally the film is billed with **No Nukes**, the music film with a few names you may recognise - Springstein, Crosby, Stills and Nash). It does not delve into the complex arguments for and against disarmament in Britain, America or any other country, but merely shows what has happened in the past, and what may happen again. Anyway, go and see it, and decide for yourself.

SUE RYLANCE

PILGERMANN  
Russell Hoban

Russell Hoban is quite capable of writing novels which are easy to read, yet are vaguely disturbing in the ideas thrown out. **Pilgermann** abounds with ideas, off-beat and interesting but the book appears to be just ideas held together with a loose story.

**Pilgermann**, a Jew wandering through space, time and even other people's thoughts, looks back to when he was in mortal form, in 1096 during Pope Urban II's Crusade, and the strange happenings in that time.

Hoban used to be a children's writer and in **Pilgermann** he covers the themes which you don't find in books for the younger reader. He questions Judaism, Christianity, Death, Fear and Evil, and

10 TO MIDNIGHT  
ABC

Given that **10 To Midnight**, like so many modern thrillers is based on characters, situations and developments which are fairly, if not highly, predictable, it is, nonetheless, a lot better than most reviews seem prepared to admit.

Yes, of course, a film based upon Charles Bronson's archetypal self-help figure is an easy target for critical condemnation. One-dimensional, cardboard cut-out characterisation are just some of the superficial angles open to the press.

However, unlike 'Wicked Lady', **10 To Midnight** provides a sound evening's entertainment, and isn't that what the pictures is about?

Although it won't actually be in the running for eight Oscars, the attentive film-goer will realise just how shallow such cheap criticism is. The characters, though none of them come quite up to Hamlet's standards, are well-rounded and believable - what father wouldn't bend a few rules and go out on a limb to prevent the local loony perforating his nurse daughter with the biggest kitchen knife known to man? And while the plot is neither intricate nor riddled with surprise, the direction builds up tension nicely towards the climax, and there are occasional unexpected turn-arounds.

One of the most pleasing facets of **10 To Midnight** is the development of the violence and the character Stacey - the killer. Initially, although perhaps not intentionally, scenes which might have been made both traumatic and unnecessarily indulgent tend more to the absurd. An effect to which the whims of Stacey, viz-a-viz murder, make no little contribution. He likes to kill in the nude, and thus spends long periods running through forests (An American Werewolf Revisited), inner city streets and apartment blocks dressed in nothing more than a manic stare. But as the story progresses the screws tighten and the whole thing becomes more serious.

**10 To Midnight** is far better viewing than the entirely gratuitous 'Death Wish II' and the TV-stricken original 'Death Wish'. It is a film of both light and shade, and even purports to deal with ethical matters. Such pretension is unfounded, the story touches only lightly on the ethics of Bronson's methods and the treatment of mental health as a defence/grounds for criminal activity.

This is no more (and no less) than a good quality thriller, well worth consideration.

ROGER HOLLAND



● Stop laughing at my hair or I'll kill you

does indeed have a few interesting ideas on these subjects.

Perhaps one of the stronger ideas he suggests is that Jews were placed on this Earth as a chosen race, but chosen mainly to be persecuted, a scapegoat throughout history.

Hoban quotes freely from the Old and New Testaments and from the Holy Quran in his search for a meaning to religion, but the questions, like **Pilgermann's** pattern, continue to infinity.

Death once more appears in physical form and **Pilgermann** is able to converse freely with him, and even joke with him. Death, for Brueder Pfortner (the gate-keeper) as he prefers to be known, complains of being misunderstood, as does Christ (who

also appears briefly) and presumably had God himself appeared he would have been a much misunderstood Bodger.

**Pilgermann**, like most people cannot understand how there can be, or how there can't be predestination. He does however, give an entertaining anecdote; after an atrocity has been committed and the murderer says it is the word of God, **Pilgermann** realises this is true, for if God is everywhere, then every word is the word of God.

Certainly **Pilgermann** is not one of Russell Hoban's best works, but even in this novel he comes across as a more thoughtful Vonnegut, and definitely more amusing at times.

GEOFFREY M. LIGHTFOOT



## THEATRE

## Hot Ot...Hackett packs it... S is in Smith...

## MUSIC

JOHN OTWAY/  
SURFIN' DAVE

Tartan Bar

I haven't been to a concert like this in a long time. The place is pretty full of people. Quite a lot of them sit on the floor during **Surfin' Dave's** set. A lot of them sing along with Otway.

