

LEEDS

STUDENT

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1988



Leeds Student comics special starts page 9, punk!!

Pic: ADRENOCROME



● Your gonna get yours! LUUs Austen Garth and Germaine Varney amid the flour and water chaos that was Wednesday's Action Sedan Race. The frolics raised £140 in donations.

Hunt Sabs to be expelled after 'week of chaos?'

At least four Hunt Saboteurs could face expulsion from the University following a week of chaos in the Lake District during the Easter vacation.

Angry residents of Seathwaite, in the Duddon Valley, have accused the hunt sabs of wrecking two cars parked outside a local pub.

But the Sabs claim they were attacked by a mob of 15 regulars from the Newfield Arms.

A report, on several incidents, is at present being prepared by Deputy Registrar David Birchall for the attention of Sir Edward Parkes, the University Vice-Chancellor. It is expected to be completed next month, and could involve serious disciplinary charges being brought against the un-named individuals.

The investigation centres on the visit by the Hunt Sabs to the University Mountain Hut at Dale Head, in the Duddon Valley, between April 3 and April 10. During what Chris Bishop, spokesman for the Hunt Saboteurs Association, called "a most successful week", several Lake District hunts were prevented from going ahead.

But *Leeds Student* understands that the University is investigating claims that, during the week, several local residents were intimidated by the Hunt Sabs. Mountain Hut regulations are also believed to have been seriously flouted.

Over 60 people are believed

to have used the Hut during the week. It is supposed to hold no more than 30. These were almost certainly not all students.

But it is the incident at the Newfield Arms that could prove to be the most costly for the Saboteurs. Local residents are reported to be 'furious' at suggestions that they attacked three Hunt Sabs and have claimed the whole story to be a 'pack of lies'. They claim to have four witnesses to the incident on the evening of April 10 where two parked cars were rammed by a yellow transit van belonging to the Hunt Sabs.

Police have confirmed that they are investigating the incident.

A local National Trust warden was reported to have been nearly forced off the road by the van racing up the Valley from the pub. He followed it back to the hut at Dale Head.

The opinions of local residents on the Hunt Sabs have been undisguised. In a local newspaper report, one irate villager branded the Saboteurs as "the smelliest, most evil piece of rubbish imaginable."

Assistant Registrar Dr David Brooks confirmed this week that the University were taking a "very serious" view on the alleged incidents. The four students were interviewed on Tuesday and more could face questioning at a later date.

"We're ruling out nothing at this stage," he told *Leeds Student*. "In extreme it could mean students will be asked to leave the University."

A University spokesman, who did not wish to be named, admitted that following the incident, the University's name "is like mud" up in the Lake District.

And a University member of staff was forced to take the unheard of step of visiting all the farmers in the area in an attempt to calm them down.

"They have put our position in the Duddon Valley in severe jeopardy - we could lose our lease through these bunch of idiots."

As to the future of the Hunt Sab Society, LUU Exec member Tony Austen confirmed that no action would be taken until the findings of the report became known.

Members of the Hunt Sab Society could not be contacted for comment.

Neil Amos

Anger as LUU sports clubs declare UDI

In a shock unilateral declaration of independence, LUUs sports clubs decided at the last General Athletics Committee meeting to form the University of Leeds Athletic Union. LUU General Secretary Germaine Varney has condemned the move as "saddening, divisive, and pandering to the government in the campaign against student unions."

The result of the proposal would be sports clubs opting out of LUU and establishing a separate entity, possibly based in the sports centre, with its own financial and administrative control.

Report by
Martyn Ziegler

Iain Shaw, LUU Rugby Club Captain, whose brainchild it was, had been planning the move for some time. "It has been in my mind for the last three years," he explained, "I found out that Manchester has had an Athletics Union for the last 50 years, and based the constitution on theirs."

When questioned about his motives, Shaw admitted they were both personal and a desire to protect student sport: "I can't stand politics getting involved with sport," he told *Leeds Student*. "Political factions tend to distort the facts, and petty things in the past have annoyed me" - referring specifically to the incident when the rugby club was censured in the Union Council for defacing a poster with allegedly anti-semitic graffiti.

He said his over-riding concern was to protect clubs if Union income is cut by the government proposals of voluntary student union membership. He added that an independent athletics union would be more likely to attract sponsorship, and could protect all clubs, however small.

Emphasising that the clubs and the University was 100 per

cent behind the proposals, he concluded: "I realise the biggest stumbling block will be calls for a united front, but quite frankly sportsmen just want to get on and play sport and don't give a damn about student politicking."

Varney denied the University was on either side, and attacked the unwillingness of the organisers to discuss the proposals: "Nobody has consulted me. The sports budget has never been pinned down. The whole problem is a lack of communication, and the best way to campaign against the government is to work together."

"If it is all based around things such as the defacing of the notice, then it really is sad," she concluded.

Sports clubs were generally in favour of the idea, although at the hockey club's AGM, the majority voted against it. George Acquah, parachute club captain, echoed Shaw: "It is purely for financial reasons, we want to subsidise and have control over our clubs."

Nick Edwards, volleyball captain, was not so sure: "It seems as though they are trying to get it through quickly and worry about the details later. There were a few things in the constitution I didn't like."

The next stage is if the supporters of the athletics union collect 400 signatures and call a special constitutional general meeting towards the end of term. If the proposals are passed in that, then October 1989 will see a completely reformed Union.

ARTS
INSIDE

TARBY

page 7

SQUARE ONE
CONFESSIONS
OF AN
ELECTION
COUNTER

MUSIC
DIVINE
MADNESS

PLUS SPECIAL
**CONDOM
FILE**
OFFER

MELISSA ETHERIDGE

THE DEBUT ALBUM



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The Single

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NEWS

SASF Megablast

Last term's SASF benefit gig at LUU, in which over 100 bands took part in a 24 hour, four-venue event, raised almost exactly £4,500 for 'Education for Liberation'.

However, £700 worth of equipment was lost or damaged during the day, and there was panic among organisers early on when it seemed that these losses would prevent subsequent bands from

playing. But these and other problems were overcome, and the gig generally ran smoothly according to Exec.

Since then, the promoters (the Magnificent Seven, plus Tony Austen) have been able to replace most of the losses with secondhand equipment, leaving the final bill at £190.

Karen Thornton

Hey, Mr Pharmacist!

Financial Affairs Secretary, Tony Austin, has revealed plans by the Union to locate a chemists on University campus by the beginning of the coming academic year.

The proposal has been submitted to the University who are described as being 'very encouraging'.

Enquiries have already been made from several chemists who would operate the store, on a franchise basis, on a site to be situated next to the Union's opticians. The new store will dispense prescriptions as well as the usual cotton

wool buds and corn plasters.

Other new additions to the University Union for next year include the introduction of foreign language typewriters, which will be available in the print room for all those students wishing to type in Arabic and Hebrew.

There are also plans underway to introduce a new free journal, *The Pink* newspaper, aimed at the gay community, and which is to be distributed from the Union.

J. Underhill

Action man!

Nestling in Meanwood Park is a large hospital for people labelled 'mentally handicapped'. Its site, well away from the town, was no coincidence to the town planners of the day.

Now that 'care in the community' has for many and diverse reasons become accepted Government policy the hospital has thinned down to a third of its 1,000 people.

Yet adjusting to any valuable community living is not always straightforward to people who have lived up to 70 years in an institution.

The Gateway Club at Meanwood hospital helps people to make this adjustment by encouraging the residents of the hospital to speak up and choose for themselves and providing as many and varied options as possible from firework displays to five day activity holidays.

Other activities which are (sometimes) quieter include winemaking, needlework and different craft sessions. Overall the club provides the chance for people to be together in a friendly, though often hectic atmosphere.

The diversity of this club and the challenge for both volunteer and resident cannot be summed up in a few words. Come to the Action office for a chat about this project and up to 40 others.

Gateway Club - let your Tuesday or Thursday evening take on a new meaning.

The Action office is in the west wing of the University Union. Call in or leave a message, phone 439071 (outside LUU).

Rag time

Despite a very low-key rag this year - yes it did happen - Leeds Polytechnic have nevertheless managed to scrape together about £7,000 plus a few foreign coins, for charity, without any help from University students.

Throughout the year, Poly students managed to find time to get hypnotised, tie each other together and drink a lot, hitch to Paris, dress up as assorted fluffy animals and drink a lot whilst all the time clutching their sides in uncontrollable mirth at the incredibly funny jokes contained in the bright shiny yellow rag-mag (well... perhaps not).

Such jolly-ragtime japes were, however, conspicuously absent up the road at the University with LUU Executive loftily informing the Poly that 'no-one in the University is interested in that sort of thing'. On what grounds this statement was made, however, remains a closely guarded secret.

Next years committee has made a pledge to be both bigger and better, in a super soaraway kind of way, and is looking for help and ideas from all students in Leeds.

Anyone interested should contact: Jane Hanson, 18 Mayville Terrace or David Longdon, 4a Brudenell Grove or leave a message in the rag pigeon-hole at the Poly (upstairs in Exec).

It's a funny old world

Sunday school was never like this.

Inmates at Leeds' Armley jail have been putting in a rather large order for copies of the Gideon bible, the one book provided free to prisoners under home office regulations.

To brush up on the word of our Lord? No. Or maybe to give bible readings? Not exactly.

Inventive prisoners found that the paper the bible is printed on make very good cigarette papers and have been merrily skinning up with sacred leaves.

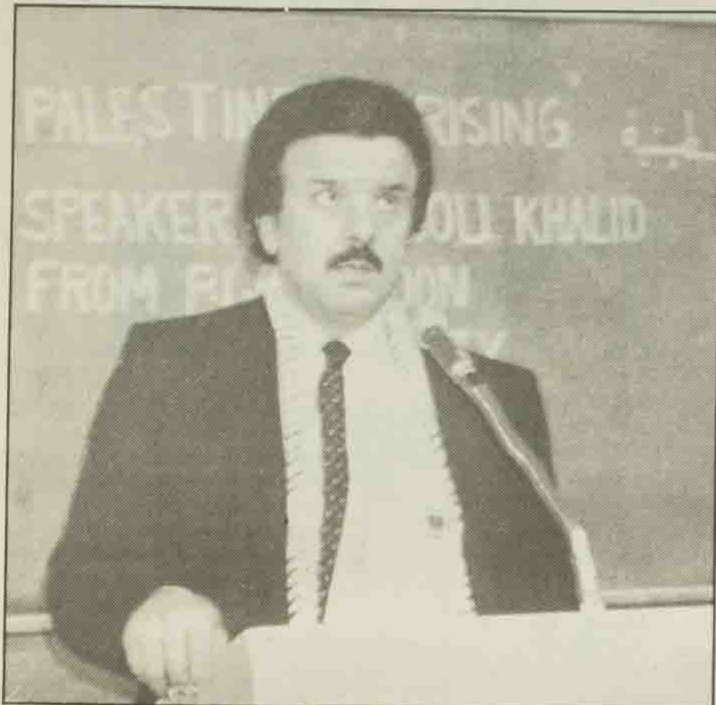
But the Gideons who supply the bibles are not at all dispirited by the activities.

"People have been known to be converted to Christ by reading the page in which they are actually rolling a cigarette," said a spokesman.

And of course the Pope is also Jewish. But then this is a funny old world...



We can have peace — PLO



A senior PLO figure used a speech at Leeds University on May 6 to re-emphasise a major shift made by the organisation towards a peaceful solution in Israel.

But Jewish students who attended the meeting have sounded a note of caution.

Mr Abu Khalid, Deputy PLO representative for the UK who was speaking, amidst tight security, on the recent uprisings at the invitation of LUU Arab Society told a large audience of several hundred that the PLO were prepared to accept the previously unacceptable two-state solution if it meant peace.

"We have lived with the Jews before," he announced, "with them we can do so much, but without them we will have so much trouble."

Anxious to attract support from progressive Israelis he paid tribute to the Jews who have expressed concern over the recent disturbances in the West Bank and Gaza Strip; disturbances that, Khalid claimed, have seen Israel paying the price for their brutality with "the eyes of the world focussed on the suffering of our people."

He also angrily rejected demands made by several hard-line members of the audience for more violent and direct action against Israel.

"Now is not the time to revive the struggle with the rifle outside the occupied territories," he stated, "I am happy with the support we have gained from the world and I am not going to risk that."

Nevertheless, Mr Khalid stressed that the PLO's desire

for peace was a conditional one, with the struggle continuing until calls were met for an International Peace Conference that gave full recognition to the PLO. Anything less, he argued, would be a "sham", packed with "stooges and collaborators hand-picked by Israel."

However, claims were made this week that Khalid's words need to be treated with caution.

Jewish students who attended the meeting, although pleased by the conciliatory approaches made by Mr Khalid, are nevertheless unwilling to commit themselves on either its validity or significance. There is particular concern that these peaceful overtures do not represent the major strand of thought within the faction-rife PLO.

As Jeremy Coleman, J-Soc Political Officer explained to *Leeds Student*: "You always wonder the validity of what the PLO says on campus — it could be, and often has been, entirely different elsewhere."

"Abu Khalid implied a lot but offered us nothing," he continued, "You can't enter the tunnel unless you know that there isn't a train coming out."

Neil Amos

Report by
Neil Amos

EVER wanted to be a terrorist? Or to commit the perfect murder? Or to run an amphetamine laboratory? If so, the Loompanics catalogue could be for you. It brings together some of the strangest books produced by the American kook-scene publishing world, there's no discrimination between political standpoints; everything from rabid survivalism ('Vigilante Handbook', 'Emergency War Surgery') through guerilla capi-

talism ('Gunrunning for Fun and Profit' or 'Frauds, rip-offs and con games') to the extremes of Nihilism is included. Not to mention stolen CIA files on improvised weapons and large sections dealing with the stranger aspects of 'reality'. If it's illegal a guide to it is included — if only for informational purposes! If you want to see a copy, contact me c/o the *Stude*.

VEE

Council to close creche

The only crèche in any Leeds further education college is facing closure.

Leeds City Council Education Committee have cut the FE budget in Leeds and Park Lane College is now suffering from a 44 per cent cut in financial resources for all part-time courses.

Target areas for cuts, apart from the crèche include courses for the disabled, the retired and returning students.

The crèche is already underfunded and its existence was only made possible by the college economising in other areas over the last two years. It had previously accommodated 15 children but lack of funds diminished the number to ten.

The senior Vice-Principal, Mr Kurt Berlat stressed the importance of the crèche as its

provision is the only way for some students to pursue their courses.

"We put a lot of importance on having it, for what it can do," he said. As for the overall 44 per cent cut in finances for part-time students he said, "The effect right across the programme is pretty disastrous."

The president of Park Lane Student Union 'Frodo' claims that councillors have implied that if they can afford a crèche,

they can afford to lose it.

A campaign is being organised at an emergency meeting of the unions in the college which include NUS, NALGO and NATFE (National Association of Teachers in further Education).

Leeds City Council was criticised for acting against their own policy to promote equal opportunities. It was also felt that a Labour Council should not be seen to be pre-empting the effects of the Tories Great Education Reform Bill by complementing cuts.

A petition opposing the cuts is currently being circulated by the Students' Union.

Maryam Iqbal



Everyone's a winner... or at least two of them are. University management studies student Dimitrios Kontopoulos (second from left) and Polytechnic accounting and finance student, Rod

Epstein, exhibit their overlarge prizes in the Access car owner's prize draw with the help of various bank staff.

Gerbill — debate heats up

Last week's education debate at Rastrick School saw a heated debate on Gerbill, the Government's Education Reform Bill.

The programme, broadcast on BBC Radio Yorkshire, had an open question format, whereby the four panellists (Keith Hampson MP, Paddy Ashdown MP, Derek Fatchett, MP and Peter Boulter) were stringently interrogated.

Many questions were discussed including that of schools being able to opt out of local authority control. Paddy Ashdown expressed an anxiety that schools which opt out will become 'island schools'. Derek Fatchett, a former Leeds Uni-

versity lecturer, was worried that "youngsters with learning problems will not pass the special tests that opt out schools will introduce as an entry requirement."

Mr Fatchett, the Labour representative, saw that the Bill was dangerous for teachers at all levels, particularly higher education teachers. Mr Fatchett also said that by undermining the power of local authorities a possibility of localised college by college bargaining over the appointment of

teachers became a real fear.

The morale of all teachers was also considered to be on an all time low. Paddy Ashdown thought that "the wonderful subversive attitude of teachers" would combat many aspects of the Bill. However, Mr Fatchett expressed his feelings about the effect on higher education when he declared it "The essential investment this country can make. We are not making it."

Mr Keith Hampson, apart from not being able to find his seat, agreed that certain aspects of the Bill needed modifying.

Tom Whitwell

Heath calls for EEC unity

In the annual Bodington Lecture held at Bodington Hall on May 9, Edward Heath gave an interesting insight into the foundation and workings of the EEC.

Mr Heath especially stressed the need for Britons to consider themselves Europeans — the traditionally insular approach of the British people must be left behind. "The community must be based wholeheartedly on compromise."

It was ironic then that Mr Heath seemed to provoke a certain amount of antagonism with

an apparently nationalistic attitude at times.

