

THATCHER TO VISIT

The Prime Minister, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher will be delivering a speech on 'Socialism - the Cause of Britain's Decline' at the Great Hall this Friday amid anger in LUU Exec. that the event has not been publicised

advised not to announce her visit until the last minute. Speculation has been growing in the union for some time concerning an escalation in plans for external security officers and this, linked with the recent

ing fascist, you don't stand a chance of getting in."

The Conservative Party refused to comment on security arrangements for the PM's visit but LUU President Kevin Shute called it, "hoodwinking the pub-

REPORT BY
JOANNE WATKINS

until this week as a security measure.

As a result of violent outbursts from students at Manchester University, where Home Affairs Minister, David Waddington was punched and spat upon recently, and the security row surrounding Leon Brittan's visit to Leeds University two weeks ago, Mrs. Thatcher was

discussions among vice-chancellors on free speech on campus has put a focus on the turmoil surrounding the invitation of controversial speakers to the university.

Like Mr. Brittan's visit, Mrs. Thatcher's talk has an 'anyone welcome' clause but as Paul Brannen, LUU Anti-Apartheid Sec. said, "If you're not a rav-

lie" and "making a mockery of free speech."

The Prime Minister's speech begins at 5.00 p.m. and a vociferous picket, coupled with a large police presence is expected to produce heated clashes in the wake of recent events.



LEEDS EXEC'S BLOWN UP

In an attempt to forge stronger ties between Union Executive members and the rest of the student body in Leeds, moves are afoot to have inflatable dummies of all the sabbatical members of the Poly and the Uni manufactured.

In a joint statement released on Wednesday, Poly president Jill Smith and Leeds University Union president Kevin Shute revealed that the plan was to have the inflatables filled with helium and raised above the buildings of the respective unions so that students would find

it easier to recognise the executive, and therefore find them more approachable.

However, critics of the scheme were quick to come forward. Frank Horvath, LUU treasurer complained that the cost of £15,000 for the dummies was well in excess of what was necessary to deal with the approachability problem. He felt that this scheme was going 'to blow it all out of proportion'.

Jill Smith however felt that no amount of money was too small, if it meant raising the profile of executive members.

The brightly coloured exec. members hope to be airborne by the beginning of next term. The inflatables will be attired in a way that will make them instantly recognisable to the stu-

dent body; by a scientifically analysed method of dress association.

For example, Rob Minshall, LUU General Secretary will be dressed all in red to represent his political leanings, Frank Horvath will be dressed all in blue to represent his apparently past political leanings, and Kevin Shute will be seen carrying a four pack of Skol.

However, news comes this week from sources close to the executive, that the idea is not original.

Apparently some students have had inflatable dummies of Kevin Shute and Jill Smith stored away in their bedrooms for at least the past six months. The reason was not disclosed.

Jay Raver

Rugby Shock

There was uproar at last week's Thursday bop when the LUU Rugby Club, after their customary 28 pints, failed to go on the rampage in the union extension.

Roberto Mafiosi, head of Ents. Security, said from his hideaway in Sicily that he has no idea why these mature students are unable to act as they are expected.

He cited several examples of what the Rugby Club had failed to do:

1. They did not LICK spilt beer from each other's groins.
2. They did not WOBBLE on tables SINGING 'Smooth Operator'.
3. They did not WEAR those hideous V-neck jumpers.
4. They did not SAY 'Hello love, any chance?' to every passing female over the age of twelve.
5. They did not drop their trousers and EXPOSE their plonkers to everyone in the Tetley Bar.

Club Captain, Charles Devonshire-Hall, a medical student, was not eager to comment but even he said that he was 'ashamed at what had happened'. The felling in Exec. is much stronger - Claire Whitely, the Union Welfare Officer, reacted angrily to the news: "I think it was disgusting, and I never thought I'd see the day when this sort of atrocity would happen. I was shocked, and I was especially disappointed not to see their plonkers."

The case continues.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
OUR WONDERFUL READERS
SEE YOU NEXT TERM
BYEEE



INSIDE

CHRISTMASSY THINGS ON MOST PAGES - BUT WITH SOME SERIOUS BITS TOO

PLUS - complete Yuletide WHATS ON (Centre pages)

FREE

CUT OUT EXEC MEMBERS PAGE 11

BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE LEEDS STUDENT



• Helen Slingsby confronts the new X-21 typewriter, with optional phase - in moustache and blades.



• Denture shock! Mouths run riot as music staff express opinion of J & M Chain gig.

Us hard working hacks down at the Leeds Student, infused with the Christmas spirit, stuffed with mince pies, goodwill to all persons and desperate to go to the toilet, have decided to give you the lucky reader a glance behind the scenes. Come along on a Magical Mystery Tour of intrigue and enlightenment, as we take you behind the scenes at the Leeds Student . . .

And it's Monday, the rain drips down through the trees, and the typewriters beaver away in the offices. Jonny Keats completes his third sonnet sequence, sinks his fourth bottle of Napoleon, and starts to type his column out on the coffee machine.

The Features Editors are writing 'in depth' interviews with each other pretending to be well known personalities. The Editor is snoring peacefully in the corner, and the Music Editor has spilt coffee over his pages. "Wow, what amazing design, friend," he says. Pity no one's typed out their reviews. "I know; we'll have a competition to fill up the space . . ."

Tuesday falls; wading into the office through rejected features on sprocket-making, corner shops, foot maintenance and toilet technology, we see the News Editor fighting over what stories

should go in this week's issue. "Exec herpes outbreak", or "student attacked by vicious youth wielding sharpened canisters of Johnson's Baby Powder". The Editor is snoring peacefully in the one comfortable chair we've got. (You bastard - not true - Ed.)

The Arts Editor, still hanging around from last night, drops his second tab of acid, and has his third identity crisis of the week. "Why am I here? What's it all about? Does anybody read what I write? And why are the desks eating my left feet?" he mumbles to himself. He hates all the reviews he's been given, and so rewrites them all in 'psychedelic-speak'. Like, intense, children.

Wednesday; the day the pages go to press. Outside a storm rolls, Gorbachev and Reagan are engaged in hand to hand combat just outside; Margaret Thatcher is in the toilet slicing her wrists and espousing the virtues of socialism, whilst the roof is swarming with security officers, desperate to protect the visiting Paul Newman and Robert de Niro; the lead story concerns the misuse of the union car park's toilet by prominent members of the Buddhist Brotherhood. The Editor is asleep on the pile of rejected 'Foresight' openings on the floor.

Finally the Photography Editor arrives, talking about 'beautiful experiences' on Woodhouse Moor, but without a print to run on the front page. He gets the staff to pose as rampant youths attacking an OAP on the road outside. What a scoop!

As the evening comes to an end, the staff speculate on what an indispensable publication the Leeds Student really is. What a good feeling they have inside, knowing another week's writing is eagerly awaited by those outside. The Leeds Student: possibly the most important publication this side of Turnip-Grafters Weekly . . .



• The new student hack-wear: Paisley tie, with matching sewn on flared bicycle.



• Student mobility: we're getting there says Carl.

Snipperfield Workers

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Wish everyone a
Very Happy Christmas!!

LEEDS PERMANENT

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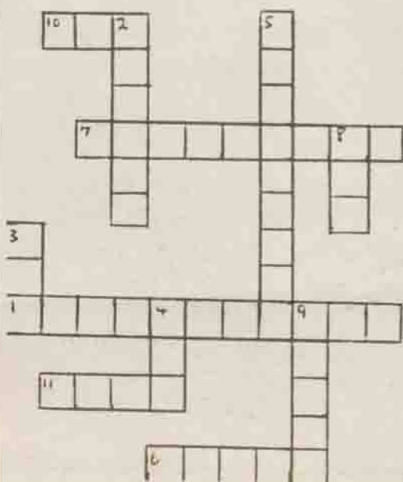
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3. Or nothing? (3)
4. Tail end of sixty minutes (3)



5. Are they always right? (9)
6. Politely pissed (5)
7. Replaced the winter solstice celebration (9)
8. As well as (3)
9. One of the seven dwarfs (5)
10. Freshly pissed as one before tea (3)
11. When new it's run in (4)

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

P.S. Book your sleigh ride to see Santa NOW!!!

Wish everyone a very merry Chrimbo!

OASIS HAIR

Irvin & the rest of the staff would like to wish all L.S. readers a Very Happy Christmas

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LETTERS

Dear Editor

After reading last weeks issue I felt compelled to write.
Yours sincerely

Frank Horvath

ive, in my formative years when my hooves were coming to budoops that was a giveaway. Actually I don't have any hooves - I was just adding that for effect, hoping that you might give me some support in my years of troubles but what was I to expect from such a gutter ridden, filth covered journal as your own, so you can just all p*** off and none of you can have any of my straw because it's all mine and the head keeper said I needn't share it with anyone else if I didn't want to, so just bog off.

Yours very depressed

Dobbin,
Equine enclosure
Wetherby Zoo.

P.S. WHY don't you do a feature on corner shop owners in the Hyde Park area? They're even more oppressed than I am.



• Winter on Woodhouse Moor

Dear Very Depressed of Wetherby Zoo. (Dobbin)

Very rarely do I have a compulsion to reply to one of my humble flock, however, your story has a certain pathetic quality that warrants some response.

Well love, I really do think you ought to get your little life sorted out and the first thing is that you stop being so bloody selfish - how dare you say I can't have any of your straw, I only want a bit - it's alright for you, tucked up in your cosy little pen where all, you have to do is eat, sleep and s*** all day. Why don't you think of somebody other than yourself for a change, me for example; my mother was a wombat and do I complain? No I don't and I certainly don't hog all my straw.

The likes of you have got to realise that I don't just sit in my office praying for people to come in to write a message in the personal column nor do I surreptitiously pick up the receiver of the phone, place it to my ear and pretend to talk in to it - just to look busy. They're all lies, lies, lies... and I for one am wholeheartedly sick of them.

So please, Very Depressed of Wetherby, do me a favour if you don't mind and pop down to Hyde Park corner and fetch me a gross of valium. Ta Pet.

Love Ms.

