

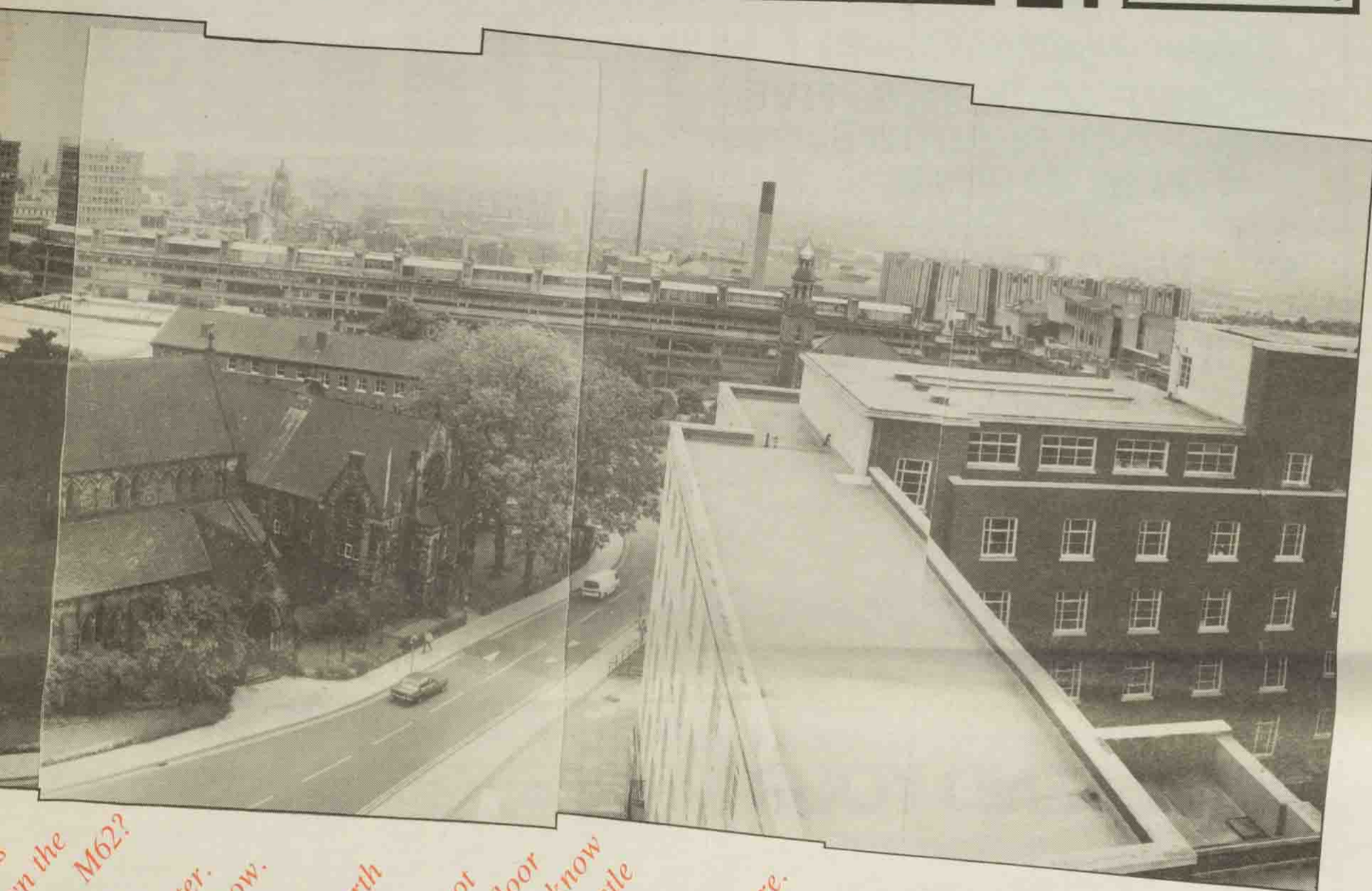
LEEDS

STUDENT

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1988

LEEDS
THE YEAR
IN WORDS
AND
PICTURES



Own the M62?
Nine miles and
minutes to Manchester.
That's my birthplace, y'know.
Some of my friends live up north
too, if you'd like a longer trip.
All you gotta do is put your foot
hard down to the floor
And we could call on people I know
Or maybe even Glasgow.
There's a lot of nice places
in Newcastle
So just don't worry.
Movin' on movin' out movin' up.
King of the road, knight of
the road.
It's all the same to me.
I mean after all,
It's just a road.

LEEDS STUDENT
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

KICK THAT RAT
100,000 expected at London demo

... and Poly Director
joins the GERBILL Protest

INSIDE WORK IN THE SUN
Poly Director
Interview
What other events

CLASH 25
JUNE
1988

OPEN COLUMN
Submit to the
Leeds Student
Paper



LEEDS STUDENT
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

**Music College gags
Lesbian and Gay Soc**

'I will sue
Leeds Student'
storms College
Director Joseph
Stones

3,000 march for gay rights

INSIDE Depression
The Farmer's
Story

ARTS
SIXISTER
Cloning

MUSIC
We did the...
Interview

The First Whole
Newspaper
about

LEEDS STUDENT
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

BASTARDS!

INSIDE SKI-ING
BLIND
ROY
HARPER
LITTER BURN

THE WOODHOUSE FESTIVAL

JULY 2nd 1988
WOODHOUSE MOOR
FROM 12 MIDDAY TO 9pm

EVENTS FEATURING (2 STAGES)

**BRENDEN COCKER & FIVE
O'CLOCK SHADOWS**

PATSI MATHESON

YOU SLOSH

THE RECLINERS

THE REVOLUTION

HANG THE DANCE

THE ICL POSSE

MANY ALTERNATIVE CABARET ACTS
DANCE TROUPES ETC

UNIVERSITY PARACHUTE DISPLAY TEAM — jumping in afternoon

CHILDREN'S EVENTS

STALLS CRAFTS & FOOD

(SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND BENEFIT)

PLUS BANDS

ETC IN UNION BUILDING FROM 8pm

NEWS



Sprogs on the march

LPSU mobilised its infant militia once more, last week, in a bid to gain more Poly funds for the college playscheme.

Around a dozen squealing toddlers invaded Director Chris Price's office as part of a carefully-timed guerilla strike organised by Deputy President Alison Walker.

"We've done this before," she told *Leeds Student*, "and it's an excellent way of putting our point across."

"We're after a 50:50 funding agreement with the Poly authorities for running the creche, as the University Union has."

"Instead the Poly has offered us just

£2,800 towards our running costs. We need the full 50 per cent by 1988/89."

The children — armed with letters from their parents urging Poly Director, Chris Price to cough up — say that the Poly administrators were quite surprised when they staged their junior occupation.

Mr Price has evidently been tipped off of the impending visit and was nowhere to be seen, but Assistant Directors, Dr Hitchin and Mr Gould were said to have been, "astounded".

As *Leeds Student* went to press, the LPSU Exec were hopeful that the Poly would pay up.

Get your kit off!

Following reports last year of a naked young man caught pouring milk on his cornflakes in the early hours at Bodington, the 'Mighty Stude' can exclusively reveal similar goings-on in James Baillie flats.

Yes, James Baillie — that hive of corruption, that seedy den of thieves (students), renowned for a spate of motorcycle thefts and frisbee throwers — is the scene of the latest nude-student romp scandal, set to rock the nation (or at least *The Sun* and the Independent's Student Review).

The friendly neighbourhood cleaners reliably inform the 'Stude' that an occupant of an H-block flat (which one, we cannot, as yet, reveal) regularly appears — naked — in the kitchen upon hearing

female voices and the clatter of mops and buckets. Hands on hips in an Apollo-style stance, he then proceeds to engage his visitors in friendly conversation.

Our informant took her mother-in-law along, in order to corroborate her story, whereupon the young man appeared as before. Aforesaid mother-in-law apparently dropped her Hoover and ran.

Commented her undisturbed companion: "For a small lad, he was quite well-endowed."

Leeds Student's fearless reporters continue their barrel-scraping (sorry, research), and we will of course keep our readers informed of developments.

Mel W.

Clubland chaos — 'Tony Austin's career over

Oh dear, Oh dear, not another executive cock-up you ask yourself. Well to be fair, the stampeding crowds seen outside Rickey's nightclub last Monday night were unjustifiably after the great man's blood. As our drunken (yet intrepid) reporters turned up at the club, tickets in hand, for the first joint 'All student Bop' (sic) run by LUU and Ricky's, they found their way barred by several large bouncers and were told that the club was full!!! These same reporters (along with half the Union) had earlier — been begged by Tony 'back of a lorry' Austin to turn up.

The increasingly large crowd outside the club gradually surrounded Austin (the man responsible for the LUU end of things) and muttered slurred death threats. Unsurprisingly he soon disappeared inside the club, closely followed by *Leeds Student* hacks desperate for a pint. Austin was eventually located jibbering in a corner, asking for his mummy, the only distinguishable words

being "I can't believe this has happened." He eventually recovered in time to clear his name — and blame the management.

The Manager, Sho, was not in a much better state, but was very apologetic. He explained the delay as being due to people being let in downstairs without tickets, those waiting outside not realising that they could go upstairs, and the band playing too long and taking up too much space. Sho was also surprised at the high level of ticket sales, but was horrified that most of the students did not want to hear the Andy Shepherd jazz band, preferring to get completely bladdered and have a good bop. He did however take full responsibility for people having to wait up to three quarters of an hour before getting in and promised that it would not happen again. On the positive side, at least £100 was raised for SASF — every right-on student's favourite charity.

Louise Allison

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ADDRESS _____

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REQUIREMENTS _____

It's a funny old world

For most of you exam time is nearly over. Perhaps you didn't enjoy it very much.

Nor did one guy in the USA. So despondent was he when he saw a list of unanswerable questions on one of his exam papers that he spent a few minutes sharpening two pencils, then inserted one into each nostril and slammed his head down onto the desk. The impact drove them both deep into his brain leading to a bloody, snotty death.

Better than dying of lead poisoning though innit? For the very last time, it's a funny old world.



SUICIDE BY SELF-INFLICTED
PAPER CUT

NEWS

THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN

On the Leeds sidestreets that you slip down, provincial towns you jog 'round... PANIC? Perhaps not.

Is there anything to distinguish 1987/8 The Student Year? Yes and no. It has been an extraordinary ordinary nine months, 36 weeks of

torpor punctuated by occasional bursts of inactivity. Nonetheless, come with us back to those inglorious days, when heroes weren't zeroes, when the buck stopped somewhere and you could still buy something with it. And find out why this was the year that wasn't.

OCTOBER/NOVEMBER: LIFE'S HARD AND THEN YOU DIE

It was certainly the Year of Living Dangerously for clean-cut thrusting young MP and sparkle-eyed father of none **David Alton**, whose plucky if somewhat mad attempts to put an end to the horrors of abortion won the hearts and minds of a nation (Italy) and thankfully got the boot in Parliament.

The writing was on the wall as early as October, when the LUU LIFE guerilla cell was hauled over the coals for distributing a stomach-churning leaflet depicting a dead foetus in a bin-bag as part of its calmly-reasoned campaign.

Soon the caffeine-crazed Altonists were amongst us, exhorting us to support the Alton Bill which would limit abortion to the eighteenth week of pregnancy. Well, they were on the telly at least. Here in the rarified hinterland of Studentville the epic battle resolved itself into the usual slogan-match and demo/benefit gig/disco bonanza with a few junior Alton Youth provocateurs easily nobbled.

Luckily the rest of the country and Leeds in particular was not playing *Carry On A Woman's Right To Choose*. When deranged David visited town he was given short shrift



● Disgusting hippies taking drugs at the occupation and spoiling it for everyone else.

indeed from a determined local **Fight Alton's Bill** posse.

Style notes: This year Alton Towers became the least right-on place in the whole world to go for a day out but *Thunderbirds* t-shirts with the legend **FAB** (geddit?) were definitely *de rigueur*.

Record of the month: anything by You've Got Foetus On Your Breath.

DECEMBER: LEND ME £8,500 AND I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK (hic)

The Revolution is GO! at LUU when left-wing students ● **OCCUPY** the University Physics/Admin block in protest at £115,000 worth of proposed cuts.

● **PARTY** 'til the early hours causing £8,500 worth of damage, then

● **GO HOME** and forget all about it.