Another slight drawback was the apparent direction of the speech towards the front row of local and university important who could be relied upon to fulfil the role of unacrimonious audience. Concluding questions however enabled more contentious issues to be raised than

had been brought up in the lecture.

The questions concerned issues on a more international level such as the EEC's participation in third world problems, the community's relationship with Turkey as well as its role as a purely self-motivated, self-promoting organisation.

Gay Flashman

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SQUARE ONE

COUNT

FOR THE

COUNT

There is only one thing truly certain in any election – that at the end of the day some poor soul has to count all the votes. Pete Chapman joined the eager hordes down at the Civic Hall for the local government elections and took a few lessons in personality politics.

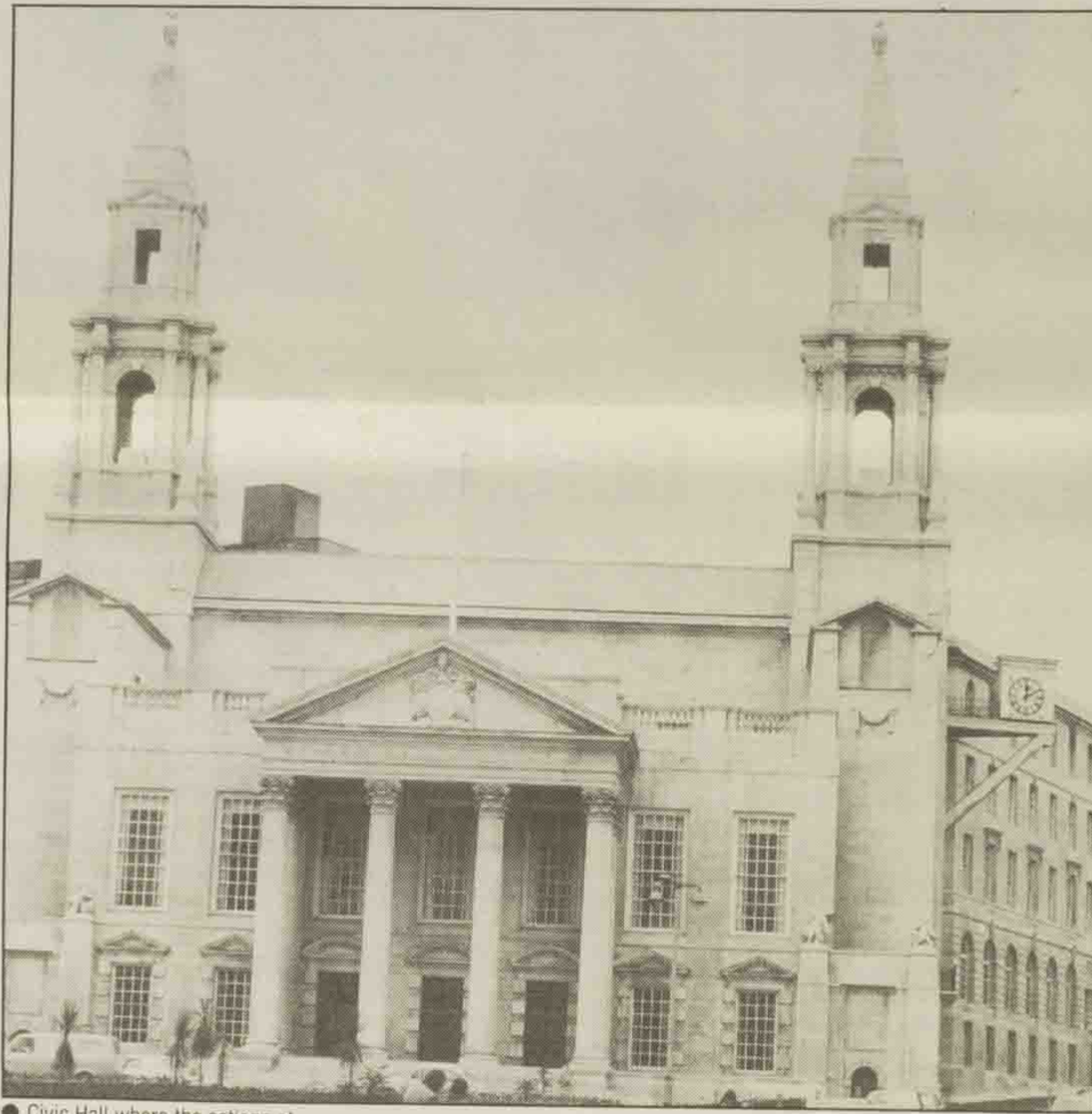


"Excuse me." "Yes?" "Could you please stop counting out loud. None of us can think with you shouting." Ever felt small? Ten people, five either side of two tables, their fingers dry from unfolding voting papers and gathering them into piles of 50 and I'm the only one unable to do simple addition in my head. Ten counters, 40 people of three political persuasions and four officials looked at me and my big mouth and I was dying to be elsewhere, preferably nowhere.

How do you get involved in the tedious task of sorting out the electoral decision of the inhabitants of the Burmantoft's Ward in the 1988 local election? A nice bunch of underpaid clerical workers with whom you're temporarily working say "sign up for it, it's a laugh" and the clincher "they pay you £12." So, in a cold February you sign away one warm May night.

The arrival of another box of votes breaks my embarrassment and we're back down to laying out 50,50 etc piles of votes with political agents breathing down our necks, leaning against our backs, pushing us forward into the table in their eagerness to see how their candidate is faring. You try everything. Charles Lawson was not more twisted as Quasimodo than you are, armpits shadowing the ballot papers, in a vain attempt to hide the electorate's desires from the barging political agents, candidates, family and their cronies. It's a clear case of us against them, but despite of (and as a result of) the counters efforts the political creatures are bound to win; they always find out the result in the end.

This differentiation between 'them' (the politicians) and 'us' (the counters) is easy to make – the political animals wear their allegiance on their sleeve and by that I don't mean a rosette. In the Conservative men's case you could tell by their haircuts, clean cut, meticulously brushed into place, regimented the quintessence of 'normalcy'. Their contingent were all men with the solitary exception of the candidate's wife who did nothing, said nothing, and wore pearls. She made vocal her allegiance through silence. But how do you spot the SDLP, that ground breaking band of



● Civic Hall where the actions at

individualists? Paunches ill contained in slack-jawed jeans topped with scrappy hair accompanied by the kids. I intend no political bias (liar) but people seemed rooted in the stereotypes associated with their political creed. Except for Labour. But then I have no experience of the municipal Labour Party, only its University brethren and glimpses of it on T.V. I expected shabbiness, 70's suits, something palpably down-at-heel and out of touch with 'reality'. They dressed to kill, both men and women, sharp but smart. The only people with more pizzazz in the room were the counters. For us it had the flavour of a works outing, dress in your best, a drink or two in the pub beforehand, enjoying the company of people you see five days a week, 50 weeks a year, in unaccustomed surrounds.

What were we doing there? How come Leeds Eastern Health Districts clerical officers and some OAP's were given the important task of determining the decisions of the Leeds voters? Counting votes may not be the power trip of being prime minister but it's a very necessary cog in our democratic machinery. We'd applied to be counters not in reply to any advertisement but because by tradition the office applied every election year. I would never have known it otherwise. There were no notices in the Job Centre for the post, 'Nunerate person required for one night's work. Pay: Flat Rate of £12 or £9 dependant on tax status. No anarchists need apply'.

It could hardly be that we were all gripped with democratic fervour. A straw poll of the counters for the Burmantoft Ward revealed that 80 per cent had not voted, me

included. **WE WERE IN IT FOR THE MONEY!**

Despite our political apathy we were inordinately interested in each individual voting paper as we unravelled the often ludicrously tightly folded slips. Any deviation from one candidate clearly marked was to be reported to the returning officer. A lull in the counting and I picked up a voting slip and commented "I see George Smith has voted." Below a clear cross was written the gentleman's name and address. With outraged solemnity I reported George to the returning officer for spoiling his ballot paper (George don't worry – they accepted your vote after consultation between the officials and the political agents).

In the final stage of the count where we counted the votes for each candidate the competition between the piles of Mackie (SLD) and Lister

(Lab) was intense: each rising in spurts of ballot papers to temporarily overtake the other. Mackie won and in his speech thanked everyone who helped in his victory and then thanked us – the counters we were all quietly pleased at his recognition of our work. The next door count for the Armley Ward was not as simple. In the only seat to change hands in the Leeds Council local elections it took three recounts to establish J. McKenna (Lab) as councillor. His 'victory' speech was in marked contrast to Mackie. Fumbling, incoherent and arrogant, he belittled his opponents, especially the SLD, with mediocre praise and failed to thank anyone except his long suffering wife (without whom etc etc). In works of quiet passion the defeated SLD candidate, M. Riasat, spoke of the Liberal's defeat and the lack of Asian representation both on the council and in the three main political parties. Of all the people I saw that night only two could be described as belonging to 'an ethnic minority' and one of them was Mr Riasat.

The evening of the local elections was enjoyable, with good company and a good laugh. But it was more than that. People who, prior to that event, would not have concerned themselves with politics, let alone expressed an opinion, were interested in the candidates, their personalities and their policies. Each candidate was listened to and commented on. Here were politicians, albeit local, making themselves open to scrutiny in their moment of triumph or defeat. Their arrogance was very noticeable. As far as one can judge from their speeches the world only consisted of political parties. They largely ignored their electorate, the counters. We didn't exist. They shoved us aside to see the voting slips and at the end crowded at each other like cocks in the farmyard. We respected those who acknowledged our existence. Common courtesy was appreciated. Perhaps now that we are aware of our interest in politics we, the counters, will now translate that interest into action. And perhaps we will vote for those people who appreciate our interests, not for those who act as if politics and people are two separate fields.

Letters



- Keep your letters concise.
- Signed letters only please, though we can withhold your name if you wish.
- Send em to:
Leeds Student Letters
LUU, PO Box 157
Leeds LS1 1UH

BLOWING IN THE WIND

Dear Editor,

I can't say I'm Green, but as an ecology student I'm environmentally minded. So I'm writing to ask if *Leeds Student* is biodegradable.

Last Friday when we finally got some decent weather and your paper hit the streets it didn't take long before copies could be seen blowing in the wind all over campus' greener bits. Along with all the crap students always seem incapable of putting in bins (see if I was Green I would have said recycling).

Why can't students dispose of rubbish safely. It's not exam nerves. We get litter every time their's enough sun to entice people out of the smokey dark old bar. So it's just bad attitudes and a lack of consideration. The silly sods.

Yours sincerely,

James Murray
2nd Year Ecology student

Dear Editor,

I think it's disgraceful. On Friday as it was a beautiful

day the lawn opposite the Union entrance was littered with sun-basking people. After everyone had left the lawn was covered in paper cups, plates and discarded *Leeds Student's* which had been left to lie happily in the sun.

Firstly it's a waste of paper and someone has to clear it up and it is therefore a waste of their time.

So this woman said, "Is this a garbage dump?" Of course not but it looked like one.

Yours,
Steven Rees

BITS

Dear Sir,

Following on from the recent debate over the Gibraltar killings, I wish to complain about yet another instance of media distortion and overt misrepresentation. I refer to the posters advertising the drinks promotion in the Tartan Bar on Tuesday, May 3, describing 'another cheap night out with LUU Events'. Imagine my dismay when after attending the aforementioned function I awoke on Wednesday morning to find that I had spent £9.78. Such gross exaggeration of the conspiratorial capitalist manipulation symptomatic of our age.

Yours faithfully,

G. Glass
PS I hate the Pigs

Dear Editor,

After my previous letter where upon I was pondering about petrol and beer. I have since thought of this. Why doesn't Tetley's taste like petrol? Answers on a postcard please.

Yours sincerely,

Ralph Brainiac

Dear Editor,

I would like to comment on the article by Nicky Dymond, as I was shocked by this lady's attitude towards men. Her article gave the impression that she had some deep rooted hate (or fear) of all men, and that they should be treated like dogs.

The article was very negative towards women and I'm glad most women do not have the same attitude.

The article was completely sexist and I suggest she sorts out her own problems before telling others her views.

Yours faithfully,

P. Parkins
PS Lets see you print this then.

THE FIFTH COLUMN

To hear that LUU General Secretary Germaine Varney is 'saddened' by the news that the sports clubs have decided to go independent from the Union in the light of possible government legislation which would make membership of students' Unions voluntary would be funny if it weren't so tragic.

For the emotion of sadness is a passive, vaguely floppy one which just about indicates the approach of the LUU Exec as the academic year nears its close.

They shouldn't be saddened by they should be angry, bloody seething, or to put it another way... they should get up and do something. Because for once the sports clubs who are usually the most apathetic when it comes to student politics, have got up and done something and have in their own way been stunningly political.

If the Union does not mount a campaign to protect the building and its membership now, the whole structure will fragment before its very eyes and they will be left with nothing but a desk full of paper and an office chair... in short, a title but no power behind it.

It is obviously difficult to be motivated when one's term of office is coming to a close, but these people weren't elected to be activists just for the first two terms, but for the whole 12 months. This is what they stood for and this is what they should do.

Off with their goolies

Dear Editor,

Much as we agree with the heartfelt sentiments of Alan Eager's letter (LS 6/5/88) we really feel that he does not go far enough. In fact, after much detailed consideration we have come to the conclusion that not only should Messrs Preston and Garth both be instantly stripped of their offices (Returning Officer and Deputy Returning Officer respectively) but that they should also be castrated,

hung, drawn and quartered and then have their heads removed and attached to the front of the Union building as a warning to all Union officials who might decide to, be fallible during their term of office. After all, they're only human.

Yours sincerely,

Rob Preston Austen Garth

PS If Alan Eager is really as his surname suggests then perhaps he'd consider standing for Elections committee.

Disgusting habits

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the Catholic community at Leeds University and Polytechnic, I must express my strongest feelings of disgust at the publication of the picture on the back page of today's *Leeds Student* showing a man dressed as a nun.

The picture and its accom-

panying caption are in the worst possible taste, guaranteed to be both offensive and provocative to Catholics. We suffer enough prejudice and insults in the student community without your adding to it in this way.

Yours faithfully,

Simon Platt
President LUU Catholic Society

Self-determination

Dear Editor,

I'd like to comment on today's (May 6) Arab Society meeting where the UK PLO representative Mr Abu Khalid spoke. For the record I'd like to state that I recognise the right to Palestinian self-determination as the only way forward to peace in the Middle East.

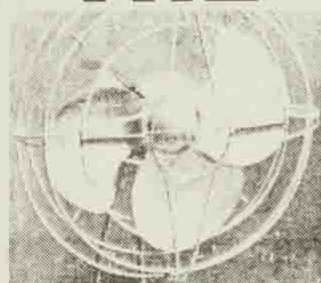
As advocated by Mr Abu Khalid I agree with the 'two state' solution. However, he did not remain true to the PLO policy as stated in the Palestinian National Charter - the equivalent of their constitution - 'Judaism is not an independent nationality' (article 20). 'The armed Palestinian revolution reject all solutions which are substitutes for the total liberation of Palestine' (article 21).

If Mr Abu Khalid was representing a change in PLO policy, this would clearly be a step in the right direction. It is dubious whether this is so, because they directly contradict each other.

Let's hope the views he expressed will be an important influence on PLO policy. That way we'll all be better off.

Name Withheld

THE



FAN

Phew. What a Scorcher...

The Fan could hardly bring itself to delve into the sewer of human misery this week, what with the sun shining, the birds tweeting and the little floppy eared bunny rabbits mischievously scampering up golden hills, and down green fells during that bout of summer we had last Monday.

But thankfully by Tuesday the sun had gone in, and a mysterious epidemic of myxomatosis had laid those sickening little creatures to waste. Once more the time had come for the **Fanthing** to slurp its way out of its own little burrow, and up the nostrils of the nearest unsuspecting piece of student scum.

But wait... there is an imposter on the loose. A fowl creature that seeks the mantle of the slimy one. Look out says that journal of all things satanic, the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, the campus mole is coming.

Question. If it's a bloody mole, how can you see it coming? But what can one expect from a paper that was for a while published by the very same company that had its greasy hands on *The Sunday Spurt*, a 'newspaper' that made the *Sun* look like *Marxism Today*.

And to add insult to injury, the imaginative picture at the top of the column isn't even of a mole. It's a badger. But hallelujah, this pesky little rodent is wearing a mortar board. Thus can one distinguish it from all the other dross.

But the 'news' the campus mole comes up with makes this dirge look positively Erudite in comparison, with its filthy lies, slander and half truths. We say... stick with your friendly Fan. At least when the s*** starts to fly it always sticks.

This week however with a careful alimentary canal reversal operation the crap runs in both directions. Enter LUU

Administration supremo Austen Garth, foaming at the mouth about the tissue of lies that the YEPs newest black furry acquisition, has thrust into print.

"It's a disgrace, distasteful. I personally find it insulting" bumbles the Unions most joyless human being. "Why can't anybody get their facts right."

Where, prey, did the mole thingy gets its details? Why from Executive meeting minutes, distributed far and wide, to all and sundry. But Garth is quick to retort armed with his 'I'm excited' face (ever seen the visage of a corpse?) and puts the blame fair and square on some incompetent.

"It was probably Murray," he says.

But no. There in black and white for all to see is the name of Garth for tis he that is responsible for this piece of shoddy minute taking. But then what can one expect from someone who is certifiably dead from the forehead down?