Dear Leeds Student

I must take exception to the (hopefully) satirical letter in the last Leeds Student concerning the identification of a certain conservative student as 'the Messiah'. He is not the Messiah (he's a very naughty boy), by virtue of not (I assume) being born of a virgin (see Isaiah 7.14, Matthew 1.23 etc).

In a matter of days, however,

we will be celebrating (rather syncretistically) the birth of a man called Jesus who not only fulfilled this prophecy, but also fulfilled all the other 300 or so parts of the Pentateuch, prophets' writings, taken to be Messianic prophecies.

Happy Christmas.

Dave Hellam

Dear Editor,

Ok, ok, so I've had a few problems this term, but I'm over that now. The Tetley Bar that was is nothing to me, the Hyde Park is a thing of the past, and even though I can't wear my pink vellum trousers in the Sky rack anymore, I'm TOGETHER AGAIN.

Yes, the sky is bright, the sun is out, the little birds are tweety-tweeting in the park, and my Cuban Heels are shining in the sunlight. I had a pint of snake-bite in the Union, and though I spilt it down my ruffled shirt, I didn't mind a bit. As the alcohol raced through my system, I raced to the juke-box, and put Cilla Black's 'Long Haired Lover' over the speakers, and wildly gyrated in time to the chorus on the conveniently placed paving stones.

Just as I was getting into 'it' (maan), this 6ft., burgundy clad beer-gut staggered over to where I was strutting my stuff, and grabbed my arm. Rather perturbed at such rough treatment, (and rather disconcerted at the creases been pulled in my sepia sleeve supporters) I paused a while. "You big bottomed toilet licker" he shouted, and rammed his fist down my throat, causing me to stagger somewhat, and fall into the pool of vomit he subsequently deposited on the floor. Therefore I haved swallowed six rugby players.

Yours in flatulence,

Algernon



• New traffic signals ease congestion on Otley Road

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FORESIGHT

Well, here I am down in the office. Typewriter oiled, bottle of scotch by my side and twenty big country cigarettes in my pocket and you eagerly awaiting another cliché ridden romp through the week ahead. To tell you the truth I can't be bothered. Those wasted hours of research and painful deliberation that go into the preparation of this column each week will be spared me tonight.

No doubt you're sitting there right now, sipping your coffee smiling knowingly to your neighbours and thinking that this is some kind of whacky joke, and that any minute now I'm going to recommend the *Playhouse* in preference to the *Hyde Park*, or point out some amazing piece of theatre coming to the Poly. Well don't.

This week you won't even have to pretend to be interested in the vaguely cultural, dare I say it different happenings of the forthcoming week. Not that most of you have ever worked out whether this column is at all serious or merely one long piss take. After all, it doesn't really matter does it. The religious attendance at the late night film shows is not due to any discernment on the part of you eager punters, but a mindless herd instinct that does the done thing, but hasn't the nerve to try something different. I'm sure the world will be a better place without independent films, theatre and music - I can already hear the multi-nationals rubbing their hands, and the bar managers sweating in eager anticipation.

Still reading. Still lost as to what the hell I'm talking about, you will never understand. The absurd, born of the confrontation between the human need and the unreasonable silence of the world, is the only way left. Canned art has proved a far greater weapon than any police state in the pasteurising of the spirit of enquiry. The rebel died with the refusal to say no, not to be merely a receiver.

So, how many times have you seen *The Blues Brothers*, and how many times tried something new. Go on - I dare you to take the test, open your eyes just once.

On the other hand, I leave you free to stammer, as you fall onto the cigarette carpeted, beer slopped floor. 'Well, what could I do... Jonny Keats didn't tell me where to go. 'Well, for those of you who've made it this far, thanks. Here's one *Leeds Student* hack wishing the Arts editor gave him the chance to review something, wishing you all a merry media Christmas and going to get something to eat because I'm bloody starving.

Jonny Keats

• G O O N I E S •



• The famous gravediggers scene from Shakespeare's least known recently revived work - *Goonies*

ABC FILM CENTRE

Take six affluent sons and daughters of the revolution, one respectable ethnic representative, add just under forty million dollars and the name of Steven 'Mogul' Spielberg and you've got one hour and fifty four minutes of non-stop adventure and protestant work ethic.

One day all these lovable children will become filthy rich lawyers and bank managers but for the time being they are free to tomp around an underground adventure park. Rather like In-

diana Jones and the Temple of Doom without the sickening violence and overt racism and sexism *Goonies* comes under the heading of good, clean fun for all the family.

The plot, for what it's worth, concerns this aforementioned group of lovable products of the fast food industry and their efforts to locate some long forgotten treasure trove and save their home town from the bulldozers of the developers.

They break into an 'abandoned' house, and along with a

family of counterfeiters they discover the films big mistake - a supposedly deformed 'after' from a Charles Atlas advert, looking rather like an actor with a lump of plasticine on his head. Predictably enough this monster is tamed by the love of one of the children, and helps them escape from the clutches of the counterfeiting Fratelli family.

While underground in this Coleridgian fantasy the *Goonies* experience the most incredible time of their lives, discover one another and undergo a course of

therapy equal to a year at the analyst. Emerging from their cathartic experience they become mature well adjusted members of the land of the free.

Snide comments apart, this is a sound childrens film - although I really doubt whether the petrol bomb conscious kids of today are as naive as Spielberg and the film executives imagine.

Carl Hindmarch

G E N I U S | S P A N N E D

CLIFFHANGER THEATRE 'OH HUMANS'

The time has come (and I for one was doubtful it ever would) when I have nothing but praise and admiration with which to fill this weeks column. If only I could compose myself. *Cliffhanger* left me gurgling like a baby. All I can do is to smugly reflect upon the delights offered by Robin Driscoll and Tony Haase in their self-styled 'hilariously tragic comedy'.

Emerging from my reverie, I spare a pitying thought for all of you who missed *Cliffhanger's* bonanza showboat. Thankfully, there was a young audience there to witness this demonstration of what 'off-beat' comedy, despite the current post-Atkinson/Mayall doldrums, can achieve.

TV comedy is inevitably a step or two behind the stage. It seems to have a knack of reshaping 'alternatives' into burnt-out has-beens. Not so however with *Cliffhanger*. Perhaps you remember their series screened by Channel 4 last summer, "They Came From Somewhere Else". Running alongside 'NOT!' and 'the Comic Strip', *Cliffhanger* may have been, in many minds, tarred with the same brush. Indeed, Robin Driscoll still works with the Beeb's Smith and Rhys-Jones.

Displayed in 'Oh Humans' however is

a talent far too precious, and ingenuity far too advanced for the tube. Driscoll and Haase's construction is something of real value. Its mechanism (awesome-ly intricate), ticks over at double time, mesmerising the audience into a giddy rapture.

To put you in the picture, Dougie and Micky, unregistered at birth, have lived, men and boys, in their 'den' above the transvestite club run by their mother. They can leave the den only as Barbara and Janet, the barmaids, though Dougie insists, that if it came to it, he would be capable of doing the shopping, "given a list and a map." The boys' adventure games are disrupted when Barbara falls for Dougie, but Janet doesn't think much of Micky (with me so far?), so Micky, in a fit of Barbara's rage, runs off with Dougie's imaginary Dutch girlfriend...

The portrayal of these addled schizoid minds is masterful. With an ever-present backdrop of sound effects indulging the duo's fantasies, and a wonderfully designed labyrinthine and ramshackle set, Driscoll and Haase's comic gem is made all the more enchanting.

With a film script and a new show in the pipeline, I'm sure that *Cliffhanger* will return in style. Make sure you don't miss out again.

Matthew Cole

THE GRAND THEATRE

As Christmas hastens upon us we find ourselves, once again, with those festive treats taken out of storage and lovingly restored for our delight. This time around, there seems to be a surefeit of pleasure in that classic reworking of the Oedipus myth, 'Peter Pan', what with the cartoon, the panto and this fab extravaganza at The Grand.

Suspend your disbelief while Bonnie Langford and friends suspend themselves from the ceiling. Snuggle down into the plush seats and get into sword fights galore, aerial acrobatics, wobbly-voiced songs, cuddly ticking crocodiles, in fact, all the usual panto paraphernalia plus live accompaniment thrown in for free from the pit.

Any addict of pre-pubescent fiction worth their salt will be well aware of the ins and outs of Never Never Land, so I'll spare you those details, at least.

An enjoyable performance and well worth regressing to the days of your lost childhood in the congenial surroundings of The Grand.

The atmosphere evoked by this particular exploration of child psychology is so overwhelming that by the end of the evening, you too will believe a Pan can fly. A truly uplifting experience.

V. Jones

A B I G A I L S • P A R T Y

THE RAVEN THEATRE

On Thursday night I was under the impression I was going to *Abigail's Party*. In fact, I ended up next door at Beverley's, and enjoyed myself immensely.

Whilst *Abigail*, a fifteen year old punkette, and friends were getting drunk and having fun the adults were getting drunk and arguing. The conversation was mundane, but beneath the banality the play was rich in social comment. LUU Theatre Group whilst concentrating on the comedy brought out skilfully the underlying themes; the sterility of marriage, and why certain codes of behaviour should

be acceptable to a particular class or generation and not to another.

The play is primarily a satire on the nouveau riche - a class who sit 'on real leather settees', eat with 'genuine silver silver plate', and put Beaujolais, pronounced bowjowlaze, in the fridge. Indeed Alison Bavidge's set was perhaps the play's *pièce de resistance* - reproduction and pseudo everything - a really nauseating clash of colours and styles - a masterpiece of tackiness.

The nouveau riche is a somewhat obvious target for comedy, so I was impressed that the

actors had avoided turning the play into a string of clichéd jokes. Unfortunately the actors did lose their credibility during the dance scene. The juxtaposition of Laurence's and Sue's awkward waltz, Angela's frenzied disco, and Beverley's and Tone's schmalzy slow was presumably an attempt at farce - I just found it embarrassingly contrived.

