

LEEDS

STUDENT

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1988



● Snap, crackle and pop special

FASCISM
IN LEEDS

On April 23rd hundreds of Fascists gathered in Leeds in a show of strength for the National Front and other Far right British parties.

This week *Leeds Student* brings you a special supplement on the strength of the fascists in Britain and in Leeds.

We look at the recruiting that goes on at Leeds Utd FA's Elland Road Football Ground, and chart the fall and rise of British fascism.

And the exclusive report includes blow by blow profiles of the evil men that front these organisations, their criminal records, positions of power and where they socialise.

We also look to the Continent and the success of Jean Marie Le Pen, the racist leader of the French Front National, in a special report written for *Leeds Student* by Graeme Atkinson, a journalist from *Searchlight* magazine, the internationally respected anti-fascist journal.

It is a catalogue of terror that nobody can afford to ignore, for one day it may be too late.



IT'S A SWSS

LUU Socialist Workers Student Society are preparing themselves for a campaign against the 'victimisation' of two of their members, following the University's decision to discipline them.

This is the result of a meeting last term when David Nicholson, a conservative MP, was drowned out by pickets as he attempted to address an event organised by LUU Conservative Association. He wrote to the university complaining of the intimidatory behaviour, particularly of Andy Burnyeat and Moira Nolan.

Opinion is divided between the Union Executive and SWSS. Germaine Varney, LUU General Secretary, believes that the two are being unfairly treated.

"There were 30 or so pickets protesting, and so discrimination against two is unacceptable, although they did break the code of conduct," she commented. But Varney also warned of turning the case into a cause "Because this might promote the view that the two are guilty, which would further endanger their course positions."

Varney rejected the SWSS opinion that this is not an isolated case, but the latest measure by the University to

REPORT
by
DAVE HOBBS

undermine Union autonomy and strength.

SWSS argues that their two members did not receive letters from the Registrar until just before the exam period began. As opposition is only available from the Union drawing on its membership support, the University is hoping that this will not occur because of exam pressure.

The 'Support the LUU 2 Campaign' group, formed under the auspices of

SWSS, is prepared to attempt to mobilise support now, although University action has been halted until the exams are over.

It was successful in gaining 250 necessary signatures to call for a Special General Meeting concerning the case (which was inquorate) and the campaign believes it can attract further support to create a lobby which will put pressure on Exec to help.

A sticking point in the case is whether the two broke the University and Union code of conduct by disrupting the meeting. Here LUUCA played a part by announcing the meeting as not controversial, but very shortly before it began the Association claimed that Nicholson was to talk about the Alton Bill and Clause 29. The code states that disruption of a controversial meeting when the speaker is unable 'to deliver properly his or her speech' is prohi-

bited, and offenders liable to disciplinary procedure. LUUCA's actions could be regarded as irresponsible and inflammatory however.

SWSS regards the University intervention as wrong. "Disciplinary moves against students should be taken by the Union only," Paul McDermott commented. Germaine Varney however, spelt out the problems of disciplinary actions frankly, stating that "no one will sit on the Union's tribunal in spite of publicity and elections for the posts. Action now goes through departments and finally to the Registrar."

SWSS regards their case as important, believing students in the future may be prone to unjustified disciplinary proceedings with no support available from their representative body, the Student Union.

Dave Hobbs

INSIDE

NEWS

The hour of
Bob is upon us

MUSIC

SKINT VIDEO

Come Clean

ARTS

Night in the
death of a
film reviewer

SPORT

Just who do
the England cricket
selectors think
they are?

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NEWS



Terror Cult grips Leeds

After the Moonies, after the Scientologists and the Children of God, a strange new cult is threatening our civilisation.

Called the Church of the SubGenius, it goes far beyond previous organisations by holding that it, and it alone, will be the salvation of certain members of the human race in the holocaust to come.

Its strange practices, and even stranger beliefs, represent a pernicious and subversive influence on the youth of this country. Already it has gained a grip on the children of America, where 'rants' by the cult's preachers are an everyday occurrence on TV. To discover the truth about this foul organisation, I embarked on an attempt to infiltrate the religion, meeting preachers and many ex-members.

The SubGenii worship a strange man known only as 'Bob' Dobbs. This obvious pseudonym hides the true identity of the cult's leader and controller. He encourages his followers to view themselves as superior beings - over men and over women - who, through his mediation, will survive the forthcoming destruction of the human race. His brain-washed devotees believe that our civilisation is breaking down, and, when everything falls apart, 'Bob' will use his influence with the inhabitants of 'Planet X' to ensure their survival; flown away by UFOs. Left behind will be the remnants of humanity: The Pink Boyz (as non-believers are contemptuously called).

The cult seem to trap many people, as they did Rob Hardbuhl, through promises of money, sex and drugs. Their pretence at being only a 'fun' organisation is quickly shattered as potential initiates answer the ritual questions (I could only learn one of these, which was: "Every now and then, do you tie up blind amputees and indulge in mud sports, canings and Tasmanian culture?") The expected answer is not known) and take part in the ritual celebrations. Rob Hardbuhl claimed, "I

joined for the wierd sex and drugs. But when I found myself in the middle of a field at midnight mutilating cattle, I realised that things had gone too far." This cattle mutilation seems to feature as a major part of the group's ceremonies.

What is most pernicious about the order is its warping of orthodox religious beliefs. Opposing 'Bob' at the end of time is an anti-Bob, while both Jesus and Jehovah are at his side. An ex-member of the cult, referred to only as JR, said: "It was this abuse of deeply held beliefs that finally forced me to leave. The other cultees claimed that 'Bob' regularly spoke to God (or Jehovah One as he is known), and that we could too if only we were to take enough drugs."

JR now lives in constant fear. Scorned as a 'Bobbie' (false believer) by the remaining cultists, he has been threatened on many occasions, and is now convinced that Charles Manson lives in his closet. The danger is obvious.

And, gradually, the movement is gaining adherents in local areas. In Leeds itself, a breakaway 'Ishmaili' clench worship 'Bob's' half-brother: the two-piped 'Bobob'. Its influence is growing everywhere, but especially in the entertainment and record industries, where any mention of the word, 'Bob' must be treated with suspicion. At least three prominent Leeds indie bands are already under 'Bob's' sway. This cult makes the Moonies seem normal and colourless.

It may already be too late to stop them.

VEE

LUU Finance Officer Tony Austen has clinched a deal with Ricky's nightclub whereby LUU will advertise its student nights on Mondays and Thursdays, and sell tickets in the Union. In return it will receive part of the door takings which will go the South African Scholarship Fund.

On Mondays, tickets will be available in the Change Kiosk but on Thursdays, the Union is protecting its business interests by only selling them at the Thurs-

day Bop.

"We don't want to take trade away from the Union," Austen explained, "we are just co-operating. We'd be cutting our own throats otherwise."

He hopes to raise over £100 a night for the SASF, and as Ricky's will be charging Union bar prices on a Thursday it seems as though everybody's in for a good time...

Martyn Ziegler

It's a funny old world!

If you think life's giving you the cold shoulder think on this tale of woe.

A man parking his car in New Mexico accidentally crashed into his garage. The impact knocked a freezer through his living room wall, where it landed on his wife, killing her outright.

That's the appliance of science for you. Still, it is of course, a funny old world.



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Action project coming up

Leeds Student Community Action are planning to launch a new project to start in October 1988, involving work with people who have experienced mental health problems.

The intention is for students to meet together on a one-to-one basis with people who have moved out of High Royds (a large psychiatric hospital in Menston and into Leeds).

While provisions may be made to help these people develop physical self care skills, it is important that we remember that we all have needs that go beyond shelter and re-learning how to look after ourselves. We also need acceptance and friendship. No matter how many consultants, care assistants, social workers on health visitors are seen, these relationships often have something missing. This is not just a lack of time, but an intrinsically unbalanced power relationship of staff and client. There is a need for opportunities when ex-residents of High Royds and other people can broaden their opportunities by meeting together on an equal basis.

These meetings will not be a substitute for the paid work provided by social workers or other paid staff. Nor are Action looking for a group of self sacrificing 'do gooders'. Instead, they see this project as a way of two people learning together and helping one another - for example by developing confidence or insight.

Volunteers would have adequate opportunities for training and support and Student Community Action are looking for people who are prepared to make a regular commitment. However, you can find out more about this project with no obligation. Action are still at the planning stage and welcome any advice or comments. Come to a meeting on Wednesday, June 15, at 1pm in the Action Office to find out more. Or if you can't make this, drop in for a coffee and a chat when you're free.

The Action Office is in the West Wing of the University Union. Drop in. Leave a message or phone 439071.

Jonathan Senker

New general manager at Poly

Leeds Poly Union has appointed Michael Hogg to be General Manager, responsible for the running of the Union.

The post is a new one as a result of a major reorganisation of the LPSU management structure. The appointment is part of the preparations by the Union for when the Poly moves into corporate status.

Mr Hogg who comes to the job from a position in local government in Taunton, Somerset, was described as being full of

new and progressive ideas for raising finance in the Union, by LPSU president Ed Gamble.

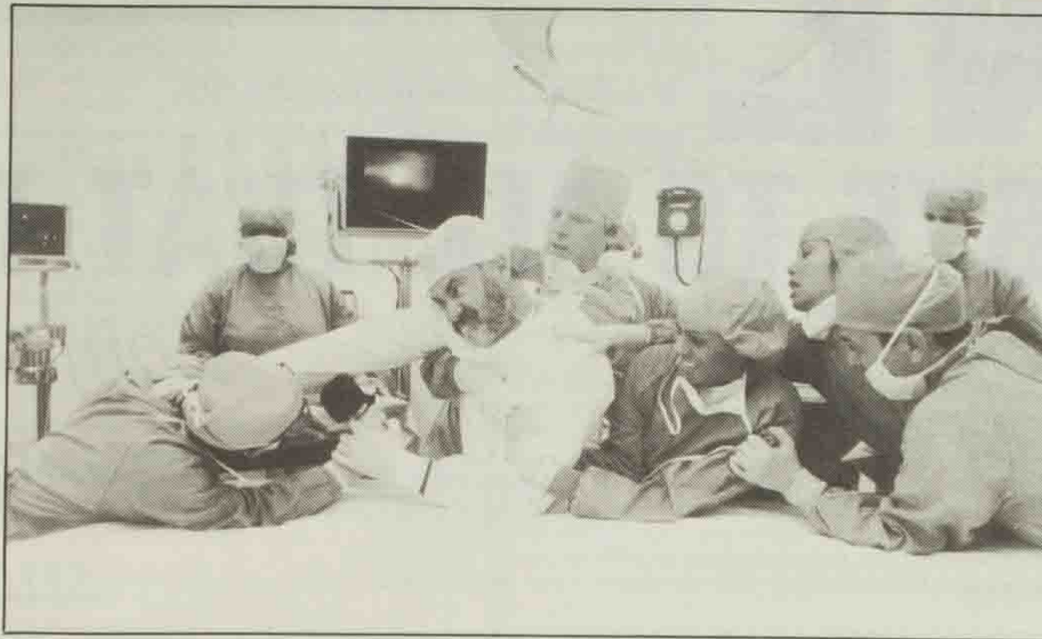
He takes up his post on July 1.

Over 100 people applied for the post which will be funded by the Union itself.

LPSU President elect Terry Blackwood was confident that the appointment of Mr Hogg could mean only good things for the Union.

"I look forward to an exciting future with Mr Hogg," he said.

AAAAAAARGH!



● Heavy times at the stress - hit Leeds General Infirmary.

Doctors in Leeds have reported a staggering rise in the number of stress related illnesses amongst their student patients.

Tearful finalists have been beating a path to the medics' doors looking for solace and comfort as the gruelling sessions of papers drag on.

"The number of cases is really quite staggering," said Dr Wiremiharder. "These poor people are channeling every ounce of themselves into it and they're coming apart at the seams as a result. It is us doctors who have to clean up the mess, and I for one just cannot cope with the work load."

Dr Cracinup, a psychiatrist at Leeds General Infirmary said that he had been inundated with requests for appointments from doctors in Leeds who just can't take the pressure. "These people were not trained to deal with this sort of pressure and as a result they are having total emotional breakdowns left, right and centre and to be quite honest, having to sort these people out and trying to put them back on the straight and narrow is a 24 hour-a-day job

which is pushing me to the limit," he said.

Dr Givuzzabraake, an orderly at Cottingley Sanatorium for the insane claimed that the number of psychiatrists being admitted as patients had quadrupled as a result.

But he was confident that the situation would improve as the exams came to an end.

"It's just got to. If it doesn't," he said.

"I for one am going to need a very long holiday in a padded cell somewhere."

Helen Highwater.

Mandela Megabash in Leeds

Those of you who have been rueing the prohibitively expensive Mandela 70th birthday bash at Wembley (£25 per ticket) will no doubt be pleased to know that Leeds Anti-Apartheid, in conjunction with LUU and LPSU, are arranging alternative festivities here in Leeds.

The festival will take place on June 26 to coincide with the arrival in Leeds of a march from Glasgow to London (including former LUU 'grass-roots' President Paul Brannen). Marchers and merrymakers will then congregate in Seville Park, outside the Mandela Centre to hear speakers from the ANC and Swapo, plus several bands.

LUU General Secretary Germaine Varney expanded on the activities. "It'll be from 2-8pm, there will be bands, stalls, theatre and food! We will also be encouraging people to join the march as it comes down Roundhay Road between 2 and 3pm."

Ed Gamble, LPSU President, told *Leeds Student* that the Poly might also be hosting an event: "Nothing is confirmed yet, but we are all working together so as not to cause any split."

Martyn Zeigler

On the road

Leeds Student was involved in an eleventh hour panic dash down the M1 over the Bank Holiday weekend in aid of the Telethon appeal.

Four tireless scribes, led by the dogged Mr Jay Rayner himself, hurtled overnight down to Kidderminster to deliver a batch of cartoons penned at Yorkshire TV Studios, all depicting the humorous nuances of the 27 hour TV marathon.

"It was great fun," Rayner bubbled from his Polytechnic command module. "but I must confess that I was asleep for 45 minutes whilst driving."

Dead or alive, the cartoons form part of a bumper package from scribblers all over the nation which includes work from such artists as Dave Gibbons, Griffon and Liverpool bad-head Stuart Harrison.

The book "Loadsafunnies" (sic) is on sale now at most good book shops - as well as a few bad ones - and costs £4.95. All proceeds go to Cartoon Aid.

Neil Amos

BRING THE NOISE!

scally on down to the

LEEDS STUDENT

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Leeds Student contributors. Come to the Uni office for your NOW as stocks are STRICTLY LIMITED.

Or you can pay in as normal, so get your Lionels on, get on up and get on down. Word!

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SQUARE ONE

The end of the 1988 academic year fast approaches – for some merely a hiccup on the road to finals, for others something more final in itself – an ending and a beginning. With an eye to this, Leeds Student presents the first in a two part epilogue, a description by ex-university student Pat Gordon-Smith, of her descent from the ivory tower of academia without a safety net.

Next week – A 'fond' farewell



GOODBYE TO ALL THAT PART 1

Confessions of an intellectual snob...

I Came to university to get a good education; well that's what it's for, isn't it? What I came away with was a good English degree, hopes, a certain amount of terror and no job. Of these, only the latter was in any way intentional. At that point, I left Leeds for the bright London lights, hoping to gain a place at drama school, which I eventually did. In the four months prior to that achievement however, work at a Highgate pub kept the landlord off my back. It was there I learned that my university years had been a partial education only.