"I don't know how it happened," he whimpered, "someone must have made a mistake."

Darn right, and we know who.

The Fan says... string him up by his dangly toilet parts until he becomes amusing.

But less of this Union hackdom, and on to some real politics, with the **Action** Sedan chair race.

And what a lot of spills there were, as the merry band of ridiculously attired students ran their way around the makeshift course bombarding each other with every kind of sticky fluid known to man, and a few more besides.

Yet it was here on this battlefield that the revolution almost began, that historical inevitability won the day and the workers of the world rose up, united and stormed the University Union porters office in a show of...er... solidarity.

Almost, but not quite.

One Socialist Worker who had decided that this sort of charity event was merely diversionary, and stopped the real battle against the enemy Thatcher... and was standing around trying to catch all the flying food to turn into biscuits for the starving P & O strikers, when **Horror...** a bucket of mucky water was delicately poured all over his brand new pile of *The Socialist Worker*, the only newspaper in print in Britain that doesn't have one

joke in it.

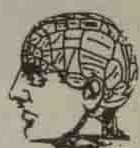
He stood, his papers quickly becoming a mess of pulped paper, and looked for solidarity from his fellows as he shaped up for a piece of direct action against the enemy. But alas no support came, and the damp old vanguard of the proletariat was left to walk back to the Union, his principles, and his papers in tatters.

We say.... string up the Socialist Workers with Austen Garth so that we can walk into our Union buildings without having to look at their appalling dress sense.

And now a word of warning, for in these days of fearsome moles and what not one must be on one's guard. Those of you thinking that the summer might be just the right time to buy a pet, think twice before taking Emma Warren-Tape (is that name for real) up on her offer of two free Russian gerbills as exhibit on the LUU exchange and mart board.

Ems says she can be contacted in the psychology department, which can mean only one thing... that these gerbills will be addicted to methadone, and will only be happy if they are put in a 50ft maze with electrodes tied to their tiny genitals.

ARTS



RAKING IN THE FILTHY LUCRE

BELLMAN AND TRUE

Cannon

The British have a grand tradition for nail-biting thrillers. Few can look a mini in the face without feeling a tear come to the eye after the 60s film 'The Italian Job'.

And who can look at Bob Hoskins without seeing the bullet-headed sneer of the gang leader in 'The Long Good Friday'?

Thus this joint effort by Euston Films who brought you Bodie and Doyle in the Professionals, and Hand Made Films who have it seems been leading the field in British films for the past few years, wanders into a genre which demands much.

Generally Bellman and True matches up to this challenge admirably with a twisting turning plot full of the grit of gangland warfare that one would expect as well as a willingness to go beyond the menace to the psychological drive of organised crime.

The relationship between a ten-year-old boy played remarkably by Kieran O'Brien, and his stepfather, a haggard an' drawn Bernard Hill is as fundamental as the intricacies of the computers used to carry

out the set piece 'crime' which occupies most of the last reel.

But in attempting to get beneath the skin of these two characters the film does at times lose touch with its material and could have done with having a good half hour lopped off it.

Nevertheless, the enormous robbery, which bore a remarkable similarity to the Brinks Mat gold bullion heist which bagged a cool £26m, is probably one of the best crime sequences ever realised on screen. It is true edge of seat stuff, put together with a great deal of wit.

Jay Rayner

WALL STREET

Odeon

It has, according to the press releases, always been Director Oliver Stone's desire to make a film on the street where his father worked all his life.

But why in the end he bothered is unclear. From the man who claimed to be making an anti-war film and then turned out a run-of-the-mill blood and guts affair called Platoon comes Wall Street, a movie which exhibits Stone's

ability to tackle questions of morality with all the subtlety of a flying brick, of the kind used to build the pharaoh's pyramids.

If the 1980s is to be remembered for anything it will be the canonisation of greed, and the importance of status. But if Oliver Stone was attempting to paint a grim picture of this world he went about it in a very odd way, paying immense attention to the detail of the hi-tech, hi-gloss offices with their priceless works of art without appearing to give a damn for character.

If anything we are left with the impression that these money people are not really evil - just very dull with all the aesthetic sense of a cabbage. Give me a train-spotter in a zip-up cardy on Doncaster station any day.

Michael Douglas as the morally bankrupt Gordon Gekko - that's Gekko as in lizard as in climbs up walls (gedditt?) - sits around looking smug, like a naughty boy whose stolen some sweets and got away with it, does not produce an award winning performance. But then he didn't win an 'award' - he won an Oscar.



Charlie Sheen as the young impressionable broker similarly gives a performance akin to a piece of flock wallpaper - ornate but totally unnecessary, and Daryl Hannah as the designer concubine (she must have Bruce Oldfield tattooed on her butt) completes the dreary threesome, with her spectacular lines in appalling interior design.

It might have been an interesting film if one had been able to understand the nuts and bolts of the financial wheeler dealing that punctuate the scenes of designer living, but it

is thrown at you at such a breakneck speed that it is almost impossible to know what is going on, except that someone is screwing someone else.

The goodies in this film of evil against very evil are the workers at the local airport, whose characterisation is so weak that they are left looking like little more than the friendly forest animals from 'The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe'.

In short Oliver Stone made Wall Street like other people smash plates.

Jay Rayner

ITALIAN RIBBING S L O B

Ashley Allen adjusts his corsets in readiness for a summer of laughter at the Bradford Playhouse and Film Theatre where they are screening an Italian comedy season.

COMEDY ITALIAN STYLE

Bradford Film Theatre

If the object of literature is to teach and delight then comedy would appear the ideal medium, drawing an audience into a subject through entertainment before addressing it. Similarly, in cinema, comedy draws on an almost synonymous idea of popularity; often being a more accurate gauge of current attitudes and preoccupations than more 'serious' genres. This precept is at the heart of Italian comic cinema of the 50s, 60s and 70s. From the farce of the earliest films to the more satirical work of the 70s, the comedy is entertaining in itself whilst reflecting a post-war Italy in stages from depression, through boom to disillusionment.

In 'Cops and Robbers' last week the anarchic energy of two great comic actors, Toto and Fibrizi, provided a vehicle for both a psychological study of justice and mercy, and a stab at the Italian Establishment. Toto is Esposito, a small time thief conning tourists out of money. Fibrizi is the overweight policeman Buttoni, that chases him. An hilarious Benny Hill chase turns into their two families becoming friends; that of the thief relying on handouts from the policeman's. The comedy ranges from the irony of the two men meeting without their families knowing the situation to pure slapstick as they avoid each other in a barber's shop. At the heart of the ironic state-



ments on society is the poverty of Esposito's wife and family. When arresting the thief, Buttoni feels guilty, in a scene of superb mocking melodrama. The final irony of the film is the thief leading the policeman to justice as the latter apologises for doing his duty. The poignancy of the humour approaches the black comedy of later films. Toto himself embodies an Arthur Daly type; of semi-sincere gentility and sly anti-authoritarianism, but there is pathos in his plight as he steals to feed yet has nothing to show for it. Poverty can be funny but it is also the harsh reality of a country for many of whose people it was the norm. The neo-realism, upon which much of this period of Italian cinema draws did not stretch much further than the central characters and their situations, and the dialogue was more comical than real but it is a weaker version of the witty satire of MASH, with its own establishment as target.

This retrospective, with many films getting their first British airing also features fledgling performances from Sophia Loren amongst others and continues into July. Culturally it is interesting to see how Italy laughed at its problems of Church/State authority, sexual hypocrisy and the effects of Fascism, as well as such national myths as machismo.

For details see the BFT/NMP 'Cinema '88' leaflet.

Ashley Allen

BARFLY/HAIL! HAIL! ROCK 'N' ROLL

(BFT, Bradford)

Downtown Los Angeles is the home of the dishevelled writer Henry Chinaski (Mickey Rourke), who enjoys his life on a daily basis in a stupor at the 'Golden Horn' bar. Essentially 'Barfly' is the tale of his adventures as he lurches from squalid apartment to crazed fist-fight with his arch enemy Eddie. Chinaski is based upon true life American writer Charles Bukowski, who is, so I'm told, "a major American literary figure." The evergreen Faye Dunaway in her supporting role is a desperate alcoholic equally as disgusted with conventional life as Chinaski, and between them an amusing relationship is forged.

If bloodied, frenzied activity in alleyways is your special delight then you will find the scrapping scenes particularly mouthwatering. I must say a peculiar satisfaction is felt during them. From this you would imagine that there is little of profound interest in the film

and you would probably be right. However it is rescued to some extent by super-slob Rourke in the character of super-slob HenryWhen all is said and done this has to be a comedy. Some have raved about its deeper qualities, but frankly the world of Henry Chinaski forms a humorous yarn, however noiresque.

By way of contrast Taylor Hackford's 'Hail! Hail! Rock 'N' Roll' is a great deal more satisfying. It is a documentary portrait of seminal rock star Chuck Berry, which centres around a live performance with other living legends. The rehearsals for the concert, taking place at Berry's home in Missouri, provide a revealing insight into the star, showing him to be no squeaky-clean teen idol but a pushy and dominant figure. Comment on Berry's past and present by fellow rock 'n' roll heroes serve to illustrate this perfectly: awe from Springsteen, wariness from Jerry Lee Lewis and gales of shrieked respect from Little Richard.

Edward Venner

DROP THE BOMB

The Phoenix Dance Company's performance at the Civic Theatre got off to an unusual start. The stage looked like a bomb site and the dancers entered, chatting rowdily from the back. This striking beginning was followed by an intelligent transition into the dance, which set the tone for the evening.

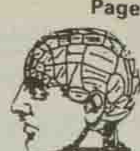
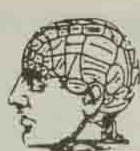
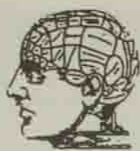
The company of eight Leeds-born dancers presented a varied programme.

The dancers individual characterisation was excellent, managing to convey a sense of deep frustration and waste. The only possible complaint was a slight lack of synchronisation in some

sections.

The final dance made a wonderful climax, encompassing many moods from a sensitive longing for the homeland to a rub and dub reggae culture. It included a superb parody of the bee-bop 70s. The spectacle of the dancers writhing around the stage to the strains of James Brown's 'Sex Machine', in fantastically LARGE flairs, was easily the highlight of the evening, and had the audience in hysterics. The whole evening crackled with high voltage energy and an element of cheeky showmanship.

Jacqueline Avery



● Terence Trent Tarby

TARBY!

which you've heard before and half of which aren't funny. Not that that's a necessary requirement for success, just look at Benny Hill, sitting pretty amongst the richest 200 in the country.

The game show has forced itself into the nations hearts rather by its assured omnipresence than any entertainment value. I mean you can't turn the TV off whilst waiting to go to the pub on a Saturday night, can you? So we've got to WATCH them!

The actual show in question is Tarby's Frame Game but it could be any one of a dozen, the faces change, the formula slightly and the tacky sets not at all.

The tickets are free though so it's not really our place to complain, just sit tight and clap and laugh (loudly) when instructed.

It has been proved to be the easiest way to make a fast buck in television by the vast number

of stars who jump at the chance to be relieved from the difficulties of thinking up their own routines.

Tarby, Bob and Bruce must all have been funny once to get where they are today, so what other reason can there be for surrendering any scrap of humour they might once have possessed for a weekly half hour of inanity?

There are some bright moments in the game show jungle though, such as the gripping climax to Bobs Full House, the ability of which to strip nails to the quick week after week isn't diminished by the knowledge that it's all FIXED and every single couple since time immemorial has won the holiday.

Also on The Price is Right, as yet another Broadmoor escapee comes steaming down the steps with their arms flailing as if in the throes of a napalm-induced fit, whilst the nation watches with bated breath will-

ing them to trip and fall and make a REAL dickhead of themselves.

Back in the Frame Game things are starting to get tedious, they film two shows a night and by the time the second one starts the novelty has worn off, the hands start to hurt from all the enforced applause and Tarby has already done the obligatory joke that starts "Back where I come from... be in no doubt, if he had an accent that wasn't as tele-acceptable he'd be down for elocution lessons before you could say "Fame, fame, fatal fame."

As soon as the filming is finished Tarby makes a quick exit leaving in his wake the unequivocal thought that the funniest moments to come out of the game show concept, was watching RITCHIE RICH desperately trying to find the elusive formula for six weeks.

Robin Perrie

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HOURS

This is a public announcement. Unless I get an influx of enthusiastic arts reviewers within the next week, the arts pages will have to be cancelled due to lack of interest. There must be someone out there who hasn't got exams and would welcome the God-given opportunity to write for the mighty stude. Come in and see me - I don't bite, I'm house-trained and I've got all my own teeth.

To make it easier, I'll now provide a scintillating preview of the various goodies floating around Leeds at the moment.

Rita, Sue and Bob Too can be found at the **Hyde Park** tonight. Divided opinions (on this one in the *Leeds Student* office at least), but I shall bravely stick to my guns and recommend it.

Bradford - looks totally ugly, you could cut the accents with a meat cleaver, but it's sensitive, down to earth and very funny in places.

And now for something completely different - the **ODDEST** film ever made, surpassing even *Gothic* for total weirdness (and surprise, surprise, it's made by the same director, **Ken 'Kinky' Russell - Crimes of Passion - Anthony Perkins** plays a sexually perverted preacher, chasing **Kathleen Turner** (who has a serious identity crisis) all over the tackiest red light area you've ever seen. Look out for the knife. It's incredible. Shows from May 30 for four days, also at the Hyde Park.

Onto theatre. **The University Workshop** continues its prolific output tonight and tomorrow with **DONNA ELVIRA**. As the name suggests, it's about opera singers (well it would be wouldn't it - in the immortal words of Mandy Rice Davies).

A quick mention for **Fascinating Aida at City Varieties on May 31** - a feminist cabaret with more song and less chat, and **Little Dorrit** at the BFT until June 2 at 7pm. Acclaimed as the best adaptation of the Dickens story, it's kept faithfully to the book, which probably explains why it's **SIX HOURS LONG**.

Debbie Lee

GETTING DEAD WASTED

A WORK IN PROGRESS
(based on 'The Wasteland' by T.S. Eliot)

University Workshop Theatre

The relationship between the actors and their audience that grows out of performance, has been compared to the religious experience. And indeed the coming together in a theatre, of a group of people to compare notes on shared human experience is in its own way an act of faith. They are trying to discover whether the uniquely personal experience of life can in some way be a common one.

A Work in Progress in the University Workshop Theatre, went a long way towards laying bare this common ground in an intriguing piece of multi-media performance art, which by being so successful actually managed to confound the poem upon which it was based.

For amongst the many ideas that lurk within Eliot's *The Wasteland* lies an emphasis on the impossibility and even futility of true communication. But within this 50 minute piece of often obtuse imagery and impression, lay those recognisable human emotions and experi-

ences that drag the viewer in so that they, by recognition actually become a part of it.

The emotionless and therefore merely physical sexual encounter becomes the repetitive whirr and return of the typewriter; a figure struggles to gain the momentum to roll into a standing position and the audience rolls with her, willing her to succeed.

Yet these sombre images were crafted with a wit and style that made the experience an uplifting rather than depressing one. It is impossible to watch someone emerging from under half a hundred weight of sand, like a snake shedding its skin, without being totally intrigued.

The accessibility of 'A Work In Progress' was in itself a two finger 'V' sign to *The Wasteland*, the poem being a notoriously elitist piece of work demanding that the reader have an absurd knowledge of a rather ridiculous number of myths, legends, religious texts and other pieces of literature, before truly getting to grips with what old Tom was really going on about. Knowing the poem was not a prerequisite to

enjoying this drama, and for this its director, Kwong Wai Lap, must be congratulated.

Jay Rayner

KAFKA'S DICK

The Playhouse

A decaying man in a decaying Prague of 1919, the contrast of a monolithic K and the smallness of Kafka. This is set in comparison with a bird and sun filled corner of suburbia, present day. Imagine if you will, a mild mannered insurance man and his wife being visited for the day by Kafka and his entourage. The scenario doesn't bear thinking about.

This play is very well written, in the style of Bennett a humorous play on words, there was a degree of elitism in the writing and thus some jokes may not be understood.

(The play has been re-written and some of these have been deleted). This does not however defer from the fact that the play was funny in places.

Characterisation on the whole was good, with a fair deal of theatrical back-slapping and taunting which carried the play along.

THE HISTORY, MAN!

DEPICTING HISTORY: FOR TODAY

City Art Gallery

The intention of the artists in



● The Burning of Town Halls, 1986 - by Peter Clarke

this exhibition is to attempt to subvert received ideas on gender, race and politics. The works are not presented as objects of aesthetic value, but as representations of neglected histories or viewpoints.

The show was devised by Michael Toobey, Director of the Mappin Gallery, Sheffield, to coincide with the centenary of the original Mappin bequest. This juxtaposition emphasises the relativity of historical representation; something the exhibitors are particularly aware of. Both the Mappin Art Gallery and Leeds City Art Gallery contain a large amount of Victorian history painting, the express purpose of which was to

'refine the taste, elevate the judgement, and inform the minds of the spectators'. These were often imperialist allegories such as Edward Armitage's 'Retribution' (Leeds City Art Gallery) which commemorates the suppression of the Indian Mutiny in 1857. Keith Piper's 'Seven Rages of Man' goes some way towards redressing the ideological balance, presenting a contemporary black historical perspective.