On the whole, however, the production was taut, and the actors extracted a maximum of comedy and drama out of a minimum of plot. Ruth Glaser's performance as an abrasive nouveau riche Penelope Keith

was particularly slick and gave the play coherence. The play culminated with the hen-pecked Laurence dying from a heart attack amidst mass panic. This could have seemed a very trite way of ending an unstructured play, but the scene was done with such panache and confidence that the whole audience was in hysterics.

Whilst not the 'devastating' comedy it is reputed to be *Abigail's Party* certainly kept the audience entertained, and perhaps best of all the actors seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the audience.

Emma Batha

ARTS

SANTA CLAUSES THE INTERVIEW



The man behind the Christmas spirit, no not the managing director of Stones' Ginger Wine, but Santa Claus himself. Yes here at Leeds Stupid we managed to get a ten minute audience with this legendary figure. In between ordering the beers from the 'Old' Tetley Bar we put Santa in the hot seat.

Your new movie appears to be an attempt to revamp a flagging career? Is this so? And do you think this will help you gain a wider recognition for your work?

Santa: "Well, Ho Ho Ho, I think this film will be the crux of my 1985 Revue; but really it is an attempt to break out of the rut that has existed since the 'Rudolph' period. I mean people now don't realise that my career has taken in so many angles. When I was using the 'Saint Nicholas' name I was

breaking new ground in entertainment, but so many people pass over that period.

I have many plans for '85, but in no way has my appeal been flagging. The new movie is a kind of reminder, it says like Santa is still credible in the 1980s."

Your audience is predominantly young. Do you think you can't cut it with an older audience?

Well I find older people too boring, they just get bladdered and fall asleep, and that is no fun at all... I love young people, Ho Ho Ho, they have the spirit of Christmas, old people just care about mortgages, cars and the like, and basically that bores me silly.

Do you think you're taking a lot of credit from Jesus Christ? The Angels? And the Wise Men?

"No, definitely not, I mean Christ has made all the movies, there was the musical thing, you know, and of course the hymns. All this from a man who really only did four books before he died. How can I compete... I lose money on every tour, gifts are no longer cheap, it's a lot of work climbing down chimneys, I think I've paid my dues. It's not competition, we're after the same goals, we just go about things in a different way."

Do you ever feel picqued by the fact that your season only fills one month of the year?

"Not really, though it's difficult to claim unemployment benefit for the rest of the year. The bureaucrats can't believe I exist, so I do have a problem, but with the money coming in from the movie I should be able to move to Antigua for the sea-

son, so it's not a hard life."

Your best known record was 'Rudolph', what exactly was this about?

"Well, my partner at the time Rudi, the reindeer, used to hit the brandy bottle a bit, after all it is very cold at the North Pole. The record came about after I found him one dark night out of his skull on the wagon, it was dark and the only thing you could see was Rudi's red nose so I gave him the keys to the sleigh and he featured heavily in the show that year... that's where the song came from, it's a kind of travelogue."

Santa went on to ask me what I wanted for Christmas, and then had to return to the Grotto to rehearse for the tour. Santa is a perennial feature of Christmas, and long may he run.

Herbert Bottomley

TREATS

Relationships are boring unless they involve three - this must be the logic of the majority of playwright since triangular relationships form the basis of so many dramas. 'Treats' by Christopher Hampton is another example of this.

The action took place in the flat of Anne. An incredibly liberated woman who seemed incapable of existing without a man to prop her up. In the one short scene when she was alone she spent the whole time crying and only found solace when she reached for the phone and summoned a man to come and abuse her again - oh liberation!

The story concerned a conceited reporter who had been abroad and came home to find his long-suffering girlfriend had moved his things out and installed the office bore in his place. The play showed how he undermined her new relationship and having won back his girlfriend he treated her with exactly the same contempt as before.

The two male characters were drawn almost as caricatures but their portrayal seemed to fall a little short of this parodying. The ruthless, manipulating reporter seemed a little too nervous to exude the confidence his role demanded of him. His movements

around the rather cramped stage were jerky, perhaps a sign of his barely controlled raging emotions although most of the time it looked as if it was a sign of nervousness. The spineless wimp, Patrick, (no disrespect to Paul Byrne who played him) seemed to possess one 'wounded' expression - lip protruding slightly and eyes cast mournfully down - which seemed to cover every eventuality offered up by the plot. His awkwardness became almost painful at times. The claustrophobic atmosphere of the studio exacerbated this awkwardness which hung like a pall over the whole production. There was even hesitancy in announcing the interval and the lights wavered uncertainly as if the decision to take a break at this point had been taken on the spur of the moment. The ending was similarly ignominious - the lights went up practically as soon as they had dimmed and Dave, played by Sean Mortiboys, ambled forward mumbling "well that's the end."

I carried away with me from the theatre a sense of unease and discomfort no doubt transmitted by the actors. I have my doubts about this being the play's desired effect.

Ann Cooke



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We need electronics engineers, physicists, chemists and bio scientists for research. We need computing, marketing and accountancy trainees. In return we can offer an exciting working environment, plenty of challenge, a chance to make your mark - and all the benefits you'd expect from an international company with a household name.

We'll be interviewing at your university on February 7th and at the Polytechnic on February 4th, so check with your career service first, pick up our leaflet - and let's talk about it.

See you there!



LEEDS PLAYHOUSE
Calverley Street
442111

19th Dec - 23rd Dec
THE MARVELLOUS LAND OF OZ
A colourful song-filled Christmas extravaganza - starring all your favourite characters - plus some you'll never have heard of!

FILM
Sat 7th Dec 11.15 p.m.
THIS IS SPINAL TAP (15)
Confirms your wildest fears about what pop stars get up to!

Until 14th December

Alan Ayckbourn's hilarious
SEASON'S GREETINGS

Not all happy families in this festive cracker!

Mon/Tue 8 p.m., Wed-Sat 7.30 p.m. Mat 3 p.m. Sat 14th Dec
SOME SHOWS SOLD OUT!

Sun 8th Dec 6.00 p.m.
ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA (15)
Sergio Leone's epic film which traces the rise of organised crime in America.

TICKETS ONLY £1.70 EVEN YOU CAN AFFORD THAT!

CLASSICAL MUSIC GIGS
WHAT'S ON
 A EXHIBITIONS FILMS

CLASSICAL M
WHAT'S ON
 A EXHIBITION

MISCELLANEOUS

GREEN SOC.
 Manifesto for a sustainable society-speaker from the green party in PRR, Tuesday 10th Dec, 7.00pm

SAILING CLUB
 Christmas punch party in OSA, Wednesday 11th Dec, at 1.00pm. £1 entry.

CARNABY CLUB
 Video show in PRR, 6th Dec. at 6.30pm. Disco in Doubles Bar at 8.30pm. 6/, 12/-wacky.

SOLIDARITY WITH NICARAGUA
 Concert and social at Emmanuel's Church, Saturday 14th at 8.00pm

HIKING CLUB
 Christmas Ploughman's Lunch in R.H. Evans Lounge on Wednesday at 12.50pm 70p.

ALAN ROUSE LECTURE
 RBLT, 8th December at 7.30pm. £1.50. Illustrated talk on his Mount Kongur Expedition.

PYJAMA HOP
 Monday 9th, at Madisons. 9.00 till 2.00am, £1.50

DISCO
 Monday 9th November at Ritzy, 50p entrance and 50p all drinks.

C.U.
 The Great Commission, meeting at Wrangthorn Church Hall, 7.30pm, 7th Dec.

GERMAN SOCIETY
 Christmas Party, Wednesday 11th at 8.00pm.

CONSERVATION VOLUNTEERS
 Otley/Ilkley Social, Sunday 8th Dec. Meet 10.00am, Union steps.

LUU LOS
 'Orpheus in the Underworld', Riley Smith Hall, 9th to 13th Dec. 7.00pm. £1.25.

J-SOC.
 Chanukah party, Hillel House, 7th Dec. 8.00pm. Shabbat Times - Friday 6th 3.30pm, ends Saturday 7th at 4.48pm. Saturday Morning Service 10.00am.

GAYSOC.
 Saturday 8th Dec. Faversham 1.00pm.

ONE WORLD GROUP
 Speaker on food politics, Monday 9th at 7.30pm, in LG10.

ANTI-APARTHEID GIG
 Tartan Bar, Monday 9th Dec. 8pm. £1 - all drinks on promotion.

THE RETURN OF CLUBTERRANEAN
 That popular item for **trendy consumption** will be back in town again at the opening night of the Poly's Lounge 3 **resplendent** with new **Audio Technology, Motion Pictures & nice people** and that undefinable urge to **dance!** This, the **event of the year**, will take place on the last day of term - **Friday 13th December**. Celebrations will commence at 8.30pm, with entrance at just **70p** before 10.00 and **£1.00** after. **Be early.**

POLY CHRISTMAS DISCO
Part One on Saturday 7th December and **Part Two** on Wednesday 11th December. Both these events are **simply unmissable**. Both events **70p** before 10.00pm, **£1.00** after. **Bring your Union card!**

GIGS

LINDISFARNE
 Refectory. Friday 6th Dec. Doors open at 8.30pm. Tickets £4.50.

NILS LOFGREN
 Refectory. Monday 9th Dec. Doors open at 8.30pm. Tickets £5.00.

SPEAR OF DESTINY
 Refectory. Saturday 14th Dec. Doors open at 7.30pm. Tickets £4.00.

ANTI-APARTHEID GIG
 The Squares - in the Tartan Bar. Monday 6th Dec. 8.30pm. Tickets £1. Drinks promotion. See Squares or be Squares.

HERE AND NOW
 Tuesday 16th Dec. at the Astoria.

JOHN TAYLOR BAND
 The Eldon on Thursdays, Royal Park on Saturdays.

ADAM AND EVES
 Wednesday Dec. 11th. The Instigators and Hagar and the Womb.