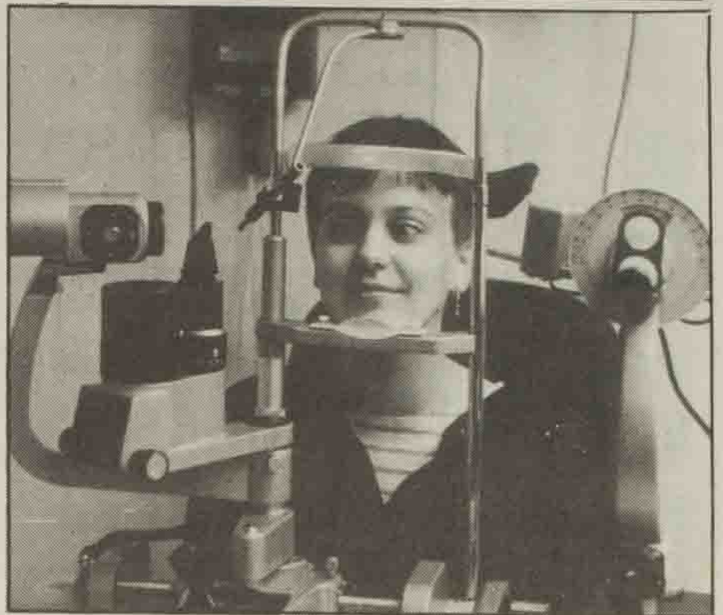
Many students are said to be 'high' on 'drink' and 'drugs'.

The Uni caves in over £85,000 of the cuts, then bills LUU for the damage. The University Civil Engineering Department then explodes in sympathy with the students-in-struggle. The damage runs to a million nicker plus. Swings and roundabouts eh?

It does not snow at Christmas.

JANUARY: THERE AIN'T NO SANITY CLAUSE

Top headline 'Dame' Jill Knight MP introduces Clauses 28/29/30 etc etc, to ban the promotion (sic) of homosexuality. Students demo furiously



● The search for Germaine Varney's brain enters its fortieth week. Experts are pessimistic.

Stones threatens to sue *Leeds Student* but we still run the story. Know why? 'Cos we're **HARD**.

And like the LUU non-sabbatical elections, LPSU's Exec poll is a farce: both the President and the Admin VP walk straight in without so much as a mandate.

120-plus bands rock LUU for the SASF. Everyone is stoned.

APRIL: SKINHEAD MOONSTOMP

The National Front marches through Leeds. No-one tries to stop them.

Lentil-fuelled LUU VegSoc (whaat?) members and Hunt sabs invade the University Mountain Hut with their entourage of whippets on string and small children with face-paint. The Duddon Valley is transformed into Apocalypse Now with soundtrack by Chumbawamba. No-one saw anything, officer.

NUS elects 27-year-old **Maeve Sherlock** as its new president. No-one notices.

MAY: DID YOU SPILL MY PINT?

LUU's sports club decide to bail out of the Union before the forthcoming Voluntary Membership legislation turns it into the equivalent of the Wheeltapers and Shunters.

And the University goes Glasnost with its gala Open Day. The punters come from far and wide to see it while it's still here.

JUNE: THAT SUMMER FEELING WILL COME HAUNT YOU...

The sun comes out and everything stops. *Leeds Student* goes fortnightly 'cos we've got **BUGGERALLNEWS**, we have.

Two of SWSS get it in the neck from some Tory for picketing his meeting.

And in an act of defiance as The Clause becomes The Section, LUU renames the Tartan Bar as **The Harvey Milk (Who's He?) Bar**. Brilliant.

So that's that, nine months' worth of goings on and we didn't say "FNUR! FNUR!" once.



● Fill in your own abortion gag here.

Austicksforbooks

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STUDENT STATIONERS
172-4, Woodhouse Lane,

SQUARE ONE

In the second part of our study of all things ending, Leeds Student (soon to be ex) Editor, Jay Rayner, proves just how bitter and twisted the job has made him as he presents his version of a 'fond' farewell.



GOODBYE TO ALL THAT: PART 2

A 'fond' farewell...

I went to a plate smashing party last weekend. Not a Greek plate smashing party you understand, nor if I was being totally correct, a party at which just plates were being dealt the final blow.

No, at this party anything that was likely to shatter if dropped from a height of above three feet had a great chance of meeting its maker.

And the excuse for this outrageous burst of total destructiveness, this affront to the China and glass makers of this great land of ours? Why, the end of exams of course.

Deep in the heart of student land we gathered, ready to make as loud a noise as possible to rubber mallet home the fact that we no longer had to endure the ridiculous charade of three hour bursts of scribbling to prove that we'd actually learnt something.

The fact that some of us hadn't actually finished our exams and really shouldn't have been anywhere near the little ceremony was irrelevant. It was the spirit of the thing that counted.

And so it was that I too joined in, even though I had actually finished my degree a whole 12 months ago, and have for the past year been lolloping around the campus pretending as hard as I could that I was in fact a professional student.

I smashed plates and saucers with real venom, I flung milk and wine bottles into the air with the kind of determination that would have rendered any right thinking ecologist into a gibbering wreck.

But the ethics were not important. For when I actually finished my degree I could find no way to bring the whole student experience to a satisfactory end, and luckily for me I did not have to.

There is no real way to do these sort of things. One will always feel that somewhere along the line there was one other person you should have popped in for a farewell coffee with, just one more place you should have said goodbye to in preparation for the wrenching rebirth of leaving the student community.

So why not smash a few plates? As long as you're careful it won't hurt anyone, and the satisfaction is earth shattering. The way a whisky bottle breaks up on impact really is quite remarkable.

But if I were to be totally honest I cannot leave Leeds behind with just the sound of tinkling glass ringing in my ears. After four years, the last of which was spent editing this paper, I feel a deep need to say more.

"Haven't you said enough already?" some will say. Well yes, maybe but...

Student politics is full of closet plate smashers. People who want to make definitive statements, and take vitally important actions but either don't know what they are or can't bring themselves to do them.

More often than not it is the former which is the real problem. Because they get elected to a post without really knowing what they are doing there and then have to find

some way of justifying their very fancy title.

The sad thing is that the jobs behind these fancy titles are very important for they give the real direction to student affairs. And sadder still is that very few people who could really do the jobs well ever stand for them or get elected.

Student politics is awash with people who know they have principles but just can't seem to really define them in a way that would be useful to the job they are doing.

Instead they get involved in committees, push paper back and forth and start screaming when it is suggested that yes, they just might have got something wrong.

Somewhere on the Union Council of LUU is just one of these excruciatingly dull people. I do not know their name and I do not wish to.

This person has put forward a motion stating that unless I hold an editorial board meeting where the executives of both the Poly and the Uni can find out how I'm getting on, I should be taken to a disciplinary tribunal.

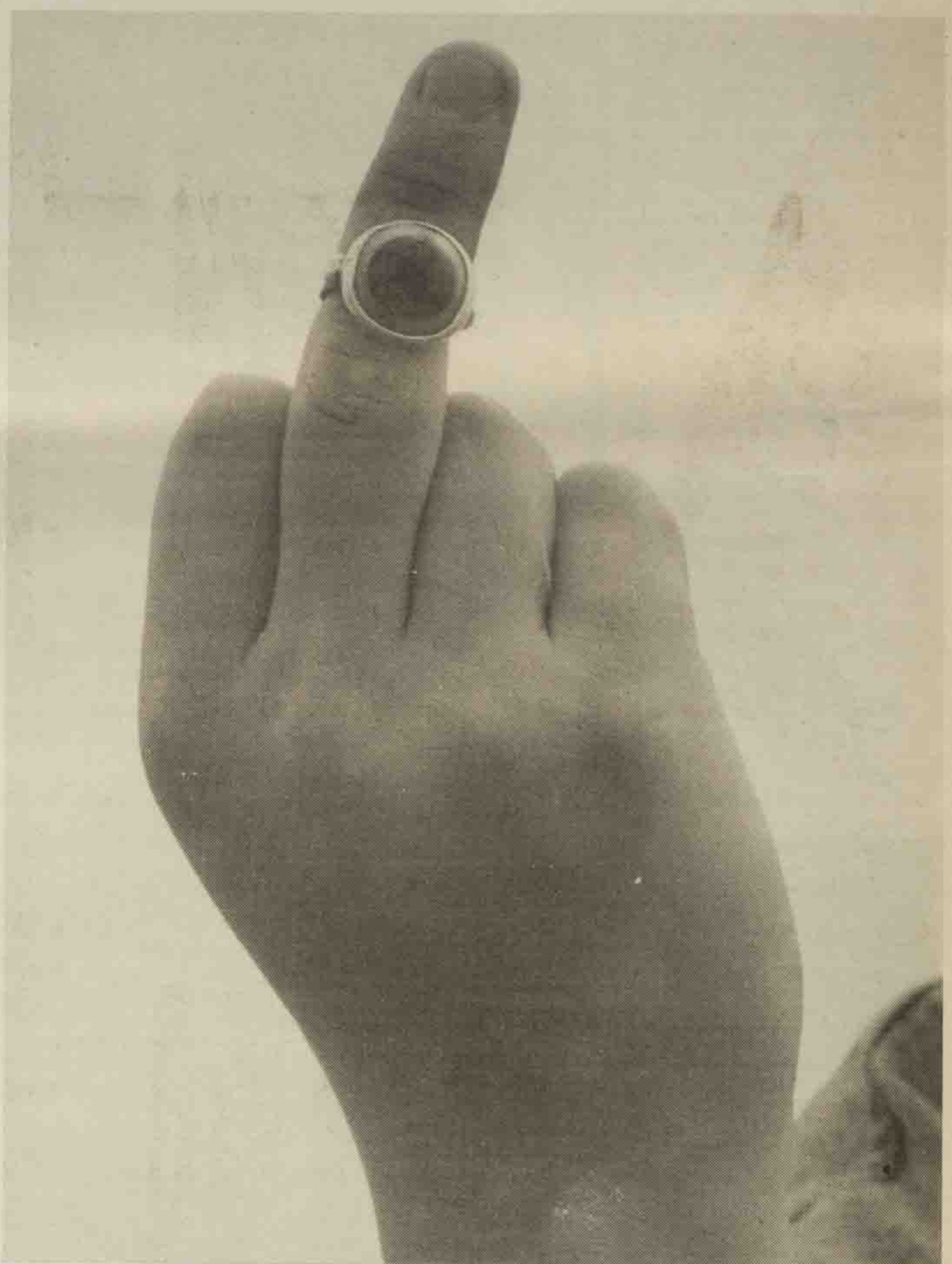
Editorial board meetings are excruciatingly dull events, created by just the sort of people I am describing. There are times when they are necessary, at which point one can be called and we can all sit down for a quick natter over a coffee and some biscuits.

But most of the time you can see how *Leeds Student* is going by reading it. And throughout this year you could have written this page if something was really getting up your nose.

I finally decided that a disciplinary tribunal would be a lot more fun than an editorial board meeting so I would sit tight and wait and see.

But the details are actually irrelevant (so why did I just dedicate four paragraphs to them?). What is important is that this person could have come and told me what they thought, but instead chose to sit in cosy committee meetings furtively pushing pieces of paper about like some school boy slipping off behind the bike sheds to have a wank.

But less of this bile. Being a student has given me the chance to meet some truly



remarkable people and to be involved in things that have given me more pleasure than I ever had before in my life.

It is just sad that it has to be marred by the ranks of the very dull.

I was recently told that our generation had been born into a period of history that was a bit of a hick-up, that the welfare state and the concept of state responsibility was an anomaly. That the Thatcher government was reality and that everything else had been a rather unfortunate dream

probably induced by too much laughing.

It may sound like a cliché but in some respects it is students who will, for better or worse, have some chance to make sure that this hypothesis is not actually true and who may be able to prove that human beings really don't have to screw everything up.

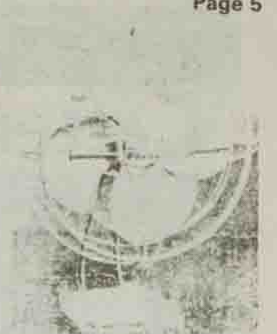
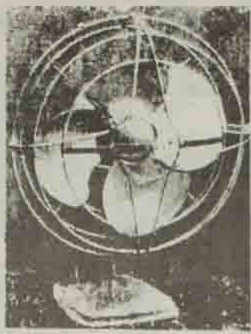
But if it rests in the hands of those with a penchant for committees and slogans then this real 'social' dream will stay just that, a mere dream!

On a personal level however, what I really want to say is very simple, and is something I should have got out of my system many a paragraph back, which is...

To all those people who have in some way made my time at Leeds University interesting and stimulating, who have made me laugh and giggle and have helped me to find out what life really is about, goodbye and I hope we meet again soon.

But to all those who have bored me silly, sod off!