This is both a thought provoking and amusing exhibition which will be of particular interest for anyone concerned with the representation of minority groups or the way forward for a more democratic art.

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

Calverley Street.

442111



Until 4 June

KAFKA'S DICK

by Alan Bennett

"... glues a smile on one's face and keeps it there" YEP

"... has that special Bennett touch" YP

Box Office open 10-7

Credit cards welcome

FILMS AT LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

Fri 20 May at 11pm

HOUSE OF GAMES (15)

A clever psychological thriller about a successful psychiatrist and authoress drawn into the world of a ruthless gambler.

Sat May 21 at 11pm

LAST TANGO IN PARIS (18)

Marlon Brando as a lonely American expatriate who embarks on an intense sexual relationship with a young French girl.

Sun May 22 at 7.30pm

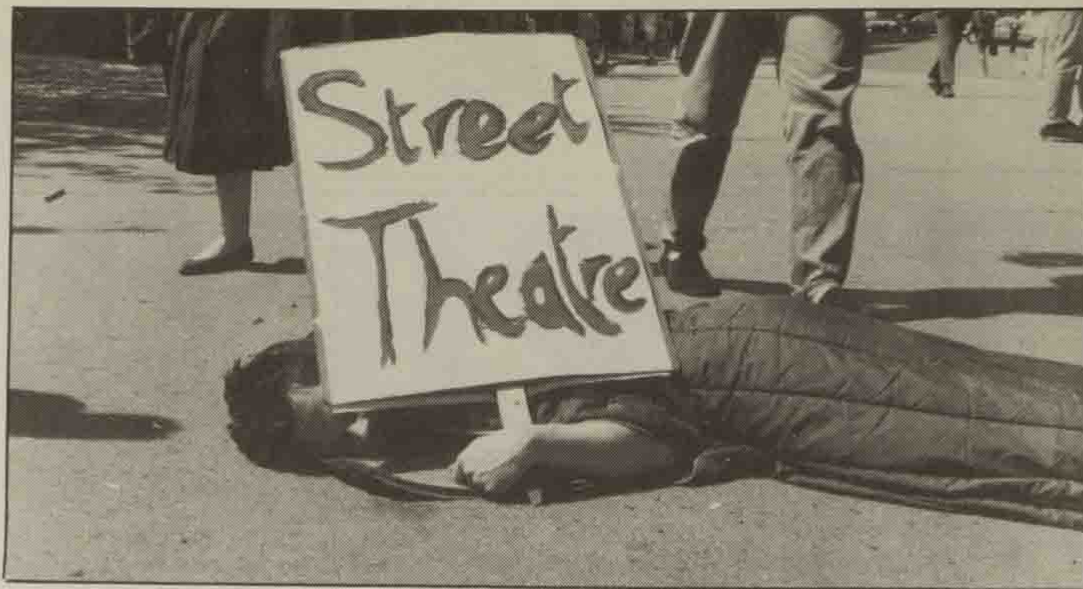
THE FOUR ADVENTURES OF REINETTE & MIRABELLA (U)

Two girls share a flat in Paris and put their contrasting principles to the test in a series of light-hearted adventures.

Admission only £1.80

On Saturday, May 7 Glasnost came to Leeds with the University's open day. They came from far and wide. They came from north, south, east and west to savour the wonders on offer.

Jay Rayner came from just around the corner to seek out the delights on his doorstep. Photos: Mark Wright.



mother through a lot of discomfort.

To a soundtrack of 'New Age' style synthesiser music, slides of cloud ridden skies rushed across a screen caressed by lavender and orange light.

It snowed, it rained, the sun rose above the mountains and all in about seven minutes. In fact not too dissimilar to a summer afternoon in Leeds. It was a continuous performance which could be viewed fully by being in the theatre for those seven minutes, but some people, hypnotised by the music and light show were left there rooted to the spot. Some are probably still there now waiting for that really whizzy bit where it starts snowing, to come round again.

But for many, the day was capped by the University passports (spelt pastports in the Workshop Theatre — the wonders of education), little blue booklets which one was meant to take around the campus getting stamped at each department, as a memento of what had come to pass that day.

And there were some really lovely ones like the textile stamp with a little bobbin on it, or the centre for TV research stand in the shape of, yes you've guessed it, a TV complete with nobs and numbers.

Yet there was one little anecdote from Saturday, May 7, which above all others, must sum up its mood — the brushing out of cobwebs, and the wheeling out of isolated

Bob Reid was doing his 'thing'. Bob's thing is boomerangs, and he was doing them in front of a rather large crowd outside the University's Edward Boyle library.

Generally Bob does his other 'thing' which is physics, or to be more precise, astro-physics. But today, being the University's open day he was concentrating on things rather closer to the ground-well, about 20ft above it to be exact.

Open days are wonderful events, if only for the marvellous array of weird and remarkable skills that they bring out into the open. Bob from physics was only one of a number of curiosities to be found echoing through the ivory portals of the venerable institution a couple of Saturdays ago.

Up in the zoology department for example, there was a woman inviting people to develop a deep emotional relationship with a snake she was in the process of handling, and out in front of the plant sciences building there was a group of people getting well in to firing a dart at a target with a blow pipe. And in front of the Union building there was a person lying asleep in a sleeping bag with the sign 'Street Theatre' affixed to his person, but then what do you expect from students?

Threatening academics with opening up their monastic environment to the general public can have a shattering effect on them. They start to wither and withdraw into themselves and their dress sense can get even worse, as they realise that the outside world is about to step into their briefcase.

The University of Leeds must have stowed the vast majority of its unstable academics on the mezzanine floor of the Brotherton library for its open day, for the institution which was layed bare was an exciting one where lasers could be fun, and everybody got the chance to play on the music department's electronic keyboards. Up to a few years ago even music students needed an edict from the Pope and the thumb prints of three European monarchs to be allowed just the right to look at the darn things.

But this is after all, the age of Glasnost and Perastokia — openness and reconstruction — and even if the University was dead set on doing the reconstruction before the openness bit, you can't deny that its heart was in the right place.

For weeks before D-Day brand spanking new green and gold plaques were going up outside each department to replace those shabby pieces of plastic which have got decidedly

dog-eared over recent years.

And on each spare corner and each sliver of greenery, a new notice board was erected ready to take possession of a beautifully concise map which delicately described the chaos that is the University campus.

And even if these maps were removed the day after the big event at least those rather spiffing green plaques are still on show.

But what cost Glasnost? As Mikhail might have said if he could speak English.

Well about £15,000 from the University's press and public relations budget, £5,000 from Nat West and Asda, and a little bit more from within the departments themselves.

What? Twenty thousand quid? Well those flower

its public relations, to show the paymasters where it is going.

"Whilst £15,000 is a lot of money, as part of £70m it's not actually that much, and this is a one-off. It only happens once every four years."

So here we all were on a bright sunny Saturday (which was getting gradually more overcast) with a once every four year chance of seeing what the University had to offer.

And there was much. Over in the pharmacology department there was a must for all budding sado-masochists: measure your pain threshold, the programme said. No thank you. The exhibition on horses and herpes in the microbiology department looked a lot more fun. The real question though was how did the herpes find their way on to people?

But if you really didn't want to know you could head over to dentistry where they were drilling plastic teeth and staging an exhibition of dentures through the ages. Over in the medical physics there was the chance to find out just how fat you are, which for a large number of people would be a perfect reason for not going there.

Pure and applied biology were giving you the chance to find out if you bounced, though from what height one was dropped was unclear. And in community medicine they were facing up to the challenge of industry with a little event called 'The Pepsi challenge', but the anaesthesia department had to take the biscuit for the most interesting programme note with 'Don't let her die'.

In the end a vast number of people avoided having anything to do with her death, the Pepsi challenge or their own weight by heading down to the Workshop Theatre in the new arts building where a chromosphere was in performance, the nearest one would come to going back to the womb without putting your



displays in the Parkinson Court were rather cute and the University did look nice and clean.

David Morris is the University's Press Officer. He thought the University looked nice and clean too, and that it had been worth every penny.

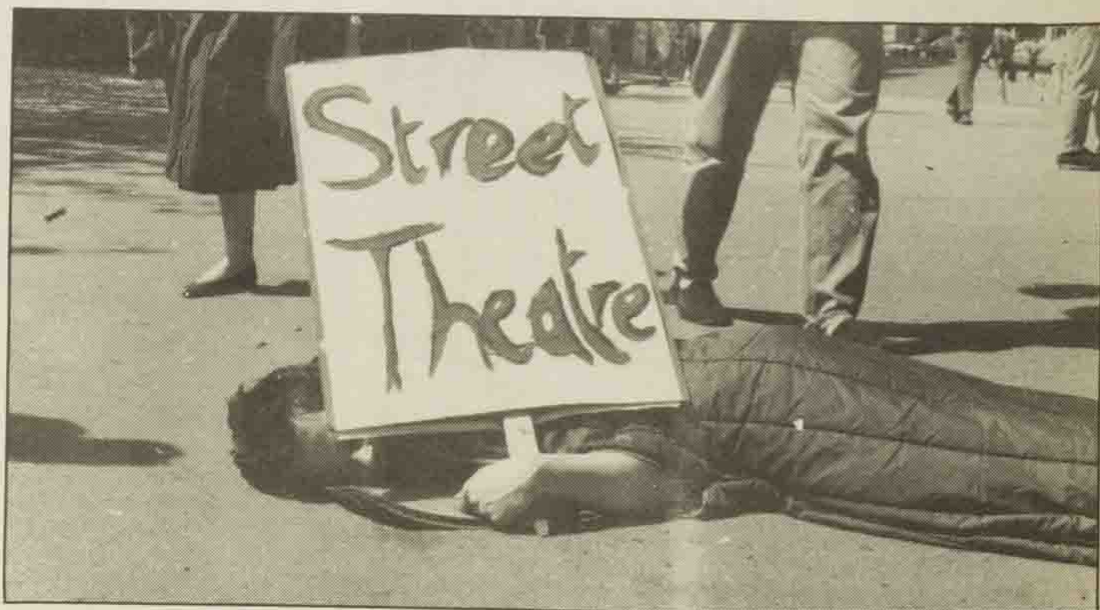
"The University is an institution with an income of over £70m a year," he said.

"Any institution needs to spend an amount of money on



academics into the bright light of day.

A professor in a department, both of which shall remain nameless, occupied quite a few minutes leading two 18-year-olds round his department showing them all its little nooks and crannies, its course possibilities and requirements. But at the end of the mammoth odyssey he discovered that these two were in fact first years (that he actually taught) in the department.



GLASNOST

THE SUPERMAN

GUIDE TO COMICS

Approach a blank-faced mechanical engineering student in your local seedy comics outlet, and he'll lift his eyes from the latest **Incredible Secret Wars of the Teenage X-Men** and tell you comics have never been better. This is cobbler.

There are still oceans, continents, whole planets of abject garbage out there. Comics scripted by the PR departments at the toy companies, drawn by lobotomised Ewoks in secret Far Eastern sweatshops. Believe me, they wouldn't hold a Hostess Twinkie's attention.

Trust **Superman's Comics Guide**, kids. It won't tell you all the

best stuff but it's a start. Up, up and AWAAAAAYYYY!!!

BUY/BEG/BORROW/BLAG:

John Constantine, Hellblazer by Jamie Delano and John Ridgeway, DC Comics. Monthly, 80p.

A gore-encrusted spin-off from the glory days of **Swamp Thing**, featuring Sting lookalike and journeyman sorcerer Constantine in a series of petrifying paranormal capers. Cruelly neglected scriptwriter Delano weaves horror standards like vampires and voodoo into a frequently hilarious contemporary context: one issue even featured demon yuppies from the financial district of Hell who make a killing (arf arf) when

THATCHER! wins the '87 election. Ridgeway paints the whole shebang in true British grime, and you can smell the dog turds on Constantine's doorstep. An essential purchase. Violence: excellent. Superman says: Don't read it with the lights out, kids!

Marshal Law

By Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill, Epic Comics. Bi-monthly, about a quid.

Marvel publish good comic shock!! Marshal Law, the twisted brainchild of *Nemesis The Warlock* creators Mills and O'Neill, is a *Judge Dredd* for the big league, charged with protecting the innocent citizens of San Futuro from hordes of sex-starved demobbed superheroes who are home from the Central American wars. And the massed forces of corporate fascist-pigdom are pitted against Law, who dresses like a bondage party gone bobbins and totes a large weapon marked 'Kiss it goodbye'. Freudian symbolism is at a premium here. Violence: Boss!! Superman says: Not one for Mom or Pop!

Miracleman

By Alan Moore and John Totleben, Eclipse Comics. Monthly (you'll be lucky sonny), 85p.

Orphan is kidnapped by mad scientist and operated on so that a magic word turns him into Adolf Hitler's wettest dream. Twenty years later he restructures Earth society from top to bottom, abolishing crime, misery and all states so that everybody is happy, healthy and has sex lives beyond their wildest imaginings. Hurrah for Miracleman! This is positively the last word on superheroes. Violence: Not much but very inventive when it happens. Superman says: This should be called MiracleCOMMIE!

2000 AD

Various artists and the Mighty Tharg, Fleetway. Weekly, 30p. The original and still the best, and probably the only publication to have actually got better since being bought out by Citizen Bob Maxwell. Currently on its strongest line-up in years with solid *Strontium Dog* stories and purveyor of fine police brutality *Judge Dredd* still making the juves eat Judgeboot. Each and every frame of the homicidal-robots-on-the-rampage strip. *ABC Warriors* is a beauty from which not even the presence of tedious turquoise turkey *Rogue Trooper* can detract. Look out soon for the return of *Halo Jones* and the super-powered-Rick Astley-versus-the-Nazis-from-hyperspace story *Zenith*. Plus the average issue of 2000 is as funny as the bit on *RoboCop* where the traffic warden robot machine-guns the accountant by mistake. Violence: High body count. Superman says: Boragg thungg zarjaz drokk scrotnig squaxx dek Thargo next prog.

Viz Comic

Various artists, House of Viz. Once every two months, 60p.

Get your hands around this plump package (fnarr fnarr gyak etc). Filthy-mouthed gutter humour for degenerates, but you know that already. Violence: "NEYONE hoys tabs at Wor Lass!!" (TUSH! crash tinkle etc). Superman says: Knob cheese!



● From *Miracleman*

Dark Knight

By Frank Miller, Titan Books. Complete edition, about nine quid. "Holy psycho-sexual existentialist drama!" as Robin would have said had an unidentified assailant not turned him into dog food ten years prior to the beginning of Miller's masterpiece. The Batman has been off the streets since his ward was wasted and they've filled with muggers, serial killers, King Kurt fans and similar low-lives. He takes up the cape again and creams the lot of them, engendering mass TV

done it for you. **Strange Days** is the wierdest pot of stewed brains to hit print since Lord Sutch's election manifesto, a vehicle for the trio's unhealthy fascination with assassinated 60s joes like JFK and John Lennon as well as the stuff they couldn't persuade 2000 AD to take. Thrill to the antics of *Paradox*, the world's laziest dumb thick jerk of a superhero, and his nymphomaniac girlfriend! Watch mohican hit-man Johnny Nemo ventilate heads and then take an 'Erotomatic Fudge Massage'! See a 20-storey high



● From *Viz Comic*

pun-ditry on the morals of the vigilante as he goes. The Joker returns and Miller makes the sexual subtext of his previous appearances explicit before a real mother of a death scene. Rendered in the former *Dardevil* artist/scriptwriter's graceful Japanese-influenced style. **Dark Knight** is every millimetre the adult comic book. Radical. Violence: Miller's Batman is the Graham Souness of superheroes. Superman says: In **Dark Knight** I

three-eyed flying JFK head which houses a population of hundreds! Violence: Yep! Superman says: Nosirree!

BIN/BURN/BLITZ/BULLDOZE

Anything written by Chris Claremont or scripted and drawn by John Byrne. These smirking jobsworths will be made to type out the letters pages when the Comics Revolution comes.

Anything with 'Mutants' in its title. This indicates sub Grange Hill adolescent soap trash.

Spiderman. Marriage to Mary Jane Watson has dulled the spidery one no end and Aunt May still hasn't snuffed it. All the other old Marvel greats (*Hulk*, *Fantastic Four* etc) have also gone down the tubes but *The Avengers* is as crap as ever it was.

Anything about giant robots who change into aeroplanes, tanks, Metro minibuses etc.

Anything about Viet Nam. If you thought *Platoon* was a bit iffy the comics will make our head spin (apart from *Real War Stories* which I'm told Tells It Like It Really Was).

Battle-Action Force featuring *Eagle* and *Valiant* or whatever it's called these days. Since the demise of *Charley's War* this comic is about as attractive as *Woodrow Wyatt's Big Book of Things to Make and Do*.



● D.C.'s *Hellblazer*

am a CIA stooge and The Batman kicks my head in with Kryptonite Dr Martens. Ouch!

The Michigan Frog

Origin: Liverpool, exact culprit unknown.

Makes *Viz* look like the Reader's Digest with strips such as *Hughie Green presents Kiss My Arse*. If you find a copy then bring it into the Leeds Student office. We'll pay.