THE CINEMA

PLAYHOUSE (442111)
 Saturday 7th Dec. 'This is Spinal Tap' - 11.15pm
 Sunday 8th Dec. 'Once Upon a Time in America' - 6.00pm
 Friday 13th Dec. 'Stop Making Sense' - 11.15pm
 Sunday 22nd Dec. - 'Jour De Fete' 7.00pm and 'Monsieur Hulot's Holiday' - 8.25pm

ABC
 1. Back to the Future (for 2 weeks) 1.45, 4.45, 8.00pm
 2. Goonies (for 2 weeks) - 1.30, 4.20, 7.45pm
 3. Letter to Brezhnev - 2.00, 4.50, 7.50
 (and from 13th Dec.)
 3. Police Academy 1 and 2 (and from 20th Dec. Desperately Seeking Susan)

ODEON
 1. Purple Rose of Cairo - 2.50, 5.15, 7.45pm
 2. Santa Claus the Movie - 2.15, 4.50, 7.30pm
 3. Prizzi's Honour - 2.20, 5.00, 7.45pm

(and from 13th Dec.)
 1. Santa Claus the Movie.
 2. The Black Cauldron.
 3. Legend

COTTAGE ROAD (751606)
 Friday 6th December - The Emerald Forest - 5.50, 7.45pm. Sunday 5.20, 7.15pm.
 Friday 13th for 3 days - The Killing Fields - 7.45pm. Sunday 7.10pm.
 Monday 16th for 4 days - Amadeus - 7.20pm.
 Friday 20th for 5 days - 101 Dalmations - 5.20, 7.25pm.
 Matinee - Saturday, Monday, Tuesday 2.00pm. Sunday 3.00, 6.00pm
 Friday 27th for 2 weeks - The Goonies.

LOUNGE
 Friday 6th for 2 days - The Glenn Miller Story - 5.50, 8.15pm
 Sunday 8th for 5days - Witness - Sunday 4.50, 7.25pm. Week 5.40, 8.10pm.
 Friday 13th for 4 weeks - Santa Claus the Movie.

HYDE PARK
 Friday 6th
 lion - 7.20
 Videodrom
 Late Show
 - 11.00pm
 Friday 13th
 7.00, 8.30
 Late Show
 Choice - 1
 Late Show
 Christmas
 11.00pm.
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 gone by)
 Story - 5.

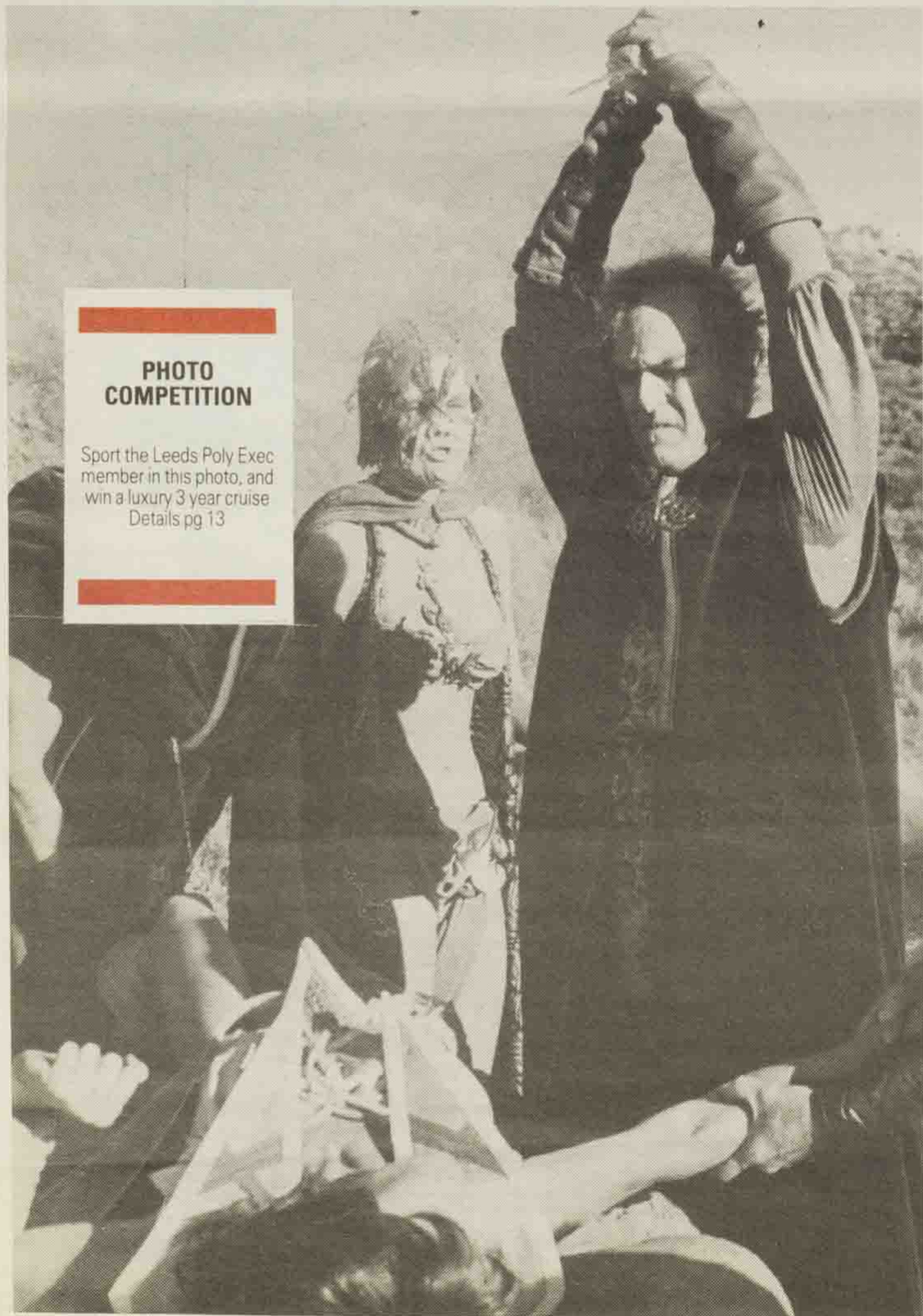


PHOTO COMPETITION

Sport the Leeds Poly Exec member in this photo, and win a luxury 3 year cruise
 Details pg 13

OBITUARY

It is my sad duty to report the passing of that great great poet, hack and raconteur Jonny Keats, who died noisily in his outside lavatory last Wednesday morning after a heavy eating binge at the slammer (three onion bahjis, a chicken madras and one cup of coffee, three sugars). He leaves behind him a trail that few would want to follow, for fear of being a cheap imitation of the great man himself.

His rise to arts editor on the Leeds Student editorial board was meteoric transforming him from mere farm hand one day, to neo-opiate of the people the next.

During his latter months the strain appeared to become too much for him, and he could often be seen driving his 1000cc Norton motorbike up and down the Parkinson Building steps late at night, opposite the building where ironically he was to eat his last meal. It is a pity, considering his love for motorbikes tht he did not die by smashing his brains out against a Portland stone wall at 100mph, but in rather less salubrious circumstances battling his bodily functions against the elements. But then

as Jonny himself would often say over half a bottle of Glenfiddich "I never thought I'd pass my A-levels anyway, so who gives a s***", probably exhibiting in that one short sentence, this man's incredible grasp of the English language.

Always a champion of the under dog he would often go missing for at least thirty minutes at a time, only to be discovered in some remote ditch trying to 'explain'.

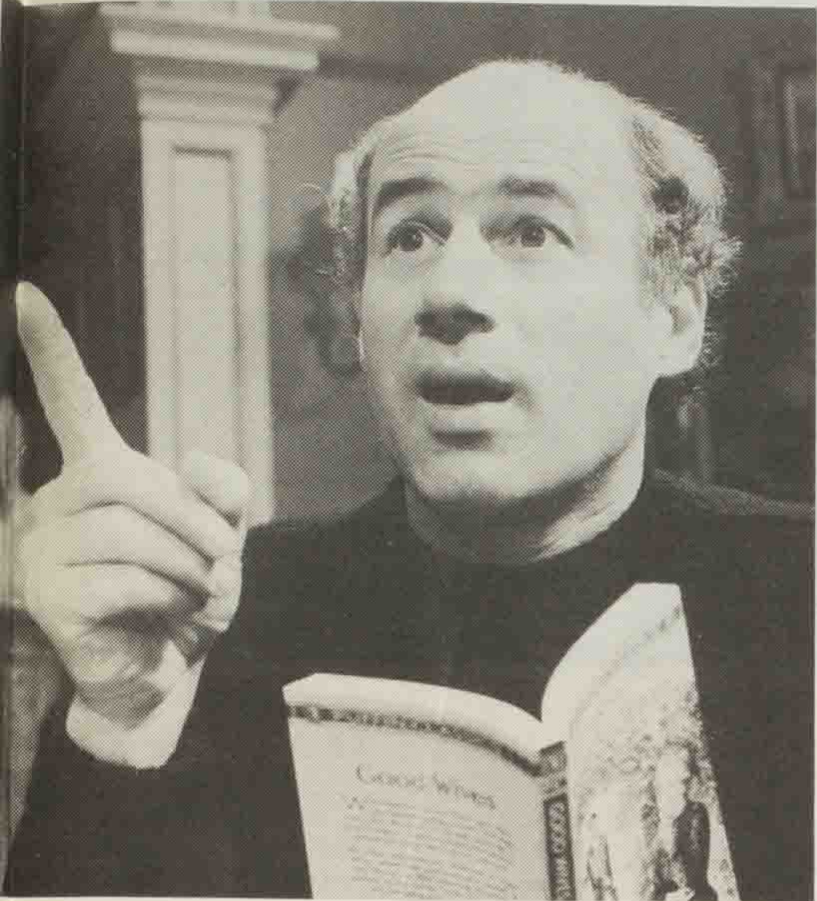
It was this kind of behaviour that caused concern amongst his friends for the great man's sanity. As one commented "When we found him offering to buy the lion on Woodhouse Moor a drink, we knew that something was up." After a spell of imprisonment on the Mezzanine floor of the Brotherton library for three weeks - purely for his own safety, he was released, again to try to come to grips with the outside world.

Unfortunately his decline seemed to be complete and he was unable to face real people, only feeling at home amongst the cabinets in the morgue at LGI, often found discussing Jungian theory with a rather ill looking male caucasian.