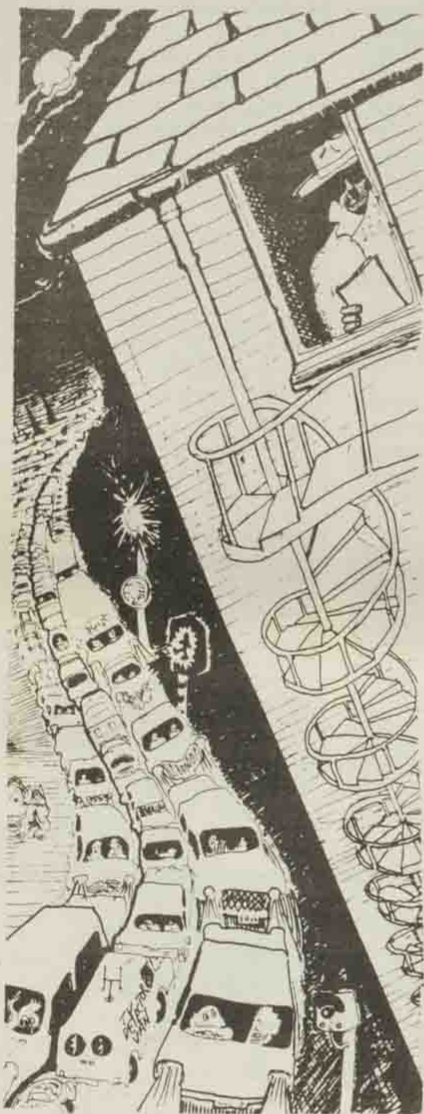
THE DEATH OF THE FAN



The Fan was worried. Sure, he had received death threats before – in his line of business, if you didn't acquire a number of 'Last Letters' you weren't doing your job properly.

This one, however, was different. Outside in the street, another traffic jam session was in full swing as The Fan read the letter again:

Dear Fan,
Your lights go out on the 9th.
Yours sincerely,
A Killer



The Fan turned in his swivel chair like Dalglish on the edge of the box to face his vast wall of filing cabinets containing all the darkest secrets of everyone connected with student land over the last 300 years. From accounts



of a Union treasurer suspended in 1895 for dancing with a herring to a



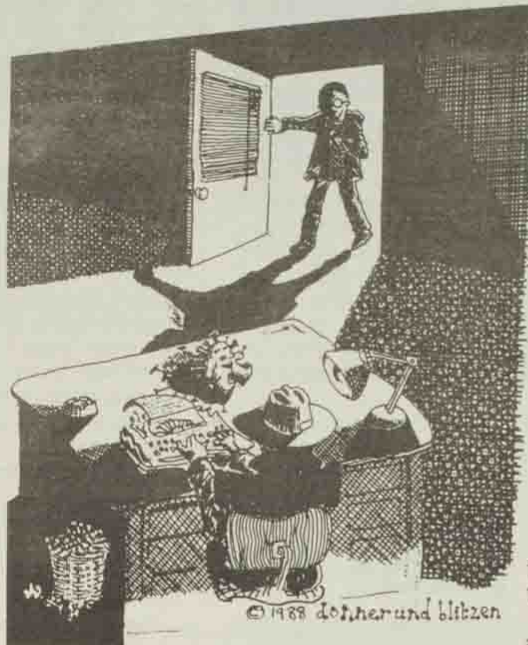
more well-known incident in 1985 when a vice president was sent home from a Blackpool conference after being discovered whilst teaching a dwarf roman numerals.



At last The Fan settled on the section he had been looking for. The section was labelled **Lesbians, the sitting upon and restraining thereof**. The Fan's eyes searched the lists of names of people who, through the ages, had a penchant for this activity. Almost inevitably, The Fan's eyes rested upon one name: **Witchell, Nicholas – Leeds Student editor 1974**. So, it seemed as though the other week's demonstration wasn't quite as impromptu as first thought. Nice town, London.

Just as The Fan was recording the sordid details there was a loud crash and the sound of splintering wood.

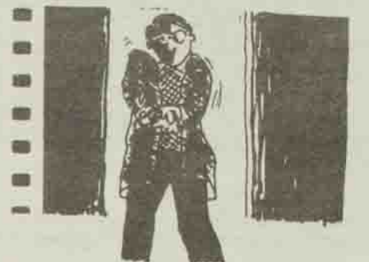
"Either the one-legged chap who lives above me is pissed again or someone has just kicked my door down," thought The Fan. The figure



that appeared in his doorway holding a .45 Magnum did much to back up the latter diagnosis. The figure was half in darkness but The Fan could just make out a pair of Lennon/Himmler spectacles.



"God! You... you talk as if you were a... a future Leeds Student editor!" he squawked. The Fan could almost hear the stranger smile.



"Right first time, or should that be first time right?" replied the man with the gun.

The Fan, aware of his predicament, attempted to make a bolt for the other door. But it was too late, the door already had one. Dropping his metalwork tools he turned just in time to see the flash of the gun. He never



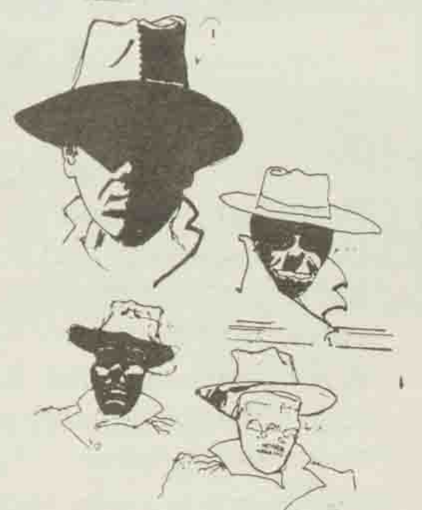
"Prepare to die," said the voice from the darkness.



"But... but in your letter you mentioned something about the ninth... er, today is the seventh," replied The Fan managing to sound absurdly polite.



"Since when have you been bothered with accuracy?" said the voice with just a hint of a Liverpool accent. The awful truth had just dawned upon The Fan.



quite heard the bang as the lights went out.

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

Nobody expects the Spanish Inquisition

Dear Editor,

I write to complain about the Hot House flowers concert review which was written by one Mr Ian Cusak in the *Leeds Student* 7/6/88. However I don't wish to dwell upon the vitriolic aspersions that Mr C. cast upon the Southern part of Ireland's ability to produce great bands nor on the appalling way the article was written which was reminiscent of NME self-indulgent introspective crap, but rather the fact that the aforementioned Geordie git was not present at the gig but instead getting steadily pissed in a garden near Hyde Park.

Don't give up any day job Ian.

Yours sincerely,
D. McGuirk

Dear Editor,

Just a short question. WHO THE HELL IS IAN CUSAK?? This mindless little jerk's review of the Hot House Flowers gig doesn't bear belief.

He's obviously got as much working knowledge of Irish History as the entire Socialist worker bastards that terrorise us every week.

If he hadn't noticed the tickets were £3.50 (not £4)

and there were definitely more than 200 present. It's great what education does isn't it??? Mind you he'd probably got in free on the ever increasing Poly guest list which would be around that figure.

Look Cusak, stop going round in that bright red Durex of yours cos there's actually a real world out there somewhere.

Here's to your forthcoming unemployment which might shake you from your trendy pretentious ivory tower and drop you right in it.

Yours angrily,
Michael Conway

The last BITS

Dear Editor,

This is an apology from the management at Ricky's nightclub to the students at Leeds University Union and in particular Tony Austin, the financial affairs secretary. I refer to the first 'student night' arranged between LUU and Coconut Grove on Monday, June 13 which started in confusion due to some bad organisation on our part and left students queuing outside for long periods of time.

I am very keen to clear LUU and Tony Austin of any blame

since the organisation at his end cannot be faulted.

I would like to assure everyone that this will not happen again and I look forward to many successful student nights down here.

Yours sincerely,

Sho
Manager of Ricky's Nightclub

Dear Editor,

From the third of October over 2,400 new students descend on Leeds University.

Over 500 students are required to help for Intro-week's

smooth running. (70-80 stewards), (two group leaders per ten students).

Intro-week runs gigs and discos in the Union on Monday and Tuesday.

For the first time ever, two refectory discos will take place (Tuesday and Wednesday nights). Group leaders and stewards have free tickets to all Intro-week events.

Application forms available from porters in LUU.

Many thanks.

Ian Coburn
Intro-week Secretary 1988

Solidarity strained?

Dear Editor,

We are writing to you following a Palestinian Solidarity Campaign (PSC) meeting on June 8 at which Roland Rance of The Alternative Information Centre in Jerusalem spoke about the recent Uprising in the West Bank and Gaza. It was hoped that a constructive discussion would ensue but this did not happen for several reasons:

1. A bad atmosphere was created by certain people failing to observe a minute's silence for the dead of the Uprising.
2. Attempts were made to disrupt the lecture by rustling crisp packets and talking.
3. A personal attack was made against the speaker, claiming that he was 'without personality' and had adopted the cause of the Palestinians in order to remedy this.

In view of the above it was clear that a substantial number of people had come without any intention of listening, learning or constructively addressing the issues and with the express aim of preventing anyone else from doing so.

We would also like to take this opportunity to clear two further points:

1. A member of the audience called the people in front of her

'ignorant pigs' and this was construed by them as an anti-Jewish statement. An investigation by PSC revealed that the statement was directed at those individuals failing to observe the minute's silence and loudly eating crisps and it was not in any way anti-Jewish. PSC does not condone any anti-Jewish or racist sentiments, nor does it condone personal attacks of this nature.

2. Extremist comments by one Palestinian member of the audience about 'killing all Zionists' do not in any way reflect the policy of PSC whose constitution is available for inspection to any member of the University.

The PSC is willing to be critical of its supporters if their behaviour is disruptive or their views offensive because it believes in promoting constructive discussion based on mutual respect. By the same token we would hope that supporters of Israeli policy are equally willing to be self-critical and to question views expressed on their behalf, such as 'any means are justified' to defend the State of Israel.

Yours faithfully,

The Chair, PSC
Sarah Greenhalgh

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION

REQUIRE

Door/Patrol Stewards to control entry to the Union building and to patrol the building for basic security reasons, to commence work the week prior to start of first term 1988/89.

Applicants should have a reasonable and tolerant attitude, able to work in a team environment and be physically fit.

Hours are 6pm to 12.30am but no-one will be expected to work more than two evenings per week.

Interviews will be held mid-September, at which pay, terms and conditions will be discussed.

Application forms and further details from Anne Hebner, Executive Co-ordinator, Executive Office, Leeds University Union.

Closing date for return of application forms Friday, July 1, 1988.

LUU card holders only need apply.

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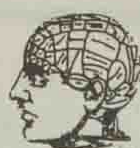
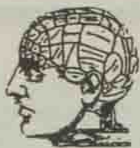
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The Set Menu changes every Thursday

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43 Great Georges St, Leeds LS1 3BB
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The sound of one hand clapping...

Jay Rayner takes a look at Theatre in Leeds over the past year.

It was in the pages of this newspaper that **Alistair Harries**, president of LUU Theatre Group announced his desire to see the student drama society produce an Alan Ayckbourn play, to see Theatre Group get away from the 'Thespian' element that had apparently resided in its midst for many years and to work towards far more 'populist' entertainment.

If by the 'Thespian' element Mr Harries was referring to those people who are so committed to good innovative drama that they are certifiable, to people who do not believe that drama is really about the limelight and hogging it, to people who believe that

Theatre Group's other work. But to achieve this they had to get in a director who has not been a student for many years. In this sense then, *Hiding Behind the Lines* was not truly a student production.

And even though the production of **West Side Story** was really rather good for what it was, the choice of that particular musical – a piece considered avant garde when it was first performed over 20 years ago – indicates a certain lack of inspiration on the part of the committee. Next year Theatre Group are planning the even older and far less interesting **Gypsy**.

But the other major source of drama on the University

campus, the **Workshop Theatre** has not been exactly trail blazing this year either.

Considering the sheer number of productions coming out of the Workshop and the relatively large resources of professional know-how and equipment to back them up, the three or four productions which have been worthy of note provide a rather meagre diet.

Indeed, it is ironic that it was **Kwong Wai Laps, A work in progress, inspired by T.S. Eliots, The Wasteland** that the Workshop laid before the seething masses at the recent University open day. For this highly experimental piece with its intriguing visual imagery and clever use of mixed-media is what one could have come to expect from a drama laboratory with such a high reputation for innovation and research, and is just what generally was not delivered throughout the year.

And unfortunately the plan to introduce an undergraduate drama course into the department is likely to cause the situation to deteriorate even further.

At present the actors in productions directed by the MA students in the Workshop are drawn from all over campus and beyond; from University graduates and FE colleges in Leeds as well as from the normal band of highly

motivated under-graduates who seem to spend 98 per cent of their time in one student production or another.