Strange Days and The Johnny Nemo Magazine

By Peter Milligan, Brendan McCarthy and Brett Ewins, Eclipse Comics. Out of print but look hard.

Kids, don't drop acid! Milligan, McCarthy and Ewins have already



● Marshal Law



● From *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns* by Frank Miller



● From The Bojefries Saga in Warrior

"The Swamp Thing artists and I were standing in the garden of a pub near the Thames last summer, doing a promotional interview video for D.C. Comics, and during a break I looked over the wall, out across the river bank. Just at the waterline, lapping up and down with the waves and covered in moss, there was a human pelvis bone. They're unmistakable: they're bigger than a dog's and they're wide.

"I told the lads, who came over for a look and they agreed. Yes, it was somebody's pelvis and it had obviously been there for some time. So we did the sensible thing, had a few more drinks and forgot about it.

"Then we restarted the video and this character from D.C. asked 'Tell me Alan, why do you see the world in such horrible terms?' And a hundred yards away there's human remains sloshing up and down the shore. For once I really didn't know what to say."

Alan Moore's is a wonderful and frightening world, spanning galaxies, earth, heaven and hell and peopled by fearsome monsters, robots, demons and fascinating extra-terrestrials. But it isn't simply his imaginative talent for constructing ever more chilling fantasy environments that has earned him the unofficial title of the world's best comics writer. Moore's gift is to reconnect the impact and vicarious thrill of comics at their best to the stuff of ordinary living. His characters' personal frailties are rendered all the more human by their context of highly visceral horror, and — like all the best fantasy writing — his work tells you more about ordinary human beings than about alien hordes and chronosynclastic infundibula.

His ten years of professional comics writing have seen Moore progress beyond the limits of his industry until now, both artistically and politically, he's setting them.

Contemporaries like Frank Miller, Howard Chaykin and the Hernandez

brothers have been instrumental in transferring comics from the bottom shelf in your newsagent onto respectable (expensive) coffee tables across the Western world, but at the relatively tender age of 34 Moore is still the only comics creator who can comprehensively jam the codes of just what comics ought to be in 1988, and still shift them by the shedful.

When they read his name over the tannoy at those perplexing gatherings of train spotters and Marillion fans that Mother Nature calls Comics Conventions, people cheer and sometimes scream. It's nearly a religious thing, and its holy city is Northampton.

Late last year, Moore moved into his first non-council house in that town with his wife Phyllis and his two young daughters Amber and Lea. It's a spacious terraced job, decorated in vigorous primary colours and stuffed to the nines with the paraphernalia of primary school kids who are enjoying a stimulating up-bringing. There are also stacks of records, videos, CDs and their attendant hardware, Moore's own toys at which he confesses a little guilt. The massive royalties from *Watchmen* (of which more later) bought the house and most of its contents. But surely he should be living in California now with Neal Adams and all the other comics burnouts? Breakfast by the pool, hot and cold running cocaine, the works...

Moore shifts his six-foot-plus beanpole of a body about the living room couch, tugs absently at the Beelzebub beard and matching forest of hair. He is pondering a bit.

"Given another four or five years I might have finally wearied of the essential romance of the terraced streets and be inclined to shift out somewhere in the country," he finally drawls in a deep, slow Midlands duotone.

"But for the moment I'm happy here. Northampton's good for horror writers: it's ugly, sordid and has an abnormally high rate of psychotic murder..." Oh, right.

Moore entered comics inauspiciously, after flirtations with the medium in and around the Arts Lab movement of the 60s and (by day) what he calls "A variety of quite grotesque jobs."

"I started off by working in a Co-op hide and skin plant, which was (heavy sarcasm) terrific. You had to get up at 7.30am to haul these reeking sheepskins out of vats of noxious animal by-products, then hack off any extraneous bits of beast that were still attached. It was quite an education.

"Then I became a toilet cleaner and I've gradually moved downhill from there to become a comic writer."

When Phyllis became pregnant with Lea, he took the plunge and accelerated his downhill momentum.

"I was put in the position of realising that, although it was suicidal to quit work and go on the dole, that if I waited until the child arrived and didn't quit work, then I never would. So I did.

"For a few years we existed at the tender mercies of the DHSS until something clicked and I landed a weekly strip with *Sounds*.

"That was all well and good until I realised that I couldn't draw. At least now in a fashion by which human beings could be distinguished from items of furniture and so forth. It was quite a paralysing experience, really."

His artistic hopes dashed on the rocks of incompetence, Moore decided to concentrate on scriptwriting for comic strips. A few 'Future Shock' short stories for Britain's most zany weekly *2000 AD* filled the time until he received the call-up from *Warrior*.

Warrior was to be the dream comic, a small-scale operation where scriptwriters and illustrators would be allowed freedom to work as they wanted without heavy-handed editors treating them — as *Judge Dredd* creator Pat Mills put it — "Like a crowd of shit-shovellers."

Moore takes up the story.

"In my case the work was a story called *V For Vendetta*, set in a very bleak future Britain dominated by a coalition of the fascist groups, and also a revival of the 1950s superhero *Marvelman*."

"He was really nothing more than a rip-off of the American *Captain Marvel* and was published over here in very quaint black and white adventures."

"Though he was ridiculous I thought it was quite interesting that he was a British superhero, and it might be interesting and quite poignant to expose these very naive 50s ideas with a more grim and realistic 1980s sensibility."

Sensibility is one of Moore's favourite words, and *Marvelman* — now available again, reprinted by Quality Comics under the writ-proof title *Miracleman* — is as good an introduction to his as any. Over its initial three year run, its hero Mike Moran (note the obligator super-heroic alliterative name) finds his Apollonian alter-ego crushed and finally erases his feeble human self. And when the story resumed after a please-do-not-adjust-your-comic-break, *Marvel/Miracleman* had taken the superhuman idea to its logical conclusion by placing Earth under a benign dictatorship and ushering in the era of the



● Watchmen's Roschach



● V for Vendetta



Andrew Harrison talks to comics scriptwriter Alan Moore

Superman.

Thirty years after Dr Wertham's *Seduction of the Innocent*, an infamous attack on superhero comics as precursors to a kind of juvenile fascism, *Miracleman* brings the answer to the costumed hero question into sharp and uncomfortable focus: yes, these smiling cornerstones of Western popular culture would constitute a master race. It was an idea which would be developed to devastating effect in *Watchmen*, but be patient, we'll come to that later.

At the same time, *2000 AD* was running a Moore strip whose score on the Right-On-O-Meter is second only to the Hernandez brothers' tales of cheery lesbianism in *Hispanic America*.

The *Ballad of Halo Jones* with acclaimed *Robohunter* artist Ian Gibson is — for want of a better word — feminist comics for the Judge Dredd generation. Life in space on 29 credits a week galactic

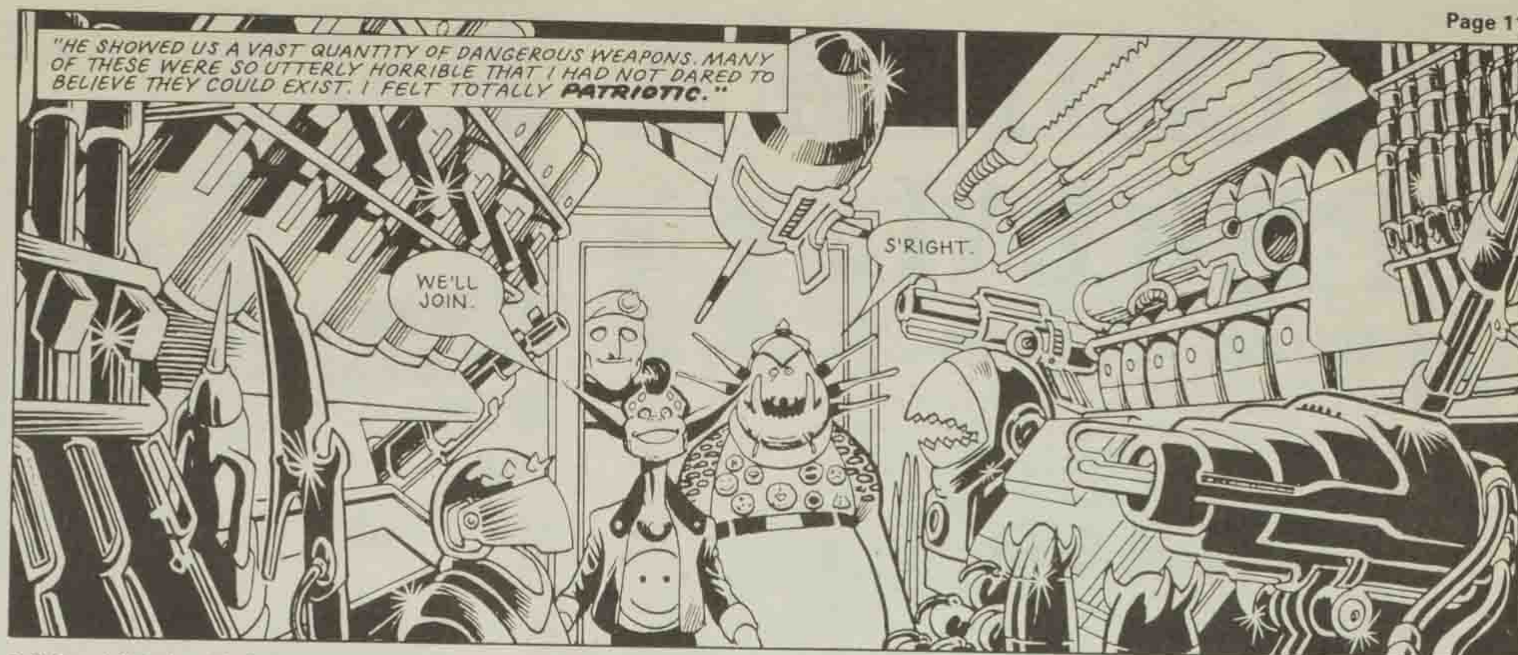
dole is no laughing matter as Moore charts a choppy course through the spaceways for heroine Halo Jones, by turns starship waitress, infantry trooper and alky. The strip also includes a real brain-frazzler of a shopping trip (grenades and small arms mandatory) and a robot dog called Toby who is well vicious.

"We tried to stress Halo's ordinariness," Moore says.

"Ordinary people aren't usually especially clever or tough or any of that shit, but they do have their moments of quiet bravery, sometimes tremendous bravery. Even if it doesn't involve defending a bridge from 5,000 attacking Treens.

"Around this time the last of the British girls' comics – **Bunty** and the rest – had finally stuck its legs in the air and we thought it might be nice for there to be something for young female comics readers that wasn't all men with guns and muscles and revenge."

Halo Jones and another strip, *D.R. and Quinch* ('Dennis The Menace with thermo-nuclear capacity') earned him yet more of the comics industry's coveted Eagle Awards and were his last British work before the Americans finally caught up with him.



● D.R. and Quinch get drafted

What with the plant-human sex which spiced up every other issue (Moore astutely fixed Swampy up with a human missus early on) and an obstinate tendency to skirt close to Moore's own socialism, **Swamp Thing** was a sitting duck for the American Right. His first few issues, which blithely combined incest and necrophilia, cost the title its Comics Code seal – the industry's moral watchdog which ensures that in a US comic crime never pays, the hero always gets the girl and God made the little green apples. Issues of **Miracleman** depicting childbirth in full anatomical detail didn't help Moore's standing in Middle America either.

Within three years, DC had capitulated to a small, but vocal campaign against these 'Pernicious new comics' by introducing a cinema-style ratings system on their books. Immediately Moore left the company and promised never to write for them again under what he calls conditions of censorship. "You cannot compromise with the fundamentalists, the people who are behind this," he states angrily.

"These are the same characters taken from American schools because they supposedly undermine our faith in the Creation. These are the same people who want *The Diary Of Anne Frank* banned because she supposedly displays a poor attitude to the family!

"There is only one group that wants that book banned. And I do not give a fuck what they call themselves these days."

Prior to his bitter severance of ties with DC, though, came **Watchmen**. Produced in close collaboration with veteran British artist Dave Gibbons, 12 dense chapters long and designed as Moore says, "For people who prefer

books without pictures," it is both the benchmark of contemporary comic art and Moore's farewell to the hoary old superhero device.

Watchmen depicts a parallel world to our own in which Watergate was suppressed, enabling Nixon to remain in the White House until 1985, buoyed up by the total victory in Vietnam thanks to America's ultimate weapon, Dr Manhattan. Dr Manhattan is six feet tall, pale blue and hairless, with complete and arbitrary power over all matter from atom to supernova, and perfect knowledge of the past and future. In the truest sense – making Superman look like minor-league stuff – Dr Manhattan is a superhuman.

And in the very real world of **Watchmen**, he is also, of course, the lynchpin of American strategic superiority. Or so they think, for his presence has soured superpower relations beyond their worst point in our world. When he leaves Earth for Mars, the Russians invade US – occupied Afghanistan and the shit really hits the fan. Parallels to our own nuclear dilemma are not hard to find here.

"But the main element of **Watchmen** is not the plot at all," Moore insists.

"It's a view of the world, an exploration of the relationships between different facets and layers of a reality which behaves like a vast clockwork construction – which is why the title is so ironic."

In its construction and approach, **Watchmen** is a consummate work. A careful, knowing subversion of comics tradition, it functions not to answer questions in the style of the typical comic but to raise and expand them.

Take the cast of characters. There isn't a hero or heroine among them. The comedian is a Vietnam war criminal and rapist now sponsored by the CIA as part of its dirty tricks

department. Rorschach is a psychotic vigilante no better than his own quarry but perhaps more frightening. Silk Spectre is an ageing Californian plastic surgery junkie, her daughter an airhead valley girl following in mom's footsteps. And Moore and Gibbons satirised Frank Miller's Bernard Goetz-style **Dark Knight** Batman in the shape of a Nite Owl, who can't overcome his impotence unless he wears his superhero outfit.

And over even this demolition of the superhero myth exists a symbolic superstructure of sometimes chilling coincidence. More like a piece of music than a work of fiction, the action of **Watchmen** throws up recurring images which challenge the reader to find some meaning amidst the seeming semiotic chaos. One such case is the now-famous symbol of the smiley-face with blood, as pirated by Bomb the Bass for the sleeve of their 'Beat Dis' single.

"At first we decided that The Comedian, who's a very hard, cynical and unpleasant character, ought to wear a smiley badge as part of his costume. Only later did we see that it symbolised his – and to some extent **Watchmen's** – view of life as a bloody violent joke," Moore recalls.

"As a symbol of naive 60s and 70s optimism it fits perfectly – it was discovered incidentally, as the simplest design a new-born child could react to, a big smile. What could be more innocent than that?"

"And when The Comedian died, of course, we splashed his blood across it. It just felt right."

The next thing was that Dave was researching the Martian landscape for Dr Manhattan's destination. He found four separate craters there which had eroded exactly into the shape of the same smiley face.

"In the face of this and a lot of similar coincidences, the badge

became a perfect metaphor for what **Watchmen** was all about, virtually of its own accord."

The frontispiece of the American **Watchmen** anthology bore a latin inscription which translates as 'Who watches the Watchmen?' Last year's Tower Commission report on the Iran/Contra arms scandal opened with the same quotation, so it may be no surprise that Moore's next work will be a piece of political journalism in comic form.

What is surprising is that it constitutes part of a Supreme Court case brought in the US by a campaigning legal operation, the Christie Institute. Moore and celebrated artist Bill Sienciewicz are to produce the illustrated history of a clandestine CIA subsidiary group, the 'Secret Team', which has allegedly organised cocaine racketeering, terrorism, gun-running and a host of other unofficial foreign policy actions for the United States government. Oliver North and Richard Secord are said to be members of the organisation.

The Supreme Court will hear the Christie Institute's case later this year and the Moore/Sienciewicz book will be published simultaneously as the first major work of its kind to be published in comic form. Moore is adamant that the medium is perfectly suited to the task of spreading such weighty information.

"Comics are small, cheap, concise and above all, visual information packets," he enthuses.

"You can have as full and as deep and as emotional a reading experience from a good comic as you can from a 'real' book, and with added facilities that can render it superior to cinema, for instance. You can refer back and forth, linger over a particular frame as long as you like and so on."

"Comics are the medium of the 90s."



In 1983 DC Comics' gothic horror **Swamp Thing** had hit dire straits: falling sales and an unhappy scriptwriter left the door open for Moore to take over with a brief to save the title. Inside two years he had transformed it from a four-colour disaster area into DC's most popular title and among the first to outstrip the sales of their rivals, Marvel.

The premise of the book was that a scientist falls into a swamp and comes out a monster, but Moore rebuilt it with heavy paganistic influences and a platform for his own ecology-conscious views. The big green walking aubergine became a plant-god who went about washing corrupt business, fighting nuclear waste dumps, saving undeserving human wimps from the vengeance of other wronged vegetables and – best of all – transforming Gotham City, home of arch-Reaganite Batman, into Woodstock-style paradise before chopping sticks for outer space.



● From Watchmen

RACE-ISM SPECIAL

Whilst many of the comics available to the teenage market are those dedicated to glorifying the exploits of those valiant men from World War Two, or to caped crusaders and masked marauders, there are a few helping to promote sport in general and football in particular to the British comic buying market.