On being he consid and only f for the c their sh friendship man, aske works of to the Briti had to be zanine floo being rele he went a pennies on the Slamm heard dyi Wednesday But of c that he su his fault. I had taken his colum weeks he w is now, w But oh r bear using have a sh sight colu stead to g grimy Uni you go. St been call now look my mate! hell and h able Christ Jay Royn

MUSIC GIGS
S ON
FILMS
THEATRE

CLASSICAL MUSIC GIGS
WHAT'S ON
EXHIBITIONS FILMS
THEATRE



Picture of John Keats as he would like us to remember him. However he never had anything like this. Still R.I.P.

FILM COMPETITION

Yes, you potty student-types, your soaraway Student is pleased to present its first annual film competition.

All you have to do is match the film title with my witty and trenchant review. It's quite simple - in fact, I seem to spend every Wednesday night doing exactly the same thing, and just look where its got me.

In the extremely unlikely event of anybody getting all the answers correct we have an easy tie-break question - just tell us, in no more than ten words, Helen Slingsby's middle name. Just bring in your entry on any scabby bit of paper you can get your paws on.

Oh yes, the prize. There's a choice between the Jay Rayner memorial jock-strap (XL, of course) or three tickets (strictly non-couplist) on this paper) to see the films of your choice.

TITLES

1. This is Spinal Trap
2. Once Upon A Time in America
3. Stop Making Sense
4. Back to the Future
5. Goonies
6. Letter to Brezhnev
7. Police Academy
8. Desperately Seeking Susan
9. Santa Claus - the Movie
10. Prizzi's Honour.

REVIEWS

- A. Mrs. Penn's film Debut.
 - B. If you've seen Animal House, Porkys, Porkys 2, Frat House and Screwballs then you're sure to be the type of Willy that's stupid enough to see this pile of s***.
 - C. Absolute turkey of a film.
 - D. A gangster movie with a difference. A hit-man falls in love with a hit-woman, but he's still trying to go out with the Mafia 'Boss' granddaughter. And after this, things get even more complicated...
 - E. A film with music in it.
 - F. Another film with music in it.
 - G. I admit, I haven't seen this yet.
 - H. A bloke falls in love with his mum, nearly stops her from marrying his dad, and wears nice sunglasses.
 - I. Brats make a lot of noise, even more money, and don't make a comment on the impending collapse of the American dream.
 - J. A 60s Road movie - or is it?
 - K. Very very long.
- Zorba the Lad**

PERSONAL

Skinhead - I still love you - even with your bald patch. George XX.

Anarcho cowboy enterprises are offering alternative Christmas cards to all the cynically minded people out there. For a set of 3 different cards send £1.00 with stamped addressed SAE (6in x 4in) to: ACE, 78 The Street, Brundall, Norwich, Norfolk.

Ron 4T, 5ft coffin labelled 'Lindsay'.

Savage: You'll be legless next week.

Marcus Welby: I'm still the champ.

Donald Duck - Noddy loves you.

M.G. have you been invited for T? Colin has.

Happy birthday Maxine, and congratulations on your 21st with love from all the Cliff Mount Clan.

Minky - Do hot water bottles have hairy backs too. T.K.

Has Johnny got a red jumper? T.K.

B.H. Has Raver found her real man yet? Remember Barnsley. T.K.

C.W. 4T.Z.

Dead cert slamming at the Mega Bop. B.H.

Ha Ha. Thatcher Story - It's a wind up.

The gay raver welcomes any donations of alcohol or money.

Perverts prepare for Cliff Road.

Murray - Don't try to toast your bum again - Blobhead.

Murray - Let's have a nibble of your Zelda.

Murray - Small ones are more juicy - Zelda.

T for 2 - Threesies with Colin and Marise??

Graham and Helen - So you've finally gone and done it - Congrats - Brett.

Annie and Ian: Ian and Annie.

To the women at No.16: Happy Christmas to my favourite bunnies. Love Grod.

Math and Jules - Ever been in a cold student house...

TTTCWTTTMTGTTT

Two for T.

Watch out. One day Brian will strike.

CW+TZ:

Poor MG.

To big willy lots of love from little tit!

Mike told us that he fancies Janet from flat 17, upstairs. How absolutely brilliant Mike? Arrrrwrite.

Happy 21st Fi! Sorry I can't be there... scrooge.

Have a WACKY time Tania! Mark Holloway is the greatest mini-bus driver in the world. Thanks for everything, and good luck in your new job. Don't forget us all too soon. Love - the blond bombshell. XXXX

URGENT - if you took my coat from the Poly on Sat. phone 782057. I've got yours.

William, Orinoco and Wellington - happy birthday, merry Christmas and happy New Year! We're going to miss you during the hols - Tito and Titania.

Orpheus on the underground - RSH

TTTTTCWTTTTT

Orifice in his underpants.

Graecian Menuhin - RSH next week.

TZ - Hands off, M.G.

Orpheus in the underworld - RSH 7pm, Monday to Friday.

DIY rules.

TSU Finster - Horr: Tsvei podium. Fieleicht ein isch in das yam? tsu ein Toysnot pisches!

William C. You've been had.

Lamb baas all in bizarre exposee.

Andy L suggests try the left hand.

Andy R suggests do it bloody well.

James - use the back-door.

Do you believe in the Wartworld?

Round - can I borrow the wire brush and your copy of 'Wart and Peace' - Pete.

The boss of Gerard's Cross.

Thanks for the meal, Phil, and will you marry all of us?

See squares and be squares.

Get your trousers off, potty boys.

Queenie le bonne-homme does big smellies.

Happy Christmas to Aaron, Adrian, Alison, Andy, Anne, Ben, Bill, Bob, Cath, Catriona, Caroline, Charles, Clive, Colin, Clare, Claire, Chris, Dave, Dorri, Erica, Germaine, Gabby, Helen, Jamie, Jane, Jay, John, Joe Strummer, Karen, Kieron, Lisa, Liz, Lew, Louise, Manda, Mandy, Mark, Michael, Maria, Mig, Neal, Nicky, Nigel, Paul, Pete, Phyllis of the d'Ubervilles, Queenie-li-Bon-Homme, Rachel, Rob, Sharon, Simon, Sue, Steve, That Girl, Tracy, TJ, Valerie, Wendy and Yvonne. I hope you all have a good new year - love from Andy X.

Anne Levan is a man.

Dear Diary, This week Droopy got a job, Winker worked wonders with aubergines, Quasimodo didn't go shopping, and Lurcher enjoyed Hazelnut all night. Does the owl prefer pickled onions to voles. Thug.

Eritrean Action Campaign - over £3,000 raised - Thanks.

OWG - What a weekend!

Birdshit Towers - Diabee is getting closer - Red Mike.

To Mark, the best minibus driver around we'll miss you. Good Luck.

Christmas is the time of year, when everyone has fun, and Christmas time is here again, so let's all have some fun.

Unseasonal greetings and happy unbirthdays to all our Carnaby Club members. Spin and spread around peace of mind to reach the land of the new Risin' Sun - The Caterpillar.

Weaver - lots of luck in your new job. Take it easy Darlin' - Loe A and H.

Frankie - Don't get worked up over Tetley Ales - it'll beer all right in the end.

Rob 'I've seen Rambo 19 times! Minshull, you're a sick b*****'.

I think, therefore I am - A pink blancmange.

Royal Park, December 12th Opening time

Pink Blancmange - screws you up - pink blancmange reaches the parts other fetishes cannot reach.

And remember, 'You saw the crescent, and I saw the whole of the moon' - Andy.

Macbeth: Is this a pink blancmange I see before me.

English party - Tuesday, OSA Lounge, be there - with 'The Squares'.

Mandy, get better as fast as you can. We're all right behind you (both behinds). Lots of love, the rugby girls.

Personally I think the quality of the personal column messages this term has been dreadful, and Helen, John, Andy and Joanna all agree with me. I mean - To big willy lots of love little tits. That is so crass its unbelievable. Still what do you come to expect from students. As John Tague once said 'Christ!'

Helen Slingsby was a hippy.

Leeds Student would like to wish its reader a merry Christmas but unfortunately they had a tiff last week so it won't

Also: Helen and the Crew wish all at Hamilton Press a very merry Christmas.

Happy Christmas to Mum, Dad, Lou, Maxine, Anne Claire, Mahr. All at 51, all my mates in London, and all my floppy staff.

THE CRAFT AND DESIGN SHOP

JEWELLERY
FURNITURE
CERAMICS
DESIGN
G.L.A.S.S
W.O.O.D
T.O.Y.S
THE WORKS

CITY - ART - GALLERY
THE HEADROW - LEEDS

MUSIC

PREVIEW TIME

Preview: December 8th - next term

Well, here we are at the end of another fun-packed year, with nothing left to do until the middle of January except party-down and writes all those essays you've been putting off for so long. Not much time to go and see pop groups I suppose, which is a shame because there are one or two last minute treats in store for anyone with time on their hands and money in their pockets.

On Monday, December 9th, in the University Refectory, one of the nicest and best of the long term rockers, Nils Lofgren. Nils goes through phases of popularity; starting in the early seventies with his own band Grin and guest spots with Neil Young and Crazy Horse; next with the post-punk 'back to basics' movement when he released a series of brilliant solo records; and once again in the mid-eighties with his work alongside Brooce and a return to form on his solo outings. Did you see him on Razzmatazz? Since I'm not being paid by Nils' manager, that will do for the recommendation, except to say that this should bring a tear to the eyes of any old rockers out there.

Next day, Tuesday 10th, the Christmas spirit will really take hold when the Three Mustaphas Three transport the Tartan Bar to the Balkans for the evening. The 3M3 actually come from London but, quite understandably have decided that they would much rather have been born in Albania, or Anatolia, or somewhere similar and so, offer their own laudably inaccurate interpretation of the culture of these countries. Even stranger goings-on may be expected at the Astoria on the same night as the kaftans

and afghans are dusted off once more for the last of the great Hippy groups. Here And Now, starring ex-members of Gong (and probably Hawkwind, Pink Fairies, Grateful Dead and the Global Village Trucking Company: now there was a great band, you youngster just don't know what you missed).