Otway burst upon the scene in 1977. He sang gauche, comic and often poignant songs. He would rip his shirt open and expose his chest to amazed audiences. His henchman Wild Willy Barrett would rip extraordinary heavy metal noises out of an electric guitar. Not a lot has changed. This is not the man to watch if you want to see great musical advances. More than half the set is the same material, mostly to be found on his first album.

This aside, the performance is very enjoyable. Otway has the face of a clown, funny, ridiculous and sad at the same time. He may have done the songs hundreds of times but he doesn't just rattle through them. He draws them out for effect. Timing is all. He starts with a

casual but triumphant *House of the Rising Sun* and has the audience eating out of his hand. His cover versions are all well done. The old Tom Jones hit *The Green Grass of Home* is done first as a ballad and then as a boogie, and works as if made for him.

His own material also works a treat. One of the highlights is *Body Talk*, one of the features of which is electronic percussion emanating from his body. *Middle of Winter* is a song of jilted love to jerk many a tear, and how can you not love a song called *Beware of the Flowers 'cos I'm sure they're going to get you, yeah*.

Guitarist **Chris Burkett** lends discreet and efficient support throughout and solos with due care for the material. For example, in the ballad *Geneva* his playing is cool and smooth. It's clear who's the star.

The songs do stand up musically, but there's also a strong element of the comic turn. It's a routine that he goes through, but he's gawky and there's always the chance he'll fumble. When he does

the audience gets a laugh and he carries on unabashed.

There's a payoff, of course. His closer, Bob Lind's *Cheryl is going home*, is an over-the-top tragedy, about a rejected lover watching as a train carries his loved one away for ever. In the quiet passage there are people in the audience busy having a rowdy good time and he struggles to be heard. An appeal for hush has to be made several times in the middle of the song. It's the price he pays for occupying the extraordinary niche he has done for so long. He battles on to complete a powerful version of the song and finish the set. An encore is demanded and he comes back briefly to *Give It Headbutts*. Headache? What headache?

Support act **Surfin' Dave** and his magic band are a local legend. Go and see them. Anyone who rocks out with *Percolator* and *Exchange and Mart* has to be worth seeing. One day he might get bored and then you'll have missed out on something unique.

PAUL HUBERT



● John Otway. Pics: Mike Mandelbaum

FATA MORGANA  
Ugly Sisters  
Riley Smith Hall

**Fata Morgana** was the linking title for two one-person plays by Patricia Hilton.

**Awakening** sought to address women's issues through a personification of Pandora - she of the Box, the classical forerunner of Eve. However, both Christian and pagan myths display a crass brand of morality, and exchanging women's self-awareness for human sensuality; when one is considering feminist drama, the Pandora option is best left closed. But it was too late, and soon all kinds of weird metaphors were flying about in the Riley Smith.

The performer battled with fire, wind, moons, thirst, bugs, incarceration and a devilishly complex script. Not content with mining one idea, the author introduced diverse stories-within-stories and other plays, even incorporating a Rubik's Cube.

By viewing the text as a parody of symbolist drama, Maggi Stratford could have made her name in comedy but, resisting temptation, she played it straight, down to the

last nostril-twitch and anti-male expletive.

The audience was clearly impressed, and doubtless would have been more so if we'd known what it all meant. Nevertheless, strong passages flared intermittently when the 'heroine' was railing against her condition and the 'prison regime'. One couldn't help feeling here that a sharp and rounded work had been smothered. Ms. Hilton should have pursued that avenue to the end, and dispensed with flashy boxes - Hungarian, Chinese and Greek - at the outset.

Despite having a non-exotic theme, the second piece was vastly superior theatrically. **Night Stories** referred to the childhood fantasies of Enid Blyton which, extended over a lifetime in printed form, embodied not only the woman's success but also, we were told, her inner difficulties, and both on a grand scale. Pat Hilton offered a credible representation and switched deftly between the grown narrator, writer-as-child and other incarnations.

Sentimentality was largely kept at bay, and if anything an opposite bias crept in. Instead

of the celebrated Lashings Of Ginger Beer, we were served with lashings of psychobiography, starting with the Gothic opening "Hello, I'm Enid Blyton..."