Highgate is known for its plush town house flats and its Olde English high street. It is also known for its cemetery in which Karl Marx rests – uncomfortably, I assume. The pub in which I worked however, reflected none of these famous qualities. It was a meeting place for immigrants; men from Newcastle, Scotland, Ireland, Yorkshire, all areas of the Third Britain, looking for short term labouring work with large pay cheques. It also harboured budding Arthur Daleys, whispering knowingly in corners or languishing loudmouthed at the bar. The atmosphere was undeniably 'male'.

Mind you, I'd experienced the cosmopolitan ambience of the Old Bar, so would have no trouble handling this.

A month later, I threw myself wholeheartedly into a fit of hysterics and resigned. After four weeks of Arthur Daley's consistent bottom pinching, passes, personal references to parts of my body and leering at my 'shelf', I was at my wits' end. Three years in Leeds had equipped me well for parrying and countering intellectual sexism, but not for this stuff. Assumedly, the openness and arrogance of these pub banterings had been forced underground by the atmosphere of purported egalitarianism that is Leeds University Union.

My boss, the landlord, was considerably upset by my outburst. Not through any particular concern for me, you understand, nor even out of loyalty to his punters. The man had a serious staffing problem, so felt my meagre services to be indispensable. And so it was that he spent considerable time and hard cash (both of these usually being under a jealous guard) talking through problems and getting me slaughtered after my 'last' afternoon session. Funny how half a bottle of vodka can change your perception of a situation. By the time I had drained my glass for the umpteenth time, I was convinced that Arthur's advances towards me were nothing but normal. At last, I understood that I was purely the recipient of good natured flattery. After all, such the stuff on which our society is built and so I should indeed feel complimented. I did.

But half a bottle of vodka has a nasty habit of making its presence felt in ways that are less conducive to positive thinking.

Nursing a thickened head the next morning, I rediscovered all the loopholes in the boss's arguments. I would have kicked myself for succumbing to his silvery persuasions, only my head wasn't capable of that much motor dexterity. It did however, manage to work out that the conditions under which it had signed its owner's body over to another stint of bar work were highly fallible;



1. Arthur Daley was not always innocent in his intentions.
2. Laughing at lewd personal comments was not part of my contract as barmaid.
3. Neither was reciprocal flirting.
4. The customer was not always right.

The mirror I was ranting at seemed equally convinced of these points, but the fact remained that I had agreed to work for at least another fortnight. Whilst this was no binding contract, I couldn't deny that I was utterly skint and that the rent on my Muswell Hill shoebox was due. There seemed little alternative but to soldier on.

However, there was one thing the boss had said that had stuck in my mind: "Listen love," he had slurred, "you might not like what's going on, but you could at least try to find some humour in it." Patronising undertones and sundry, other implications apart, there did seem some sense in this. It was quite obvious that I wasn't going to change Arthur's approach to women overnight. Rome wasn't built etc... However, it did occur to me that there might be some way of altering his perception of me without compromising my beliefs.

Arthur and the pub lads thrived on banter and wit of a kind that tends to be educated

out of you by an overdose of 'live' student politics and the Thursday bop. Each has its own place, but I was going to have to lighten up if I wanted to survive.

So, after staring quizzically at the mirror for quite some time, I enlisted its aid in a swift course of 'Bette'. By the end of the afternoon, I was conversant with the coarseness of Midler, adept at the 'hands-off' come-on of Lynch, and could kill with a Davies pout. Well it worked on the mirror anyway.

It worked on the real thing too. On the first night, I took a deep breath, ploughed in and never looked back. By playing Arthur and his lads at their own game, I had jumped off my self-made soapbox and landed on ground that actively encouraged dialogue. If most of that dialogue involved crass innuendo, it now really was largely innocent and gave me three months of unhopd-for belly laughs too. It also provided a real chance for me to explain my attitudes towards sexism, when asked. In an atmosphere of mutual (dis)respect, Arthur kept his hands to himself and I was given a much fairer hearing.

My earlier relationship with the drinkers had been based on stereotypes. There I was, an educated woman, argumentative skills honed, out on a crusade to MAKE the idiots understand. There they

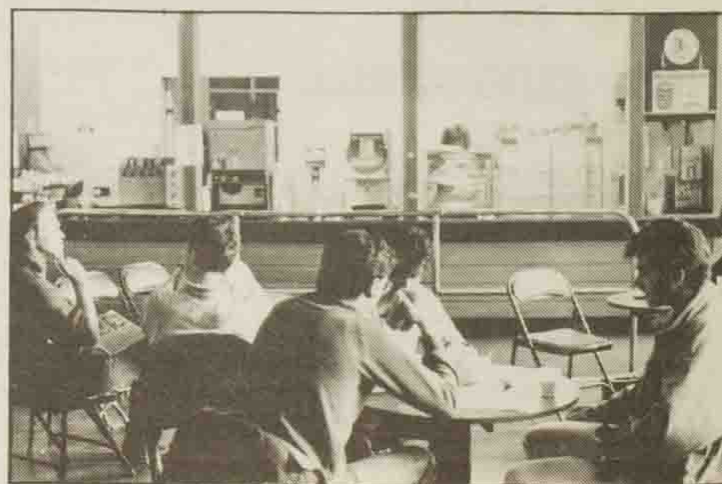
were, dropout labourers and con-men, practised in the art of laddism. Both of us had been on the defensive and both of us had come out fighting. It was no contest. I was playing an away game and all my fans had stayed away. But once I approached the possibility that this could be my home turf too, however temporarily, then both sides began to see people through the preconceptions. The biggest kick in the pants to this little snob was discovering the sensitivity and huge-heartedness of Arthur Daley.

In the January, I waved a cheery farewell to pub life. Was I glad to be rid of the drudgery of it! Fringe benefits aside, it's a lousy job. Hugs, thumbs up and "See you

again... I don't think" from Arthur and off I skipped to drama school. We'd achieved a lot, Arthur and I. We actually liked each other. But I needed to get back to my own kind. And what shallow, petty-minded individuals they were. My mirror assures me that I would have had the intelligence to realise this even had I met them immediately on leaving Leeds. The MJ has more sincerity in its bowl of sugar cubes than the whole RADA edifice put together. Yet it was undeniably the recent memory of Arthur and his mates that revealed RADA's veneer of artistic equality to be so very thin.

Three years on and my attitude towards sexism becomes daily more hardline. Yet this always remains informed by my encounter with Arthur. While women must be outspoken in their rejection of sexism in all its forms, it has to be with an appreciation of audience. There is need for an understanding that not all people and situations can cope with anger and self-righteousness, however justified it may be. It took a Highgate pub for me to learn that humour can sometimes be the greatest defuser of misunderstandings and thereby the most useful builder of bridges.

I am still in grave danger of reverting into intellectualse. Subsuming the wealth of Arthur Daley's personality under that derivative name is testimony to this fact. However, I do so with a knowledge that he would be only too pleased to discuss the implications of all this over a pint and a packet of Silk Cut.



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

Hunt Sabs sabbed

Dear Editor,
r front page article (30/3/88) concerning the supposed behaviour of LUU Hunt Sabs Society was one of the worst pieces of scandal mongering I have ever read. It is common knowledge that the mountain hut was booked by LUU Veg Soc and that the number of HSS members attending could be counted on one hand. Suggestions that the future of LUUHSS is in jeopardy must be absurd since we had no-

thing to do with the Veg Soc event in the first place.

I cannot believe that your reporter made any attempt to contact either myself or any other committee member as the society noticeboards are not hard to locate. In any event, if we had, then maybe his article would not have contained such inaccuracies and malicious gossip and I can only assume that in the absence of fact he fabricated the story.

After a hunting season in which the *Student* gave hunt sabs some reasonably fair coverage, please in future make some attempt to establish the truth before launching into dubious scrawlings. Yours very pissed off

Mat Cryer
President LUU Hunt Sab Soc.
Leeds Student also received a much longer letter from other members of the Hunt Sabs Soc expressing similar grievances.

BITS

Dear Leeds Student,

Just a note to tell you how much I hate your paper.

In my opinion the main reason people read it is because it has a sort of what's on guide which I think is crap because you don't give half the things worth going to, and very little information on what you do have.

As to the rest of it, you can keep your oh so ever pretentious, trendy, superior, right on bullshit to yourselves, which presumably is the intention.

Leeds Student is a Sun for trendy lefty intellectuals who graduate into merchant w/banking etc.
Stick It

Yours Faithfully
Anonymous Student

Dear Editor,

I would like to take the opportunity of wishing all Polytechnic students the best of luck with their forthcoming exams; and the dawning of the real world for finalists.
Best wishes
Ed Gamble
President
Leeds Polytechnic Students Union

THE FIFTH COLUMN

It must be a strange act that brings this newspaper to criticise an action taken in the name of gay rights but this week just such has occurred, and it is impossible to sit and let it pass by without comment.

The changing of the name of the LUU Tartan Bar to The Harvey Milk Bar is a futile gesture which is more likely to turn feeling away from rather than towards the cause.

The two pronged absurdity of naming the bar after both a relatively unknown man, and one with a name which in the context of a watering hole is undeniably silly has already caused people around the Union to openly throw scorn on the whole affair.

For who really remembers who Mouat Jones, Roger Stevens or Rupert Beckett are, and who for that matter cares. Because in the long term what is important is what goes on in these places, and every Thursday night the Harvey Milk Bar nee Tartan will still be full of people who don't give a damn about gay rights and are not going to be affected by a nicely presented plaque.

What is needed is action, not words that alienate the people gay rights is trying reach.

What is in a name? In this case Sod all.

Ask a very silly question...

Dear Editor,

I was recently unfortunate enough to witness a television commercial advertising a car phone - which one I shall not reveal.

The emphasis in the commercial is of a young 'chappy' locking himself in daddies car with the keys in the ignition.

So naturally the concerned father is crapping his pants and telephones the company in question who then very kindly, might I add, help him out by telephoning his car, where his

son answers the phone and they instruct him how to get out of the car. This is really quite puzzling. Why didn't the man telephone the car himself or just shout at his son through the window has anyone else experienced this.

Yours sincerely
Ralph Brainiac

If Mr Brainiac would like to come to the Leeds Student office, he will receive his very own personalised invitation to the Leeds Student bash.

Dear Editor,

I fear that gremlins have been at work on your letters page of May 20. Surely Mr Brainiac's letter should read 'Why doesn't Tetley's taste as nice as petrol?' and not 'Why doesn't Tetley's taste like petrol' as printed.

It is unfortunate that your correspondent neglected to give an address for answers on a postcard to be sent to, as I can think of one or two, such as "Because they don't make petrol with dogshit"
Yours
Joseph Holt

Indian Soc Saga

Dear Editor,

We were shocked and disgusted at what went on at the Indian Soc's AGM. Firstly, the meeting was held with the minimum of publicity with many members, some of whom were going to stand for committee places, not even knowing that the meeting had taken place. Secondly, when the accounts were asked for, they were not produced due to unavailability! Thirdly, only 30 people attended the meeting which does not make quorum, this fact was mentioned but dismissed by the President.

During the meeting we were also to be unpleasantly surprised

when the President managed to sink further from his impolite conduct in publically insulting his predecessor. When it was suggested that an apology should be made this too was refused (needless to say the victim of the unjustified insult was among the many Indian Soc members not aware that the meeting was taking place).

It is the opinion of many Indian Soc members that the Union should look into the above, and that another meeting should be held as soon as possible for the legitimate election of a new committee.

Yours sincerely
Concerned Members

Union of convenience

Dear Editor,

Last edition of *LS* gave the impression that you were rather shocked by the decision of the sports clubs to attempt to leave the control of our wonderful students union. What WE find surprising is that this organisation has wielded so much power so badly for so long.

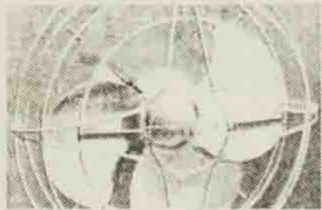
The Union claims to provide a range of services to the student. What it actually provides is a collection of substandard, overpriced rip-offs. The most expensive launderette, the most expensive gigs and £10 for a replacement Union card. Where do the extra profits go? Even when the Union executive aren't causing thousands of pounds worth of damage to

University property, they still appear to need the financial assistance of the student body.

The only thing the Union manages to do properly is supporting the *LS*. We hope you manage to increase your advertising revenue to cover more of your operating costs, since the Union is obviously on its way out. After the sports clubs disaffiliate perhaps the more passive students who never use their votes, will also realise they are being taken for a ride. Even if they don't Mrs Thatcher is poised to make membership voluntary, and that will be the death of it for sure.

Yours in anticipation
John Meyer, Captain LU Boat Club

THE



FAN

What does your friendly LUU sabbatical highly important person do when they've finished marching up and down at the end of a hard days work? Collapse in front of a video on Nicaraguan coffee brigades? Not likely squire. Picket shoe shops for being cruel to cows? Only if they're really bored. No, my little studentlet, they make their way up to the pad of education supremo and boss of all things Vice-chancellorish, Eddie Parkes

for a quick glass of spirit and a mango rissole with their mates in high places, and attempt to see who can get the most bladdered before the University pulls out the Union's block Grant.

And so it was this week that the Fan had its spies out for the annual 'University meets the awfully important student dudes, in a thoroughly informal atmosphere where nobody mentions the occupation and the obscene graffiti carved on the bursars desk, and what a sorry little event it was.

LUU Education supremo Rob 'Robocop' Murray (did he really do his leg in, in a parachuting fall or was he pushed) was in no state for any small talk as he set about drinking Eddie Parkes out of house and home. He'd finished on the garage and was just about to climb into the fridge when he finally confessed to being totally slaughtered, and admitted that he had been on

the bottle since mid afternoon (Tuesday a week ago), and was in no real state for any of this.

But before he lost total control and attempted to pull the VCs wife under the table, his attention was taken by a mighty pink shirt.

And who was the owner of this vile object? None other than number one top nob to be and arch grebo, Dave 'Hippy' Hampson. Gone were the tie dye keks we have come to love and know and in comes a suit. The Fan hears that Mr 'where's the biscuits' looked just as crass in the formal garb as he does in anything else. It's reassuring to know that some things don't change.

But less of the Great and the Good and on to the bad and totally lowdown, and our gaze swaps to the man with the LUU purse strings Tony 'Barney Rubble' Austin and his request for extra funds to do a little business, know

what I mean squire.

The Ivan Boesky of student land asked for an extra twenty nicker from LUU, and for what, prey, did he want, this dosh? So that he could successfully wrap up a business deal down at top Leeds night-spot Ricky's where the sounds are Def and so are the clubbers.

"Fair enough" I hear you murmur. "If the man's doing business why should he have to pay out?" There are certain things that are impossible in this world, like going faster than the speed of light, getting change for a five pound note from a Leeds bus driver, and tap dancing if you've got one leg.

Just as tricky is going to Ricky's to do 'business' and to leave without being totally legless and having more money in your pocket than when you go in, such is the generosity of the clubs manager. Either Tone was just going down for a night on the

town on Union funds, or he's invested the dosh in Rio, Tinto, Zinc shares and is planning his holiday in Sun-city as we speak. We say "Come clean Tone. We know your game."

And talking of tricky deals as I could have sworn somebody was, what is Poly deputy person eternal (just who did vote her in for a second year, and are they under psychological observation?) Alison 'sleepy' Walker playing at. Once more our Ally went AWOL from her desk. And where was our little door-mouse? Asleep in the President's filing cabinet or basking in the spring sunshine? No matey. Ally babes was off mending her car. Isn't it nice to know that in these days of plummeting our Union officers can afford to run a car, and are so pressed for time that they can take a day off to go and mend their wheels. We say... Get your act together matey. The studes deserve more.