To return; unless there's something at the Poly that I've missed, the last two gigs of the term on campus are at the Refectory. Friday 13th has Blancmange who, so I understand, are now appearing with a full live band instead of the early reliance on taped backing. Though they have lost their impetus when it comes to hit singles, they still write good songs and, of course, have an extensive back catalogue to call on, so they should be able to provide a worthwhile evening's entertainment.

The next evening, Saturday 14th, sees the return of Spear of Destiny who, as far as I'm concerned, are utterly loathsome, hideous and detestable. However, as I appear to be in a minority of one in holding to this opinion, and in the interests of fairness, I'll report that they are very, very popular, especially in concert and, unless you get a ticket pretty soon, they will sell out.

Finally, Wednesday 18th finds more old friends, it says here, at the Astoria. Fairport Convention who, despite the departure of many of their more well known members, are still able to boast musicians of the highest calibre in their ranks; such as Simon Nicol, Dave Pegg and Dave Matlocks. Should be a good one.

I'm sure that there will be a lot more in the way of live entertainment at the Trades Club, the Warehouse, Adam and Eve's and around the pubs over the holiday so try not to spend the whole of the next four weeks or so watching repeats of the Little and Large Christmas special. The least you can do is take Nigel a mince pie.

Gordon Taylor

THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN SHOP ASSISTANTS FELT

University Refec.

Felt looked like a band who wished they were a long way away. No doubt they were wondering what the hell they were doing supporting the J & M Chain. Anyway they kept the whole thing as painless, uninteresting and forgettable as possible.

Can anyone really dislike the Shop Assistants? They're so enchanting, so nice even though they can't play the drums, and have a bit of difficulty staying in tune, the songs they write are three chord, two minute classics. This is pure pop, straight from the likes of the Buzzcocks, the Undertones and, yes, the Velvets in their less bombastic moments.

In a small intimate club The Shop Assistants would have been irresistible. Unfortunately their magic got lost somewhere in the ceiling of the Refec. meaning we had pretty tunes but no atmosphere.

And so onto the band. The J & M Chain carry so many expectations with them, that you've got to separate the people underneath from the myths that they cultivate. Despite an increasing gravitation towards acoustic melodies, what was expected and wanted of them tonight was a burn-out of feedback, noise and obnoxiousness. But the Jesus and Mary Chain have built their careers (and it has been a carefully stage-managed, well planned career) on defying what is expected of them. So tonight we had a boringly competent, unassuming twenty minutes. Just standing around fulfilling contractual obligations, remaining coolly sober, no noise, no enthusiasm.

Though it isn't really a particular sound they're going for, (just check out the musical schizophrenia of 'psychocandy'), and it's not a special look. What they really want is an overall feel; the teen-sulk rebel image combined with the sound of Young, Loud and Snotty youth culture. Of course they want to be pop stars, and if they keep writing sweet seductive pieces like 'Just like Honey' they won't have long to wait. Why people should find them so objectionable is hard to understand: the J & M Chain write fine pop tunes, screw them up

back, The Magnificent Seven, The Pleasuremen, Cross To Bare, Broken English, Black Alsatian and Cry of Aura (who according to the sleeve have since assumed the name 'The Fate Ritual'. Of these there is of course the usual 'My God! That sounds familiar!?', the vocals on Broken English's 'Love Song' are a resurrection of these of Joy Division's Ian Curtis, there's the typical indie bands, The Pleasuremen and Cry Of Aura, not that they're bad but that they are the standard product, the former being better than the latter and with time the Pleasuremen should be quite a handy band.

There's also the one duff band, the one that just seems to fill the space between two tracks, but what can you hope to expect, the record must stand or fall on the strength of the best bands, will the result be positive or negative?

The standout tracks were, The Magnificent Seven (a Leeds combo, but no prejudice please) whose second offering 'Ring O' Roses', while very closely allied musically to Everything But the



• You'll never break the chain

Photo: M.A. Longbottom

COMPETITION

Yes, it's competition time here at the Leeds Student music pages, and we've got three (3), count them, three bumper Christmas bundles of records to give away to you, our loyal and trusted readers.

1st Prize.

A Bauhaus double compilation LP; Pete Murphy's new 12inch single 'Final Solution'; The Fall 'Cruiser's Creek' 12inch; The Woodentops 'It Will Come' 12inch; Marillion 'Heart of Lothian' 12inch; The Cult 'Revolution' 7inch and Gene Love Jezebel 'Desire' 7inch.

2nd Prize

Stevie Nicks brand new 'Rock A Little' LP; Skipworth and Turner 'Hot Pursuit' 12inch; New Order 'Sub-Culture' 12inch; Feargal Sharkey 'A Good Heart' 7inch; Marillion 'Heart Of Lothian' 7inch and Quando Quando Quando 'Genius' 7inch.

Special booby prize for the worst entry received. The Flying Pickets 'Live' LP.

All you have to do is answer the following question correctly: Which Velvet Underground song has the word 'heroin' in the title, and complete the following sentence in not more than fifteen words; "I like Leeds Student Music Pages because..."

Get your entry to Leeds Student by noon on December 11th, inscribed with your name and address and the lucky winners will receive their prizes by the end of term.

Gordon Taylor

with rock-feedback, like to annoy people and make brilliant records. I like them a lot. John Tague

Girl had that nicely polished air that made it stand from the rest. Their earlier track 'Blind Led By Blind', was an interesting piece, and on the strength of the two very diverse songs I will make a note to watch this bands' progress more closely in the future.

Cross To Bare also are a band to watch, both of their songs on the LP were well put together and showed a band with a strong sense of direction, guitar orientated, nicely gritty with the promise of proving a good live band, undeniably and unashamedly pop music. Finally Feedback a band along the classic Jam/Redskins lines, a true beat concerto who may or may not appeal outside of this compilation, with time they could turn out well, the potential is there.

On the whole this compilation is good, and with the charity angle I can only say I hope it sells, and at three quid it's worth it. Either buy this or donate the money or your stockings may not get filled this year.

Nigel Holtby



ALBUMS



WHO CARES WINS

It's the compilation season again, the time of goodwill towards the music industry, with Now That's What I Call Commerce racing up the charts, and Phil Spector's ghost of Christmas Past appearing with the Turkey. Amongst all this abject money grabbing and enticements to spend, spend, spend - the pleasure principle (Gospel according to Viv Nicholson) comes the record that was passed me on Friday afternoon, simply entitled 'Who Cares Wins', this is a compilation of 'Northern' bands, mostly from Manchester, and donates all profits to Oxfam...

There lies my Monday afternoon dilemma, how does one attempt to criticise a good, noble and handsome cause? Remember Live Aid etc? Here there seems little point in back-slapping or... stabbing, all the acts are relatively obscure, there's no Wham, not even a

Robert Wyatt or Style Council, these are bands that ought to be looking for their own careers, it's more a labour of love than an act inspired by guilt. This record will make little impact in the shops, it belongs to the dusty shelves of compilations, perhaps one or two of the acts will make some headway and then it will be sought out as a collectors item. We must remember here that in commercial terms such compilations are made because it's easier to sell a package of small or local acts than it is to sell an individual record by one of them - there's safety in numbers as Agatha Christie once wrote.

To be hard and frank, as I'm sure the young man who came to see me with the record would appreciate, charity aside what do you get for your three quid?

There are eight bands featured on this compilation, all but one donating two tracks to the album, the bands are Feed-

MUSIC

REVIEWS

THE REDSKINS Riley Smith Hall

On the face of it, the Redskins and The Boothill Foot-Tappers make somewhat strange bedfellows, but both appeared at the Riley Smith last week thanks to the unifying influence of anti-apartheid.

Cockney cowherds who last year instigated a faintly embarrassing movement with their near classic 'Get Your Feet Out Of My Shoes', The Boothill Foot-Tappers were surprisingly well received by an obviously broad-minded audience, though their half-hour hoedown became increasingly annoying due to a glaring lack of variety. Only the slower 'Sunday Evenings' provided any relief from the otherwise incessant banjo/accordion onslaught, even if the constant change of vocalist did distract attention to a certain extent.

A band perhaps better known for their extreme politics (SWP) than for their excellent music, The Redskins, like other such notables as S. William Bragg, have made their name at free festivals up and down the country. Their Tamla/Stax based sound is not dissimilar to that of The Style Council, though live they are both physically and musically more energetic than Mr. Weller's ensemble. Chris Dean (quite literally) spits his spite, attacking in turn Thatcher, Kinnock and



• Moore/Redskins

Photo: Baz Arden

SKINNED ALIVE

Botha with the same type of venomous invective.

Though their music sometimes falls short of their strong political lyrics, The Redskins create an infectious enthusiasm through controlled aggression, the live set spearheaded by the singles-cum-revolutionary anthems 'Keep On Keeping On', 'Bring It Down', 'Lean On Me' and the new 'Kick Over The Statues' (released independently after London records deemed it to be 'uncommercial!')

Interspersed with songs of a slightly more subtle structure

such as '9½ out of ten won't do', The Redskins set was further punctuated by speeches rallying the faithful to the Anti-Apartheid cause.

Whether or not they achieved their aim of speeding up the winds of change in South Africa, The Redskins provided superb entertainment thanks to their soulful commitment.

Jeff Marsh

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE

LET IT RAIN

The Rain Parade Leeds Warehouse

The Rain Parade (or as one intellectual calls them 'The Brain Parade') have at long last reached Leeds. They were booked to play the Riley Smith earlier this term, but that gig never came off - 'That's just the joke of Rock 'n Roll' (whatever that is?).

Playing the Warehouse was reminiscent of their basement studio session from LA shown on Whistle Test, the difference being they put a lot more energy into their performance on Tuesday night which surprised me. The Paraders eventually marched on in cowboy boots with their mascot - a mechanical owl-fell in line, picked up their geetars, took aim, and proceeded to blast us with an impressive opening salvo - 'No Easy Way Down'.