Similarly, a longer running time might have made the periodic transition to Noddy et al seem less gratuitous than was sometimes the case.

LIONEL WRIGHT

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- CURES THOSE  
REVISION BLUES!!

STEVE HACKETT  
Bradford University

Back in the wild days of 1977 when Johnny Rotten and Co. were rebelling, **Steve Hackett** also rebelled in his own way by leaving Genesis, the band which had brought him to public attention.

Although the split was six years ago, the Genesis influence looms under the distinctive **Hackett** sound and is also apparent in his stage show with banks upon banks (no pun intended) of lights and almost every song being performed behind a thick fog of 'dry ice'!

The gig was divided into two halves, the division being defined by a classical guitar solo.

The first half was made up of mainly new material which was 'nice' but didn't really seem to contain that special spark which converts listening to music into an almost orgasmic pleasure. However, the second half was such a pleasure that it dismissed any previous despondency. All the stops were pulled out as **Hackett** launched into the triumphant **Spectral Mornings**.

The soaring music cascaded forth with **Hackett** performing seemingly totally detached from the rest of the world and looking as if he was born with a guitar in his hands.

Eventually, unfortunately, it all had to end, but, due to the demands of the audience, **Hackett** returned to play a further five songs by way of an encore. Surprisingly, for his final number, **Hackett** chose to play an old Chuck Berry song, just to prove that he can still rejoice in the title of one of the greatest guitarists in the world today.

ISTVAN BERKELEY

THE CHANNEL 5 TOUR  
Leeds Trades Club

The three artistes comprising the tour could well be described as cabaret without the cellophane. Their sharp-tasting, fresh wit was courageously conveyed to a receptive audience.

Lyn Thomas displayed his abundant charm with the aid of the standard magician's props. He was weak on the magic but strong on the wit

(although his juggling was fine...). Even his silences were action-packed as the audience was held riveted, forgetting their full beer glasses.

A radical, gay comedian such as Simon Fanshawe may not be to everyone's taste but his obscene jokes were so well executed that no-one had time to be offended between laughs.

Although, for all his adult life, he has been called Nancy Poufponce Queerbender (which he said sounded like the name of a high-class hostess), he has come out of it all remarkably unscathed and with an obvious love of people.

Then came Christine Ellerbeck, another radical, but this time feminist.

Gutsy, loud and wittily indignant, her jibing reduced all the men to dubious silence and the women to tears of laughter with such songs as "You've got the right key but the wrong key hole" which I leave to your imagination to work out just as she didn't to ours!

These three interesting alternatives were hilarious. I hope that they'll come back soon so that you all can see them.

MARY KALMUS



● You wanna hear me sing?

#### SHIPBUILDING Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)

A most worthy re-issue of a song first released last year. **Shipbuilding** starts with a quasi-militaristic drum roll that leads into a slow and plaintive melody. The instrumentation is all acoustic, piano, bass, drums, giving a bleak and melancholy feel to the song.

This is a record that everybody should be made to listen to, it says more about our endeavours in the South Atlantic than any number of books or concerned journalists ever could. Why? Quite simply because it comes from the heart. **Robert Wyatt**, being confined to a wheelchair after a crippling accident, must know all about pain and suf-

fering.

The lyric and the music courtesy of Elvis Costello and Clive Langer captures a bitter poignancy and a resignation to the inevitable outcome of war. Someone, and it doesn't matter whether its 'ours' or 'theirs' is going to get killed. The shipyards re-open due to the demands of the conflict. A shipbuilder is given work. His son sails with the fleet but doesn't return. Recession and war going hand in hand both being exploited by an uncaring government that counts its own survival as being more important than human life.

The song is wasted on Mrs. Thatcher and doubtless some of you reading this, more's the pity.

JON HAWKES

#### ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER Ranting At The Nation (Cherry Red)

This brethren of Ranters seem to consider themselves as a Movement. Something Important. This they are not. In common with John Cooper Clarke, a man for whom they profess an almost universal distaste but whose talent and pioneer spirit deserve a great deal of respect, they may on occasion be able to touch us with a succinct couplet, or to put our own anger into an identifiable form; but for the most part, the highest goal that they may aspire to is that of comic entertainment. Despite **Mr. Stockbroker's** pretensions to the contrary his Movement will never change the world; the most he can do is to entertain an audience of a similar awareness, and hope, perhaps, to provoke thought in the occasion open mind. Unlike the spark ignited by the Pistols, **Attila** is not Important - he is, however, a fine performer, and given the option of an evening with Simple Minds or a session with **Attila**, this boy knows what he would choose.