FILMS



MEORVM CONSVL QVINTVM MANIBVS VIRITIM
ALE CONGIARIVM IN COLONIS HOMINVM CIRCITER
LAGENOS DENARIOS PLEBEI QVAE TVM FRUMENTVM
VRA QVAM DVCENTA FVERVNT PECVNIAM PRO
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RTIVM CIRCITER SEXSIENS MILLIENS EVIT QVAM
ET SESCENTIENS QVOD PRO AGRIS PROVINCIALIBVS
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PERFECISSEM PERFICI AB HEREDIBVS MEIS IVSSI
SEXTVM EX AVCTORITATE SENATVS REFECI NVLL
CONSVL SEPTIMVM VIAM FLAMINIAM AB VRBE AR
ET MINVCIVM IN PRIVATO SOLO MARTIS VLT
THEATRVM AD AEDEM APOLLINIS IN SOLO MAGN
M MARCELLI GENERI MEI ESSET DONA EX MAN
APOLLINIS ET IN AEDE VESTAE ET IN TEMPLO M
HS CIRCITER MILLIENS AVRI GORONARI POND
ITALIAE CONFERENTIBVS AD TRIUMPHOS MEOS QVI

Collapsing

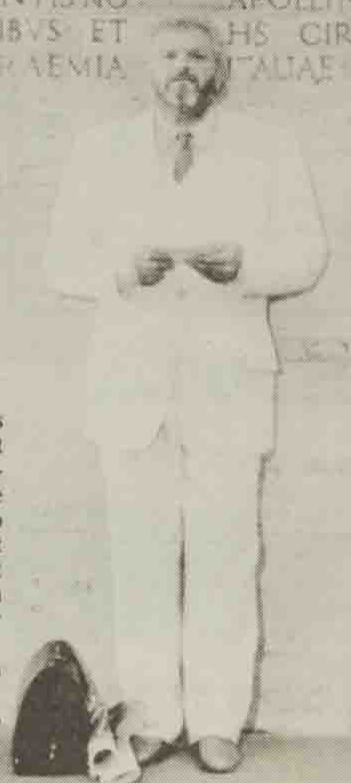
THE BELLY OF AN ARCHITECT

(Hyde Park)

Peter Greenaway is a famous director of very arty and pretentious films. Indeed, some of them have been so arty and pretentious that nobody went to see them. With his latest undertaking, Mr Greenaway attempted to ensure that the audiences for his film will not be outnumbered by the staff of the cinema they're watching it in. To this end, he has employed the services of a moderately famous fat American actor, one Brian Dennehy, recent star of several films not merely seen by members of the director's immediate family. In spite of this, Greenaway has still managed to produce a very arty and pretentious film which last week very few people went to see.

This is unfortunate, as 'The Belly of an Architect' is, at least, a well-crafted film. The tale of Dennehy's obsessive US architect, Stourley Kracklite, who travels to Rome with his young wife to mount a memorial exhibition to his hero, the 18th century visionary architect Boulée is above all, beautiful.

The photography makes full use of 2,000 years' worth of Roman architecture, and this is accompanied by music which helps create a



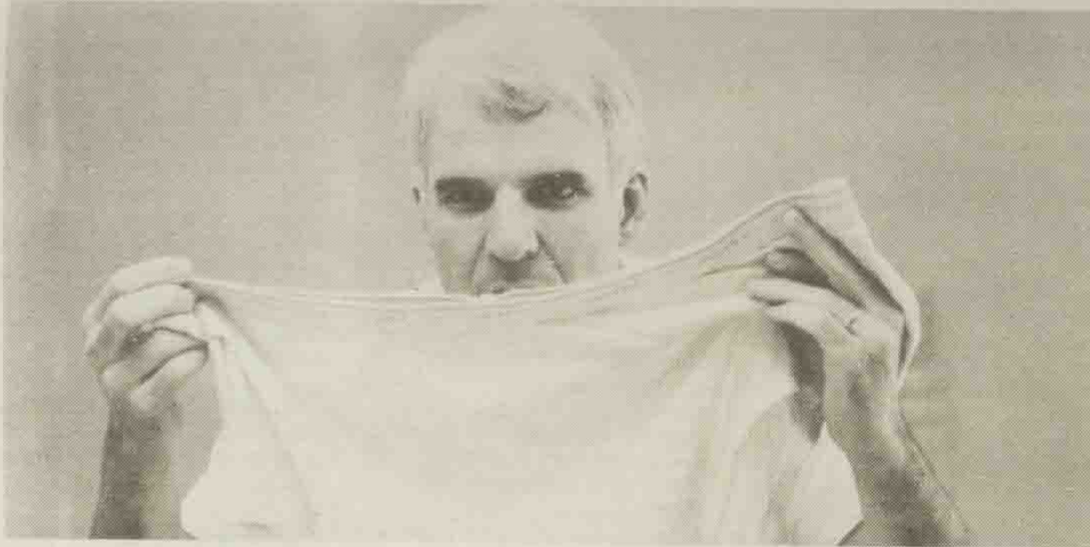
new buildings

vivid impression of Kracklite's degenerating physical and mental condition. As far as the script allows, the acting of Dennehy and the supporting cast is adequate, if not outstanding. However, the essential elements of the film are ultimately overworked - Kracklite's obsessions in particular - so that although the tone of creeping conspiracy and inevitable breakdown which forms such a fundamental part of the film is initially effective, it gradually becomes melodramatic and almost laughable.

Dennehy's performance is undermined by a flawed script: at times Kracklite is a wonderful and believable creation, but the few occasions on which the viewer is able to sympathise with him are undercut by Greenaway's heavy-handed symbolism. It is perhaps this tendency to stray just too far into the surreal which has previously rendered Greenaway films less than accessible. 'Belly of an Architect' is an interesting film, dealing with a profound and moving subject, but is still too obscure in its methods to attract the audience it really deserves.

Steve McGarrett

ROAD TO NOWHERE Recurring Images



• Steve Martin avoids thinking about the film's ending by sniffing this colleagues underwear.

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES

(Cannon)

There is, if one is to believe the 'Showbiz' columns of our national daily newspapers, a Boeing 747 that regularly plies the route between New York and London, full to bursting with American film and TV stars all dying to make the transatlantic crossover into the hearts and minds of the great British public.

And a regular ticket holder on that plane must be Steve Martin who, if the analogy can really be stretched this far, keeps getting turned away at passport control.

It is true that Mr Martin has never made it over here as a stand-up comedian as he originally did in the US, but then he has very rarely done any of that sort of work in Britain.

But surely by now he must have an enormous audience this side of the pond if only by virtue of the large number of usually rather good films he is churning out at the moment.

Planes, Trains and Automobiles (PTA to those with a bent for initials) must certainly have got Mr Martin through passports, down the green channel in customs and out to the great British public.

For it confirms him not only as a gifted comic but also as a surprisingly good actor with a generally wide, though not immense, range.

'PTA' can in many ways be compared to the John Cleese film, 'Clockwise' in that both are a dramatisation of the age-old nightmare of trying

to make a long journey and being stumped at every turn. In this film however, Steve Martin is joined by a character set up to make the whole experience even more unpleasant.

Played by the monolithic John Candy, he is the incarnation of all things terrible that can befall the innocent traveller whilst attempting to combat the rigours of 20th century life. It is unfortunate however, that the script uses Candy's size rather than his acting skills to fulfill the role. One is never really sure whether the character is annoying because of, or as well as, his size.

He is also the lynchpin upon which in the last reel the film turns towards stomach churning sentimentality. With the eye placed firmly on the tear duct, 'PTA' cascades towards an ending of such staggeringly yucky sloppiness that one desperately wants to bury ones head in the nearest pillow. And so it is that all over the country, cinema seats may well be ripped out as this piece of sticky celluloid wretches to its climax.

And this is a pity, for apart from this, it is a great indictment of the American way of life and a warning to all those trying to climb into the 'fast lane'.

For the moment of course, it is that particularly American flavour which, whilst giving Steve Martin access to British audiences, will bar his way to honorary citizenship.

Jay Rayner

JANE AND THE LOST CITY

(Odeon)

The air was damp that night, and the sodium orange glare of city life reflected off the greasy paving stones. The cinema doors opened and the audience rushed out, down to the nearest boozer for a last orders quaff and a momentary dissection of the film just seen.

"Harmless fun."

"Why don't they go to the lavatory when they wake up in the morning?"

"It's only pretend". The philosopher of the party says, and leads the way to the pub.

The film reviewer waits for the hordes to disperse before emerging from the shadows to make his way to the double doors of the refurbished picture house. God forbid anybody should think he is just another punter.

Upstairs to the bar for the complementary drink and a pilage of the usual wine glass of peanuts. The competitor supplies its press corps with quartered pork pies and neat little beef sandwiches, and the little independent screen practically does a full buffet.

But never mind. Tonight this is the venue and these peanuts are what is on offer. Grab it while you can.

And then the conversation. The detritus of the local press gathers round to impress each other with thier scant knowledge of cinema and to chuck about a few buzz words.

"The scope of that last shot was just remarkable."

"Could have done without the Hitchcock Pastiche in the last reel."

"Another whisky please mate."

"Do you think Mamet was influenced by Eisenstein?"

"Pass the peanuts."

Finally the scrum down for the press pics, and synopsis. Without these, their brains addled by free alcohol, none of them would be able to write an expenses sheet let alone a review. There are mumblings of discontent as the top knob from the regional paper makes an entrance, press pack already under his arm supplied exclusively by the manageress before he came up to the bar.

"Did you see his review of Russell's new one? Total bollocks."

And then the film. Fill up your glasses and take your seats, feet over the chair in front. A quick eye over the publicity material to find out the running time. 92 minutes. Thank God.

92 minutes of total crap!

92 minutes of sexist, racist drivel!

92 minutes of atrocious acting by some stand-up comedian called Jasper Parsnip or something.

92 minutes of some World War II cartoon strip character who loses her dress every ten minutes, and who should have lost her credibility years ago.

The credits role, and the gang make their way out.

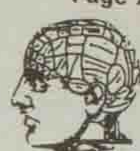
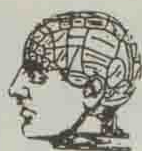
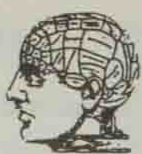
"Harmless fun," says the manageress.

"Oh, my God," someone whispers under his breath.

"It's only pretend," says another.

"Save me from reality."

Jay Rayner



STEWING UP ART



BIGOS

St Paul's Gallery

Bigos is a traditional Polish cabbage stew varying both geographically and seasonally in ingredients and methods of production. Here it has been appropriated as a metaphor for the diversity of Polish culture. The six printmakers exhibiting are members of the Bigos group, all of whom are ultimately of Polish origin.

There is no doubt that the group has a remarkable range of approaches to printing. Photographic projection, painting and photocopies are all incorporated into the work. Kasia

Januszko even emphasises the three-dimensionality of her work. Some pieces contain no apparent cultural allusions to Poland but the majority are quite overt in their interest in Polish issues.

'Faith, Projections and Enclosures' is a slide installation by Karen Strang. Situated in a small, dark room the place is deliberately shrine-like, with a mock up of an altar against one wall, above which the slides are projected. Images of Poland ranging from religious monuments to scenes of industrial action are juxtaposed, explain-

ing the links between religion and politics in a socialist country influenced by a strong Catholic tradition. Photocopies of newspaper articles concerning the relations between the church and Solidarity are scattered across the floor.

Krystyna Borokowska's three large black and white prints are concerned with the triangle, the square and the circle respectively. They were seemingly produced as an experiment in simultaneous production in tandem with an artist working in Warsaw. It appears that the object in view was an exercise in spiritual com-

munication and the method of production was random mark making on specifically appointed days. The result is three interesting modernist images whose value resides in the imagination.

It is a representation of currents in modern art in general and through its concern with the peculiar situation of Polish artists goes some way towards breaking away from a Western Euro-centric tradition. St Paul's has once again put together a stimulating exhibition of worthwhile work.

Tom Fallon

No Acting Please We're Dull...

NO SEX PLEASE WE'RE BRITISH

Leeds Grand Theatre, May 30-June 4

If it's a worse than average sitcom that you are after then this is the play for you. 'No Sex Please We're British' is an outdated piece of farce/slapstick that has not stood the test of time and simply is not funny any more. The plot revolves around Peter and Frances Hunter (James Aiden and Louise Catt), a respectable newly married couple who unknowingly manage to get involved with a pornography retailing firm and set out to dispose of the evidence. The option of simply taking the offending material to the police is obviously not viable, as this would have limited the play to about half an hour—but still half an hour too long in my opinion.

What follows is misunderstanding after misunderstanding, interspersed with 'risque' sexual innuendos that are posi-

tively tame in the 1980s. I shall not reveal the end of the plot just in case anyone is mad enough to actually want to go and see this dismal show. To be fair, some of the more elderly members of the audience seemed to find it hilarious, however the rest of us only managed to raise a couple of smiles. It's a bit of a give-away to mention that the most frequently used word throughout was 'darling', delivered with the animation of a dead parrot.

As for the cast, they had the disadvantage of appearing in the play in the first place, however their dramatic 'skills' did little to improve it. The star, Kevin Kennedy (Curly Watts of Coronation Street for anyone who still watches it), played a moronic bank cashier Brian Runnicles who was the butt of most of the jokes. His performance was reasonable

and I suspect could have been quite good if it hadn't been for the rest of the cast having no sense of comic timing. Nevertheless, he managed to receive a large cheer from the audience — when he first came on the stage.

Louise Catt easily won first prize for being truly dreadful, closely followed by her bank manager husband James Aiden. The only light relief were the occasional wittily delivered lines from Heather Chasen, who played the bank manager's mother. The rest of the cast who had minor roles do not credit a mention.

As if everything else isn't enough to deter the most enthusiastic of theatregoers, I will finish by saying that the set was painted a delightful diarrhoea-beige to complement the sickly mustard-coloured carpet.

Louise Allison

Nothing to make a Song & Dance about

SONG AND DANCE

Leeds Grand

An evening of song and dance: two separate components to an evening's entertainment. So one would expect contrast, and this, to be fair, is what is provided. It leaves the audience with two solid blocks of material on either side of the interval, which in themselves are very cohesive.

The 'song' part of the evening is performed entirely by Marti Webb, against an economy of background setting, perhaps reflecting the sparsity of her existence in New York. The story is a familiar one: a single, middle-aged woman

who thinks she is over the hill has an affair with a married man, and is let down badly. Miss Webb plays the part with a certain suavity and certainty. Her voice has, through long association, moulded itself naturally into the contours of the Lloyd Webber score, and is most successful on the brasher numbers. It offers, however, little variation, and has less to offer on the quieter numbers, where the very slickness of Don Black's lyric is itself a limitation.

The 'dance' section is the most challenging for the viewer. Here, Wayne Sleep and his company of dancers demons-

trate that slickness is an essential part of their craft. As the variations progress, the routines cleverly enable the characters to develop, presenting themselves in a non-verbal fashion, almost reminiscent of a silent movie. This is a team effort, and those expecting to see Sleep in a virtuoso solo spot were sadly disappointed.

The final part of the evening brings the two principal performers together with the whole company, in a brief, trite and pointless encounter which would have been better omitted.

Alan Spencer

SEQUINS AND SONG

FASCINATING AIDA

City Varieties

Write a review of 'Fascinating Aida' they said... Well yes. I thought they were an offshoot of the Oxbridge revue circuit, a sort of 'King Singers' with a sex change. But these ladies leave you in no doubt. From their opening number on just such groups, making vast sums of money from singing interminable sub-opera, to their subtly damning ditties on Pink Salmon Socialists and, the scourge of the 80s, the Yuppie. 'Fascinating Aida' prove that that's not where they're coming from.