Not for these, the recollections of the actions of Peter Flint or Spiderman, but the adventures of people such as Roy of the Rovers.

Roy exerts an energy on field that would impress the Barnes' and Beardsley's of the world, and indeed Roy Race may well be the comic-strip version of John Barnes, after all have you ever seen a black player in the famous (?) strip of Melchester Rovers.

He is the archetypal, old-fashioned player, generous in defeat and mild-mannered in victory. Regarded in his fictitious games, as a gentleman's player, with his blond hair billowing in the wind, he is the player to emulate in the world, a man who all the fans at the Rovers games respect to an ardent degree.

Picking up the current Roy of the Rovers summer special, it is easy to see that the style and format of the stories has not changed over the last ten years. But here has been one

major change to the red and yellow strip used by the Rovers. A concession to the present day game is the inclusion of a sponsor's name on the front. 'NIKE' is proudly emblazoned and endorsed by Roy Race!

The story-line of Roy has not changed in any dramatic way. Asked to score 40 goals in a season, Roy has scored 39 by the last game, and needs just one more to gain the million pounds promised to charity if he achieves his objective. After a series of near misses there is one minute to go when the opposing team have an attack. Roy attempts to clear the ball but only manages to slice the ball into his own net. Readers of 'When Saturday Comes' might like to send this one in to the 'Great Own Goals of our Time' section, but Roy is not downhearted as the sponsor did not specify which end the golden-boy had to score in. The fans reacted with typical shouts: "Good job the championship didn't depend on this match," and "Nice one Racey! You drew the match, but still ended up winning!"

The magazine still has old regulars such as 'Billy's Boots', 'The Marks Brothers' and 'Hot-Shot Hamish and Mighty Mouse'. And the story-line lives up to the promise shown by Roy Race.

Billy's Boots, one of the old favourites, is the story of a

young teenager, living with his gran who owns an ancient pair of boots which were owned by a former maestro, Dead-Shot Keen. Playing in the boots helps Billy to play in the style of the dead player.

Billy is on holiday and just happens to have his boots with him when he is asked to play in a game that he turns up to watch. He, of course 'plays a blinder' and ends up the hero of the match.

Hot-Shot Hamish is a player whose shot is so hard it breaks the net whenever he

desires to use the lethal weapon. The Marks brothers are two, surprise, surprise brothers who play for the same team and combine to help the club to victory in each game they play.

The summer special also includes many photos and quizzes and proudly proclaims itself to be 'A winner for every football fan'. The stories are similar to those told ten years ago, but of course it is not

meant to be read by 20 year olds who last read it eight years ago.

It is good that our national sport should have a comic for young fans to appreciate the game. The problem begins when a future hopeful begins to believe that it is simple to play the game and become an international, and the comic may only serve to give disappointment later in life.



Cat and MAUS

Maus is a cat and mouse story of a very different kind. The mice are Jews, and the cats are Nazis.

New Yorker Art Spiegelman, famed for his work in the avant-garde graphics magazine Raw, began his work on the Maus as a personal attempt to understand father Vladek's past in the death camps. The book traces Vladek's nightmare journey through occupied Poland until he and his family reach the gates of 'Mauschwitz', the camp where the second soon-to-be-completed volume, is set.

Told with an admirable economy of style and a magpie eye for detail, Spiegelman's book achieves the virtually impossible in calmly conveying the horror of the Holocaust to a generation to whom - with the best will in the world - it has never been a fresh subject.

Art Spiegelman's Maus began as his attempt to come to terms with his father's past as a Jewish survivor of the Nazi concentration camps. But when it was published in anthology form last year it was lauded as the most innovative use of a comic strip format as serious literature yet.

Maus is a cat-and-mouse tale of a very different kind. In the story, the Nazis are cast as cats, the Jews as mice and various other nations as pigs and dogs.

Maus, possibly the most extraordinary comic yet, is published by Penguin Books. Andrew Harrison



Video nasty by Stuart Harrison

Dredd raises his blaster and fires: the perp's head exploding in glorious technicolour. This vision of violence, ob-scene in its detailed clarity explains the success of the Judge Dredd strip. For it is the reflection of our own (post)modern society inherent in Dredd that strikes an obvious chord.

Dredd fights for substantiality in a claustrophobic world of destroyed personalities. Meg-City One contains only a neutered mass of burbling humanity without character or individuality. Judges and perps only become solid through the roles that they adopt in their endlessly repeating variations on the theme of law and order. The very idea of justice as abstract ideal has long gone. Dredd

has authority only because of his role: he is a judge, therefore he is the law.

And yet, this power-driven maniac is viewed as a hero. Or as an anti-hero. Within his persona, the two terms merge and dissolve as he struggles for survival in a schizophrenic landscape. In actions devoid of the normal relationship between cause and effect, he attempts to impose meaning on a chaotic world through the use of violence.

Ultimately, his seductive powers lie in this presentation of a solution to our problems of communication. The only effective transmitter of meaning left is the barrel of a gun.

Vee

Interested?

Leeds Student has dipped briefly into the world of comics and shown some of the best of what's available this week.

But we haven't had space to do more than skim the surface. If you want to see the full picture, then a visit to Odyssey 7 Comics on Harrison Street is in order.

Odyssey keep all of the comics we've mentioned this week as well as the full range of 200 AD reprint albums, a massive stock of Marvel, DC and independent back issue US comics, film and TV mags and memorabilia, science fiction books and much more.

Plus, if you really want to look the part they have the obligatory Judge Dredd T-shirts, baseball hats and badges.

Many thanks to Odyssey for supplying illustrations for this special.

Superman, John Constantine, Batman and Watchmen are © 1988 DC Comics.

Judge Dredd and Roy Of The Rovers are © 1988 Fleetway Publications Ltd.

Miracleman is © 1987 Alan Moore and Alan Davis.

V For Vendetta is © 1988 Alan Moore and David Lloyd.

Maus is © 1987 Art Spiegelman.

Marshal Law is © 1988 Pat Mills and Kevin O'Neill.

Leeds Student Comics specially written by Vee, Simon Rigg and Andrew Harrison, and designed by Graham Alexander and Steve Hick.

IS THERE ANY BODY OUT THERE?

What is NIGHTLINE, and why does its phone number appear on University Union voting cards?

NIGHTLINE gives its own personal lowdown on the student information and listening service.

NIGHTLINE must be the one Union organisation that students know the least about, but even if they don't realise it, every student actually knows a NIGHTLINER.

But what does this shady organisation actually do?

First, the basics. We are a voluntary student-run telephone information and listening service. That's not to say that we are a bunch of square do-gooders. Our members come from most of the colleges in Leeds, study a wide variety of courses and represent a whole spectrum of views. This mixture allows us to accept the diversity of opinions we may encounter on the phone, be they religious, political or sexual. We won't judge you on any grounds.

But what services can we provide?

As mentioned above, we are a telephone information and listening service. NIGHTLINE has an office full of bursting with information, ranging from bus and train timetables to information on pregnancy and AIDS, from what's on in Leeds (gigs, plays, films and nightclubs to name but a few) to information on drugs and alcohol abuse.

We are also there to listen to any of your worries, especially exam pressures at this time of year, and problems however trivial they may seem to you. You don't have to be feeling suicidal to ring us.

NIGHTLINE is not necessarily the last place you turn to in desperation — we could be the first. Or we may have information on a problem that you can't discuss with your friends. It may be something they don't even have any knowledge of. We can therefore start you on the way to solving your worry or problem instead of just being there when all else has failed. Having said that it doesn't mean that we're not there for you when your situation becomes desperate. We don't make any promises to solve your 'problem' but we hope we can help you to start solving it for yourself.

So what happens after you've got your information or

you've poured your heart out to us? Well... nothing. That's nothing on our part. We are a totally confidential service, and nothing that is said to us over the phone is repeated outside of the organisation. You can ring us in absolute confidence.

It may seem to you that we are some sort of secret society, and it is true that all of our members prefer to be anonymous. But this is to help you the, caller. If the NIGHTLINER reveals their identity to you and you later meet them in a different context, it may cause some embarrassment. After all they know your problem.

And anonymity also protects the NIGHTLINER. If we let everyone know about what we do, we may become full-time counsellors, and might be seen as just 'blowing our own trumpet' and trying to look good in the eyes of fellow students.

"But they're not qualified to counsel" we hear you say. No, it is true that we are not formally trained but we do have a rigorous training programme at the beginning of the year, and this is supplemented by additional training throughout the rest of the year. Experienced NIGHTLINERS and counsellors from professional agencies thus take time to ensure that new NIGHTLINERS are fully equipped to deal with whatever calls they may have to take.

There you are then. We hope this has answered any queries you had about us. We're not so cloak and dagger as you perhaps thought, are we? We can be approached on any subject and you don't have to have a problem to call us.

Phoning us shouldn't be a stigma. Lots of students phone just for information. And there's no need to feel intimidated as we're all students just as you are. So give us a call on 442602.

We're available from 8pm until 8am every night of the Polytechnic and University terms. And don't worry if you haven't got much money. We can call you back or you can reverse the charges. In the meantime have a happy silly season and remember, we're only a phone call away!



YES!

MUSIC



RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY

LUU Riley Smith Hall

You see before you a band cruelly betrayed by its record sleeves. For though the Lorries' vinyl outings are invariably clad in artwork which would make one sit down and beg for the return of Jamie Reid's blackmail graphics or even good old Roger Dean, the music is another proposition.

Despite being condemned to carry the albatross called Goth around their pasty necks by an audience of pinheads, the sound of the Lorry rumbles closer to the axis of snotty New York brat-noise than Andrew Eldritch's table scrapings.

Underpinned by stentorian beatbox stylings and set alight by compact metal guitar these are not songs with whose aim is to educate. Instead the combination of chiaroscuro hardware interplay and their staccato back-projection of random images builds a fiercely negative human thrash-storm.

Down at the front the Leeds 6 flower children were sitting on each others shoulders and performing some kind of spring rite as the Lorries torched their set into extinction. Perhaps poor graphic design is not their only affliction.

Charlie Pontoon

ADRENOCHROME

THE MADNESS

The Madness (Virgin)

No one loves a clown with his make-up wiped away. Since Madness moved out of the House of Fun and set up shop at England's graveside, their record sales withered as their acerbic vision of Blighty's decline grew more finely tuned. In the wake of Mad Not Mad, an album of elegance and downbeat charm, they split.

Now they return, minus drummer Woody and bassie Bedders, and with a 'The' shifting the familiar name into something uncomfortable. It's a mood that pervades this bewildering 'debut' set: from the disturbing cartoon faces (courtesy of Watchmen's Dave Gibbons) to the songs themselves, this is a record beset by uncertainty and ambivalence.

There's precious little left of the Camden nutty boys and their laddish disposition here. Instead a scattering of lazy bluebeats and sleepy drumbox rhythms with industrial quantities of irony dominate the first side.

It's perhaps significant that the greatest songwriting contribution to this record comes from Cathal Smyth – once Chas Smash – the musical illiterate who joined the Mads on stage at the 'Ope and Anchor and didn't leave.

The years have matured him into a writer with a curiously oblique style given to crafting songs as circuitous as Oh, as well as what seems to be the most Madnessy song on the album, Song In Red. Until you notice that it's about (ha ha) the death of a close friend.

You'll have difficulty in learning to love The Madness with their wilful indirectness and penchant for taking delight in confusion. But persevere: Madness is after all, all in the mind.

Andrew Harrison

TED HAWKINS/TANITA TIKARAM

(Astoria)

Tanita Tikaram paved the way adequately for the second visit of Ted Hawkins to Leeds in recent months. My first impression of her voice was of a blending of Joan Armatrading and Suzanne Vega; combined with a twangy yet agreeable guitar it produced moderately catchy songs with interesting titles such as 'Hot Pork Sandwiches'. The whole set was relatively nondescript but nevertheless not without its moments, like 'Cursin' Talk', with a no-frills off-beat guitar – quite a success considering the initial problems of sound quality.

Ted Hawkins is something of a father-figure of the folk/country guitar and song genre. He is also something of a character, as his audiences will remember – the stage entrance, complete with adornments such as



the towel-on-the-head and the fabled black silk glove. Hawkins has an instinctive way of reaching out to his audience and consequently an atmosphere of great intimacy is created with it. Soon it was captivated by entrancing sounds like 'Happy Hour' and 'Gypsy Woman', evocative and expressive. Hawkins succeeds through his obvious talent as a singer and by showing his songs to be simple in structure, yet not lacking in impact because of it. If anything, and this is my only reservation, it is that the songs are too similar, a fact largely due to their being played in the same key. So unless you are especially fond of this kind of thing it might begin to drag after a length of time. However, the optimistic manner in which Hawkins performs, the momentum he creates and his personality, all make for something special.

Edward Venner

MISTY IN ROOTS

Leeds Poly

Considering the imminence of exams and the high ticket price, this wasn't a badly attended gig. Misty in Roots have been at the forefront of British reggae for nearly a decade now, and on the evidence of tonight's show, have little to fear from the sanitised chart pap of Aswad and the like.

Despite such drawbacks as coming on stage after the bar shut – although I suspect that alcohol was not the main stimulant for much of the audience – and the muddiest sounding PA I've ever heard, Misty did not play a gig, they gave a performance. To soften the crowd up to dance, they began with sweet-sounding Lover's Rock numbers before settling into an altogether tougher groove.

Contact with the audience was minimal, but verbal communication seemed superfluous as the constant rhythm began to create its hypnotic effect. As a concert, this was a great event: skin up, breathe in, pass out.

Ian Cusack

LOOSE TUBES

City Varieties, Headrow

The stage of the City Varieties is small. Loose Tubes are big. Trying to get one on to the other is a little like trying to squeeze a size 12 foot into a size three ballet pump.

But squeeze on they did, and for that we should be thankful, for the chance to see this (almost) legendary jazz band in full flow should not be constricted by considerations of mere space.

There are 20 of them in all, or is that 22 or even 23. It really is hard to tell, but one thing is for certain – there aren't too many of them.

The capacity for chaos and collapse that a jazz band of this size throws up is immense. And the vast array of improvised slots gave one the feeling that they are living by the skin of their teeth for the hell of it. Let's see if we can keep this one together...

But if its improvisations are its anarchy, then it is its strict discipline that supplies its democracy. Like a nation trying to decide how best it should be governed, it looks for the common consensus giving each section the right to do its thing as long as it doesn't encroach on others' personal space.

And whilst at times Loose Tubes did appear to lose control, at their best they did move as one.

The true spontaneity that can only come with thorough preparation was parodied by our host for the night who introduced every other song with "And this one was penned by Ralph ten minutes ago, whilst he was in the bog" ... and the whole band would strike up in perfect unison.

All this and the outrageous Victorian interior of the City Varieties – what more could one want? (A bigger stage!).

Jay Rayner

NANA VASCONCELOS & BUSHDANCE

Trades Club

I am reluctant to say too much about the second visit

LIVE
LIVE



to Leeds this year by Nana Vasconcelos, this time accompanied by his band Bushdance; the reason is that I feel there is nothing to be said that can do justice to an evening of mesmerising rhythms that inexorably drew the audience under a spell, with Vasconcelos himself the compelling focus.

He comes from the north of Brazil, close to the Amazon, and has been playing professionally since he was 12-years-old – he went to New York in 1971, but his origins seem to me to be the source of the electrifying irresistible music that Bushdance generate. They make use of voice, body, hand clap and a vast array of instruments to cast their spells over the audience. This is Vasconcelos' essence most clearly visible when, alone, he sang an incantation learnt from Amazonian Indians – he is a benign shaman who leaves you hypnotised and elated.

Mark Wright

NO MAN'S LAND/HEAD

Warehouse

It's always interesting to see a band who you know nothing about – sadly I thought Head were Loop and the only thing I knew about them is that they played Glastonbury in their underpants.

Performing in front of a 'crowd' of 28 can hardly be an inspiring experience for any band, fortunately Head were so awful that they were beyond inspiration. Dominated by a guitarist who thinks he is in The Clash, they played what might have been side 84 of Sandinista. It was a shame that their keyboard player, a former member of Rip Rig and Panic had so little influence, this brand of second-hand combat rock histrionics will surely mean an early demise.

More than half the audience had turned up to see the support band; No Man's Land showed promise – their quieter semi-acoustic moments being their best. They were certainly better than Head but it's a pity to see Leeds' best venue being put to such poor use.

Pat Niven

MUSIC



ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Always Your Humble Slave (10 Records)

There are times when the awe-inspiring mediocrity of the week's singles releases begins to push me over the edge.

SCARLET FANTASTIC

Film Star Kiss (Arista)

There are times when these records are so bad that I have to be strapped to a chair and spoon-fed Novocaine before I can bear to listen to them.

WMTID

(Welcome to The Global Casino) Sheik Your Money (Rouska)

AAAAHHH!! Let me go!!

RUN DMC

Run's House (London)

Darryl and the boys attempt to prove that their previous huge success was not due simply to their ability to produce danceable heavy metal records. Unfortunately it was and this is terrible.

I, LUDICROUS

Quite extraordinary LIVERPOOL FC

Anfield Rap (Red Machine in Full Effect) (Virgin).