Another problem with **Attila** is his apparent allegiance to the Red Action movement. One of this group's little peccadilloes is the notion of preventing the growth of fascist thought by beating it up. Last week, my good friend Lord Denning saw this fanciful theory off, and I can see no reason to

argue with him; after all he is a pretty good judge. The way ahead is to unite the action minded youth through persuasion and example; and then beat up the city centres! I do hope that the **Stockbroker** has the sense to see that the 'kids' must be united, not divided by idiot extremist policies: Red Action have as much in common with the boys and girls of Toxteth/Brixton as Margaret Thatcher and Robert McNee.

Despite these rather negative points it must be said that **Attila** has a refreshing faith and honesty, and he is bloody funny. This debut album features a live side and a studio side. And from my own experiences, contains almost the entirety of his present live act.

Blessed with a rapidity of delivery which increases with the blood-alcohol quote, **Attila** has a wicked sense of humour which leans heavily towards vitriol. He performs with a sense of attack and contempt which many of punk band would envy, and for the most part concerns himself with the righteous cause, and condemnation of the stupid, the boring and the SDP (is this tautology?). **Contributory Negligence** and **The Perils Of Stealing Half A Bottle Of Wine** are titles which speak for themselves and not only spare me the trouble of explaining the subject matter, but also point quite clearly at the ranter's 'modus

operandi'. He bills himself as an alternative newscaster, and presents his stories and points of view in a perfect approximation of the sensationalist tabloid press; pouring scorn fluently and fluidly onto the establishment targets he selects.

Of the songs features on this album, some are highly unconvincing, and perhaps suggest why **Attila** was never a rock star - at times there is a tendency towards folkery which should be discouraged - and without doubt, the live side is the better (fewer songs for one thing!).

**Attila's** humour, and indeed his 'art', is English to the core, a modern counterpart of the Carry On/Music Hall Comedian tradition, albeit a little subversive. There is an anachronistic feel to his work. For example, there are occasional references to DMs and scarves around the wrist - despite the scenes at Elland Rd., this is hardly a common occurrence, not even for the Brighton boys.

As John Opposition, a journalist working for Sounds, the **Stockbroker** has proved worthy of respect, although certainly not faultless. Similarly, as an entertainer, **Attila** makes mistakes, but he is a live performer 'par excellence', and as a result this is a better than average record - and it is funny.

ROGER HOLLAND

#### SEX GANG CHILDREN Song and Legend/ Sebastiane

(Illuminated Records)

Arch-exponents of this months thing, bleak and black macabre chic, the **Sex Gang Children** snarl and posture through their latest single.

And aren't they good at it,

the distilled despondency that is the prerogative of those aware enough to make to the new waves instead of just ride them, liberally poured over them and spilling from the grooves of both tracks.

No one could accuse the **Sex Gang Children** of being dull though. Screeching and nearly wailing, their backdrop

a cacophony of guitars, their formula makes an interesting compound, at least on **Song and Legend. Sebastiane** however falls right into the trap that lies perennially in wait for any devotee of the new hip. A sound and row for its own sake **Sebastiane** is a shriek of ego and little else.

ADAM LEBOR

### MOLOTOV COMICS NUMBER SEVEN

First things first: the people responsible for this sort of toilet paper comic claim to have a Mission. Not to boldly go where no comic has gone before, although they do plumb the depths occasionally, but to 'do for poetry what punk did for music'.

Just two points:

1. Exactly what did punk do for music? Very little; what it did was change some people's attitudes or provide a flag for them to wave. In these glorious days of Kajagoogoo and Kid Creole it would be very difficult to claim anything else for it.
2. Who the hell cares about poetry anyway?

To be fair, I do see the point of a 'ranting movement', and as live attractions SWells, **Attila** and most of the other well known ranters are pretty shit hot. However even these

Shakespeares of the Street come across as little more than a waste of space in print. The secret is in the performance, the sound and spectacle of a (drunken) raving ranter. On the dead page, even the best seem rhythmless, spineless and damn near humourless. This issue, to prove my point, includes the lyrics to songs by the likes of Action Pact and the Nightingales. As songs they are excellent; as poems, garbage is a compliment. Possibly the most successful pages are those which feature the visual talents of one Jon Langford - who is a far more competent artist than musician.