Slick, pretty, witty and definitely wise, 'Fascinating Aida' blend musical skill with sharp theatre to produce an excellent evening.

Any card carrying feminist may get a little wary of women who perform in satin and sequin frocks and diamante, but their observant songs on women's experience make their point with just as much force as the more blatantly feminist performers on the Revue circuit.

Mixing the absurd and the funny with moments of solemnity, the trio never let their audience get complacent. Unreservedly a fine night out.

Gill Foreman

168 HOURS



With the usual style and panache becoming of a town like Wakefield, it was an argument over a 7ft papier maché banana, and an equally oversized gold cherub that announced the coming of the Wakefield 100 Festival, a celebration of the illustrious city gaining status as just such.

But rather than detracting from the affair, this should bode well in a land where the vast majority of the countries civic arts festivals proceed under the sort of atmosphere usually associated with ritual circumscription; all a bit messy and unspeakable but apparently necessary at the same time.

The Festival kicked off on May 29 and runs until July 31, and although the length of the event means that there will be quite a number of the usual girl guide jamborees and rug making demonstrations, there are a substantial number of real gems programmed.

On Thursday night the Stan Tracey Sextet play at Wakefield District College Theatre and Arts Centre. Stan Tracey is anything but contemporary, but with 40 years on the jazz circuit behind him he certainly knows how to deliver.

One of the major highlights of the event is the Wakefield Mysteries, an outdoor production of the great medieval Wakefield Mystery plays compressed from the original 32 parts into two 2-hour segments by poet Adrian Henri. Although this doesn't see the light of day until July 21, there's a chance to catch a glimpse of the sets under construction at Pontefract Castle on Friday where from 10am to 4pm Andy Rost and a team from the Yorkshire Sculptor Park will be at work.

But as the bottom of this column comes ever closer it becomes clear that there is really no chance of even scratching the surface of the Wakefield 100, but as its only 15 minutes away on the train it would be a shame to miss it. For more information contact Wakefield 290583.

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

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TAKE CONTROL WITH
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FASCISM IN LEEDS

This *Leeds Student* special supplement has been produced with the co-operation of:
Searchlight Magazine
Leeds Other Paper
Leeds Anti-Fascist Action
Leeds Anti-Fascist Archive.
 And was written by:
Neil Gordon
Andrew Harrison
Jay Rayner
 and Graeme Atkinson, A Searchlight journalist.

The show of strength by National Front supporters in the centre of Leeds on April 23, is the most obvious sign this year that the far Right in Britain is beginning to emerge from the years of fractionalism and infighting that have dogged it since the election of the present Tory government in 1979.

And without doubt Leeds is central to that resurgence with the city regularly topping charts of the areas selling the most NF newspapers. Pubs like The Whip on Boar Lane and the land around Leeds United's Elland Road Stadium have for many years been a recruiting ground for the disaffected white youths who channel their frustrations and ignorance into racism, and who more and more are prepared to come out into the open and show their colours.

But demonstrations like the April 23rd event, still under investigation by the police often give a false impression of just how far the Right has gone in unifying its various fragments.

Today the three major parts of the British Right are The National Front, The National Front Support Group and The British National Party, all three of whom have their origins in the old style National Front which suffered severe electoral failure in 1979.

By moving the Conservative party to the Right, Margaret Thatcher destroyed the electoral chances of the far

Right, as their more 'moderate' voters saw the traditionally reactionary Tory party as a progressive force for the Right which they too could relate to. The result has been to force extremists into considering extra-parliamentary action to bring their plans to fruition.

The original National Front was founded in 1967 by the leading members of several far Right organisations including the jingoistically entitled League of Empire Loyalists, the Racial Preservation Society and the British National Party.

By 1972 its Chairman and Deputy Chairman were the notorious John Tyndall and Martin Webster, who took the party into a set of Parliamentary elections with increasing success. In 1970 the Front contested only ten seats but by late 1972 were fielding 92 candidates. In May 1973 the party polled 16 per cent of the vote at a by-election in West Bromwich saving only its deposit for the only time in its history.

There then followed the first in a long series of splits in the party with leading members going off to form their own groups. One of these, the British Democratic Party formed soon after the 1979 election by Antony Reed-Herbert, collapsed in 1981 when its members were exposed as part of a gun ring.

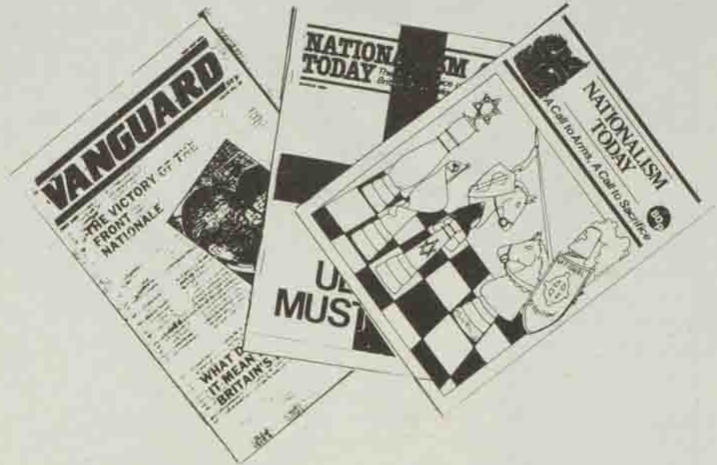
The 1979 election saw the NF contesting 303 seats and with so little success that by 1983 they could only field a slate of 60.

The result was to encourage the rise of a new intellectual elite in the British Right. The NF came under the influence of Derek Holland and Cambridge University law graduate Nick Griffin, who in turn came under the influence of Italian fascists and their Strasserite beliefs, a particular strand of fascism.

It is this influence which led to the Griffin/Holland dominated Front developing a three tier structure for the party involving an elite group of 'Political soldiers'. It has become a secretive group with diverse interests and beliefs, and which has promoted the beliefs and principles of both Colonel Quadaffi and Ayatollah Khomeini. Patrick Harrington whose overt NF sympathies practically brought the Polytechnic of North London to a halt four years ago is in charge of their legal department, although it has been noted that he is still to win any cases.

The National Front Support Group with 3,000 members is a rival to the NF and is led by, amongst others, Andrew Brons an extremely active NF organiser in Yorkshire (see over). Along with Brons, Marting Wingfield, Steve Brady, Ian Anderson and Joe Pearce lead the loosely organised NFSG which publishes a newspaper called *The Flag* and a journal called *Vanguard*.

It was this organisation, the more overt NFSG, which organised the April 23, St George's day rally in Leeds.



They claim the NF legacy from 1967, and are, like the present NF, committed to a policy of repatriation and an anti-Zionist campaign.

Both factions believe in the 'World Jewish-conspiracy' theory, both are pro-loyalist and have links with ultra Right Irish loyalist groups, though their particular policies differ.

The smallest of the three factions with only 1,000 members is the British Nationalist Party led by John Tyndall, Richard Edmonds and John Peacock, it publishes a newspaper entitled *British Nationalist* and a magazine called *Spearhead*. It is an avowedly Nazi group whose policies are essentially those espoused by the original NF in the mid 1970s, and which has been described as 'psychotically racist'.

In past years it has been particularly successful in

winning over a handful of members from the now defunct Federation of Conservative Students.

The strength of these various parties in Leeds is not in doubt, with a tradition of fascist and racist activity dating right back to 1967 and before. And whilst Leeds Anti-Fascist Action has already instigated an anti-racism campaign, there is little doubt that recruiting on the terraces will continue at Elland Road and the ranks of the far right will continue to grow.

Overleaf *Leeds Student* has put together profiles of the top Leeds racists, the men who distribute the obscene propaganda, their histories, their positions of power and their criminal records.

It is a catalogue of horror which should leave nobody in doubt as to the strength of the far Right in Britain.

COME ELLAND HIGH WATER

Elland Road, the home of Leeds United football club, has become a major stomping ground for the Leeds fascists. At every home game they can be seen

selling their papers and magazines.

Fifteen years ago Eddie Morrisson's self styled Nazi 'National Democratic Freedom Movement' started recruiting

outside the ground. Since then there has been an almost uninterrupted fascist presence there.

When Leeds United are playing at home the fascists meet at 2pm at the Lowfields end of the ground, where the special football buses from town stop. The papers on sale depend on which particular group is present, but *The Flag* and the BNP's 'British Nationalist' are nearly always available.

Fascists from all over West Yorkshire can be seen at Elland Road papersales. Steven Crabtree, BNP Batley organiser is a regular at Elland Road and Andrew Brons NFSG Yorkshire organiser and Harrogate college lecturer, puts in an occasional visit.

The sales of papers at Elland Road are large. *The Flag* prints a sales league for each month. The Leeds branch always appears in the top three and is frequently top.

Two years ago when Richard Donkin and Tony Watson infiltrated the Leeds NF they revealed that usual match day takings were over £40, a sizeable amount when one

considers that papers are sold at 20p to 30p each.

Leeds United itself has developed a reputation for racism and violence and whilst it would be mistaken to attribute all this to the fascists it is undeniable that they are an important part of the culture of violence and hate that exists at the football ground. Bulldog, the often prosecuted and now defunct NF youth paper used to run a racist league of clubs. Leeds United were regularly close to the top.

It also contained letters from the Leeds United service crew (the violent thug element of Leeds United supporters, some of whom were found guilty of football violence at the recent 'Wild Boar' trial) boasting of their racism. Issue number 40 contained a letter from a member of the service crew declaring that "we are the only team which can proudly boast truly all white, racist supporters".

In May 1987 Joe Pearce, a leading member of *The Flag* group (and two jailed for incitement to racial hatred) reviewed the 1987 English soccer season praising Leeds United for "The Whiteness of

their team and the patriotic nature of their supporters."

Leeds United has a reputation for the racist abuse hurled at players at Elland Road. The chanting and abuse seems to emanate from more than just a minority of fans.

The problem has become so acute that the Leeds Anti-Fascist Action have been campaigning to stem the tide of fascist activity at Elland Road. They state that their aim is to claim back Leeds United for the ordinary fan and to isolate the racist and violent element.

In March of this year they produced a report entitled 'Terror on the terraces: the NF, football violence and Leeds United' which documents the problems at the club. Next season a larger campaign involving the University and Polytechnic is planned.

In the meantime it is feared that in the absence of football the Leeds Fascist will shift their attention to Headingley, the home of Yorkshire cricket.

Copies of 'Terror on the terraces' are available from LUU exec, price £1. Leeds AFA can be contacted at PO Box AFA, 52 Call Lane, Leeds.



● Leading fascist member Andrew Brons, Harrogate College lecturer, and NF paper sellers at Elland Road in January 1988.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING



● Burden

Frank (Charles) Burden (32, National Front)

Feared for his long track record of violence and respected for his dedication and work for the local branch. Plasterer by trade, last known to be unemployed. An alcoholic who can frequently be found propping up the bar in The Whip and The Duncan.

Burden was one of an Elland Road central organiser but is now less of a regular, though he still sells *Mein Kampf* there.

On the Handsworth riots: "The best thing that could happen to us. It makes the blacks look bad and the police were on the receiving end."

In January 1978, Burden was fined £75 for part in a brutal attack on a civil liberties meeting held at the Manchester Institute of Science and Technology. The following month he was gaoled for nine months for assaulting an off-duty Pakistani policeman in Bradford and breaking the officer's nose. In January 1981, he was given a 12 month sentence for punching and kicking a black youth in the face in an unprovoked attack in Leeds. Presiding magistrate Judge Donald said Burden was a man with a propensity, or violence, who looked for trouble and found it.

Burden was fined £100 in November 1983, for rushing towards an opponent outside an election meeting in Seacroft, brandishing a piece of concrete. The court was told that he had spent ten days in hospital after being attacked himself and had lost his memory. Since then he is said to have left the National Front.

Burden has vigorously promoted the NF in Leeds for 14 years, selling papers, fighting, plotting and administrating. He has also peddled Holocaust denial materials, survivalist pamphlets and SAS manuals.

His record includes convictions for criminal damage, breach of the peace, threatening words and behaviour. Even his fellow branch members prefer to avoid his company. He has a disarming habit of smiling when he is angry.

NEW ORDER

MEMBERS ONLY!



Voice of Leeds NF. Number 24.

August '84

20p

THE FUTURE BELONGS
TO THE FEW OF US
STILL WILLING TO GET
OUR HANDS DIRTY.
POLITICAL
TERROR



It's the Only T
They Under

Bob Campbell

1985 Leeds NF chairman, Campbell is an old-timer who has been superseded by the new, young, 'political soldiers', and has taken a backseat role since 1986. He still sells papers at Elland Road.

Stephen Crabtree

Currently Batley NF organiser and has been for three years, Crabtree is a regular at



● Crabtree (far left)

Leeds NF meetings and married Batley fascist Jayne Talbot on September 19, 1982.

Michael 'Mick' Gibson

BNP Leeds organiser, Gibson stood as a NF local election candidate in 1978 and 1979, and a BNP candidate in 1977. He told a BNP meeting in the Wellesly Hotel in Leeds: "The last time a feller had trouble with six million aliens he didn't mess about."

● Gibson (left right)

VIVING DEAD HEADS



● Brons

Andrew Brons (Age not known, National Front)

Currently deputy chairman and Yorkshire regional organiser of the NF (Support Group) Flag faction. Lecturer in Government and Politics at Harrogate College of Further Education.

In a letter written in 1965, he said of synagogue arson attacks:

"On this subject I have a dual view, in that although I realise it is well intentioned, I feel that our public image may suffer considerable damage as a result of these activities. I am, however, open to correction on this point."

And on the Handsworth riots, at a Leeds NF meeting in September 1985:

"No one in Birmingham is prepared to state the obvious. People talked about unemployment and social conditions, but no one was prepared to say it was the golliwogs. Call them what you like, blacks. The rioters should be repatriated to their native communities."

Brons joined Colin Jordan's openly Nazi National Socialist Movement in 1966, was a member of Tyndall's equally Nazi (if less Teutonic) Greater Britain Movement, and moved effortlessly into

the National Front in 1968.

He firmly supported Tyndall in the 1976 National Front internal struggle which led to the formation of the now defunct National Party.

After Tyndall's resignation as NF chairman in early 1980, Brons was elected to the post unopposed, forming a triumvirate of himself, Martin Webster and Richard Verrall. In the next four years, Brons arranged the eclipse of Verrall, Webster's expulsion and the emergence of a young breed of "Strasserite" activists. Just after the HF's 1984 AGM he resigned to make way for Ian Anderson as party chairman.

Brons has entertained Italian terrorist Robert Fiore as a house guest. Fiore has been one of the influences behind the adoption of the 'Third Position'.

In April 1984, Brons and Paul Vessey were fined £50 each for abusing a black policeman and shouting "Death to Jews" while selling NF News in Leeds city centre. He sometimes sells papers at Elland Road and spoke at the NF St George's Day Rally at the Griffin Hotel on April 23 this year (see Leeds Student 29/24/88).

Although nationally the three major groups on the fascist right regularly attack each other in their papers the members of these organisations co-operate locally. In Leeds this is also the case and fascists of all organisations can be seen together at all events.

The largest group in Leeds is the Flag faction. They are a very important part of the NFSG and there are frequently articles about how wonderful they are in the Flag.

The BNP has a number of young party stalwarts in Leeds and it would be fair to say that their members are the most dedicated. Every paper sale, fly posting and march, BNP regulars are always to be seen.

The NF News group is more a clique of 'political soldiers' whose numbers and profile are starting to increase.