But it is very likely that given the chance, the MAs will cast their productions from the hordes of eager under-graduate Theatre Studies students all dying to prove themselves both in theory and in practise. The scope of the department will close in on itself and instead of being a place for experimentation and innovation the Workshop will become production orientated with students trying to 'beat' each other in auditions.

This does not even take into account the practical problems posed by rehearsal and

70s housing estate living.

Unfortunately the present production of **Oliver Goldsmith's, She Stoops to Conquer** does not match up to what has gone before and is, in a word (or two words), rather dull. It could have been very amusing had it been played with enough heat but it instead stormed in at about room temperature leaving very few people adjusting their corsets.

Nevertheless the Leeds Playhouse has shown that it is more than ready for the forthcoming move to new premises presently under construction at Quarry Hill.

The introduction of the second auditorium that the retilled **West Yorkshire**

Chinese American who tries to come to terms with the two cultures into which she is placed.

Both are almost certain to be performed in Leeds as part of the first Aztec tour some time in the Autumn. Look out for them.

Also on the road this year has been **Opera North** who have carried on consolidating their position as one of this country's top opera companies. Indeed their residency at the Grand was the only thing that really saved that theatre from being a total wash out in terms of entertainment. It usually presents dross and the performances by Opera North were a welcome respite



student drama is not some 'pale imitation' of the professionals but an important entity in its own right, then the election of this engineering student to the top position in the University Union's one real student drama group is the saddest thing that could have happened.

For students should not be trying to mimic mainstream theatres like the **Leeds Grand** and its tawdry schedule of thrillers, farces and Summer season entertainers. They should be pushing back barriers and breaking new ground; getting the audience actively thinking rather than just passively consuming.

But student drama in Leeds has offered little of that over the past year and there are signs that there is even less to come.

It is of course true that **Chekov and Shakespeare** both of whom have been given an airing over the past 12 months are an important part of any theatrical culture but they should be attempted firstly with an eye to innovation and secondly in conjunction with new and modern works.

Hiding behind the Lines, a new play by **Malcolm Giles** performed last term, was one of the few breaths of fresh air on offer this year. A totally new work, it possessed a vitality that has been lacking in



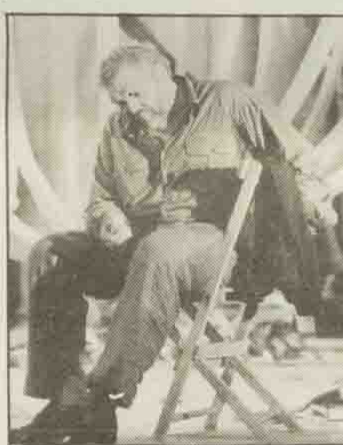
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performance space which are already under extreme pressure, and the mere fact that doubling the number of students in the Workshop will all but destroy the intimate feel of the department that so many people see as important in encouraging good work.

Martin Banham who set up the department so many years ago has now been made a professor. It would be sad if this title stood merely as an award for stunning work already done rather than as a signal for greater things to come.

In contrast to the campus, the **Leeds Playhouse** that has for so long been a retreat for all things middle class in provincial theatre is just coming to the end of what has been a rather good year.

Yes, **Alan Ayckbourn** did find his way into the programme and once again he did prove stunningly popular but it was the more interesting productions of **Fay Weldon's** adaptation of **Jane Eyre** and **Alan Bennett's, Kafka's Dick** that caught the eye, for they represented a vague move away from the usual Playhouse cosy theatre nights.

And even though **Willy Russell's Breezeblock Park** was a rather dated little number the production still had a lot going for it in its capacity to capture the dreariness of



Playhouse will house, can do nothing but good for the state of Leeds Theatre by virtue of the fact that there will be space for more of it.

Fringe theatre in the area is also on the up with all the major theatre companies notching up performances this year. **Bramley Stop Theatre** is at present planning a community theatre production of **Werner Herzog's** film **Fitzcarraldo**. In the movie a 350 ton ship is pulled through a jungle. In the Bramley production a more manageable six and a half tonner will be pulled up Broad Lane in Bramley stopping on its way for pieces of street theatre.

The action kicks off at 10am on July 23, so if you are still around the metropolis, it must be worth a peek.

Leeds is also, about to welcome a brand new theatre company on to the scene.

Aztec Theatre Co has been founded by a group of ex-Leeds University students to investigate theatre styles from different periods in history and from different cultures. They are presently working on two productions to be premiered at the Edinburgh festival, one based on the life of **Aphra Behn** one of the first female playwrights who was writing in the early 17th century, and the other inspired by the writings of **Maxine Hong Kingston** a



from that.

But it will be for their community theatre production of **West Side Story at Salt Mills** in Bradford that Opera North will be remembered this year.

It was, according to all those who saw it, a remarkable affair with a style all of its own as it weaved its way through the reconditioned warehouses and through the audience who 'promenaded' around the whole production.

Indeed it has been the mainstream large scale companies in West Yorkshire rather than the student environment that has thrown up the really exciting work this year. Bradford has carried on promoting the Arts with a fervour that can only be described as remarkable in the present economic climate where everything is expected to make a profit.

The National Museum of film television and photography rightly carries on pulling in the crowds, and the **Bradford Alhambra** looks set to be the home for the regional arm of the **National Theatre**.

It really is an exciting time for the Arts in the area. One can only hope that students can be fired by the same sort of enthusiasm and can bring the kind of raw energy to bare in a way that the professional theatre really can't.



"Look at it this way..."

...no-one's saying a career in the City is fun. But then who wants a fun career? All any of us want is to make loads of money, right?"

"Wrong."

"Well, maybe that's not all anyone wants. But you take my point."

"No, I don't. Of course earning a reasonable salary is important. But there are about one hundred other things I think are important in a career, too."

"Like what?"

"Alright - challenge. Intellectual stimulus. The chance to actually use what I've learned at this place. The chance to influence other people's lives. Change the way they perceive the world around them."

"You want to be an MP? It's a risky business, Tom."

"No, Clare, I want to teach."

"Teach? What, as in schools?"

"Yes, as in schools. That's why I've been reading up on all those courses. The more I think about it, the more I want to do it. And I mean actually want to do it. Long term."

"Well . . . teaching's alright I suppose. Actually, it would terrify me. All those kids demanding attention. You need a strong personality. And lots of energy."

"You're dead right. I didn't say I wanted an easy job, did I?"

"No. But I didn't know you wanted to do anything like this."

"You make it sound as though I'm climbing Everest."

"You might as well be. You don't even know if you'll get a place. Isn't it very competitive?"

"Yes. But I think I'm up to it."

Find out the facts about teaching at the Teaching as a Career Roadshow, at the **RUPERT BECKETT BUILDING, LEEDS UNIVERSITY, ON WEDNESDAY, 22nd JUNE.**

The informal presentations start at 2pm and go on till 7pm, and there are light refreshments available.

You can hear up-to-date information on training, prospects and opportunities in a range of subjects - from **maths, physics and chemistry through to modern languages**. Or maybe you'd prefer to carry on listening to the myths?

If you can't make it, write **now** for a copy of 'Why Teaching?' plus the latest vacancy information and application forms to: TASC Publicity Unit, Room 4/17, DES, Elizabeth House, York Road, London SE1 7PH.

TASC

TEACHING AS A CAREER

Are you up to it?

LIVING



They came from far and wide cameras at the ready. Their brief – to capture Leeds in all its glory and to bring it back to you, our lurvely readers. So here to indulge a bit of outrageous nostalgia are 12 pages of ace pics to help you remember when your addled brain gives up the ghost.

Settle back and expose yourself to Leeds!

Pics by Mark Wright, Paul Greco, Pete Finan, Simon Harrison Andrenochrome, Andy Dunford, Kierron Dodd, Jay Rayner, Graham Alexander, Chris Donkin.

FOR THE CITY

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



FOR THE CITY



● Squeaky clean Norwood Terrace...



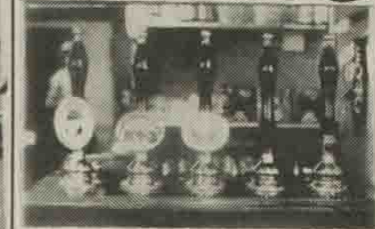
● Shite bombed Woodhouse



● The bastard sons of Mike Gatting.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



FOR THE CITY



● Sue Caldwell (front with papers) looks to France on this year's London NUS demo.



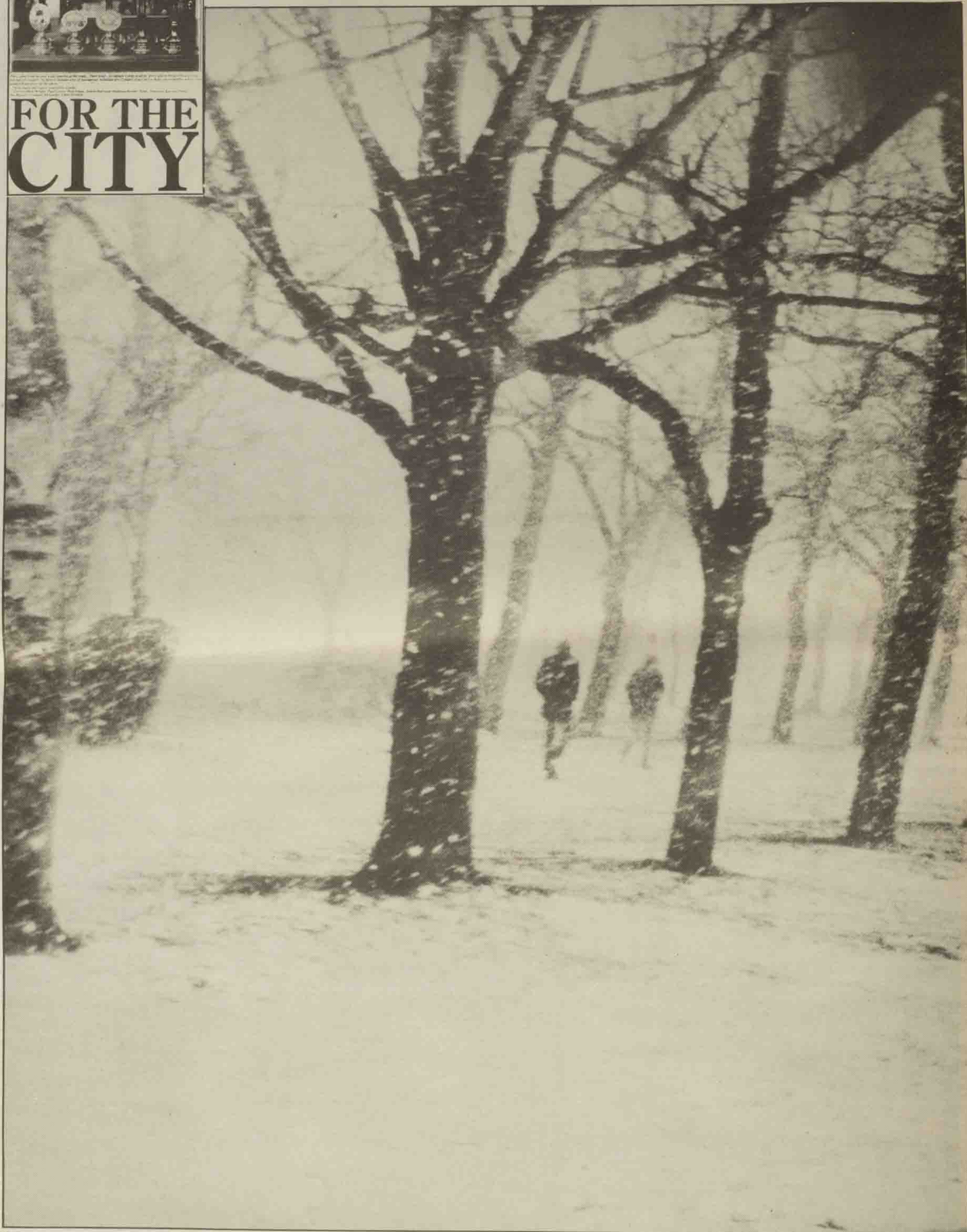
● The revolution starts at closing time.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



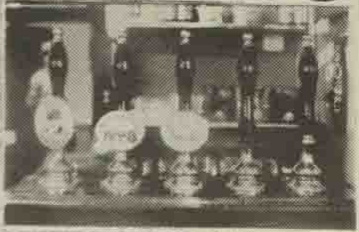
FOR THE CITY



● Frank Bough's cocaine supply bursts across Woodhouse Moor.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



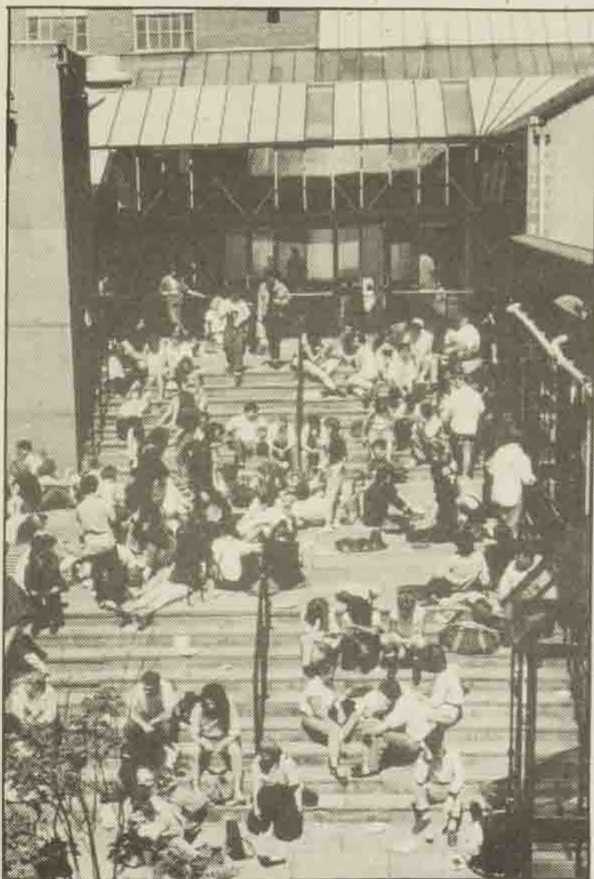
FOR THE CITY



● Designer dressed cadaver awaits interment to Leeds University medical school morgue.