And without doubt the most damning inclusion is an article entitled 'How To Fight

Rascism' - Kick it to death, in which an utterly charmless Angry Woman advocates the formation of gangs for the sole purpose of beating up other smaller gangs. This is all very well at the football, but if she really thinks it will serve any purpose other than an escalation of violence (and bigger gangs), then the young lady in question has probably already had her meagre ration of brains well and truly mangled. Direct action (violence) is all very well in its place (the High Street) but this article is almost criminal stupidity.

Molotov Comics (if you're still interested!) are available from Flat 3b, Belle Vue House, Belle Vue Rd., Leeds 3.

LORD DENNING

#### PETER TOSH Mama Africa (EMI)

I had quite high hopes for this one. The L.P.'s cover shows **Peter Tosh** embracing a double picture of a woman shaped into Africa, wouldn't it be a musical/spiritual pilgrimage I wondered, a journey back to African musical roots?

Unfortunately the sounds don't quite live up to the imagery. Ex of Bob Marley and the Wailers, **Peter Tosh** has inherited their taste, indeed their gift for producing one of the more commercial brands of Reggae.

Perhaps it's mere snobbery, but this has none of the sheer body and density that makes good reggae great. It's pleasant enough, and the title track **Mama Africa** is one of the stronger ones, and has rich and melodious sound, but the rest doesn't quite match to the first track's initial promise.

Sugar coated, **Mama Africa's** essential niceness won't arouse any deep emotions, but if you are a reggae fan then you will probably get to quite like **Peter Tosh's** new offerings. Don't expect great things and you won't be disappointed.

ADAM LEBOR

#### THE TRONICS Wild Cat Rock (Red Rhino)

#### ZOOT AND THE ROOT I Ate The Little Red Rooster (Red Rhino)

Both these bands suffer from: (a) acute lack of musical ability, and (b) pop pretensions veering on the old rock 'n' roll sounds of Showaddywaddy and the likes. **The Tronics** also suffer from aggressive and violent male minds (see pornographic cover). Both these Red Rhino recordings don't even warrant the time spend writing this review. Verily, the sounds of true complacency.

#### SHYTOTS Gallery (Red Rhino)

I expected something miraculous from Yvonne Pawlett (ex-Fall keyboards) - but instead found this to be

jerk-saturated pop song. Steady beat, even steadier guitar, and screaming vocals. I was disappointed.

#### HOLY TOY Soldier Toy (Uniton)

**Holy Toy** are from Norway, and Uniton, their label, has just established a base here. This record protests against huge armys, the police, and their battle against freedom of thought, "Sia ich Ogromme wojska, bitne generay-Policje-tajne widne i dwu-pciowe-Przeciwko komuz tak sie pojednay?... co nie nowe!"

Noble and all that, but this Slavic electro-beat, wailing trumpet and chant vocal do little to liberate my mind into enjoying their music.

SARA CLARKE

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## LEEDS LEAVE LONDON LUCKLESS

U.C.L. ..... 0  
LEEDS ..... 8

Sunday 14th April saw Leeds Ladies rugby team play an Exhibition game at the London Sunday Rugby Festival.

The host club London Irish had invited University College London Ladies R.U.F.C. to play a team of their choice in the interval before the finals and they asked Leeds to bring down a team for the occasion. With a couple of Leeds players having just returned from a tour of France with U.C.L. the meeting was a friendly, yet competitive one with both sides eager to produce an good game of rugby.

### Streak Freak

Having caught the interest of the people present the two teams came out onto the pitch to a chorus of cheers, leers and various 'witty' comments. The team took it all in good spirit, including the second-half streaker, and replied by producing an entertaining match of hard, competitive rugby, which soon had the crowd cheering every attack or tackle.

Leeds attacked well in the first-half, with their forwards winning a lot of ball cleanly from the scrums to put a great deal of pressure on the U.C. line.

U.C. responded with consistently hard tackling to keep out the Leeds forwards but found themselves stretched when Leeds managed to move the ball out to their fast, well-organised backs. After several attempts the Leeds centres found a hole in the

U.C.'s defence and passed the ball along to Kathy Murphy on the wing who crossed the line to score.