All these groups sell their papers at the fascists regular paperselling slot at Lands Lane on a Saturday morning between the hours of 11 and 12. There are usually four or five papersellers, but large numbers of fascists converge to act as 'minders'. Others such as Batley fascist Steven Crabtree, seem to think that selling papers is below them.

They have held this slot at Lands Lane for nearly ten years and it has become a cornerstone of fascist activity in Leeds.

The fascists in Leeds are the only branch outside London which can sustain its own office which is thought to be located in Leeds city centre near the Corn Exchange.

Also in the vicinity are the notorious fascist 'watering holes'. The pubs they use are The Whip, The Duncan and The Viaduct. The Whip, down a backyard off Duncan Street is surrounded by racist graffiti and swastika's and has been the fascist hangout for years. Two years ago when the habits of the Leeds fascists were exposed by Yorkshire Post journalists Tony Watson and Richard Donkin, Michael Brady the Whip landlord said "The HF is banned from this pub." Unfortunately this is still to happen.

The St George's Day march on April 23 was a major coup for the Leeds NF and there are rumours that a larger event is planned for the future.



● Morrison

Eddie Morrison (38, various groups)

A hard-line Nazi currently thought to be living in Wakefield. Not as active as he expected to be.

Morrison joined the National front shortly after its foundation in 1967. In 1969 Morrison was the leader of the Leeds NF. He later became active in the British Movement and in 1972 was its Leeds chairman. By 1973 he was back in the National Front and as chairman of the Leeds branch polled 336 votes (five per cent) in a Leeds City Council by-election for the Burmantofts-Richmond Hill ward.

In 1979 Morrison lead a BNP group which was associated with the League of St George (a shadowy Nazi organisation with international links) and also with various US fascist groups in the World White Nationalist Congress, formed in 1976.

In June 1976, the NF announced the formation of vigilante groups armed with clubs "To cope with the country's growing race problem." There was one in action in the Tong area of Bradford and one in Dewsbury Road, Leeds. Morrison claimed they had 200 to 250 people to draw upon.

"We don't turn the other cheek but rather turn upon the attacker and smash them into the ground," he is reported to have said. After police intervention the vigilante operation was called off.

Morrison contested the 1976 and 1977 County Council elections for the BNP and in 1977 was arrested for an attack on a Leeds Poly student. He was acquitted in March 1978 of attacking drinkers in the Fenton pub. Seven others were convicted.

He rejoined the National Front in 1979, moving to John Tyndall's New National Front after the General Election to support Tyndall's campaigns against the 'Queer Syndrome' and 'National Bolshevism.' He stood as a New National Front candidate in the 1981 local elections.

Morrison joined Tyndall's new British National Party, soon becoming BNP youth organiser.

He was squeezed out of the BNP row with Tyndall's father-in-law Giles Parker, during which he criticised Parker's masonic connections. In a lengthy Spearhead article Tyndall denounced Morrison as a subversive agent working inside the various Nazi groups to which he had belonged.

With Kevin Randall and other fascists he formed the National Action Party in 1983; it launched itself by daubing threats and racist graffiti on an Ealing Left-Wing bookshop. Randall took overall control of the NAP when Morrison was expelled, returning to Leeds in 1986.

As guest speaker at a NF meeting here in January that year, he reaffirmed his commitment to the NF as the only effective force on the right.

"The Left no longer has the monopoly on the word 'Revolution,'" he told the meeting. "The NF is now the revolutionary force."

These days he edits the 'National Workers' Party' hate sheet Truth - for Race and Nation, which has (among other things) glorified the Waffen S.S. Truth has been sold at Elland Road.

Morrison is not fully trusted and is thought by some to be a police spy.



● Watmough

Kevin Watmough (25, British National Party)

BNP Leeds organiser 1986/7. Regular seller of the BNP paper British Nationalist and magazine Vanguard at Elland Road. Watmough joined the National Front in his early 20s. A known glue sniffer. Lives in Bradford.

In 1981 when he was 17, he was sentenced to three months' detention for a violent racial attack on a black youth. In 1982 Watmough was sentenced to six months in a detention centre for shouting racist abuse through a loudhailer at a Rock Against Racism gig. In 1986 he was found guilty of a brutal attack at a Christmas bazaar.

Tony Stewart

Leeds NF publications officer. He is thought to be the same Anthony Stewart who was sentenced to nine months youth custody for sending death threats to an Asian Family in July 1986.

Bob Taylor

1986 Leeds NF chairman. Another old party stalwart in the 'Ship 'em all home' mould. He lives in Morley where he runs a building firm and is de-

scribed as 'Unsophisticated and insecure'

Glenn Taylor

Was one producer of the racist hate sheet New Order. In 1978 a Glenn Taylor was fined £100 for forging signatures on election nomination forms. His brother, Stephen, was arrested on the BNP's 1981 'Free Rudolph Hess' march.

Karen Taylor

Leeds NF Secretary.



● Glenn Taylor (with papers)

Keith Taylor AKA 'Beefy The Callous'

Current Leeds NF organiser and son of Bob Taylor. A roofing felter by trade. 'Beefy' is idolised and eared by the local skinhead fraternity. His hero is Colonel Gadhafi whom he describes as "The people's champion, an ordinary man against the system."

John Wood

Sheffield and Yorkshire BNP Organiser.



● Gibson (left) and Watmough (right)

INGS
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Only Thing
Understand.

LE• PEN•



A break through for Fascism?

The massive 4,367,926 vote for French fascist leader, Jean-Marie Le Pen is a major, but not yet decisive, breakthrough for post-war fascism.

Despite efforts on the Left and Right of the political spectrum to play down the significance of what happened in France on April 24, the fact is that we now have a new situation in Europe where millions can rally to the flag of fascism, even if the man waving it is a convicted criminal.

Le Pen's vote is the electoral expression of deep political and social undercurrents running right across Europe, the tip of a very large iceberg of racist pressures.

A brief scan of the social composition of the fascist vote shows clearly that Le Pen's appeal goes right across the social spectrum. Amongst those voting for him were:

24% of small business people
20% of Roman Catholics
16% of the 18-25 age group
15% of students
14% of the unemployed
and, most worrying of all, 21% of the workers.

The geographical spread is also ominous. Apart from the Marseilles area, which is Le Pen's power base, the Front increased its vote in every one of the country's 95 departments, doubling it in some cases and boosting it six-fold in others.

In fact, the fascists are now the leading right-wing force in ten departments... in the south, south west, north east and east of France.

Worst of all, Le Pen has eaten into the Community Party (PCF) vote in all the old industrial areas which are badly hit by unemployment.

For example in the old PCF fortress of Seine - St Denis - in the heart of the Paris 'red-belt', the fascists polled 107,000 against the PCF candidate's 73,000.

No wonder, after stealing May Day from the workers by swaggering through Paris with a group of Lorraine coal miners at the head of a 50,000-strong (some sources say 200,000) demonstration, Le Pen now calls his forces, in words borrowed from Hitler, the 'national opposition'.

The total failure of the labour and anti-racist movements to organise any unified and direct opposition to the fascist theft of May Day is one for which they may pay a very heavy

price in the future.

The failure to make a proper political analysis of the so-called 'Le Pen phenomenon' is also crippling any potential resistance. We must be precise: **the Front National is a racist, anti-Semitic and fascist mass movement.**

It now commands the support of millions, **more, in fact, than the entire population of Norway.**

And its appeal is not just racist. Apart from calling for the removal of all social security

rights from immigrants, it is anti-trades union, wants stronger armed forces, more law and order and 'an AIDS-free France'.

The unpleasant fact is that people were willing to listen to Le Pen's even more unpleasant message that the FN will resolve the crisis of French society.

Despite the victory of Socialist Francois Mitterand in the second round of the elections and (at the time of writing) a likely victory of the Socialists in the coming Parliamentary elections, we should not be complacent.

Probably the number of fascist MPs will fall because proportional representation has been scrapped. This will give the FN a new stick with which to beat democracy and will claim that the Socialists have used underhand methods to disenfranchise its supporters.

In the absence of a national consensus against racism, the fascist argument could be very powerful and might yet tear apart a weakened democracy.

Already, some leading right-wing politicians from the traditional conservative parties are making friendly signals to the fascists and considering deals with them.

Former Interior Minister, Charles Pasqua, for example, publicly stated that he 'shares some of Le Pen's values' and others have called for 'understanding' of the fascists.

If they see this as a tactic to break the FN, they are trying to ride a tiger. That is why there is real anxiety in France's large Jewish and North African communities which are the target for the daily violence carried out by the fascists.

Le Pen, the ex-street fighter, paratrooper and torturer of Algerian resistance fighters, who dyed his hair blond to emphasise his 'Aryan' origin and even calls his pet dogs Thor and Odin, has come a long way since the days, 14 years

ago, when he only got 190,000 votes and earned parts of his living by selling tape-recordings of Hitler's speeches and Nazi marching songs.

With a mass movement to back his hate-filled demands for a 'White and Christian Europe', he presents a big threat to democracy.

It is not easy to forecast what will happen next. Most likely, he will continue to test the political water with more grotesque racism and anti-Semitism, like he did with his infamous remark that the Nazi genocide of the Jews was a 'detail in the history of the Second World War' and the even more vicious comment (quoted by his ex-wife) that the Nazis should have 'used giant crushing machines instead of gassing the Jews'.

The violence will no doubt continue, and, if the representation of the FN in the National Assembly is reduced, may well be stepped up. As for Le Pen, himself, he will probably try to become mayor of Marseilles, where the fascists have 28 per cent of the vote.

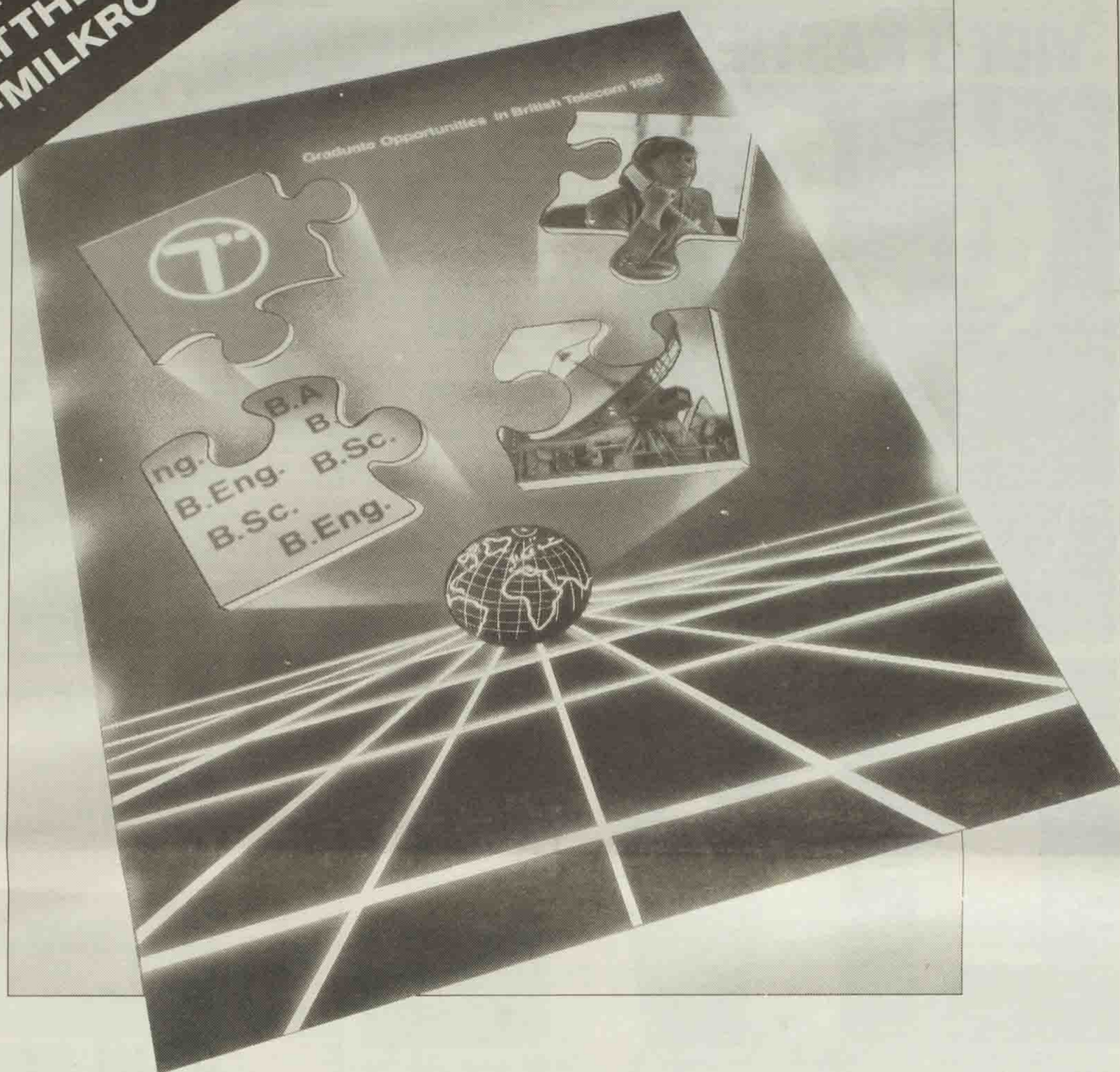
Only one thing is now certain: the fascists have now established themselves as a political force, the third party in France and will not just 'disappear'.

That is why, we cannot ignore these developments. The French anti-racist movement must come out of its present **paralysis** and build serious opposition.

Also, the efforts to build real collaboration across Europe with groups like Anti-Fascist Action in Britain, the Anti-Racist Centre in Norway, Stoppa Rasismen in Sweden and Anti-faschistische Aktion in Germany which began with the European Day of Action on April 23 must continue.

If we fail to mobilise now, we shall bear a heavy responsibility.
A Searchlight journalist.





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MUSIC

VIDEO NASTIES?



Paul Spence talks to spoof artistes Skint Video, who play Yorkshire Arts Centre this Friday.

While the majors wait; hands clasped; for every three-second sampled cut of some decrepit reject 70s hit to net them copyright compensation they're laughing all the way to the bank.

Comedy duo Skint Video watch the mad scene with light amusement and hope no beastly bozos have noticed their LP 'Off-licensed to Ill' out earlier this year on, 'Duf Jam' records or else it'll be them who'll be running to the bank, — the banks of the River Thames.

The LP was carefully calculated to offend the unoffendable, bending your favourite pop classics into a parodic (and suprisingly melodic) hit job on their latest 'public enemies', the like of which include The Pogues, Ian Paisley and Cecil Parkinson.

But our Skinterviewees, Scouse Steve and London-bred Brian (who contrary to vicious rumours are decided-

ly not a 'jolly guitar-strumming duo' — *The Guardian!*), have been constantly obstructed by the killjoy majors when seeking permission to piss-take copyright material on TV. This has been a major stumbling block in their attempts to conquer the box, so we will be witnessing increased production of homegrown tunes in the future.

Noticeable quantites of rap and hiphop entered the foray on their last LP, a musical format that could, they explain, be their saviour.

The Skints have an advantage over most bands, claims Brian, since "there's only two of us and we have enough arguments, imagine coping with six or seven egos in a band," and yet music is an important part of their performance. They may not be Channel Four house-trained pet artistes, but serious TV producer allergy didn't stop them being voted City Limits, best cabaret act of 1986. Right on humour? No... I think not. But how about political comedy...?

Steve: "Well if it wasn't funny, people wouldn't come

and watch it. The comedy's got to come first or else people would just come on stage and say 'Margaret Thatcher's a bastard' all the time which a lot of people actually already do, and it's tedious."