● You reach the crossroads of Woodhouse. A troll called Derek tells you which way to go. Do you take his advice?



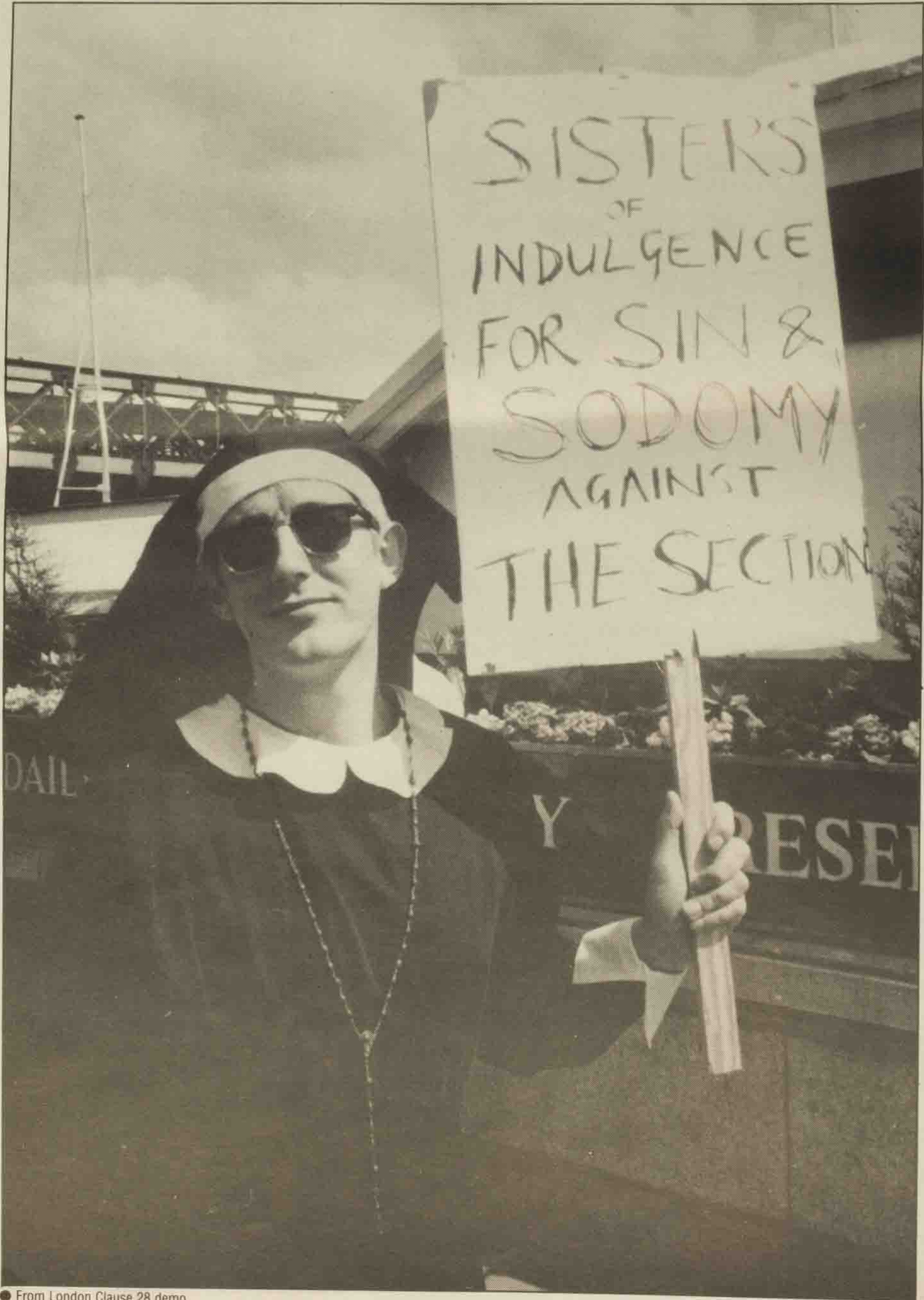
● The George Pompidou centre, Paris.



● Floodlit Woodhouse Moor at 4am.



● Couch potato time as neighbours grips the nation. Snapped outside the Leeds Student office.



● From London Clause 28 demo.



● "So that's 224 big macs and a file of f



● Colin wears black MA 1 (£89.99) from American classic. Tes

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



FOR THE CITY



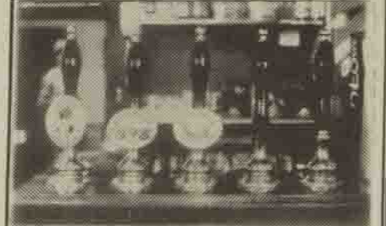
...and a fillet of fish for the difficult sod at the back."



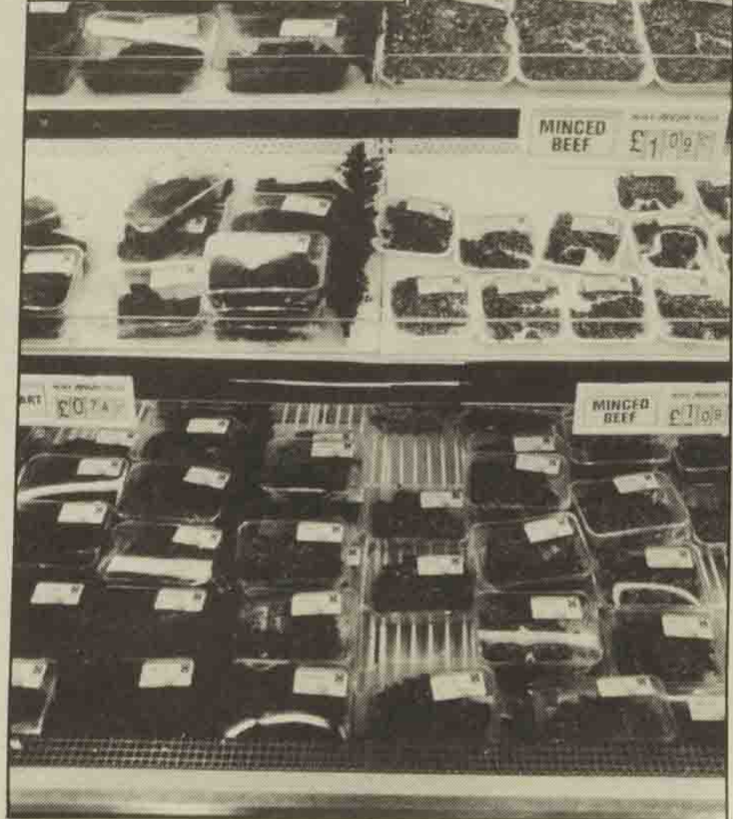
...classics. Tee shirt by Boy of London, hair by Ged, raisors model's own.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



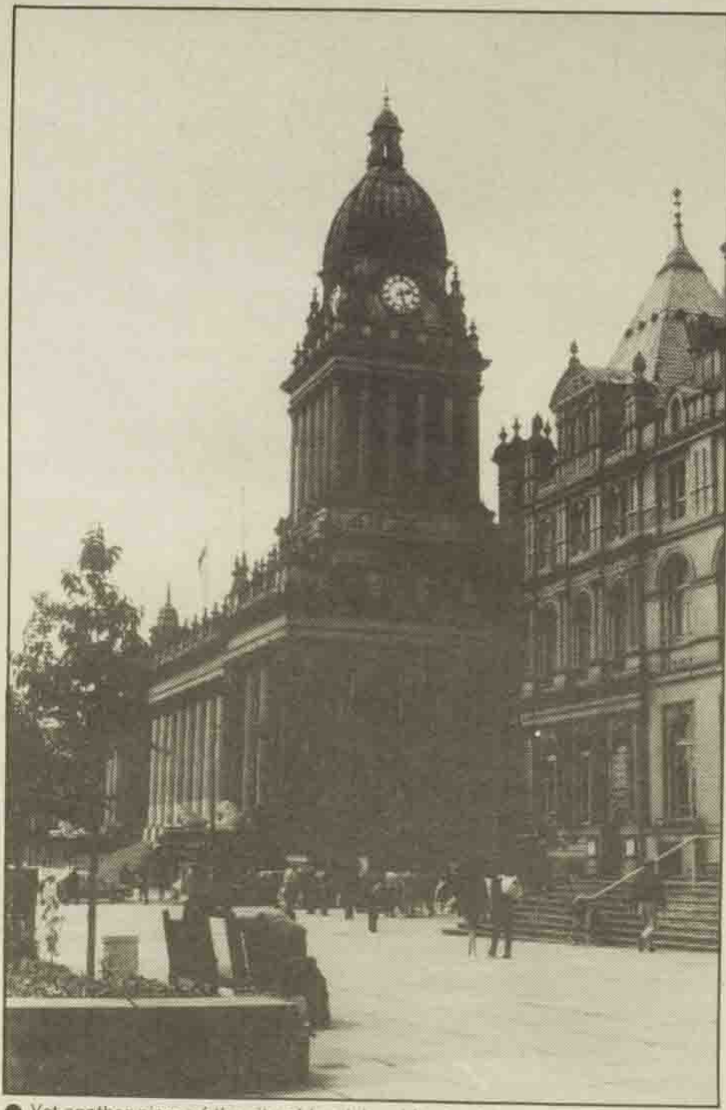
FOR THE CITY



● Daisy the moo cow awaits the hungry student.



● The women's minibus is leaving now.



● Yet another piece of the city of Leeds' architectural treasures.