Two football records: the first is a jolly humorous

attempt to apparently incorporate David Coleman into Big Audio Dynamite: the second now remains as a monument to what happens if a team actually makes a good football record.

THE HOLLOW MEN

White Train (Gigantic)

Above average jangly indie record; only hamstrung by repetition.

CUD

Under My Hat (Ediesta)

Standard fare from famous Leeds Noise Band/vicious criminals Cud... psst wanna buy a drum-kit...?

JOHNNY CLEGG AND SAVUKA

I Call Your Name (EMI)

Initially brilliant but subsequently displays an increasingly unfortunate tendency to sound like a South African entry to the Eurovision Song Contest. Naff.

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE

Don't Call Me Baby (London)

Ah! Phil Spector returns!

Chiming guitars, melodically layered

this record makes

strapped worth-

vocals almost being in this chair while.



DAVID SYLVIAN Orpheus

(Virgin)

Milky melodies lapping at the edges of the consciousness... subtle nuances of sound cascading through the mind... Do I sound sincere...?

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA

(featuring SLUG-GO) (EMI)

Bam's latest collaboration produces a cranking mix of go-go and scratching. Erm... drop the bomb!

MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

Fall Down (Like the Rain) (Blue Guitar)

Pleasantly dirge-like tune backed up with disappointing half-speed version of 'Paint It Black'.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Under the Covers (WEA)

Subtitled 'Other people sing other peoples' songs', this album might equally well have been titled 'Other people sing other peoples' songs slowly', or even simply 'Other people musically sodomise other peoples' songs'. Essentially, if you already own either Simply Red's 'Picture Book' album, or 'Barbed Wire Kisses' by JAMC, you may as well sit back and wait gleefully for this record to resurface in prodigious quantities in bargain bins across the country.

This is because aside from 'Money's Too Tight To Mention' and the Reid Bros, sallow, vicious and wildly inappropriate rendition of 'Surfin' USA' - an experimental musical master which staggers, replete with blood-stained Hawaiian shirt and needle hanging from its arm, out of Brian Wilson's worst nightmare - the other covers

included are at best mediocre and at worse clearly labelled 'Novelty value only: p*** off'.

Strawberry Switchblades 'Jolene' should never have been committed to tape, and Fuzzbox should never even have been allowed past reception at the studio when they turned up to liquidise 'Spirit in the Sky' in a previously unimaginable manner. Buy this record and you'll regret it for the rest of your life... (Hm-mm-mm - a bit strong perhaps...)

Adam Higginbotham

THOMAS DOLBY

Aliens Ate My Buick (EMI)

There is something disturbing about this record. Something subtle, insidious... fundamentally unnerving. Something major record company executives have failed to notice. Something only a few people may be able to detect... It has a silly cover.

However, this is perhaps what we should now expect from a man who has clearly shot up rather too frequently with rather too much strong cocoa in the past ten years. Having said that, the speed-freak Magnus Pyke of yore only seems to put in one appearance on this album, in the opening to 'The Key to Her Ferrari'. Nevertheless, the album still bears the distinctive studio-effects-a-go-go sound of a man a few yuppies short of a full wine-bar; from the demented Sharon chattering moronically in 'Airhead' to the distant locomotives of 'Budapest By Blimp', there is always something to remind you that this is a Thomas 'Nutty' Dolby record. Throughout the bass constantly reminds doubting listeners that Tom does consider himself a funk artist, but he never quite becomes convincing enough to lift the album above the 'Interesting could try harder' stage.

FILIAL CONCERN

SON OF SAM

Geronimo EP

LITTLE BROTHER

Champion the Underdog

DUST DEVILS

Gutter Light

(all on Rouska Records)

Rouska Records have always concerned me. Their determined regionalism and tiny-mindedness when it comes to things musical leads to a catalogue of artists that (Cassandra Complex aside) is totally without distinction or brilliance. The roster is one of unmitigated tediousness.

Son of Sam perfectly reflects this attitude. They seem to believe that they are being tremendously radical by combining dance floor rhythms with pseudo-situationist politics (of Cabaret Voltaire c 1982). Sadly mistaken and sadly misapplied.

But at least they try. Little Brother doesn't even do that. This is a record strictly for those living with the views of Red Wedge type catchphrase socialism. This collection of third-rate Cooper Clarke-esque poetry and rambling MOR tunes plumbs the depths of cliché and whining incompetence. The disc is, however, extremely useful for testing the melting point of vinyl.

Which leaves me wondering why the Dust Devils are on Rouska. They're neither stupid nor out of date, producing music that could be congruous with the creations of A.R. Kane and Live Skull. But, compared to the Devils, the sound that these two produce is strictly limited. The Devil's noise is limitless, seeping across boundaries, constantly hard to pin down. With the exception of a few gothic re-

frains, the sound is perfectly decent. As the music itself becomes the object of discourse, the guitars, drums and voice twist and play around a multiplicity of references, always squeezing out of the critical cages that might be placed around them. Something of the noise always escapes attempts to entrap or freeze it. The decaying listener is left inscribed with the chaotic shards of slashed open experience. Snarling, they smash open the listener's preconceptions, building up level upon level of noises that spin endlessly away - infecting everywhere, touching everything. A vertiginous wasteland of contradictions and conflagrations.

The second best band in Leeds.

Vee

CHARTS

Phew, what a scorcher! It's the Leeds Student Summer Chart

1. WALKING ON SUNSHINE Rockers Revenge.
2. WALKING ON SUNSHINE Katrina and the Waves
3. WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE Bad Manners
4. HERE COMES THE SUMMER The Undertones
5. LAZY SUNDAY AFTERNOON The Kinks
6. MR BLUE SKY ELO
7. SUNNY DAY Pigbag
8. THE BEACH New Order
9. SUMMER HOLIDAY St Cliff Richard
10. I WANNA BE A TV The Beach Bastards

Compiled by the Leeds Student beach bums

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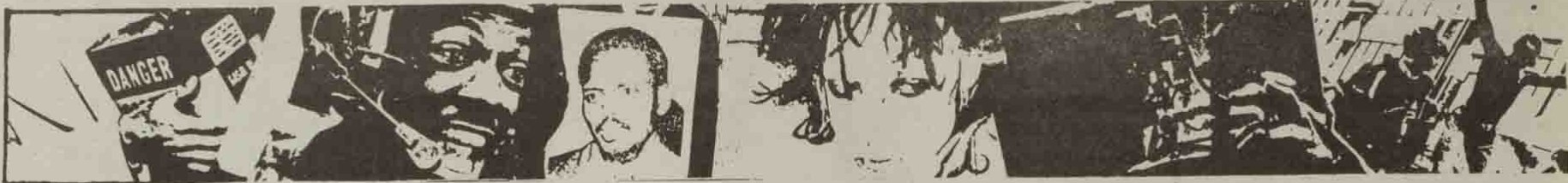
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What's on



Cinema



COTTAGE ROAD (751606)

All week at 6pm and 8.10pm – MOONSTRUCK.
From May 27, evenings only – THE BELIEVERS at 5.45pm, 8.05pm.
Afternoons at 2pm CAREBEARS.
Late show Fri 27 – THE FLY at 10.45pm.

HYDE PARK CINEMA (752045)

BELLY OF AN ARCHITECT at 7.30pm for one week. Late show Fri 21 – RITA, SUE & BOB TOO.
Sat 22 – BETTY BLUE at 11pm.

CANNON CINEMA (452665)

(Please ring for times)
1. RAW – starring Eddie Murphy.
2. THE UNBEARABLE LIGHTNESS OF BEING.
3. MOONSTRUCK

HEADINGLEY LOUNGE (751061)

From May 21 – HOPE AND GLORY at 5.50pm, 8.15pm

(Sun 5pm, 7.25pm).

From May 27 – THREE MEN AND A BABY.

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE (442111)

Fri 21 – HOUSE OF GAMES.
Sat 22 – LAST TANGO IN PARIS (both at 11pm).
Sun 23 – THE FOUR ADVENTURES OF REINETTE & MIRABELLA

ODEON CINEMA (436230/430313)

Please ring for details.

NMP BRADFORD (0274 727488)

Sat, May 21 at 7pm – LITTLE DORRIT part 1.
Sun 22 at 6.30pm – LITTLE DORRIT part 2, plus SCRIPT TO SCREEN – How the film was made.
Tues 24, 25, 28, 29 at 7.30pm – FATAL ATTRACTION plus WHAT'S OPERA, DOC?
Tues 31 at 7.30pm – SEDUCED & ABANDONED.
Weds June 1, 4, 5 at 7.30pm – AMADEUS.

Miscellaneous



FRIDAY, MAY 20

CHILE SOLIDARITY BENEFIT – Chilean band Meli-Antu, LUU Doubles Bar at 8pm. Admission £1.50 – late bar and reggae disco.

J-SOC – Shabbat comes in at 8.55pm and goes out at 10.25pm. Services at 7.30pm Fri night and 10am Shabbat morning. Shabbat shalom.

ANTI-APARTHEID SOC – Planning meeting today and every Fri until end of term, 1pm RH Evans. All welcome.

SATURDAY, MAY 21

J-SOC – Late night oneg-food and a discussion on 'Free Will', at Hillel Flat, 10.30pm, £1.50 admission.

SUNDAY, MAY 22

FOLK SOC – Presents Little Maggie & Big Al, upstairs at the Pack Horse, 8.30pm, admission 50/80p.

J-SOC – Sharuot comes in at 10.25pm, services 10am Sunday and Monday mornings. Chag Samayach.

TUESDAY, MAY 24

CIVIC THEATRE – Ken Webster, hypnotist at 7.30pm. Admission £3.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

CHRISTIAN UNION/LPCU – Meeting at 7pm in Jubilee Room/BP, to discuss homosexuality – bring your ears and questions.

THURSDAY, MAY 26

BUDDHIST SOC – A talk on 'Nichiren Shoshu Practice' at 7.45pm, Theology Dept, 173 Woodhouse Lane. All welcome.

CIVIC THEATRE – 'There's No Business Like Snow Business', humorous and informative discussion of the weather by Bill Giles, at 7.30pm. Tickets £3, £3.50, £4.

FRIDAY, MAY 27

J-SOC – Shabbat comes in at 9.05 and goes out at 10.39. Services at 7.30pm Friday night, 10am Shabbat morning. Shabbat shalom.

SATURDAY, MAY 28

THIRD WORLD FIRST – March for Viraj Mendis, in Manchester. Contact Third World First.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1

CIVIC THEATRE – 'More Than 60 Years of Motor Racing', presentation of race-track and circuit films and info, by A.F. Rivers-Fletcher.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2

BUDDHIST SOC – A meditation evening (instruction available), 7.45pm, Theology Dept, 173 Woodhouse Lane. All welcome.

Personal



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Drummer and bass player wanted, 60s pop to 80s noise. Commitment essential, backing vocals an advantage. Tel: 743264.

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Hello, Shaw Lane – Madam Cyn, Easy, Jose, Roxy, Bogbrush, Loran and Kirsteen – it wasn't us, Ann and nymph.

□ □ □

Ball dresses for sale, tel: Louise (flat 5) on 446895.

□ □ □

In time of exams – there's no success like failure and failure is no success at all.

□ □ □

Mel likes men in wrinkly tights (or is it that she doesn't?)

□ □ □

Two (female) rooms available in same unit, James Baillie flats, £15 per week. Tel: Karen or Jeane, 757922.

□ □ □

SALLY COATES – What will your mother think?

□ □ □

STUDE SEX BEAST INVITES OFFERS – APPLY WITHIN (fnurl)

□ □ □

MARTYN ZIEGLER – Get ya kit off pet! xxx from guess who...

□ □ □

Habo-ut dinner?

□ □ □

Ridgeway Victory?? Wrong again boys. White lodge wins on all counts.

□ □ □

Roz – How small? Lucki

□ □ □

I'll dror the menu...

□ □ □

JONNY – STOP SHIVERING, I LOVE YOU

□ □ □

Condensed Milk plus Chocolate Elbow – Door Devils.

□ □ □

He's dead canny and a real man...

□ □ □

IS JANE A VIRGIN?

□ □ □

BAYREUTH BABES, JOEY AND DAVE. LOVE AND HUGS TO MY KOPFIGSTE BOYFRIENDS. 2.1 xxx.

□ □ □

(Sorry, no umlauts on this type-writer).

□ □ □

Weirdo Henderson – you're a TOURIST!

□ □ □

DEVONSHIRE HALL SUMMER BALL – June 24. Last few tickets left. 'Yargo' and many top acts. Firework display, prize draw, buffet supper and breakfast. Tickets available from Devonshire Hall, don't miss out on the event of the year.

□ □ □

Think of me, next issue, with, THREE exams...

□ □ □

Karen Thornton: GOD BLESS YOU, you hardworking devil.

□ □ □

Theatre



LEEDS PLAYHOUSE (442111)

Alan Bennett's new comedy, KAFKA'S DICK, until Saturday, June 4. Monday/Tuesday 8pm, Wednesday-Saturday 7.30pm (no performance Monday, May 30), matinee 3pm, Saturday, May 21.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE, BRADFORD (0274 752000)

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?, the Elvis Presley musical till May 21. From May 24 to June 11, the national touring production of Andrew Lloyd-Webber's and Tim Rice's EVITA.

LEEDS GRAND (459351)

For two weeks at 7.30pm, Andrew Lloyd-Webber's SONG AND DANCE starring Marti Webb and Wayne Sleep.

CIVIC THEATRE (462453)

Till May 26, College of Music Opera present THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, 7.15pm. Sunday, May 29 for one night only, AN EVENING WITH ROBERT STOLZ, music, operettas, songs, films (7.30pm). Tuesday, May 24, Ken Webster – HYPNOTIST, 7.30pm.

CITY VARIETIES (430808)

FASCINATING AIDA at 7.30pm, May 31.

WORKSHOP THEATRE

Friday 21 and Saturday 22, DONNA ELVIRA about opera singers.

Classical



LEEDS TOWN HALL (462453)

HALLE ORCHESTRA, O.A. Hughes, Ladies of Leeds Festival Chorus perform ELGAR'S ENIGMA VARIATIONS & HOLST'S THE PLANETS. May 21 at 7.30pm.

CLOTHWORKERS CONCERT HALL

Lunchtime recitals by finalist and MMus performers, June 1, 2, 3.

INSTITUTE GALLERY, CIVIC THEATRE

RIE SCHMIDT (flute) and BEN VERDERY (guitar) perform works from Bach to Takemitsu, May 21 at 8pm.

TEMPLE NEWSAM HOUSE (462453)

(Catch bus 47)
AUSTRALIA CHAMBER MUSIC ENSEMBLE play Mozart, Crusall and Beethoven, May 31 at 7.30pm.

ST MARGARET'S CHURCH, ILKLEY

SINFONIA OF LEEDS play Mozart, Brahms and Beethoven's symphony no 6 (pastoral). May 21 at 7.30pm.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, BRADFORD

End of season opera gala, with OPERA NORTH, conductor David Lloyd Jones. May 28 at 7.30pm.

Gigs



THE ASTORIA (490914)

May 20 – The John Goughlin Band

THE IRISH CENTRE (480887)

May 21 – Aidan & The Strangers
May 22 – Shylo
May 24 – Souls de Cuba
May 25 – The Real Sounds of Africa
May 28 – Bridget & Country Cream
May 29 – The Sweeney Brothers

HADDON HALL (751115)

May 20 – Famous Last Words
May 21 – Pale Saints
May 26 – Pearl Divers
May 27 – The Landlords
May 28 – Crafted Now

COCONUT GROVE (455718)

May 25 – Eduardo Niedela & Antonio Forcione, 9pm, £3.

ADELPHI (456377)

May 21 – Eduard Donald Jazz Band
May 27 – The First of Anti

DUCHESS OF YORK

May 20 – The Plougher, plus Act Natural
May 21 – Redbeards From Texas plus support
May 22 – Brendan Croker & The 5 O'Clock Shadows
May 23 – Little Old Chief
May 24 – The Shamemen, plus Parachutemen
May 25 – Shy, plus UFI
May 26 – One Thousand Violins, plus support
May 27 – Love It To Death plus support
May 28 – Steve Gibbons band, plus The Former Majorcan
May 29 – John Strong
May 30 – Andy White
May 31 – The Janitors, plus support

What's on



Exhibitions



LEEDS CITY ART GALLERY (4622495)

From May 18, exhibition by ELAINE KOWLASKY. Others include Turner and Burnley, till June 19, and Claesoldenburg and Coosjebanbruggen till June 26.

ART SPACE GALLERY (431427)

THE BEACH-HEAD - an exhibition by MARIA HAYES until May 28. Also exhibition of flower paintings by LEO.

BRADFORD - NMP (0274 727488)

Exhibitions of the photography of JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (famous Victorian portraitist) till June 26, YOUSUF KARSH till June 26 (includes portraits of J.F.K., Fidel Castro, Sophia Loren), and Fay Goodwin, landscape photographer.

ST PAULS GALLERY (456421)

From May 21, a printmaking exhibition by six artists of Polish origin, ends June 18. (Gallery closed May 30-31).