Brian disagrees "No that's not true, I wish they did!"

Now living in Deptford, South London, which they describe as 'like Beirut without the nightlife', they are clearly cynical about the London-based 'Alternative Comedy' circuit which spawned innumerable Channel Four acts via 'The Comedy Store', the Albany Theatre Deptford and other such venues.

"There's definitely a bigger circuit outside London since we started and it took us time to learn how to play up to it, but now I prefer performing outside."

"London's a wank most of it, jokes about vegetarian bush plants and the like. If you go to somewhere like Devon, they really appreciate the fact that someone has actually set foot there. Audiences in London are a bit jaded, slightly cynical because they have so much."

LIVE

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION CRAIG DAVIS

Leeds Warehouse

There are Eddi Reader wannabees dotted throughout the crowd here tonight. At least two dozen of them, arm in arm, with junior wine bar men and off to see the Number One band. Did they get their baggy shirts, specs and twirly bobs specially for this evening or are there hundreds of Eddi-alikes living secret lives across the country? We shall probably never know.

Craig Davis certainly won't. His brief set of barbed Mancunian blues/folk (horrible phrase) exorcism appeared to scare them witless, and with good reason. Davis wrenches a chilling voice from every vein and muscle in his body at once while stringing lazy acoustic guitar along. The songs? Well, by this time next year you'll be sick of them. The man will be huge and he will eat Suzanne Vega alive.

And as for the Fairgies you'll probably have had them up to here too, but in the nicest possible way. Much of their repertoire is in the tradition of 'Perect': good honest pop graced by lightness of step and Eddi Reader's endearing vocals. They have a natty way with thumb-nail dramas (their eponymous song of a flirtation at a fairground is actually quite touching) and the genuine

desire and ability to entertain without bullshit.

It's fresh... in the nicest possible way.

Andrew Harrison

ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS

at The Duchess of York.

"OW BLEEDIN' MUCH?? TWO QUID FIFTY?!!" And I even missed 'Locked Out of the Love-in'... Honestly, a more dour-faced bunch of bastards you won't find anywhere, and they don't even come from Coventry (Sheffield, actually). It must be the tag 'INDIE-GUITAR-POP-BAND' that does it — an anathema with all the implicit attraction of swallowing anal pessaries coated in cod-liveroil. One thousand violins needn't worry too much, however — despite a drummer with proclivities towards prog-rock solo-virtuosity, a steady line in girlfriends willing to dance to everything (to the point where it's embarrassing), and a general demeanour that makes Paul Weller look like Emlin Hughes, they peddle medicine disguised by a very palatable brand of Nutra-Sweet indeed. A line in titles that wouldn't shame Half-Man Half-Biscuit ('Please don't Sandblast My House', 'Ungrateful Bastard') and a willingness to borrow unashamedly from the 60s and take the steaming piss while doing so are a tonic — albeit placebo — much needed in the

cancerous austerity of 1988 Stock Aitken and Thatcher Britain. Its a comfort to know there's still places we can go to have that squelchy crimson thing we call a heart mildly microwaved — aaahhh.

John Quinn

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS

(Poly)

Ireland is one of those wacky, problematic areas of the globe, and this is reflected in its music. Consider this question: Why can Northern Ireland produce the mystical celestial poetry of St. Van Morrison or the genius dance groove and joyous pop sensibilities of That Petrol Emotion, whilst Southern Ireland pollutes the environment with the spineless liberal inanities of Bono and the mid-70s anodyne tedium of Microdisney?

Hothouse Flower aren't even as irritating as their Southern Irish compatriots; but are merely a bunch of long-haired gits who have just one appalling song in the charts, which they played repeatedly for an hour and a quarter. The 200 or so mindless sheep who wasted four quid on these no-hopers really need either independent financial advice; or a psychiatrist. Tonight was a waste of time, money and effort for everyone present. Don't give up the day jobs lads!

Ian Cusack

CHARTS

1. WOOLY BULLY
Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs
2. BLEAT IT
Michael Jackson
3. ONLY EWE
Yazoo
4. BAABERA-ANN
The Beach Boys
5. (WHAT'S SO FUNNY 'BOUT)
FLEECE, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING?
Elvis Costello and the Attractions
6. BEAT THE FLOCK
Sparks
7. SHEARS LEAVING HOME
Billy Bragg
8. RAM-A-LAM-A-DING-DONG
Rocky Sharp and the Replays
9. SHEEPSTER
T-Rex
10. RABID MERINOS MATING
Bananarama

SHEEP CHART COMPILED BY
ONE MAN AND HIS DOG

RAW SEX

PRINCE Lovesexy

(Paisley Park)

Being regarded as he is, as the only true messiah of modern black music, in the light of the genre's degeneration into an insipid ocean of latenight lurve and xeroxed dancefloor dreck, along with the final departure of the youngest Jackson brother on a one-way trip to never-never land, it was reasonable to expect Prince's latest release to be greeted, if not with a crucifixion, then at least by someone getting out their carpentry set.

However, the less than enthusiastic reception of 'Lovesexy' is not entirely deserved. Although the album does initially suffer by comparison with 'Sign O' the Times', it is certainly no substandard Prince work. It remains in the same musical regions as 'Sign', which departed from the perfectly crafted pop tunes of preceding records, and embarked upon the systematic funk deconstruction of the modern pop song. This was demonstrated with the title track of 'Sign' and is further developed with the album version of 'Alphabet St.', which descends smoothly from sparse song to

crowded rap in the space of five minutes. The apparently uncharacteristic social concerns of 'sign' are also given a further airing on 'Lovesexy' with 'Dance on', a filthy designer-noise workout which features nuclear weapons, machine-guns and what sounds suspiciously like an attempt to revive the Hammond Organ. Elsewhere, Prince demonstrates his ability to slowly build a song from the ground upwards and then take it down again — particularly in the beautifully subliminal 'Anna Stesia'. It is tracks such as this which highlight the particular tendency for songs on this album to go in the opposite direction and become deluged in sound. These wall-of-treacle songs, like 'Positivity', form the weakest points of the albums segued 45 minutes and the basis of the impression that Prince 'might have done better.'

Although 'Lovesexy' would, by anyone else's standards be cause for a national holiday and ticker-tape parades, in Prince's case, it should perhaps be more a case of a small piss-up with a few friends.

Adam Higginbotham

MUSIC



THE ICICLE WORKS

Blind (Beggars Banquet)
For most of the 80s Iain McNabb's Icicle Works have doggedly followed the most perverse of muses. If they'd played their cards right after 'Love is a Wonderful Colour' hit the big time, they could have slotted neatly into the born-again rockism movement with many a moon to spare, but no, 'Boots' McNabb was having none of it. In the interim the Icicles have burrowed so deep into their record collections, that though the time is now right for their soaring diesel-sodden rock of old, they're into something quite different these days.

Check 'Blind'. It's got Icicles as Led Zep, on the charmingly entitled trouser-wrencher Shit Creek. It's even got Icicles as The Waterboys. It's even got Icicles as Prince. It has greatness and wonder and ridiculous drumming. And it has McNabb's cock-eyed spirit written large all over it.

He has always been their premier song-writer but now the hairy sod has annexed the producer's seat too, expunging the hack-rock treatment of yore as well as Ian Broudie's more recent, fussier presentation. Consequently 'Blind' has a clarity of vision (ha) as yet unknown in Icicle Workery.

Fact is, 'Blind' is (ahem) a blinder. Five cups, chums, but get your hair cut!

DEREK B

Bullet From A Gun (Tuff Audio/Phonogram)

So here he comes, number one British B-boy and UK fresh for 1988. With a fistful of his own genitalia and a mouthful of off-the-wall rhyme, Derek B manages to cut an imposing figure without testing the conventions of rap too far. Just far enough.

You know the ear-charging science fiction scratch intro from 'Bad Young Brother'? Well there's nothing else on 'Bullet From a Gun' to make the hairs on the back of your neck stiffen quite as much as that but there are moments.

Like the intro, a piece of codology from *The Prisoner* in which Degsy's rapping alter ego EZQ undergoes the ritual questioning 'My name is Q, EZQ / Who is number one? / I am number one' replies the def beat boy and from there on in it's forty minutes of how hard EZ is, how hard his posse is, how lam-pin' old Derek is and - of course - how his merest funky dope scratch gets all the girlies open-mouthed and drooling.

Though it's languished in a can for over a year and despite side two's tendency to drag, Derek's debut platter is a fearsome display for a talent that's now just finding itself. Now that he's hitched to the Def Jam/Rush Management NY axis we can expect to definitive statement of turntable braggadocio next time. 'Till then... run that power move again, D.

Andrew Harrison

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Original Soundtrack to 'Colors' (Warner Bros)

The soundtrack album is a depraved and insidious creature. Insidious because it lurks on the open racks in Woolworths, skulks beside the latest Bros waxing in Virgin and waits to pounce upon the ignorant and unassuming Kevin, Wayne or Sharon who only usually buy a record ever six months. Depraved because 80 per cent of soundtracks are, well... shite. 'Colors', however, is one of pitifully few good ones. Having said that, Kev and Shaz won't enjoy this, either. I mean, be serious - a rap sound track from a film made by Dennis 'Psycho? Me, psycho - bleeeeargh!' Hopper? Ice-T's title track is a four-minute aural mugging delivered with such menace that your average SAW listener will be reduced to a condition where dribbling and giggling manically will be major feats of mental dexterity. Whatever marbles they retain after this would be swiftly snatched away by the bone-splintering onslaught of Decadent Dub

Team's 'Six Gun' and the already well-known and awesome seven-minute coldcut remix of 'Paid In Full'. The album even manages to survive the inclusion of an aberrant Rick James track, to remain frightening and exciting to the end.

So - beware, Wayne, Sharon, Darren, Kylie - don't buy this record. It will hurt.

Adam Higginbotham

OFRA HAZA: Yemenite Songs INTO A CIRCLE: Assassins

Go into any shopping centre in the world and, far away, a soft melody can be heard. In Israel it would doubtless be Ofra Haza, for the full technomuzak treatment is laid over these traditional songs. The flaunted historical tradition dissipates once the music begins to play. Like Israel itself, the songs exist outside of history, caught between a love of the past and a desire for modern consumer lifestyles. It is tradition for those who like it pre-packaged but tasting of authenticity. Like all muzak it turns any original talent into something very ordinary.

Where Haza produces an undistinguished muzak, Into A Circle create something that is terrifying; like the silence after a petrol bomb explodes.

The stories, cut from all of history, play out the age-old fight between the untamed nature of the wild and a reason that seeks to describe and dissect everything. From the battles of the Yeszidi against over-powering monotheism to our own fight against the great god: scientific reason, Into A Circle detail paths of action. In the process of glorifying the individuals inherent nature, the individual and itself is destroyed and dispersed, taken over by forces outside. Whether this is bou'jeloud of legend, or the transcendent liberation of a mantra, it is a state beyond human existence.

This is the loneliest truth and the loveliest pain.

Vee

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Abbey Road EP (EMI)

Initially, I thought 'Blimey! A beezee speedcore hard-funk band! How they can play at such speed I just don't know!' Sadly, I then realised that this EP is supposed to be played at 33, when it actually sounds like 'Mark King's Tribute to Pub Rock Vol VII.'

THE CURE

Peel Session (Strange Fruit)

Four tracks from before Bouncin' Bob Smith completely lost touch with his hairdresser and reality in general. Very enjoyable 1978.

SWANS

Love Will Tear Us Apart (Product Inc)

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MAXI PRIEST

Wide World (10)

Cover of Cat Stevens song; produced by Sly and Robbie; sung by Maxi Priest; destined to grace the sound sys-

tems of Safeways (Kingston) for months to come... oh, I've had enough of this. I'm going for a nice, strong cup of tea. I yield to the floor.

RAINGODS

Tears in the Rain (RCA)

'Frank Bough!' Neil'Snorter'Amos

STEVIE WONDER AND MICHAEL JACKSON

Get It (Motown)

Yeah! It's funky - who is it? tap-tap-tappity-tap Andy Harrison

52ND STREET

Say You Will (10)

'Right. Time to do the laundry.' 'Cut-creator' Weezy Allison.

LUXURIA

Public Highway (Beggars Banquet)

'erm... It's not really my cup of tea.' Adam'B-Boy'Batstone

HELEN WATSON

When You Love Me, I Get Lazy (EMI)

'Two lumps, please...' Adam'Professional'Higginbotham

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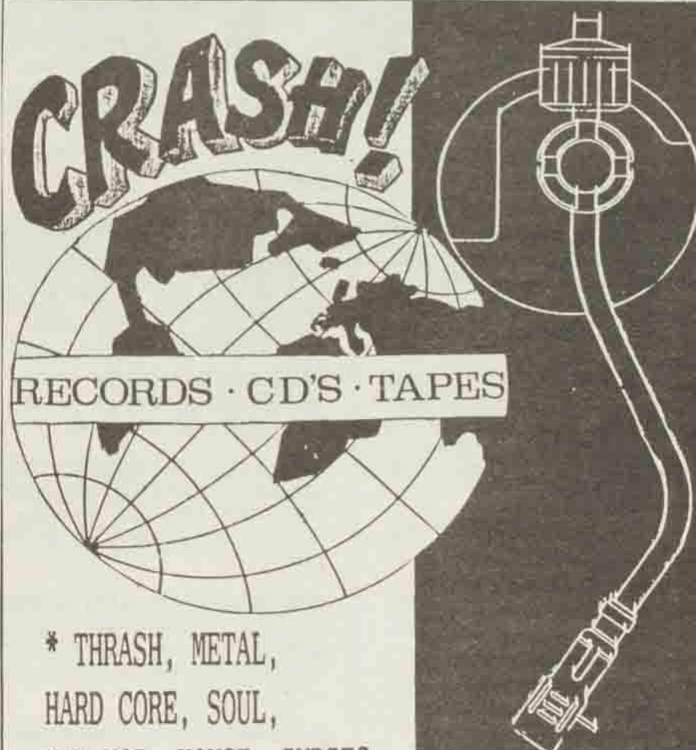
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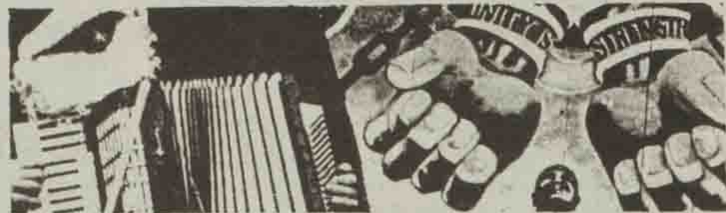
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What's on



Miscellaneous



JUNE 8
PALESTINIAN SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN - Roland Rancie, publisher of Hebrew Bulletin 'News from Within' speaking on Palestinian uprising.

LT 21 - or Rupert Beckett (check notice boards), 7pm, free.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14
MUSIC SOCIETY - Wind Band Rehearsal, Basement Clothworkers Hall, 5-7pm.

CARNABY CLUB DISCOTHEQUE - Tartan Barn, 8pm, 40p/80p.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15
PALESTINIAN SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN - Discussion on occupied Palestine, Committee Rooms A and B, 1-2pm, free.

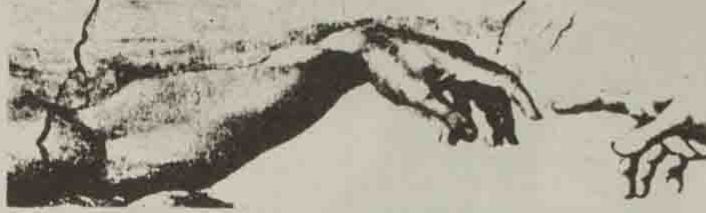
FRIDAY, JUNE 17
SOUL SOCIETY - The Refec Disco. Late bar, live bands and no more exams. 9pm-2am. £1.50 adv, £2 door.