● and yet another. The arcades



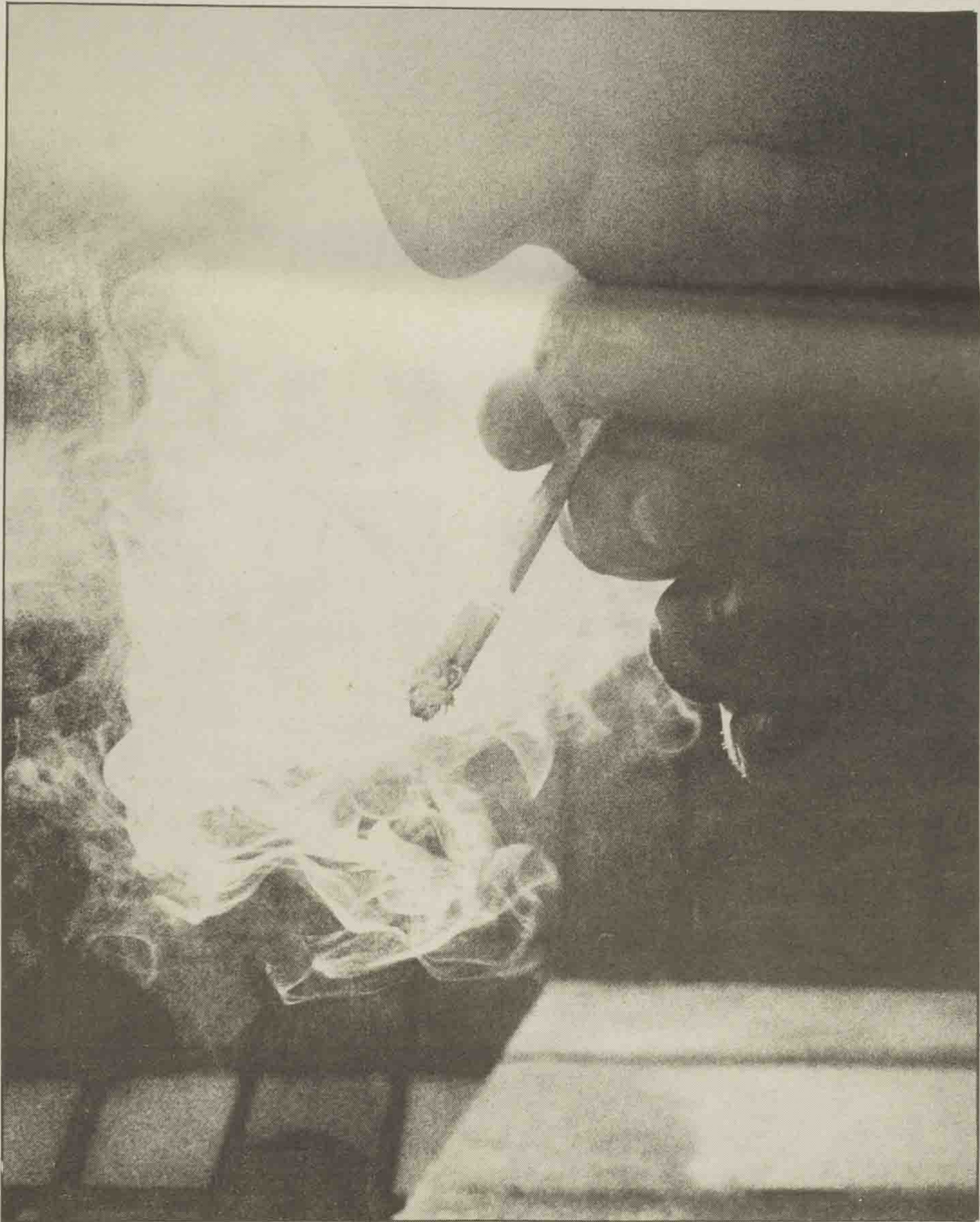
● Hyde Park cinema snapped at a quiet moment.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



FOR THE CITY



● Student taking drooogs!!

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

LIVING



FOR THE CITY



● Action Sedan chair race. One of these people has a grudge against society. Guess which.



● Members of LUU OTC trying to escape from an oversized onion bag.



● Poly reasserts its commitment to childcare.

LEEDS STUDENT PHOTO SPECIAL

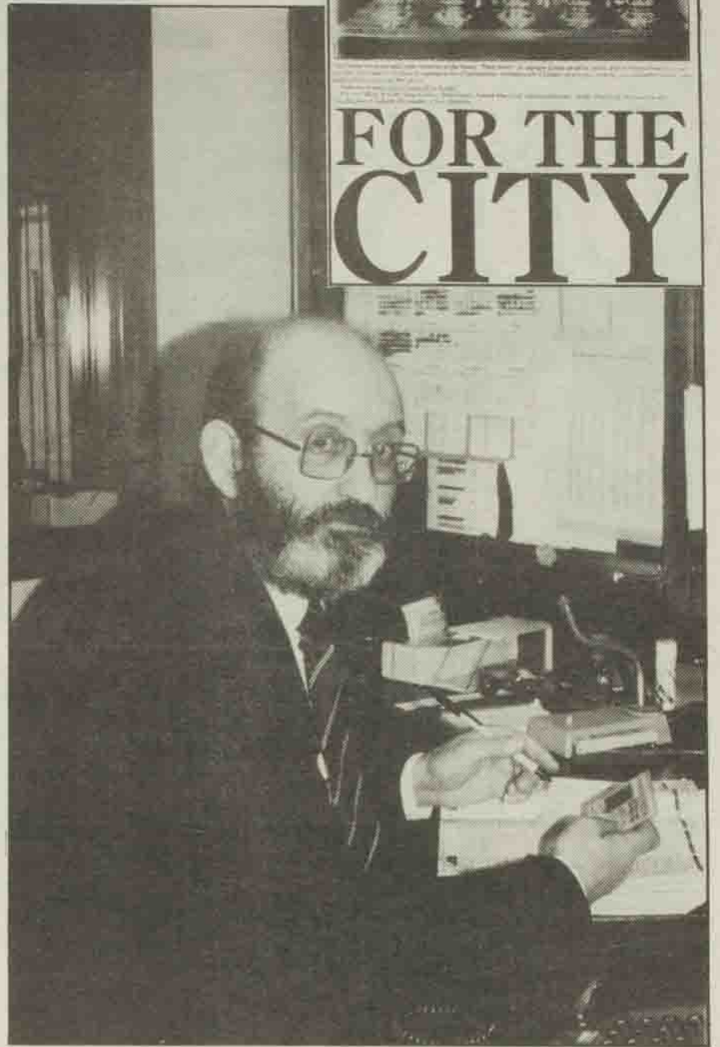
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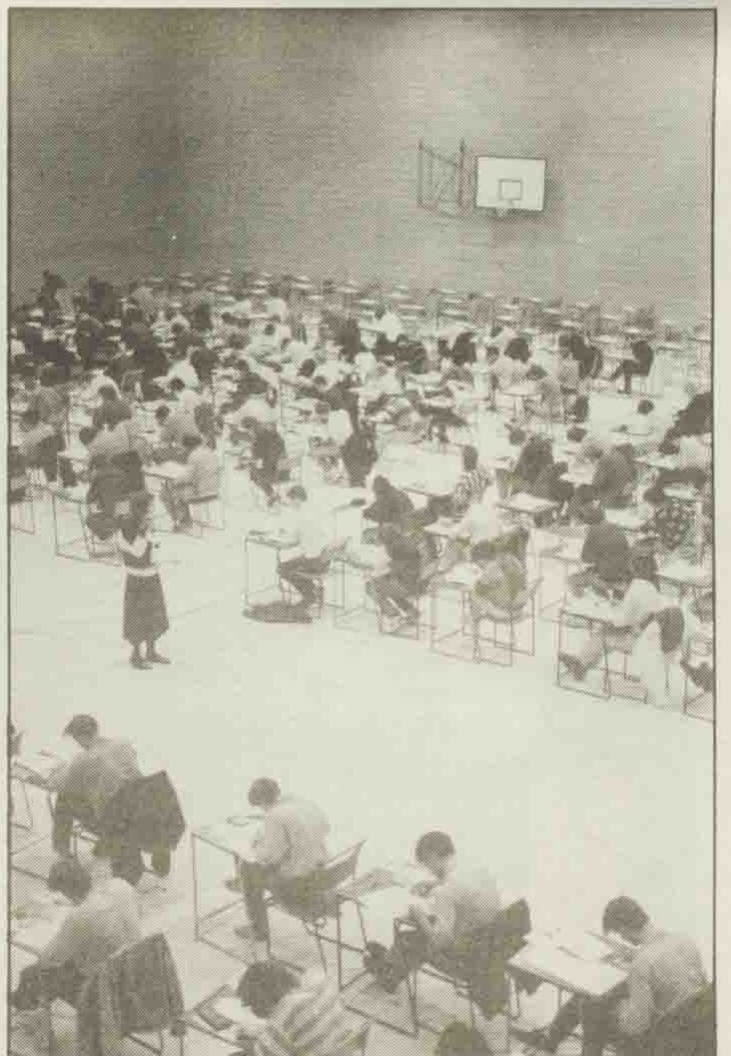
● Studes occupy middle of nowhere in a show of defiance against proposed University cuts last November.



● David, keeper of the Poly Union's information point. A father figure to some, friend to others.



● "OK you can have my hat, just let go of my bollocks." Robert Jackson MP gets heavy with student journalist.



● LUUs Harvey Milk bar.

LIVING



**FOR THE
CITY**

TIME



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IN ASSOCIATION WITH
THE COCONUT GROVE
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No cockups, no screwups, no queueing, all ticket holders guaranteed entry.

MUSIC

ALBUMS

**RUN DMC Tougher Than Leather** (London/Profile)

Having developed a reputation for making excellent two-minute pop singles out of the crass and historic guitar-w**k churned out by most heavy metal bands, the predictable move for your average rap millionaire would seem to be clear, and, you may think, quite reasonable: just keep recycling the same formula until you become either too rich to need to move, too wired to want to move, or too old to be able to move.

It is to the credit of Run DMC that, in their latest album, they have not taken this option and produced a 'Raising Hell 2'. However, it is unfortunate that although much of the material on 'Tougher Than Leather' makes varied and worthwhile listening, equally, many of the ideas the band have chosen to turn to, having made people dance to Aerosmith, actually became old, sad and desperate some time ago. That a band who were once considered to be at least close to the forefront of innovation in rap is to be found sampling James Brown in the wake of everyone from MARRS to Public Enemy is unfortunate.

To scratch 'Pappa Was A Rollin' Stone' to produce 'Papa Crazy' is almost laughable.

Having said this, the album still has peaks to match those of 'Raising Hell', although some of them still lean heavily on heavy metal riffs – most noticeably 'Miss Elaine'. The title track, however, manages to use pieces of heavy rock guitar and drumming to great effect, when combined with wawa guitar to produce a brilliant variation on the old bludgeoning Run DMC sound. There are two totally new, and genuinely interesting departures on the album – 'Ragtime', which is, God help us, Darryl and the lads rapping over a ragtime jazz track, and 'Mary, Mary' largely just because it's credited to one 'M. Nesmith'.

Steve McGarrett

TOUGH SHIT

**BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS****By All Means Necessary**
DJ JAZZY JEFF AND THE FRESH PRINCE**He's the DJ, I'm The Rapper**

(Jive)

Hardcore rap is a hip white liberal's nightmare, a musical philosophy of black freedom festooned with overloaded consumerist trappings and soaked in muscular sexism of the most bullish kind. But the sound is unimpeachable.

"Is it Good, is it Bad? Right-on or right-off? And what about the guns?" comes the squeal.

By All Means Necessary ought to change some of that. BDP's pivotal member DJ Scott LaRock became something of an Ian Curtis for the rap scene when a rival crew murdered him, and now Blastmaster KRS-1 and the remnants of his posse square

up to the unacceptable face of hip-hop on this towering album.

BDP's return is a dense and abrasive work with an unpopular message for the rap world: unless the violence stops, hip-hop will tear itself apart. Over brooding grooves that speak of a cool and literate approach to music that's still in its cradle, KRS-1 crystallises rap's dilemma.

But even he's got a mike on one hand and another of those plastic Uzis in the other. It seems a funny way to go about defusing the gang-war climate that blights rap, especially when much of KRS's lyrics concern how he'll deal with the ubiquitous sucker MCs in serious detail. Stop the violence? Hope so.

DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, on the other hand, apply the dynamics of scratch to

a cheery, resolutely middle-class context. This is Diff'rent Strokes (Hip Hop Remix) time, and a double album to boot.

There's no doubting the Philly boys' ability on the wheels of steel and mike respectively, and tracks like Nightmare On My Street (in which Freddy Krueger carves Jeff to bits and takes over as the Prince's DJ) display just how well suited hip-hop is to genuinely funny novelty records. Just don't expect Schoolly D, OK?

Andrew Harrison

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
No Sleep 'Til Belfast

(Kaz Records)

Back when I was a little boy, at the end of the 70s, there was 'punk'. Now apparently, whilst I satisfied myself listening to Abba's 'Arrival' album,

this 'punk' thing was quite big. Apparently, amongst all those noisy and tuneless bands with silly names and messy clothes, there were three famous ones from Ireland. One was a group of gangly teenagers in naff jerseys and DMs who sang about small boys called Jimmy and the poor relationships experienced within an extended family; one wasn't very 'punk' at all and was headed by a famous charity worker; and then, there was the other one...

Nowadays, being slightly older and believing I know better, I still have Abba's 'Arrival' album, but I don't listen to it as much. I also know that the other band were Stiff Little Fingers, who had a tendency to the political, and to sounding distinctly sub-Clash. This double album is

the product of the recent SLF 'Reform-and-rake-in-the-dosh' tour, and effectively forms a selection of greatest hits, performed live.

SLF's live recordings seem to sound little different from the original viciously under-produced bite of 'Inflammable Material': apart from Jake Burns' monologues and occasional audience participation, they could be studio recordings from 1979... wonderful. All the essentials seem to be here – inevitably opening with 'Alternative Ulster' – and there's even the... erm... humorous title track. It's all 'good stuff'.

Good enough, I suppose, but halfway through the second side I still found myself wondering where I'd put my copy of 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais'.