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Nightclub

FRIDAY

The In Scene at Ritzy (£1)
Friday Bop at Beckett Park
Alternative Night at The Warehouse (free)
Student Night at The Phono
Mile High Club at Ricky's (£1.25)
Heavy Rock Night at Central Park (£1)
The Soul Pit at Ricky's (£1.50)
Refectory Bop (£2/£2.50)

SATURDAYS

Funk/House/Soul at the Warehouse (£2.50)
Downbeat at Ricky's (£2)
The Buzz at Ritzy
Megabop in Tartan Bar (75p/£1)
Poly Disco in City Site (£1)

SUNDAYS

Alternative Night at Ritzy

MONDAYS

Music Review at Ritzy (£1.25)
The Mix at Ricky's (£1)
Lesbian & Gay at Rockshack

TUESDAYS

Kaleidoscope Pop at Ricky's (£1.50)
Rock and Alternative at the Warehouse. (£1.50)

WEDNESDAYS

Poly Disco in City Site (50p)
Live Jazz at Coconut Grove (£1.50)
Student Night at The News (£1)
The Keep at Ricky's (£1)

THURSDAYS

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SPORTS



MOTOR CLUB RALLY



The University Motor Club's calendar for navigational events culminated in the annual chairman's event on Friday, April 29.

A good turnout of Uni and Poly crews participated in the event which started from a car park in the middle of Roundhay Park, and headed north.

The teams were set a variety of navigational conundrums which had to be translated into map references where code letters were to be found.

Halfway through the event, the competitors arrived at a layby on the outskirts of Harrogate, where the driver and navigator were required to vacate their vehicle, and perform a timed three-legged 'auto test' around plastic cones, all of which was watched by a pair of very bemused boys in blue who

happened to be parked there.

The winning team, with the fastest three-legged technique and 129 points overall comprised Jonathon Allan, driving his Ford Fiesta, and navigator Graeme Lond. Travel sickness pills enabled Graeme to save time by plotting the co-ordinates on the move, rather than in the car park, in spite of Jon's driving through the undulations of the Yorkshire countryside at night.

In second place were M. Boynes and G. Spiers with 105 points, H. Chambers and K. Higgins came third with 102 points.

The winners received the Chairman's Event trophy at the motor club dinner at the Queens Hotel on May 7, where all the awards for the year were presented.

POLY CRICKET

Leeds Poly cricket team beat Huddersfield Poly by eight wickets recently, and hope to qualify for the next round of the BPSA Cup.

Huddersfield Poly got 196-7 off their allotted 40 overs, Mecher and Brixton bowling particularly well for Leeds.

When they batted Leeds scored powerfully with an excellent innings of 118 not out from Miller, and the total of 201-2 was reached in 35 overs.

Whilst Leeds have only played one of their three games, losing one by default to Trent, Trent themselves have lost the only game they actually played. Leeds hope that their victory against Huddersfield, who beat Trent in their other game, will help them to the next round. Sheffield, meanwhile have not turned up to any of their games and come bottom of the group.

Leeds Poly golf team have won the British Polytechnics Team Championship recently but *Leeds Student* has received no details. If your club or society plays in any competitions, please send reports to the *Leeds Student* office in the University Union or drop them into the pigeon hole outside the Union offices at the Poly.

Deadline details are that reports need to be in by lunchtime on the Monday before publication. The paper is published every two weeks during the summer.

A PLEA

Leeds Student sports pages is often very unrepresentative in its contents, especially with its coverage of Polytechnic news. Whilst the paper wants to be fair to its readership, it cannot

do so without co-operation.

Please send your reports of events to either the University office, or to the Polytechnic pigeon hole, by the Union offices.

BICYCLE WIN



● G. Pidcock

Leeds were well represented at the National University Bicycling Championships which were held in Edinburgh recently. Two University students came in top of the field, with Giles Pidcock gaining first place.

He is a third year economics student who also won the event in 1986. Last year, due to a virus he only finished seventh.

Leeds also came 13th with a good ride by Phil Heath on the very windy and hilly route.

The 88 mile road race took place on a warm and sunny day last Saturday, and the early May sunshine made the course especially difficult to ride.

Giles Pidcock made the break 20 miles from the finish and although there was a seven man sprint at the end, there was a three minute gap till the rest of the field came into view.

Giles represented Great Britain in the World Student Games in 1986.

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ROSES CUP VICTORY

On Saturday, May 7, both 1st and 2nd XIs scored victories over Lancaster University sides and left themselves in favourable positions to qualify for the next stage of the UAU competition. Whilst the 1st XI game proved convincing, the 2nds game was a tense affair with the result in doubt until the final ball.

Jones and Kersey gave the 1st XI an ideal start putting on 88 for the first wicket. Ahye capitalised on this with a belligerent 40 and Cox gave valuable assistance for 28. Jones finished with 83, a fine innings on a pitch with something in it for the bowlers, as Garnett proved, the Lancastrian collecting four for 53.

Lancaster's innings was an anti-climatic affair once Hamlin had engineered the first breakthrough. Momentum was never achieved and the final margin of defeat - 158 runs - reflected the gulf between the



two sides. Hamlin's figures of six for 20 accurately reflected the combined effort of two fine sustained spells of seam bowling.

Only John Armstrong offered any resistance in the 2nd XI fixture his 44 proved to be the backbone of Leeds 123

on a painfully slow wicket. Clearly this was never going to be an easy target to chase but it took an outstanding spell by that man again, Armstrong with four for 13 and every catch to be held in a tense after-tea session to see Leeds home by six runs.

Leeds paid their first ever visit to Clifton Lane on Sunday to play Rotherham Town Cricket Club but in a match lacking the drive of the UAU fixture, and Leeds had to be content with defeat by 14 runs.

Rotherham's batsmen all made solid contributions after deciding to bat. A 40-yard boundary and some wayward mid-innings bowling set Leeds cause back and it took a superb spell by Hamlin, helped by newcomer Gokhale to peg the home side to 166 of 40 overs. Hamlin's three wickets took him to nine in the weekend.

Leeds challenge never looked convincing in the face of accurate seam bowling. Cox's 24 was never fluent and though Armstrong and Gokhale weighed in with some lusty blows, only Derek James typically cavalier 49 off 46 balls kept the students in touch. The final margin of defeat possibly flattered the University.

Brian Murgatroyd



It is almost a good job that Liverpool is not the busy port it once was, for the Scousers seem to have trouble telling apart a stoker and a striker. Last Saturday they made this clear by screaming, "Who's the anchor in the black?" at the referee. Then again maybe they were commenting on the importance of the said official.

Scouse fans all over the country seems a little bit touchy about last week's final of the FA Cup, but on reflection, although every right minded football fan hates to see someone as mind-bogglingly successful and good as Liverpool win all the time, the referee certainly seemed, in the words of Rimmer from 'Red Dwarf' a 'smegging gimboird'.

First the 'hard as hell' men who 'live in the pool' should have been awarded a goal when Beardsley beat a challenge and strode through to score. Instead the referee blew for a free kick to Liverpool. But later, as if to make up for it, he gave the Northern side a penalty for a perfectly fair challenge.

However, Aldridge's strike was saved, the second successive spot-kick to be saved in Cup Finals at Wembley, remember Dibble for Luton?

But much as it is nice to see 65,000 wasted journeys to London, it has to be said that of all the teams to beat them, Wimbledon were the least of anyone's favourites. The wombling side are a team who couldn't sell all 25,000 of their ticket allocation, who's up and under technique has stifled football the country over, and been copied by second rate teams in a bid to 'do a Watford' and gain first division status. It worked for Oxford after all. The Don's were also a team that everyone wrote off long before the final took place.

The final was probably the most certain one since Leeds in their almighty and invincible days played lowly second division Sunderland. The result: Sunderland 1, Leeds United 0.

This result was repeated at Wembley last weekend, which just goes to show... It's a funny old world, (oops sorry, wrong column).

RIDING WEEKEND

With much enthusiasm and not a little trepidation, Leeds University Riding Club staged its first ever Triathlon, involving swimming, running and riding. Despite a promising response from our neighbouring universities, when it came to the crunch we only managed to scrape three competitors from York and one from Durham, so the rest of the competitors came from our own ranks.

The swimming took place at Coppice Arena Baths in Harrogate and took the form of the number of lengths swum in five minutes. No-one drowned so the running stage commenced at the riding centre. This really sorted the men from the boys and involved two circuits of a very tortuous circuit.

A lunch break was then taken to recover (and watch Neighbours) and then it was the final section - riding. This was the most serious event requiring the greatest level of horseman(woman)ship and bore no resemblance whatsoever to an obstacle race on horseback.

Leeds did very well individually with overall third place for Alison Wheeler, fourth for Rachel Hunt, fifth for Anne

Baird and joint eighth for Liz Croot and Alison Bullows. Leeds hope to make this an annual event and already several members have been spotted secretly training around Hyde Park and down at the pool.

Five days later, Leeds travelled to York Riding School for a competition involving both dressage and show-jumping.

After the dressage stage Leeds held the first three places: Alison Wheeler, Joy O'Flanagan and Anne Baird. The show-jumping was relatively uneventful except for the first and last competitors. Alison Wheeler, first to jump was riding 'Henry' well when she took the wrong course and was eliminated. Then Anne Baird, last to ride on 'Stallion' made a 'real pig's ear' of the course and got ten penalty points. These were added to the elimination points, 20, that Alison Wheeler collected and so she was relegated to seventh position.

However, Leeds had done well enough in the dressage to hold onto the lead with Joy O'Flanagan first followed by Anne Baird third and Emma Critterder fourth. M.Woodhouse

CHAMPIONS!



● The winning team

After being successful in winning three titles including the Northern Championships already, the Leeds University ballroom dancing team travelled to Liverpool at the end of last term to compete for the National Inter-Varsity Dance Association championship title, in which they were runners-up in 1986 and third last year.

Before the team match Paul Nichols and Lindsey Patterson gave an inspired performance to earn third position.

The team match then commenced by the teams marching onto the floor to cheers from the audience, the Leeds team getting the loudest cheer from

their supporters. The four couples each perform one dance for the team and the results are computed as a combination of these four results.

When a controversial result in the quickstep left Leeds without its couple, Paul Bulleyment and Helen Jay in the final, Leeds' cause looked lost. However, the waltz gave president Pauline Aston and Christopher Ayer first place, and Jim Reeves and Lindsey Patterson came first in the cha-cha. When Paul Nichols and Sharon Holroyd came third in the jive, Leeds gained victory by one point over southern champions Bristol University and became outright national champions.

YORKSHIRE LOOSE AGAIN

It was truly a woeful Worcester weekend for Yorkshire, who were knocked out of the Benson and Hedges Cup on Saturday.

Sunday saw their hosts rub salt into already gaping wounds with a five wicket win accomplished with the help of an astonishing innings by Graham Hick, who else?

The young Zimbabwean passed 1,000 runs for the season in all competitions with a marvellous knock of 111.

Yorkshire had batted well in scoring 223, including 30 from the last two overs. The backbone of the innings was, as so often, a fluent 79 from Moxon. A mid-innings decline was halted by an unbeaten fifth wicket partnership of 70 by Robinson (45 not out) and Neil

Hartley (38 not out). The total looked reasonable on a small ground, and a particularly heavy toll had been taken off Botham's bowling. He went for 39 in five wicketless overs and his fill-in Hick fared no better. His three overs cost 30 runs and yielded only the wicket of Sharp.

Yorkshire's worst fears were realised when they bowled however. Despite removing the clearly out-of-sorts Botham early for nine, once Hick and Curtis (53) got going Worcestershire always looked favourites.

Moxon and Fletcher were particularly expensive and Sidebottom's return catch to dismiss Hick with the score on 205, was too little, too late.

Clive Hayward

TENNIS TRIUMPH

Finding themselves in a tough group with York and Lancaster, Leeds Uni put up two great performances to beat both teams and qualify for the next round of the competition.

Needing at least two of the remaining three matches to beat Lancaster, team captain, Simon Davis and Miles Edmeston showed the way with a crushing 6-1, 6-0 victory. John Stead and his somewhat out-of-form brother David, won 6-4, 6-4 to seal the match. Earlier

Chris Hull and Rupert Burnett had won a thrilling encounter.

After a slight misunderstanding over the arrangements with York, the Leeds team continued the good work, giving at least 100 per cent effort. The match was well poised all along and at the end of the day, the lads were 'over the moon' with their 6-3 triumph. Jim Haddleton was voted man-of-the-match for his fine display of powerful serving.

J. Stead

SPORTS DIARY

MEN'S CRICKET

Saturday, May 21

LUU 1st and 2nd XI v Sheffield Uni

Sunday, May 22

UAU Competition?

Wednesday, May 25

LUU 1st XI v Leeds Allerton

Cookridge v Bradford Infirmary

Saturday, May 28

Women v Hull

Medics v Liverpool

LEEDS

STUDENT

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Stones to sue Leeds Student

The director of the City of Leeds College of Music has reiterated his intention to sue both Leeds Student and lesbian and gay students at the College, over claims that he has banned the students' Lesbian and Gay Society from the premises.

The threats were made by Mr Joseph Stones in a news story on the front page of the *Yorkshire Evening Post* a week ago, and are the latest in a long line of controversy over the matter.

"The society has not been banned but has simply been restricted to advertising and meeting in the student common room and Union office, and for that I have good reason," said Mr Stones in the article.

"This issue has been adopted as a platform for the anti-Clause 28 lobby. It has all gone a bit too far and is getting quite evil with the lies and dirt they are coming out with," he continued.

However, at a meeting with Clive Spendlove, the Chairman of the Lesbian and Gay Society, Mr Stones refused to explain his reasons for banning the society.

Mr Spendlove has also been the repeated victim of abusive hate mail, and has said that the strain of the affair is beginning to tell on his health.

"We're not asking for anything more than anybody else and we're not accepting anything less," he said.

"We just want them to stop the discrimination."

A meeting was held at the Polytechnic on Wednesday night to discuss ways to fight the problem. Help has already been offered by the arts lobby of the stop the clause campaign, and at a Union Council meeting at LUU last Monday, a motion was passed affiliating the University Union to the Music College Lesbian and Gay Society.

A day of action has also been planned for June 1, when Clause 28 becomes law and the name of the Tartan Bar in LUU is to be changed to 'The Harvey Milk' bar after the famous North American gay activist who was murdered.

For the moment the threat of legal action from Joseph Stones is being taken seriously. Both Clive Spendlove and Leeds Student have consulted lawyers over the matter.

Mr Stones has a history of taking legal action, to resolve his grievances. He eventually reached an out of court settlement with the Box Tree Restaurant in Ilkley, after a case in the magistrates court, and in 1984, he was brought in front of a disciplinary tribunal for criticising Leeds City Council over the expenditure of money for work on the College. He was cleared of any misconduct.

Jay Rayner



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fashion accessory since space dust hit the streets. Wear it and chill-out.

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Big bill... and big top trouble

• LUU are this week facing a substantial bill from the university for damage caused at the occupation of the physics building last term.

Germaine Varney, General Secretary of the Union, received the bill of £6,684 together with an invoice for a further £1,800 for time lost by the university's printing service.

A committee meeting on April 25, recommended that the £6,684 bill should be paid while the £1,800 bill should be rejected.

"We are not prepared to accept this," an angry Ms Varney said. "The University lost a total of only half a day and at no time did students stop people from working."

The Bursar's office refused to comment on the matter and the negotiations are continuing.

Gay Flashman

• A violent incident two weeks ago at Gandey's Circus involving two students has resulted in a man being charged with grievous bodily harm with intent to maliciously wound.

Richard Maraviglia and Jonathan Whitmore, returning from a late night curry at Suhana, were set upon by three men, one wielding a sledgehammer handle, as they walked just inside the circus perimeter on Woodhouse.

Whitmore was struck across the back sending him to the ground, the man then turning on Maraviglia, striking his raised arm several times, intent on hitting his head. Maraviglia managed to escape by clearing a fence out of the circus.

Meanwhile, Whitmore was bundled into a caravan by four other men, told "You're going to lose your head," and pressed against a wall for ten minutes with a hand around his throat.

He was finally released after two of the men scoured the site for damage.

The attack has left Maraviglia with a chipped bone and a deep cut, and Whitmore suffering severe bruising to his back. Both believe they may have been attacked on the assumption that they were members of the Animal Liberation Front, who were present at the circus site throughout its stay.

The accused man initially only agreed to confronting the two, but has since, apparently on legal advice, admitted to hitting them both. A Crown Court case involving a jury has thus been avoided. The students intend to seek compensation.

Dave Hobbs

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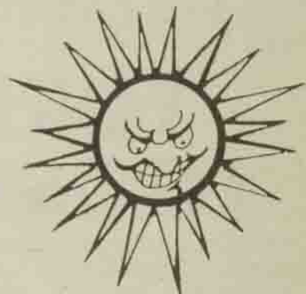
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WEATHER
FORECAST

FRIDAY: Dry with some sunshine, apart from an isolated light shower. Light north-west winds. Maximum temperature 14°C, 57°F minimum. Friday night 2°C, 36°F with a ground frost.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY: Dry with sunny intervals. Light east winds and overnight ground frost in places. Maximum temperature 15°C, 59°F, minimum 3°C, 37°F.

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STOP PRESS

Congratulations to Sir Edward Parkes University V.C. on his birthday yesterday. Here's to another 62 years.