The Parade are part of the invading army of 'new geetar music' from the States which include such bands as The Dream Syndicate (neo-psychedelia), REM, and two bands from the 'Neil Young Appreciation Society' - Green on Red and The Long Ryders. There's some rivalry between the Parade and this last band: the Warehouse saw fit to play every Ryders' track under the sun before and after the Parade's gig tonight, which prompted Matt Piucci, lead voice and guitarist/sergeant-major of the Parade, to say - 'I bet they don't play any of our records at the Ryders' gigs.'



• Here come the Rain Parade

Photo: T. Woolgar

'He gets on much better with his good buddies Green on Red, who he's guested for on record. The two bands play the same LA club-scene, but this is still small-scale and 'under-ground' for American standards. Thanks to the efforts of Andy Kershaw esquire such bands have had more exposure and response in this country.

The Parade's set betrays influences ranging from Syd Barrett's The Pink Floyd to Arthur Lee's Love. They pay tribute to Television, playing their 'Ain't that Nothing' (featured on their live LP - 'Beyond the Sunset'). The sound the Parade come up with, however, is distinct from the other bands in the same vein. They look up to the Velvets (as any serious musician should do!). But I was shocked to hear Matt hail 'The Jesus and Mary Ch. n' as their natural successors! I was relieved that he had the mercy (and sense) to at least tune up his geetar without the trendy feedback. The Parade revealed their mastery and sense of timing in the use of this technique, and anyway they give much more value for money in their performance and are definitely worthwhile to see (unlike the aforementioned 'musicians'). It was a pity the mixing desk couldn't sort out the unintentional squeals which accompanied keyboard-player Will Glenn when he took up his violin. High spots of the night included their UK single 'You're My Friend' and 'Depending On You' (off their latest album 'Crashing Dream'). The pace is brought down when Steven Roback laid down his bass and picked up a six-string for 'Broken Horse'.

The spaced-out geetar breaks came from Van Morrison look-alike John Thoman; drummer-boy Mark Marcum, from surf-in' Hawaii impressively kept the beat going till the very end, by which time the strain of their mammoth 42-date tour was showing - 'We're all beat!'

if you like rock music and you love 'geetars', then the Rain Parade are a must for you.

Paul J. Greco

THE SINGULAR COLUMN

1. Danielle Dax/Yummer Yummer Man. (Awesome). 1985 has been one of those years when most of the best music seems to have come from women. Kate Bush, obviously, but also Linda Thompson with her wonderful solo album, Lydia Lunch, Sade, Anne Clarke, Virginia Astley and Agnes Bernelle to name but a few. At the top of the list, with Ms. Lunch, is Danielle Dax. Yummer Yummer Man continues her flirtation with slimy, but beaty, swamp music. An insistent drum beat forcing the guitar and organ down into the mud where only the unexpected appearance of a theremin, lately thought to be extinct, saves them from a fate worse than life.

2. Surfin' Dave And The Absent Legends/Stateside Centre (Crammed Discs). Crammed Discs is one of best half dozen labels from the continent, and they've done their reputation no harm at all by signing Surfin'. Stateside Centre is as fine a piece of R'n'B reconstruction that I've heard since the demise of Roogalator. Dave sings the appropriately mindless lyrics with just a hint of cigarette abuse in his voice, whilst the rest shout along on various second-hand instruments, keeping the beat well under control in the middle eight, but allowing it to rush headlong towards the precipitous ending. A masterpiece.

3. The Three Johns/Brainbox (He's a Brainbox). (Abstract). John Peel said that this sounded like Sham '69, which isn't a very nice thing to say about anybody. Yet, it does have the

odd hint of a football chant lurking among its terraces. Apart from that, it's the same three Johns we've come to know and love with that same, absolutely impenetrable wall of sound that makes Spector seem like Satie. Well done John.

4. Michael Rose/Bogus Badge (Revolutionary Sounds). I don't have to say much about this, because you all know that Michael Rose has one of the most expressive, distinctive voices in Reggae and this, his first disc since he parted with Black Uhuru (unless he snuck one out behind my back) is brimming over with luscious tones.

5. Latin Quarter/No Rope As Long As Time (Ariola). Another understated cry against oppression from the quiet, but nonetheless insistent Latin Quarter. No Rope... is the true successor to their debut Radio Africa and, in a similar, softly lilting way, shows that those most concerned with the world's ills are not, necessarily, those that shout loudest.

6. Pete Murphy/Final Solution (Beggars Banquet). Interestingly enough, the original version of this has just been made available once more on the Pere Ubu compilation LP, Terminal Tower. The idea of covering a Ubu song must be a little daunting, and Murphy has taken the easy way out by sticking very much to the original format but with a more percussive backing track, though the slower pace leads to a more open sound. A smart record.

7. Joolz/Love Is (EMI). Love, says Joolz, is not how those nice people at Mills and Boon would have us believe. Another illusion shattered.

8. DSM/Warrior Groove (Ten). The cut to go for on this one is the 'B' side's Ashante Mix which throws so much in, it only just stops short of being a Barron Knights' parody of what an electro record should sound like. The best touch is the Tom Browne-style trumpet that drifts in and out when the bass and scratches begin to pall.

9. Tyrone/I'm Gonna Make You Love Me (Total Control). At the other end of the reggae spectrum from Michael Rose, but it's nice to hear that a good back beat can still turn a new trick with an old song. The record steps out a little too lively to qualify as real Lovers, but in avoiding the schmaltz Tyrone has turned what might have been a disaster into a very acceptable version that even Motown loyalists might enjoy.

10. Hula/Walk On Stalks Of Shattered Glass (Red Rhino). The most accessible release to date from Hula who, good as they are, still seem unable to think of anything until Cabaret Voltaire have already done it. Well, we can't all be innovators and Hula do make a very pleasant... well, hardly pleasant... err, where was I?... noise. The ideal record to play at 7.30 a.m. on December 26th. But don't tell the neighbours I said so.

Gordon Taylor

L.U.U. Events - presents



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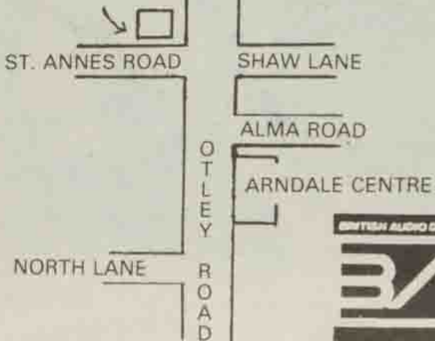
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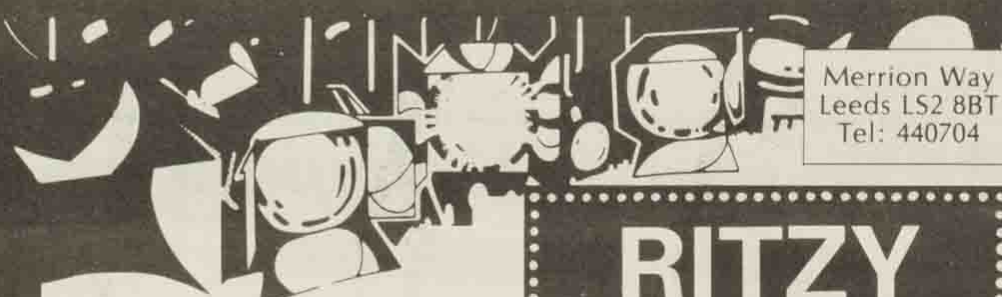
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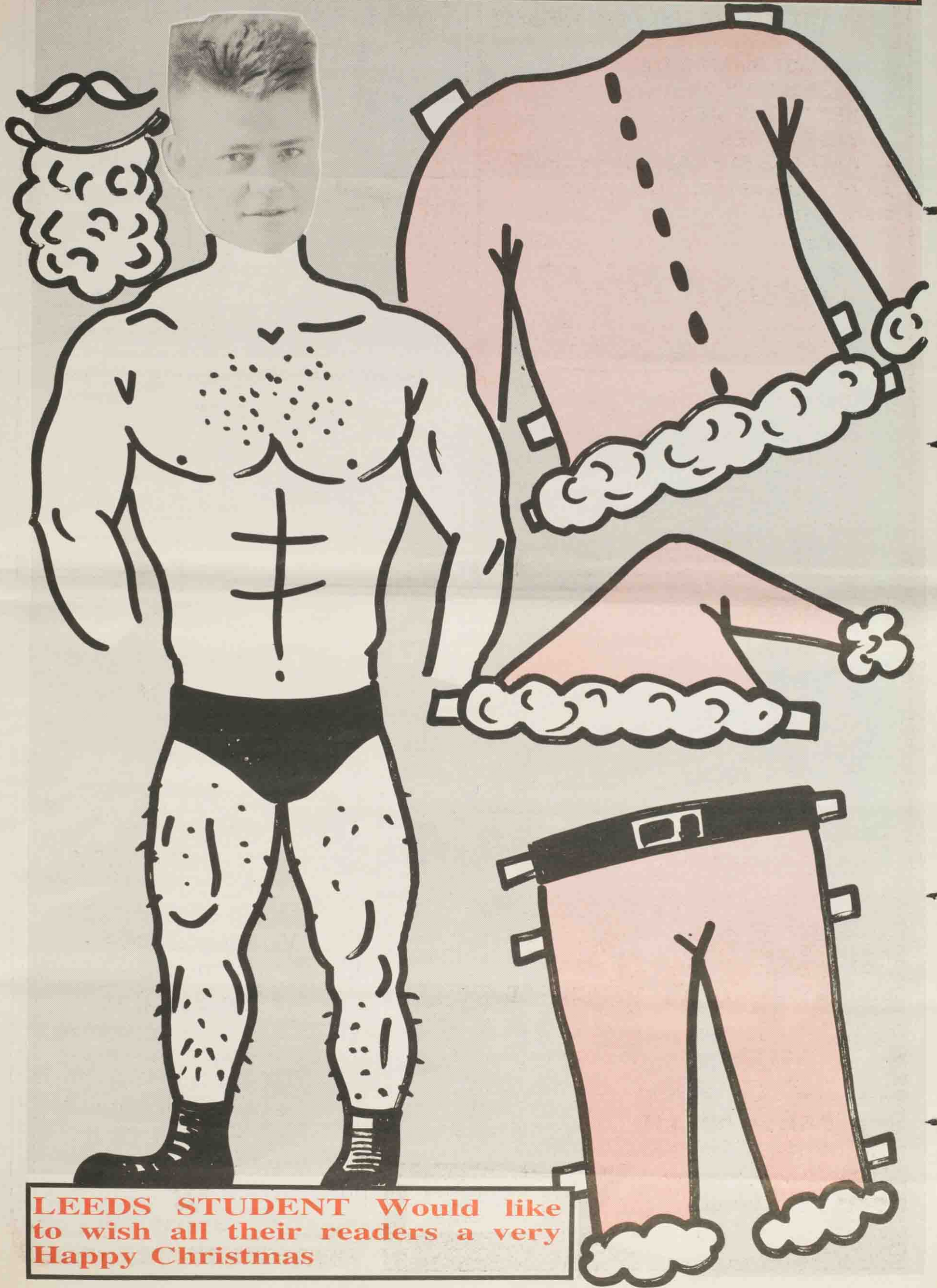
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LEEDS STUDENT Would like to wish all their readers a very **Happy Christmas**