Adam Higginbotham

IN TO A CIRCLE (Duchess, Leeds)

Staggering into my house after a gig, I invariably end up sprawled on my back, cursing and swearing. The problem is not one of balance. The problem is Boris. Boris is my dog. Her name is not important. What is important is her sense of placement. However carefully I position her, she always manages to get under my feet and trip me up. How she achieves this trick is beyond me: Boris is stuffed and quite, quite dead.

Anyway, once more I found myself lying on my back looking reproachfully at Boris. I had already noted the twinkle in her (glass) eye, but I was doing my best to ignore it. Finally, I could bear it no longer, "what are you looking so smug about?" I cried. There was, of course, no answer. So, sighing, I raised myself to my knees and looked her in the eyes (or, rather, eye – the left one got lost in a game of ten-pin bowling many years ago). There was no doubt about it whatsoever; sarcasm, and even arrogance, twinkled therein.

I snapped at her, argued with her, reasoned with her, "It just isn't normal for a dead dog to show emotion," I screamed, but nothing could shift that smug expression. She had me captivated. I paced around and around



her, prodding and twisting, trying to understand what was going on. Then, ever so slightly, but just noticeably, she moved! I tried to explain the phenomenon, tried to dissect it, tried to place it within my world of experience. But there she remained, silent and shifting. At last, exasperated, I slumped to the floor and fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning she was gone. But the space where she last stood stays empty in memory of her. I like to think that, silent and incomprehensible, she is somewhere OUT THERE, a presence beyond explanation.

Vee

BHUNDU BOYS (Irish Centre)

My only previous visit to the Irish Centre was for The Dubliners' Christmas Concert. God – it was like Dante's Inferno with a late licence. Of course, tonight being for the Bhundu Boys, the audience was a bit different. This was the third time I'd seen the Bhundu Boys, and the third different venue. In common with the two previous occasions, they were brilliant.

The rapport between audience and band is a special one. Everyone who goes to a Bhundu gig gets drunk, starts dancing, and generally has a good time. I certainly did.

Their sets are nearly always the same, but so what? When you have a formula as good as this, why change it? True jit, Genuis.

BURNING SPEAR (Poly)

Reggae was great in the late 70s: everyone listened to Peel and name-checked Matumbi, Black Uhuru, Prince Far-I, Culture and the rest. Soundwise, Burning Spear were very similar to these artists, and that was the major problem. This was a stagnant sound, pleasant, but ten years out of date. Whereas, for example, hip-hop has moved on in giant strides from the early experimentation to high-tech Def Jam platinum sellers, bands like Burning Spear remain locked in the past.

This is not necessarily a bad thing, as theirs is an enjoyable product, but I got the distinct feeling that they weren't unduly extending themselves. They had a well hard (ahem) brass section, but in the context of such a pedestrian set, it served only as ornamentation. It wasn't a bad gig, just a little disappointing: they didn't involve me to the extent that Misty In Roots had done a few weeks earlier.

Sean O'Ciomtogh

DESMOND DEKKER (Irish Centre)

"We are going to PAARTY tonight!" Desmond Dekker is a

man obsessed with 'having a party', which is really rather fortunate for all of us. It may be 20 years on from 'The Israelites', but the ska party-machine can still come up with a performance that would put some younger members of the pop fraternity to shame.

Currently enjoying a career no doubt helped by liberal helpings of Vitalite, Desmond Dekker is still in remarkably good shape. Cast aside the cluttered fashion flotsam he drags along with him and forget the rather obvious signs of too much 'rock an' reefer' living – he thought he was in Wales – as underneath there is still all the true style and class of a natural born performer. Raw, feet-itchingly-good rhythms that would tempt even the clumsiest and unathletic skanker onto the floor, all wrapped up in pure self-indulgent showmanship... who else would play for 30 minutes and encore for another 25? Above all, it actually seems that Desmond Dekker is out to enjoy himself too, which is always helpful when partying is the order of the day.

Why oh why then such a woefully short set? Because the man obviously believes he's going to paarty for another 20 years... and you have to forgive him for that.

Prince Nutty



BROTHERS AND SISTERS BRING THE NOISE

Ah, the 1988 academic year: a year of two halves, Brian. The first half, in 1987; the second, in 1988. Adam Higginbotham assesses players' form, team performance and violence on the terraces.

Nationally, the year began with the possibility of major change in a depressingly stagnant music scene – bare-faced sampling record chart hit shock; Ofra Haza to conquer world; MARRS prepare to subvert western democracy... Unfortunately the novelty factor has now taken over, and despite Bomb the Bass and S-Express, what may initially have represented a Che Guevara of pop is increasingly becoming the Screaming Lord Sutch of Pap. Doctor Who?... I ask you...

Blissfully unaware both of MARRS and the use of appalling political analogies, two of America's 'finest', Bruce 'Broooooce' Springsteen and Michael 'So far around the bend he's coming back' Jackson, prepared to unleash their most recent waxings on a moodily loitering public. And, lo! when they were released, both were met with tidal-waves of apathy on a positively biblical scale... well, OK, so lots of people did buy 'Bad', but equally large amounts of people also tried hard not to say that it was considerably sub-standard bearing in mind the aeons of time and mountains – no, entire continents – of dosh spent on its production.

Here in Leeds, a first term most notable for its distinct lack of major gigs may have been brightened for

quently consigned to languish forever on dodgy bootleg stalls the world over.

Looking for something else to get heated about, the proper newspapers yet again picked up the issue of rap music: racism, physical violence and the corrupting power of music were dragged out, as punters travelling to and from the London Public Enemy – LL Cool J gigs were assaulted on the tube. Elsewhere, Andrew Eldritch finally gave The Mission a well-deserved come-uppance by taking The Sisters of Mercy to number one, which... brings us very tenuously around to Goth, and thereby to Leeds again. Ah! Goth. Far too much of it about, for my liking – certainly when it entails The Mission repeatedly descending on the University in all – enveloping clouds of Dry Ice and vacuous hippy imagery. Never mind: if you weren't a fan of the 'Mish' as, I'm told the teenybopper fans like to refer to their idols, but instead a well-balanced, uncorrupt, sane and composed human being, you probably went with everyone else to see The Pogues and got F****G BLADDERS. Yes. Certainly the musical highlight of the term, I feel.

That is, of course, apart from the 124-band SASF concert – a successful orgy of music and fund-raising which



that he was stepping out, Telecaster in hand, on a yuppie-squelching 'Rock Against the Rich' tour, and someone even got Paul Simonon to speak.

With the summer came Hawkwind AAAARRRRGH DIE HIPPIES ekekekekebleeach and Red Lorry Yellow Lorry behaving like lunatics with shares in a stage effects company, and... Was (Not Was) who, some say, were 'utterly beezee' and, a source within this newspaper maintains produced 'the best gig I've been to ever, ever, ever...'

Tracey Tracey fever struck Leeds (are you sure – Ed) with the Primi-

tives attempting to repair the damage done to their reputation by the Warehouse gig earlier in the year, by another concert at the Poly – subsequent to their becoming a 'chart-topping' major label pop act. The Beggars Banquet Roadshow also 'hit' the Poly, bringing the Pixies, to demonstrate how appalling a live band the Throwing Muses are, and promote their crackling Hispanic grunge guitar album 'Surfer Rosa'.

Particularly avid fans of small men with high voices and unfeasibly large libidos were given a treat with the release of Prince's 'Love & Sex' album – replete with cover featuring the Purple Munchkin himself, stark naked, accompanied only by a somewhat suggestive-looking flower. The album itself did not receive the expected ravingly sycophantic reviews, but nevertheless spawned the excellent 'Alphabet St' single which at least showed the Black Album to be a result of a blown fuse at Paisley Park quality control, and not total brain death on Prince's part.

By way of various little twiddly bits – Patsy Kensit accidentally making Acid House records; Britain actually producing its own rap star in the form of Derek B; Terence Trent D'Arby becoming big all over the world; fighting at Wedding Present gigs, etc – that brings us up to date and around to the MASSIVE Mandela Concert: as this all-day binge of big names and ultra right-on political sentiment was probably the greatest media-music event since Live Aid, it seems fitting to end on it. There.



● 'Shane – well balanced, uncorrupt, sane and composed human being'.

some by the transformation of local-lads-made-good The Wedding Present into media stars and pop gods (erm... not sure about this one) upon the release of their – it must be said – slightly iffy George Best album. Well... anyway, both Motorhead and The Ramones gave fans of the black leather jacket at least two opportunities to go out during the first term, if only to be soaked in sweat and experience Death By White Noise. Aswad played their first gig of the year at the University, when possibly even they themselves were unaware that they were shortly to be changed from one of the best live reggae bands around into a lightweight 'chart-topping' band capable both of beating Bros at their own game and playing covers of 'Legalise It'.

The beginning of the new year saw Prince's wonderful Black Album not being released, and being reviewed regardless in much of the music press: it was universally deemed to be not all that good really, and subse-

resulted in 'bloody vast' sums of money going to the South African Scholarship Fund.

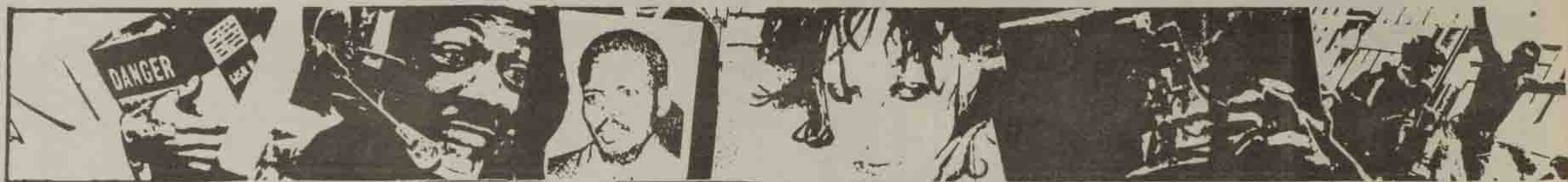
1988 is apparently a year for reforming – at least 'avant garage' artistes Pere Ubu and ageing angry young men Stiff Little Fingers seemed to think so. Both toured, both came to Leeds, one got massive critical acclaim and the other got packed venues. Having undoubtedly topped up their respective bank balances to their satisfaction, they all appear to have returned to a life of butterfly collecting, growing prize orchids, or whatever else it is retired rock stars do these days.

Talking of retired rock stars, over Easter everyone decided that maybe The Clash weren't that bad, after all, and possibly even a little bit good, on listening to the 'Story of The Clash' compilation and – surely not – a chart single, in the form of the classic punk-abilly of 'I Fought the Law'. Strummer himself came out from Alex Cox's spare room to announce



● Ooh! Gross – orthodontistry a go-go.

What's on



Cinema



CANNON CINEMA (452665)
1. MAYBE BABY 8.25 (film 8.45), Sun 7.40pm.
2. PLAINS, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES 8.05 (film 8.05), Sun 8.30pm.
3. OVERBOARD 8.15, Sun 8.37pm.

COTTAGE ROAD
WITHNAIL AND I 5.40, 8.10, Sun 5.00, 7.30pm.
Late show 10.45 Friday 17: Hugh Lennon, hypnotist, live on stage.

LOUNGE, HEADINGLEY
THREE MEN AND A BABY 6.00, 8.20, Sun 5.00, 7.30pm.

HYDE PARK (752045)
DUDES 7 days from Fri 17, 6.30, 8.30pm.
A ROOM WITH A VIEW late show 11pm, Fri 17.
MAURICE late show 11pm, Sat 18.
DOGS IN SPACE 7 days from Fri 24, 7.30pm.
ANGEL HEART late show 11pm, Fri 24.
NO WAY OUT late show 11pm, Sat 25.

NMP BRADFORD (0274 727488)
ROUND MIDNIGHT and MY BABY CARES FOR ME June 18/19, 7.30pm.
DER ROSEN CAVALIER June 21/22, 7pm.
THE EASY LIFE June 25, 7.30pm.
Two different Script Screen presentations on June 26 and 28 at 7.30pm. Ring for details.
LA DOLCE VITA July 2/3, 7.30pm.
JUNOON July 5, 7.30pm.
PREDATOR July 6, 9, 10, 7.30pm.
Plus IMAX DOUBLE BILL: LIVING PLANET and OCEAN every Thursday and Friday, 7.30pm. Mindblowing!

ODEON (436230)
1. THREE MEN AND A BABY
2. BRIGHT LIGHTS
3. HELLO AGAIN
4. WALL STREET
5. CAN'T BUY ME LOVE
Ring for times.

Plus don't miss the 'Bogeyfest' - LUU HUMPHREY BOGART FILM FESTIVAL. June 24/25 in the RBLT. A rare opportunity to see CASABLANCA and more. Tickets now on sale in the Union.