### Determined

In the second half, with increased determination U.C. applied heavy pressure to force Leeds to defend their own line. They came very close to scoring on a number of occasions but the complete commitment of the Leeds team kept them out. Twice the U.C. scrum-half was tackled into touch inches from the try-line, whilst their flanker was held up and forced back off the line when a try had seemed certain.

After absorbing all this pressure Leeds managed to get out of their own 22 in the last few minutes. With the ball going loose from a line-out the Leeds forwards drove over well in the ensuing ruck to win the ball and feed it out

to the scrum-half. The backs passed the ball quickly and surely along the line to Kath Murphy who, from well inside her own half, outpaced the U.C. defence evading three tackles to score a brilliant try and her second of the game. The crowd certainly appreciated her run and gave her a rousing ovation when she returned to the middle of the pitch.

### Excellent

The Leeds performance was marked by an excellent display from the backs who ran and passed confidently and tackled hard in defence. The Leeds forwards also deserve praise for the way they won the ball and matched the efforts of the tight, well-disciplined forwards from U.C.

With Captain, Kerry Grigg absent, through injury, Leeds' vice-captain, Ali French went up to collect the Pernod Cup which Leeds hope to retain next year when they return to defend their title.

CAROL ISHERWOOD

## FLOAT ON

### B.U.S.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS

With the potential of a very good sailing team LUU Sailing Club awaited the arrival of their new members with anticipation.

By the end of October, a fine looking team was selected for the BUSA (British University Sailing Association) championship.

With twelve teams in the North of England T.R. team, Leeds went out with little knowledge of the opposition and determined to do well. The practice routines were shown to be of great benefit and Leeds won the league beating Liverpool by a whisker.

Having won the league, the efforts of the team were concentrated on the BUSA finals. Some 40 men's teams and 20 ladies' entered the function held at Elton S.C. under the guide of Salford University.

Starting off with a real flop against Cambridge, the Leeds Ladies gathered momentum and made it through to the quarter finals where they beat Bristol.

They faced a tough race against Southampton and narrowly lost by 1 3/4 points. Southampton eventually won the BUSA championship.

Leeds finished in 3rd place and were extremely proud to have achieved that position.

Team: Helm; D. Jordan, A. Shiner, D. Rawcliffe. Crew; F. Buttell/S. Hargrove, D. Smith, A. Loretto.

YVES-LOUIS PINAUD  
(alias DSR (ZOOT))



## STAR TIME

### RUGBY UNION

Ferocious Finalists ..... 32  
Staff All-Stars ..... 23

The annual Finalists vs. Staff fixture took place at Weetwood last week, when the Ferocious Finalists, led by their inspirational captain, Ian Johnston managed to beat the ageing Staff team.

The Staff, who seemed to have more than their share of grey hair and bear-bellies, surprised everyone by scoring first with a penalty. This was followed by a fast and furious part of the game, when the 'Barbarian'-style tactics of both sides meant that there was plenty of space to run the ball.

Urged on by the baying crowd, the Finalists ran in the first try when centre Ian Gibbins beat the cover and scored under the posts.

With Headingly winger, Mark Joyce in dazzling form for the Finalists, the younger team ran in two more tries to make the score 16-3. One of these tries resulted from a glorious dummy by prop Roy Burke, who then broke away drawing the cover before passing to Ian Gibbins for his second try.

Things weren't looking very good for the All-Stars...

and there were ominous signs of a runaway victory for the Finalists, but the All-Stars were made of sterner stuff and scored a brilliant running try in open play, exposing the weak tackling of the Finalists. This unconverted try, and another try and penalty meant that the teams went into half-time with the score at 16-14.

The half-time team talks of the captains differed markedly. Ian Johnston, angry and frustrated, asked for more effort and determination; whilst Paul Priest for the Staff was too tired to say anything and was only too happy to chew on his orange.

Early pressure in the second half brought the Finalists two early tries, one by Ian Gibbins, and the game looked like slipping away from the All-Stars, but a further penalty kept them in the game.

With Roy Burke having set up one try, it was inevitable that his compatriot 'Rampaging' Rick Harkness would get into the limelight as well. With a storming run, he outpaced the cover to score a fine solo try taking the Finalists to a lead of 32-17.

With only a few minutes to go, the Staff All-Stars scored another try to end the game at 32-23.