MUSIC SOCIETY - Informal concert, Clothworkers concert hall basement, 8pm, free. Star in this concert yourself. Any (vaguely) musical act wanted. It's all good fun.

ADVANCE WARNING
MONDAY, JUNE 20
THEATRE GROUP - Trip to Macbeth at Stratford, 4.30pm-midnight, £8.50 including travel. Tickets available from Theatre Group office.

MONDAY, JUNE 27
MUSIC SOCIETY - Formal summer concert, Clothworkers Centenary Concert Hall, 7.30pm. Tickets £2, £1.50 concessions, £1 members.

Exhibitions



BRADFORD NATIONAL MUSEUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY, FILM AND TV

Until June 19, Fay Godwin: Bradford in colour. The second holder of the Bradford fellowship in photography, Fay Godwin is perhaps the best known landscape photographer working in Britain today.

Until June 26 - JULIA MARGARET CAMERON: The Herschel Album Restored. In 1867 the great Victorian portraitist Julia

Margaret Cameron prepared an album of photographs for the distinguished scientist Sir John Herschel. After comprehensive restoration it is now possible to see for the first time, all 94 photographs in one exhibition.

ST PAUL'S GALLERY, LEEDS
An exhibition of printwork by six Polish artists entitled Bigos. See Arts pages for review.

LEEDS CITY ART GALLERY
Claes Oldenburg

Gigs



COCONUT GROVE (455718)
Jun 13 - Andy Shepherd Quintet

DUCHESS OF YORK
Jun 7 - Into A circle
Jun 8 - Gipsy Queen
Jun 9 - The Honest Johns
Jun 10 - Blyth Power
Jun 11 - Hang The Dance
Jun 12 - Alan Hull
Jun 13 - MDMA
Jun 14 - Weather Prophets
Jun 15 - Quire Boys
Jun 16 - The Raw Herbs

LUU
Jun 7 - Helen Watson
Jun 16 - Aztec Camera
Jun 18 - Frankie Paul

ADELPHI
Jun 8 - Yorkshire Post Jazz Band

IRISH CENTRE
Jun 8 - Desmond Dekker
Jun 16 - The Beat Farmers
Jun 18 - Balkana (Bulgarian sounds - it's def!)

ASTORIA
Jun 10 - Sugar Minott
Jun 11 - Alex Dobkin (Women only)
Jun 15 - Leeds Jazz presents Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy

GRAND (459351)
Jun 6-11-ABSENT FRIENDS 7.30pm. Jun 13-18-WINNIE THE POOH adapted by Glyn Robins Mon 7pm, Tue/Wed 10am and 2pm, Thur 2pm and 7pm, Fri 4.30pm and 7.30pm.

PLAYHOUSE (442111)
Jun 9-KAFKA'S DICK, Jun 10-July 2-SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, Mon/Tue 8pm, Wed-Sat 7.30pm, Jun 18 at 3pm.



CIVIC THEATRE (455505)
Jun 8-11-ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL Leeds Art Theatre 7.30pm. Jun 14-18-HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES Leeds Art Centre. Jun 19-TEMPERANCE SEVEN 8pm.

Cinema



CANNON CINEMA (452665)
1. TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES - (8pm, Sun 7.30pm)
2. SUSPECT - (7.30pm, Sun 7pm)
3. APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH - (7.50pm, Sun 7.15pm)

ODEON CINEMAN (430031/436230)
1. THREE MEN AND A BABY - (3.10pm, 5.30pm, 8.20pm)
2. PRAYER FOR THE DYING - (2.30pm, 5.35pm, 8.05pm)
3. CINDERELLA - (1pm, 2.45pm, 4.30pm, 6.15pm)
4. ROBOPOL - (8.20pm)
4. ASTERIX IN BRITAIN - (1.20pm, 3.10pm)
WALL ST - (5.15pm, 8pm)
5. CAN'T BUY ME LOVE - (1.55pm, 4pm, 6pm, 8.15pm)

COTTAGE ROAD (751606)
Until June 10 - PRINCESS BRIDE - (2pm, 6pm, Sun 3pm, 5.10pm)
NO WAY OUT - (8.10pm, Sun 7.30pm). Friday 10, 9½ weeks (10.45pm). From June 10 -

WALL ST - (5.45pm, 8.05pm, Sun 5.10, 7.30)

HYDE PARK CINEMA (752054)
Until June 9 - KITCHEN TOTO - (7.30pm). From June 10 - STEAKOUT - (7.30pm). Late shows 10 - BRAZIL, 11th - ISHTAR both at 11pm

HEADINGLEY LOUNGE (751061)
THREE MEN AND A BABY - (2pm, 6pm, 8.20pm)

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE (4421110)
Saturday 11 at 2.15pm - THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO!! Sunday 12 at 7.30pm - COLLEGE & THE KID.

NMP BRADFORD (0274 727488)
Tuesday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at 7.30pm - NO WAY OUT. Wednesday 15, 7pm - THE BIG HEAT.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

To accompany people with a disability at Meanwood Park Hospital's Gala Day **June 11th** afternoon only **A fun afternoon is guaranteed**

NEXT WEEK:
Leeds Student looks back in anger

Personal



FRANKIE B... IS NOTHING SACRED?

□ □ □

Nicole E. I fear my heart will break

□ □ □

GROOVADELIC. Carnaby Club Discotheque. Tartan Bar, 14th June.

□ □ □

LOADSA... I think not!

□ □ □

FINISHED exams by June 17th?

□ □ □

Dave, Clive, sorry, Daffodils out of season: Beware of man-eating rhododendrons! Love us and me.

□ □ □

LOOK OUT JOHN SHORT... EAT YOURSELF FITTER!!

□ □ □

Celebrating with the SOUL SOC?

□ □ □

COWGIRLS SEEKS RAY KREBS TYPE TO TAKE TO OIL BARONS BALL, JUNE 24th. WILL BRING OWN CIGARETTES. CONTACT BIG BRIDGET 434982.

□ □ □

Does Mark? Come on Eileen?

□ □ □

THE Refec Disco on Friday 17th!

□ □ □

SHINY NOSE AND WARTY FACE! YOU WERE GREAT! DON'T FORGET THE MORNING AFTER PILL. LOVE BILL AND BEN.

□ □ □

SHAMPOOOOOO!!

□ □ □

VOICE (do you still exist?)

□ □ □

REFEC - June 17th. Don't miss it!

□ □ □

MEL does card tricks with her teeth. (No wonder UP finds her amusing in a pathetic kind of way...!)

□ □ □

Butcher and vivers - a REVEALING combination!

□ □ □

WIND BAND? TUESDAY JUNE 14th? LAST REHEARSAL. DON'T MISS IT!!

□ □ □

"you and me, me and you, lots and lots, for us to do..." said the Muskahound to her Uncle...

□ □ □

GET THE SCORES ON FOR THE LADS!!

□ □ □

BELATED AND RETARDED BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO JASMINE FROM THE LAMPIN' LS POSSE!!

□ □ □

Butcher and music stands - an ORFUL combination!!

What's on



● Frank Bough's pushers pictured in a quiet moment.

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DON'T KNOW
WHERE TO GO?**

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Many thanks to
Neil Ames
for this weeks
What's On
Truly a God
amongst sheep

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)

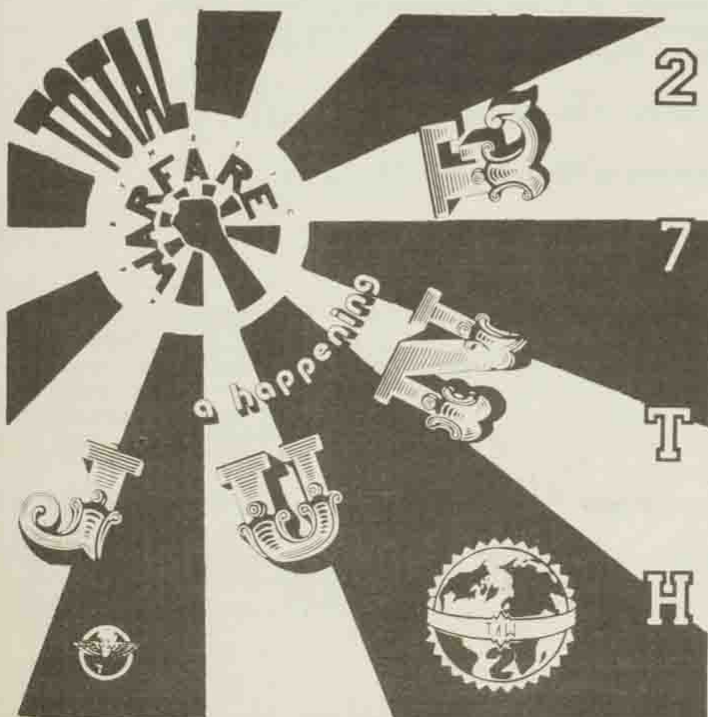
SUNDAYS
Alternative Night at Ritzy

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 Ware-
house. (£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)

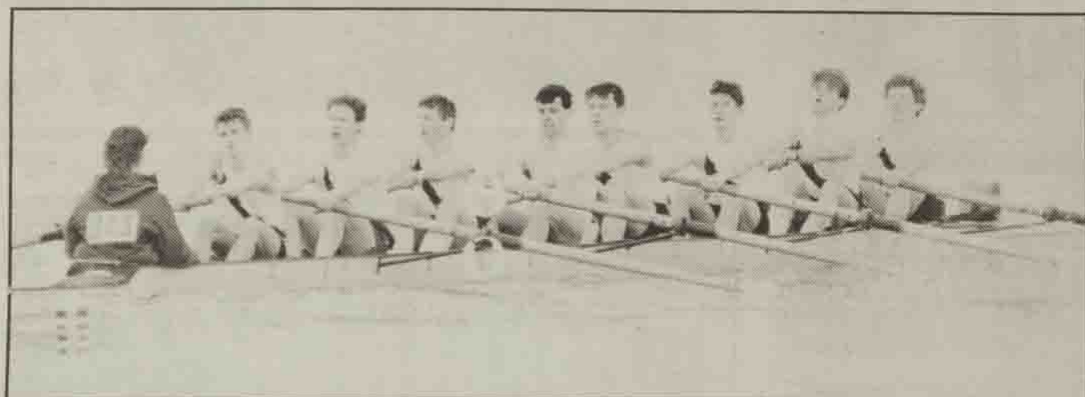
THURSDAYS
Thursday Bop in LUU (70p)



SPORTS



LEEDS BOAT CLUB WIN AGAIN



Leeds University Boat Club has continued to make an impression on the northern rowing scene, as last weekend the club had three separate victories.

The men's experienced novice IV won their event with little difficulty at York on the Saturday. Their dedicated and punishing training has more than paid off this year. Bad luck to the Leeds 2nd novice IV who were beaten in the final. The

women's novice IV with an impressive performance over a tough course.

One day later it was the seniors turn to prove their worth at Derby. The first and second IV's combined to make a powerful first VIII. M. Nutter, J. Gaterby, J. Shepherd and T. Slidel, all ex-schoolboy rowers were in the middle of the boat, with N. Juster, G. Liddel and J. Meyer on either

side. The stroke, M. Bryson, deserves a special mention for keeping a very cool head in the final as he set a perfect rate for the Leeds team to push ahead of the Sheffield Uni/Poly crew and win by only six feet.

It seems that Leeds University Boat Club is beginning to lay the foundation for not only an excellent sprint season but for the next few years to come.

M. Nutter

DEVONSHIRE VICTORY

WHIDDINGTON CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY FINAL TETLEY v DEVONSHIRE

Delayed from the previous day, when the match had been interrupted by that great cricketing tradition, rain, the inter mural cricket final between Tetley and Devonshire finally got underway. Tetley were put into bat, and immediately faced a strong Devonshire bowling attack, headed by Rooke and

Guptar, whose tight bowling caused the opening batsmen considerable problems, allowing them just 29 runs off the first 11 overs. Despite Tetley's inability to take advantage of the few chances given to them, a useful partnership between Mick Whitworth and Hugh Connor ensured a respectable score of 72 for 7 off 20 overs. Faced by Tetley's bowlers, Devonshire came close to being

overwhelmed, only able to score 20 off 12 overs, with Pete Hall and Jim Weatherston giving the Devonshire batsmen little room for manoeuvre. However, the close bowling and excellent fielding was insufficient to contain Herbert and Nicholson, who scored 53 off the last 7 overs, enabling Devonshire to carry off the trophy - just.

Maz Brook

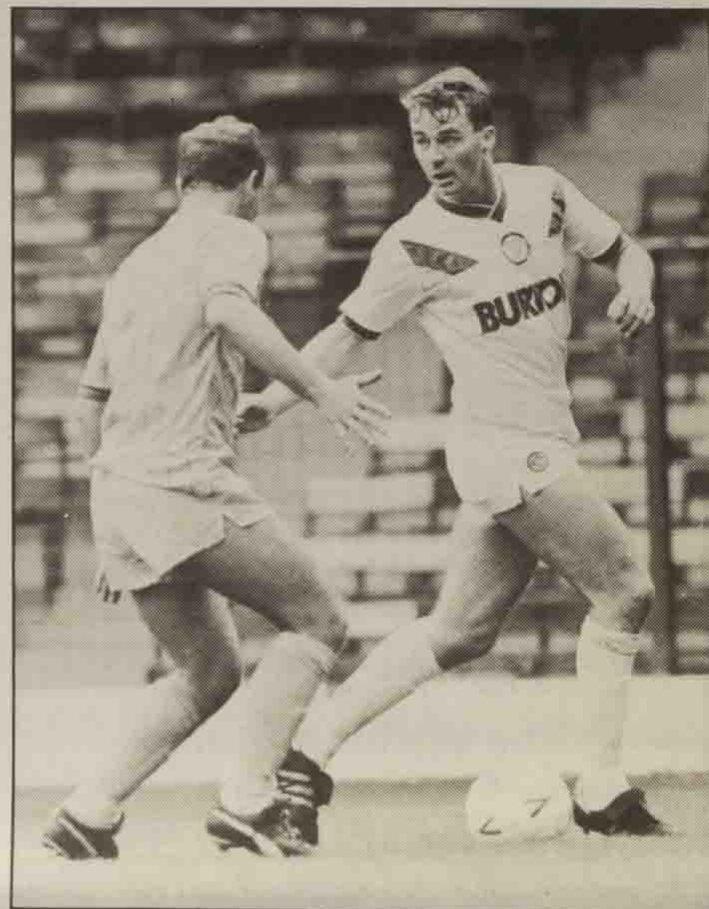
SHERIDAN FOR IRELAND

Leeds United's John Sheridan received a boost to his already blossoming career as he gained full international recognition with a call up to the Republic of Ireland squad which will play in the European Championships.

Leeds' hottest property, some rate him in the million

pound category, he scored in the Republic's most recent game in this third appearance for the side.

He is expected to be in the side when Ireland play England in their first game on Sunday, June 12, and will play in place of the injured Liam Brady.



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Student Exchange Schemes with American and Canadian Universities

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University of California (Berkeley, Davis, Irvine, Los Angeles, Riverside, San Diego, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz)

University of Illinois (Urbana-Champaign)

University of Massachusetts (Amherst)

Vanderbilt University

Scholarships cover the cost of tuition and maintenance for a year's graduate work. Candidates must be registered post-graduates or final year undergraduates during session 1988-9. Further details and application forms are available from the Undergraduate Office. Applications must be submitted by Friday, October 21 but the application process is lengthy and it is not too soon to start making enquiries.