SPORTS STUPID

If you are a lefthanded basketball player who also knows how to play the bass, why don't you write for **LEEDS STUDENT?**

R O B B E D

Leeds Uni 1st XI vs Loughboro' Uni 1st XI
Match Cancelled

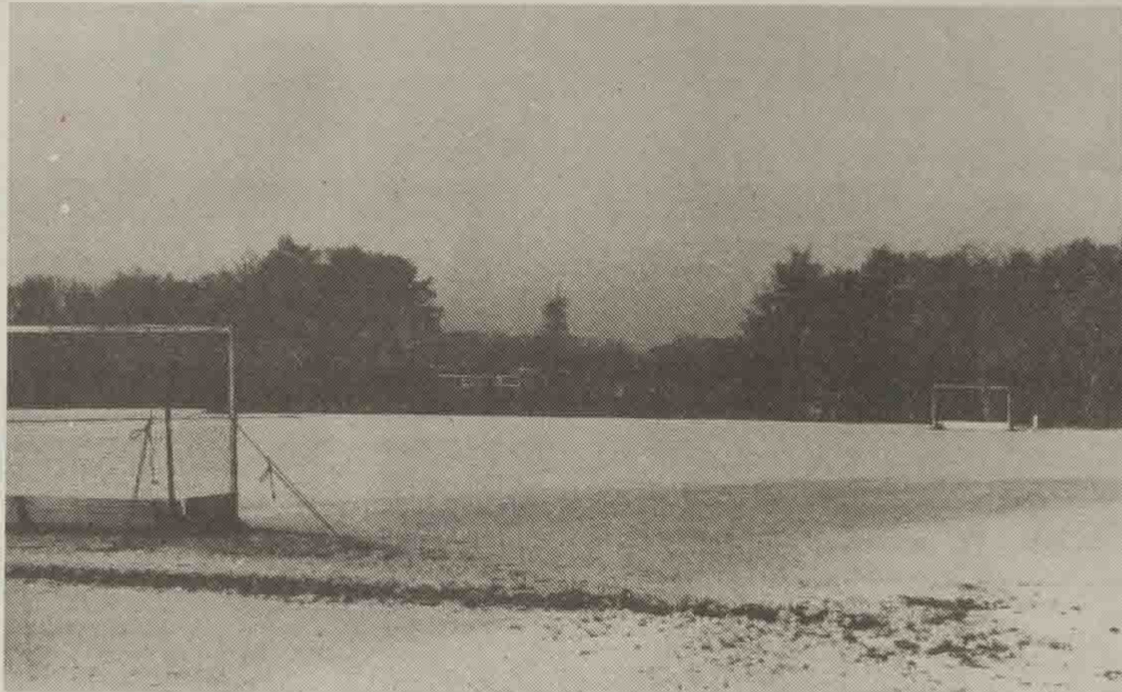
After success in the UAU 1st round, a despondent Leeds team were robbed of a chance to banish complacency by bobbling a few balls into the back of the net (surely some mistake - Sports Ed.).

Leeds Uni 2nd XI v Loughboro' Uni 2nd XI
Match Cancelled

Though, no doubt, any opposition would have proved inferior, Leeds were robbed of the opportunity of crushing them, and I was robbed of the opportunity of using any silly middle names in my report.

Leeds Uni 3rd XI vs Loughboro' Uni 3rd XI
Match Cancelled

At last a report from the 3rd XI (about time. See this space next term - Sports Ed.). Bad playing conditions once again robbed Leeds of victory, and in this



• The scene at Weetwood as Leeds are robbed

Photo: Selwyn

case also of a match. But given their recent form this will not sink the relentless march of their rising curve of success.

Leeds Uni 4th XI vs The rest of the world
Match Cancelled

Due to this disappointing cancellation the University 4th XI was robbed of a chance to boost morale still further by an unrelentless repeat of the Farsley massacre or the Bardsey blood-bath.

Leeds Uni 5th XI vs Anyone who wasn't playing all the other Uni Teams
Match Cancelled

Had there been going to be a 5th XI match they would have been robbed of the opportunity of playing their second match ever. As there wasn't they weren't.

See inside pages for reports on 6th XI, 7th XI, 8th XI and 23rd XI.

MIDFIELD MAGIC

This UAU Group 'B' decider in which Leeds took on a hitherto undefeated Cambridge side proved the high point of the Subbuteo team's season to date.

UNRELENTLESS

From the flick-off it was evident that the match was going to be hotly contested by both sides. But after only five minutes the early deadlock was smashed by tricky Neville 'fingers' Rolington-Smythe as he powered his unrelentless way

through the astonished Cambridge defence before Steven 'Jackboot' Jones cracked the counter into the back of the net with a blistering shot.

Leeds now settled into their rhythm, playing some flowing subbuteo. The defence looked solid as the attack took command and the mid-field worked its usual magic. After an incredible series of imaginative attacks down the left side, a deft chip from nimble Rolington-Smythe offered a controlled Kevin 'Keegan' Kir-

by an easy opportunity to slot home Leeds' second.

THINKING

A third goal, the result of a classic one-two from Jeff 'twinkle toes' Terrance and quick thinking Rolington-Smythe put Leeds in a commanding position at the break.

A slack start to the second half allowed Cambridge back into the match and the Leeds keeper would have had to face a barrage of shots but for steadfast tackling from an unrelentless Rolington-Smythe.

But, with time running out Leeds' spirit and determination proved too much for inferior opposition as they battled back with a series of counter attacks initiated by the rampant and resourceful N. Rolington-Smythe.

SEWING

When Kevin 'quick-foot' Kirby sent his second crashing home from all of 10cm the drive went out of the Cambridge team and with a final flourish Leeds swamped them with a deluge of goals. (Tucker (3), Jones (4), Roberts (2), Kirby (7), Terrance (8)) which left the opposition rooted to the spot, sewing up the match and leaving a jubilant Leeds team to run out eventual 28-0 winners and to earn them a home fixture in the knock out stages of this competition.

The score line does not do justice to the quality of the side, but did give a deserved boast to team morale.

Player of the match has to be: Neville Rolington-Smythe.

N. Rolington-Smythe

HARDGAME

In this match, which should never have been allowed to go ahead, the Student Scorpions, a combined Poly-Uni team took on the mighty Ilkley Eagles second team.

Scorpions lost the toss and were forced to field first. A snow-bound pitch made efforts to retrieve the white ball more than usually hard, especially from the outfield, and Leeds fought hard to keep the score for the innings to only 24 rounders.

WHITE

In bat the Leeds team were once again hampered by the snowy conditions as the ball, when pitched, did not show up against the white background. This and several blatant decisions by an Ilkley referee who, although she had obviously left her glasses at home and forgotten the rules of the game, did her best to fulfil both umpiring and coaching roles, that Leeds did well to score one and a half rounders.

Although several Leeds players left the pitch in disgust, team captain, Alison Butler, had no option but to continue for fear of disqualification from the WWRA northern group competition.

Forced to bat again the Scorpions were forced with the problem of a setting sun which shone directly into their eyes. Ignoring this Leeds never gave up, adding another couple of marvellous rounders to their total before they were all out, making the score 24-3½.

Not the best of results, but considering the conditions, Scorpions did well.

SHOCK



Last Thursday Lionel Rhodes a second year theology student at the university decided to abandon his course in order to take up one of the highly coveted places on the Israeli National Ballet's training scheme.

Lionel's interest in ballet was first awakened when, at the age of six, his mother took him to see a production of Swan Lake by the Bolshoi company. Since then Lionel has developed his natural talents through intensive training. In addition to a demanding course he has been putting in over thirty hours in practice sessions per week.

Talking of his decision to leave the university, Lionel said, "I had hoped to become a rabbi or a monk but you don't get an offer like this every day. I will be very sorry to leave all my friends in Leeds."

ANOTHER SHOCK

Following last Wednesday's 'riot' at Nottingham University, the Leeds University Tiddlewinks first five had been suspended from competition in the UAU league.

Team captain, John Smith, said "The lads had just had a few too many, tempers were high after a narrow defeat, this type of thing isn't usual in our sport."

LUU will be footing the bill for the £500 worth of damage caused to sports equipment at Nottingham.

RESULTS IN BRIEF

RUGBY
Uni 4th XV 86, Barbarians 0.

TIDDLEWINKS
Uni 1st V 33, Nottingham Uni 1st V 34.

SPORTS DIARY

VICAR AND TARTS TEAM
Poly Vicar and Tarts Team Karate party, Brunswick Terrace, 5th December, 7.30 p.m.

RUGBY LEAGUE
Leeds Uni 1st XIII vs Leeds Poly 5th XIII. Weetwood, 5th December, 2.30 p.m. - yet another hotly contested local derby.

RUGBY UNION
Uni 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th XV's vs each other 8.30 p.m. 5th December, The Eldon.

★ STUPID ★ STUPID ★ STUPID ★

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