### LEEDS POLY CANOE POLO WOMEN Saturday, April 30th, Glenrothes, Five.

The Leeds Poly team by virtue of their National league and knock-out record were invited to represent England in a three-cornered match with Scotland 'A' and Scotland 'B'. Selection for canoe polo is done on team performance and the Leeds team is particularly strong.

From the start of the first match against Scotland 'B', Gill Steward (captain) got the ball passed through to Sue McDermott who shot and scored and England were 1-0 up after 11 seconds. The Scottish team were never given the chance to settle and further goals by Pam Walker and two more from Sue McDermott meant England were 5-0 up at half-time. The second half was played at an equal pace with further goals from Pam Walker and Gill Steward adding to the score and near misses from defenders, Lys Black and Sonia (Heidi) Andrews who joined the attack. The Scots only had one real chance of scoring

## CANOE DO IT?

and that was blocked out by Lys Black. Score 9-0.

The Scotland 'A' team beat Scotland 'B' 3-0 so the last match was for medals.

Gill Steward was getting all the centres and on occasions pulling back into defence to let Lys Black get stuck into the fray. Goals from Steward, McDermott and Walker (2) including a brilliant overhead shot while fending off a tackle meant half-time 4-0. Two further goals in the second half meant the Leeds ladies won the medals for England.

They were going to Ireland in June and to London in July to the internationals and they still have the Yorkshire Champs and the BPSA finals to play. Considering that only two of the five had canoed before Last October, this success is phenomenal.

The team: Gill Steward (capt.), Lys Black, Pam Walker, Sue (Supermac) McDermott and Sonia (Heidi) Andrews.

PETE MACE

### LEEDS POLY CANOE POLO MEN

The Leeds team was representing the North of England in this inter-regional match of six teams consisting of Leeds (N. England), the old enemy Stubbes (S. England), Scotland 'A', Scotland 'B', Fife and

Lothian.

The teams were grouped in two mini leagues with semi-finals and finals.

The Leeds team against Fife had only two 'A' team regulars in it plus two 'B' team members and one 'C' team. From the start the two 'A' team members, Windgrove and Johnson, tried to do everything but once they settled and left the others to do their bit, the Leeds team took a firm grip on the game and were 4-0 up at half-time. Further goals from Potter and Griffiths meant Leeds won 6-0.

The game against Scotland 'B' was very scrappy with the Scots fouling and arguing all the time with the referees. The result was 3-2 to Scotland and the Scotland goalkeeper was booked.

This meant that Leeds played Stubbes in the semi-final. They started brilliantly going 1-0 up with a goal from a corner by Griffiths but the misses by Johnson (twice), Potter and Windgrove let Stubbes off the hook and by half-time instead of being 5-0 up they were 2-1 down. They lost 4-1 and Stubbes won the final so at least the medals come to England.

Team: L. Johnson (capt.), S. Wingrove, S. Beaumont, D. Potter, L. Griffiths.

PETE MACE

## Poly Riding High

### LEEDS PONY RIDING CLUB B.P.S.A. National Riding Championship

Leeds Poly Union's newly formed riding club were unable to send a full team to the BPSA National Riding Championships held on March 26th, but they were represented in the individual championships by Claire Chapple and Katy Wood.

A large number of entries - 52 in all - meant a long day

and it was mid-afternoon before the dressage phase was completed, at which stage Claire was lying joint 7th with Katy in 9th position.

The show jumping prove the more testing of the two disciplines. However, despite an inviting course, by the close many of the early leaders had dropped down the field.

Claire and Katy both went clear to improve their final positions to 2nd and 5th

respectively.

Despite the large number of entries, the day was well run by Jenny Chryst aided by BPSA officials including Mr. Ian Roche. The Windmill Riding Academy were excellent hosts providing first class horses and facilities.

Results: 1st - Leicester, 2nd - Trent, 3rd - Portsmouth. Individual: 1st - H. Goodyear, Portsmouth, 2nd - C. Chapple, Leeds, 3rd - C. Sandy, Portsmouth.

Cheap bus fares on Saturdays' in West Yorkshire mean it now costs less to watch Yorkshire's most exciting football team. See the Division Three promotion battle at Leeds Road on May 6th between **Huddersfield Town** and **Newport County**. Can they clinch a record-breaking championship on May 13th at **Bradford City**?