A meeting will be held in the Rupert Beckett Lecture Theatre at 9.30am on Friday, June 17 to which all those interested in the exchanges are invited. Speakers will include past and present exchange students from both sides of the Atlantic and Professor John Siegfried, Director of the Vanderbilt in England Program, and there will be a question and answer session.

TEXACO TRIUMPH FOR ENGLAND

Something very strange happened at Headingley in Leeds a couple of weeks ago; England won. Not only that but they beat the West Indies for the second time in three days.

But that wasn't all, not by a long chalk. England's man-of-the-match was a young man by the name of Derek Pringle, the much maligned Essex all-rounder who astounded everyone with a performance that more than made up for his appalling bowling in the recent world cup.

Pringle's 39, rescued England from a disastrous 83-5 just after lunch. His sensible batting with Downton gave the home side respectability when a miserable collapse looked imminent. Although never a test player as long as he lives, Pringle's level-headed approach against some admittedly second-string bowling was just what was required.

The morning session had seen Marshall, Walsh, Ambrose and Bishop cause havoc on a very helpful wicket. Only Gooch looked like coping, he was dismissed by the first ball after lunch, and Marshall was back to his menacing best. He removed Gatting and Lynch in quick succession from the Kirkstall Lane End, and one suspects that he could have had more wickets had Richards decided perversely to only give him nine of his 11 possible overs.

Even in the limited overs game Marshall and Ambrose showed enough to suggest that the test series, with attacking fields and full run-ups may well be a different story. The visitors will still start as favourites in the five-day game.

In the circumstances, England's final total on a ground where batting is seldom easy was a creditable one. Their keen bowling attack proceeded to reap a rich harvest from line



● Bob Willis - memories at Headingley

and length and the variable bounce Marshall exploited so well.

West Indies were soon 11-2, Simmons and Richardson removed by the lively DeFreitas and Dilley. This brought the two 'master blasters' Greenidge and Richards together. They have made England suffer so many times in the past, and they batted well to advance the score to 38. Broad then dropped Richards off Dilley when he was 30, but Gladstone Small claimed the scalps of both batsmen, Greenidge caught behind and Richards bowled. With these two gone, the odds were very much on England, and Pringle pressed home the advantage with the wickets of Hooper and Dujon.

By tea the game was all but won. The visitors had been reduced to 84-7. Brief resistance came after the interval with Ambrose and Walsh. But Caribbean hopes were soon extinguished, and when Emburey yorked Walsh, England had won their seventh one day success in the last eight games against the present opposition and the crowd went wild.

Clive Hayward

Walking into Headingley for the Texaco Trophy I pondered the perennial cricketing questions: When would the English selectors forget Downton? Will they ever pick Agnew again? Are the West Indies still invincible? (Answers: Hopefully, doubtful)

and NO - Ed). Would the off-licence be a better bet than the bar? (Answer: Price-wise, yes!).

The most entertaining bit of the day came as Richards replaced one of the Windies (as we hipsters call them) opening bowlers with Malcom Marshall and a true Yorkshire member was heard to mutter, "Good, now we can get some runs off these change bowlers."

England, though, didn't, much to the enjoyment of the West Indian supporters under the electronic scoreboard. Whilst hoping for some catchy calypso tunes like yesteryear's 'Cricket Lovely Cricket' I was disappointed, but at least their exuberance was more pleasant than the tiresome alehead chants of "En-ger-land, En-ger-land" later in the day. Why of why couldn't Wembley have sold a few more tickets?

After lunch Richards made the tactical error of keeping the real change bowlers on, himself and Simmons. Pringle and, much to my chagrin, Downton made what turned out to be a match winning stand of 66. But the final total of 186 didn't seem enough at the time.

England though just kept taking wickets. The run-rate was never out of reach for the batsmen, but in the end wickets ran out, with Emburey getting the final wicket.

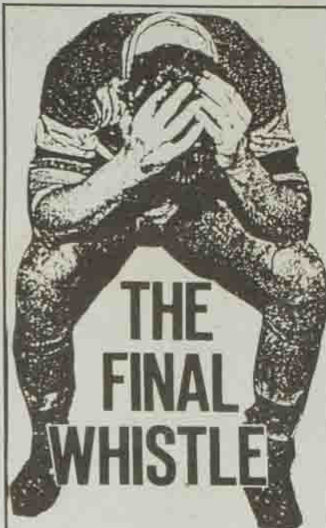
So England won the Texaco Trophy but don't read too much into it. As the woman in Jumbo said, "It's just a warm up gig for the real tour." Too right.

John Chapman

Texaco Trophy One-Day International
Headingley, May 24

England 186-8
(Pringle 39, Gooch 32, Downton 30)

West Indies 139 all out
(Richards 30, Pringle 3-30)
England won by 47 runs



The ludicrousness of England's cricket selection continues to astound every right thinking mortal living north of the Watford Gap. As was said recently, to be picked for Mike Gatting's team at the moment, you either have to have scored runs against Middlesex recently (re Monte Lynch: only two big scores this year, both against the fair and flirtatious county) or to have scored runs in the last ten years (Gooch, Lamb and Gower).

The gamble in the one-day internationals of picking Derek Pringle, as much an all round batsman as John Emburey, instead of the 'in form' David Capel, who is far more a mature batsman and just as steady a bowler, is puzzling to say the least. However, even more worrying for an England side who must score runs to have a chance against the all-too-strong West Indies, is the choice of the main batsmen in the side.

David Lloyd made the point that Fowler, Fairbrother, Moxon and Metcalfe have all shown good form this year, and Fairbrother and Moxon particularly showed their excellent play for England on tour this winter. However now that Gower has decided that he wouldn't mind playing a bit of international cricket after all, the claims of the eager northern duet are dismissed as easily as Pringle's wicket.

There again the most amazing thing about the squad selection is the inclusion of that most worrying of wicket-keepers, Paul Downton. Now Downton kept wicket very well in the one-day matches, but history shows that when he plays in a test match there are dropped catches galore, and when he bats, he surrenders his wicket so cheaply even an impoverished summer-term student could buy it.

Again, the claims of Greg Thomas and Jonathon Agnew as genuine quick bowlers should not be ignored. England continue to select medium-paced, seam bowlers to their cost in the international five-day game.

So, as is said elsewhere on this page, the West Indies still look favourites for the test series, this summer. Instead of picking a one-day team, England should choose five-day players, proven this season with runs and wickets.

Mandy Hemmings

LEEDS TENNIS LOSS

At the end of a long hard day, the tennis team arrived back in Leeds at 11pm, dejected after a disappointing performance at Newcastle in the UAU Championships.

The day started badly with a puncture and heavy traffic delaying the arrival of the team until 5pm despite the help of two local lads with directions.

The team lost 5-1 with the first pair, Miles Edmeston and Steve Brody as "sick as parrots" with their results, Jim Haddleton and Jeremy Stead, as second pair, put on a sluggish performance with Dave Stead and Rob Burnett offering the only glimmer of hope beating the third pair and taking their second pair close 5-7, 6-7. Leeds Uni's UAU hopes now lie with their second VI for this year.

Rob Burnett

Leeds women's team were lucky to face a slighter weaker Lancaster side after being knocked out by them in last year's competition. This is not to decry the home team who were the strongest fielded for some time. The final score 8-1 to Leeds was indeed a true reflection on the relative merits, with particularly good results from Leeds' Sue Roe and Rachel Broadhead.

After an adventurous journey (through York about twice) Leeds arrived at York for the

UAU third round tie, to be greeted by a York team who were livid. The misunderstanding concerning starting times led to a complaint to the UAU authorities by York which they chose not to follow up after the convincing 6-3 win by Leeds. The games were tense and tempers were fraying but Leeds pulled through with cool performances from Jo Brasted and Karen Rice while Andrea Bassford (who would like those present to know that she is not a regular kerb-crawler) and Mandy Hemmings were left freezing to claim a walkover in the final rubber when the opposition had to leave.

The bye into the fifth round meant Leeds were the furthest they have got in the last three years and only one match away from the quarter finals. Luck was not on their side though, without two of their strongest players against a good Newcastle side, they were left floundering. Tiredness, hunger and the score stopped play at 5-0 to Newcastle. We must say thank you and goodbye to Andrea Bassford and Jo Brasted for their reliable performances over the last three years but with promising efforts from newcomers Sue Holder and Debbie Planting there is always next year's UAU to look forward to.



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EDITOR

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NEWS

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ARTS

Anne Marie-Lavan

MUSIC

Adam

Higginbotham

SPORT

Simon Rigg

Adam Batstone

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mark Wright

ADDITIONAL

DESIGN

Graham

Alexander

Steve Hicks

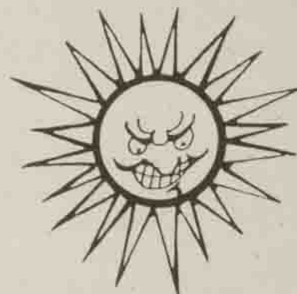
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WEATHER
FORECAST

Valid 12:00 hrs Tuesday

Tuesday: Rather cloudy but dry. Max temp 17° C, 63° F. Light Northerly wind.

Wednesday: Cloudy and cooler with outbreaks of rain, heavy at times. Max temp 15° C, 59° F. Light or moderate NE wind.

Thursday: Showers, heavy in places. A few sunny intervals. Max temp 16° C 61° F. Moderate NE wind.

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As the Clause becomes law . . .

Fines for
Leeds duo

Two University students were among four gay men bound over and ordered to pay damages last month for painting pink triangles on the London Offices of Express Newspapers.

Leeds students Matt Hodson, 20, and John Britton, 23, were ordered to pay £350 damages with cartoonist Tony Reeves, 37 and photographer Nigel Hatton, 26, of *Gay Times*.

Hodson, Britton and Reeves pleaded guilty before Guildhall magistrates to three charges of criminal damage.

They painted the gay rights symbol on the offices (which are the home of the *Star* newspaper) in protest against the *Star*'s Ray Mills column, which was notorious for its extreme anti-gay content including references to 'poofs', 'queers' and 'black bastards'. The column has since been axed.

In a statement to the press the four said: "There is no longer any legitimate method of registering the sense of outrage and fear that many gay people are feeling.

"When the pink triangles have been cleaned from the precious walls of the City, who is going to come along and repair the casual vandalism wreaked on human beings? Who is going to clean up the mess made of young people who feel themselves labelled 'queer'? Who is going to restore the scared, crippled and the dead victims of everyday 'Queerbashing'?"

The Milky bars are on me!

On the day that Clause 28 became Section 28 of the Local Government Act, LUU renamed its Tartan Bar after a prominent gay rights activist.

So many students who hadn't heard of the decision were bemused to find themselves directed to the Harvey Milk bar for their Wednesday night pint.

Milk became the first openly gay man elected to public office in the United States when he was returned as District Supervisor in San Francisco in 1977.

He successfully helped fight off a legislative move similar to the Clause while in office, but was murdered by another District Supervisor for his uncompromising stand on gay and other minority rights.

And LUU Publicity Officer Katie Grant, says that Milk is the perfect symbol of LUU's

opposition to Section 28.

"We realise that many people have not heard of Harvey Milk but we deliberately chose his name as a consciousness raising device," she told *Leeds Student*.

"We hope that students will read the plaque on his life that will soon go up in the bar, and find out more about the issues involved."

However the newly christened drinking den may face problems from an unexpected quarter.

As the now-departed Tartan Bar held its license under that name, the Harvey Milk Bar may need to reapply for permission to sell alcohol anew.

And according to bars Manager Sid Head, it may run into trades descriptions trouble.

"If it's called the Harvey Milk bar then the licensing magistrates are going to ask us why we're selling beer and spirits and not just milk and biscuits," the exasperated mine host of LUU said.

Sid is responsible for all the bar licenses in the Union and the first he heard of the re-naming move was when publicity for the opening night disco went up at the bank holiday.

And many students were in the same position, since the decision was made by an in-querate OGM and ratified by Union Council while *Leeds Student* was on one of its fortnightly breaks.

Students picket music college

Colleges in Leeds mounted a small but spirited picket of the City of Leeds College of Music two weeks ago today, in protest at the ban of the Lesbian and Gay Soc there by Director Joseph Stones.

About fifty people turned out to leaflet passers by and to talk to reporters from local newspapers and radio. Meanwhile the college mounted a guard on the front door to stop any protestors from getting inside the building. Mr Stones was seen only fleetingly at a college window, before he returned to his office.

Whilst *Leeds Student* was refused an interview with Mr Stones, a reporter from Radio Aire did get to talk to him.

"All I can say is that the situation in relation to the college will be dealt with at the

next meeting of the Governors and until then I can make no further comment," he said.

That meeting is to be held on June 22.

Co-organiser of the protest and LUU Publicity Officer Katie Grant, doubted Mr Stones.

"I don't think it's up to the board of governors. It will go higher, to the local government education authority."

One music college student who was watching the protest claimed that most of the college was fed up with the pub-

licity the college was getting and just wanted to get back to normal.

She admitted however that Mr Stones tries to keep a strong control over the college.

"He just wants everything the way he wants it, and he doesn't seem to care about what students want," she said.

"We're all into exams now and its not helping matters really."

The campaign group will be meeting at LPSU at 7.30pm tomorrow, Wednesday, to discuss what further action can be taken.

Jay Rayner

"No go" for Poly Ball

LPSU has had to cancel plans for a Summer Ball extravaganza on June 12, after Leeds City Council refused their application for an all night drinks licence at the Beckett Park site.

The general Beckett Park licence has been the subject of controversy after local residents complained that students were leaving the campus drunk and disturbing them with 'noisy and rowdy' behaviour.

VP Ents Secretary Ian Child, had applied for an all-night licence because he said, it would stop people going home drunk until the morning. They were however, offered a licence until midnight.

The cancellation of the Ball with tickets at £25 a go has cost the Union £100 in publicity costs as all the posters had already been printed. However, headline's the Damned will still play at the City Site Ents Hall.

The rescheduled mini-extravaganza, again on June 17, will feature three other bands

as well as the Damned who will be appearing with their original line-up including Captain Sensible. There will also be a drinks promo, and a disco until 2am. Tickets are £7.50.

Refunds for the 60 or so tickets already sold are available from the city site finance office, and from Mary at Beckett park.

Ian Child said he was 'extremely disappointed' about the cancellation.

"It is sad that the residents blocked the event when even the police agree that there has actually been no trouble around the Beckett Park site for a long time," he said.

The magistrates also refused an occasional licence for Hall of residence functions a week later on the Beckett Park site.

Jay Rayner

Uni huts threatened

Leeds students are being urged this week to write to the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Edward Parkes, in an attempt to save the Pennine and Mountain Huts, which could be sold off by the University during the summer break. But the University has said it wants to keep the huts open.

In a letter sent out to all people who have used the huts over the last two years, Don Robinson, the member of staff responsible for the huts, has warned that without an immediate and significant protest by concerned students the huts could be lost.

Mr Robinson, of the University PE department is due to retire this year after 24 years of running the huts which, are used by over 2,000 people each year. He fears that the University policy of not replacing leaving academic staff places a serious question mark over the future of the two huts.

"There will be no one to run

the Mountain and Pennine huts after September and the University is likely to dispose of them," says the letter.

But *Leeds Student* was led to understand this week that it is still the University's intention to keep the huts open. This was confirmed by Dr Andrew Brookes University Vice-Registrar. He refused, however to give any firm commitment.

"The whole problem is at this very moment under anxious consideration," he told *Leeds Student*. "We are conducting very delicate negotiations, but it is our intention that the huts will remain open."

Neil Amos