Miscellaneous



FRIDAY, JUNE 17
MUSIC SOCIETY INFORMAL CONCERT - Clothworkers Basement, 8pm. Weird dress compulsory. It's absolutely free!

AFRICA SOCIETY MEETING AND SOCIAL, OSA Lounge, 7.30pm. FREE.

SUNDAY, JUNE 19
ALTERNATIVE CYCLING SOCIETY - RIDE TO PATELY BRIDGE 10am, meet at University Union steps. Anyone with a bike is welcome, they won't be left behind.

MONDAY, JUNE 20
ACTION - WOMEN'S SUPPORT AND DISCUSSION GROUP, Committee Rooms A and B, 1pm. All women welcome to this first meeting.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL - COLOMBIA MEETING, RH Evans Lounge, 1pm. Talk on Colombia. Free.
COLOMBIA EVENING plus CHEESE AND WINE SOCIAL. RH Evans, 7.30pm. Colombian food and music (hopefully). Free.

TUESDAY, JUNE 21
ALTERNATIVE CYCLING SOCIETY - MIDSUMMER BARBEQUE. Hyde Park Pub, 7pm. Bring a bottle... and a bike for a barbeque at a mystery location. If possible please sign list on our noticeboard. Thank you. Cost: About £2.

BIOSOC DRINKS PROMO AND DISCO - RH Evans Lounge, 8-12pm. £1 on the door.

MONDAY, JUNE 27
MUSIC SOCIETY SUMMER CONCERT - Clothworkers Concert Hall, 7.30pm. £2, £1.50 concessions, £1 members.

ATTENTION ALL NEXT YEAR'S LEEDS STUDENT 'STAFF'!!!

There will be a very brief meeting about next year's rag at 1pm on Monday, June 28 in the Poly Office.

Come down for the lowdown. See you there... the four-eyed get.

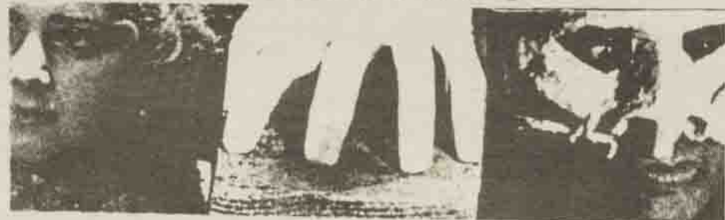
NIGHTLINE

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Theatre



LUU
Theatre Group, THE CHURCHILL PLAY, The Raven Theatre, Wed 22 to Fri, June 24 7.30pm. Tickets £1/£1.30

Theatre Group AMPHITRYO by Plautus, Raven Theatre, Mon 27 to Wed, June 29, 7pm. Tickets £1/£1.30.

Theatre Group trip to see MACBETH at the RSC Stratford, Monday, June 20, 4.30pm to midnight. Tickets £8.50 from TG office under RSH stage.

Light Opera Society HAPPY END by Brecht and Weil, RSH, June 21-23, 7.30pm. Tickets £1.50/£1. Musical comedy.

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE 442111
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER by Oliver Goldsmith, 7.30pm.

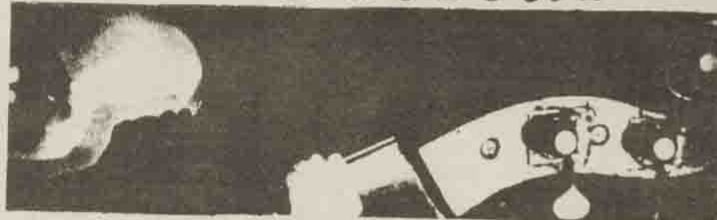
Subscribe now for next season. Four shows for the price of three. Intimate exchanges (Ayckbourn). Colours (Jean Binnie). London Assurance (Boucicault). The Little Foxes (Hellman). Contact Leeds Playhouse for details.

LEEDS CITY VARIETIES 430808
OPERA UPROAR, Friday, July 8 at 7.30pm.

BRADFORD PLAYHOUSE 720 329
THE REAL THING by Tom Stoppard, last night Saturday, 7.30pm.
Mon 20 - Sat, June 25 at 7.30pm.
Sat matinee 2.30pm. Bradford Playhouse drama festival.
Mon 11 - Sat, July 16. UP 'N' UNDER by John Godber.

LEEDS GRAND 459351
THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW, July 4 for one week. Mon-Thur 7.30pm. Fri and Sat 6.15pm and 9pm.
WEST SIDE STORY, July 11 for two weeks. Nightly at 7.30pm.
RENAISSANCE THEATRE COMPANY, July 25-30. Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Hamlet. Contact Grand Theatre for details.

Classical



LEEDS TOWN HALL (462453)
June 18 at 7.30pm, CLCM Symphony Orchestra - Berliot overture, Ibert flute concerto, Mahler symphony No. 1.

June 28-July 2, 3 Leeds' Conductors competition, with the English Northern Philharmonia.

INSTITUTE GALLERY (452069)
June 18 at 8pm, DAVID RUSSELL, guitarist, incl. a new work for solo guitar and guitar orchestra by Yorkshire composer Ian Taylor.

June 22 at 7.30pm, CLCM Chamber Choir, traditional and gypsy songs by Brahms, Elgar and Ma Conchu.

SKIPTON PARISH CHURCH
June 25 at 7.30pm, Sinfonia of Leeds plays Haydn (No. 101), Faure, Ravel and Schubert's Symphony No. 4 in C minor. Also at ST CHAD'S CHURCH, Far Headingley, July 2 at 7.30pm.

PARISH CHURCH, KIRKGATE
June 19 at 8.15pm, IAN NICHOLLS, (Countertenor Recital), Shakespearian Song.
June 21 at 5.30pm, Festal Evensong/Wesley in E, Vaughn Williams.
June 21 and June 28 at 8.15pm, Simon Lindley (organ).
June 29 at 5.30pm, works by Schubert and Monteverdi.

BANQUET HALL, CIVIC HALL
June 29 at 7.30pm, CLCM Prizewinner's Recital and Presentation.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE, BRADFORD
June 17 at 7.15pm, TOSCA by Opera North.
June 18 at 7.15pm, CARMEN.

GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS
June 20-22 at 7.30pm and Wed matinee at 2pm, IOLANTHE - New D'oly Carte Opera Company.
Also June 23-25 at 7.30pm, THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD by the same company.

Exhibitions



CITY ART GALLERY (462495)
Until June 19, TURNER AT FARNLEY; The Book of Birds.
Until June 26, A BOTTLE OF NOTES & SOME VOYAGES: Drawings, sculptures and large-scale projects by Claes OLDENBURG, with Coosje Van Bruggen.

QUEENS' HOTEL, CITY SQUARE
June 29, 30 and July 1 at 11am-9pm, LEEDS ART FAIR, works by over 70 professional artists.

ST PAUL'S GALLERY (456421)
Until June 18, BIGOS; printmakers of Polish origin.
June 25-August 27, ACROSS CULTURE, Multi Media Exhibition.

NMP BRADFORD (0274) 727488
June-mid September, NORMAN PARKINSON - 75th birthday celebration exhibition of one hundred of this great British fashion photographer's best prints.
Until June 25, KARSH; A Birthday Exhibition, portrait photographs of personalities from Fidel Castro to Bette Davis.
Until June 26, Julia M. CAMERON; The Herschel Album Restored, 94 restored photographs by the famous Victorian portrait photographer.

Gigs

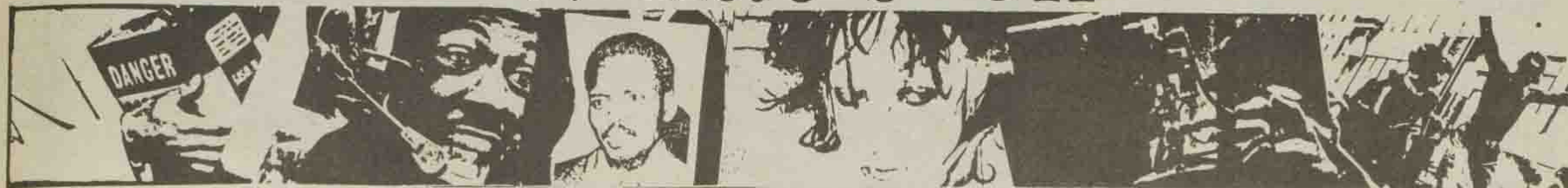


LUU
Monday, June 27 - ERITREAN ACTION BENEFIT GIG with The Dicemen, The Bhajimen, The Fleas of 1,000 Camels, Disco and lightshow. Starts 8pm, late bar and drinkies promo. Tartan/Harvey Milk Bar.
Tuesday, June 28 - Jazz 'n' Blues Club presents Crosscut Saw, Reg Needham Trio, Jazz Band. Late Bar, 8.30pm. Tartan/Harvey Milk Bar.

COCONUT GROVE
Wednesday, June 22 - John Taylor Quartet.
Wednesday, June 29 - Snake Davis and the Jim Birkett Trio.
Wednesday, July 6 - Chit Chat.

ASTORIA
June 18 - Brendon Croker and the Five O'Clock Shadows, £3.
June 24 - Denbo Konte
June 25 - Leeds Jazz present James Cotton R'n'B Band, from Chicago, £5/£4.

What's on



Personal



Will M. Keynes go where Cocknees fear to tread? (fame at last kid.)

□ □ □

Devonshire Hall Midsummer Night Ball. Last few tickets must go. ENTS include Yargo, the recliners, Andy Elsdon jazz band and firework display, sit down buffet and much much more. Tickets available all week in the Union extension, 1-2pm.

□ □ □

Mega piss-up cheap drinks, late bar, drinks promo and bop. Tuesday 21 RH Evans lounge. Be there.

□ □ □

Where do you find the best balls.

□ □ □

Could the person who stole my pencil case (a purple fluffy one) from outside the Union on Sunday, June 5 at about 7.30pm, please, please return the pen to the porters its of real sentimental value.

□ □ □

That's right, Devonshire Hall on June 24.

□ □ □

"I like to be in Ame-ree-ka. Ok for me in Ame-ree-ka" etc. Good luck to Neil 'Alistair Cooke beast' Amos, Dave 'Werkerist' Wilson and Eddie 'ouch that hurt' Goncalves in the big bad USA. Walk talk. Y'all...XXX

□ □ □

Cheerio Jay and good luck to Andy 'gutters' Harrison and the future Down-ward slide of the studexx-weezy.

□ □ □

You got the fight for your right to Russell Harty.

□ □ □

Whatever happened to Shash and Phil?

□ □ □

The Churchill Play June 22-24.

□ □ □

"We can take it guy, but we might just give it to you back," The Churchill play.

□ □ □

"Come and get it," at the Churchill play.

□ □ □

"So four heads are better than two aren't they."

□ □ □

Congrats to Rob and Helen on their engagement. (What's this? Rob's boys not being perverted).

□ □ □

Warning! Rorc Whales do not, overflow your hot water bottle or it'll burst at the seams (snarf, snarf) that's more like it.

□ □ □

He's public enemy number one if making love is a crime...

□ □ □

The famous finale scene: Theatre Group presents 'Amphitryon' by Plautus in the Raven Theatre. On Monday, June 27 to Wednesday, June 29 at 7pm. Tickets £1/£1.30.

□ □ □

Ian Stoddypoos. Spill some secrets or the lego man gets its.

□ □ □

Ian Stoddypoos. Damaris thinks your legs are a real turn on - hope you don't mind the diddy tits.

□ □ □

Clare B... How long, 8 months?

□ □ □

Happy 20th Birthday Joanne (you said you wanted your name in lights but this is a start). Enjoy... love Kx

□ □ □

Can you believe it? Bargain buy of 1988! Cortina MKV Estate, T-Reg, perfect engine, good condition, 12 months MOT, 6 months Tax, cheap to run - only £290. Telephone 430915.

□ □ □

MEL: You've missed your last chance to bungle with J... have a great time in the good ole US of A and see you in October... with twins??

□ □ □

To Ged, Jackie and all the WIRA engineers - thanks for your help over the last year from the 'Poly' member (honorary?)

□ □ □

I want your body, J. - but it's too late, from Mel.

□ □ □

There, that wasn't too painful was it? MEGA THANKS to the News Staff and especially Sue Cocker for sterling work.

XXXX to the Beechwood View posse: More XXXX to the Broomfield Terrace Crew (Yo! MC-Macces!). No XXXX to Snowy Bastard and The Pig. Some XXXX to the Politics Department (he he) (Yo! Weezy!). And respects due to King Rucker/Jam Master Jay - he's the one in charge!! It's been a gas, man. See yers all in October for the coming of TRASH!! "It's got to be... perfect. From the "Four Eyed Scouse Get" (sic... you will be). AVANTI!!!

□ □ □

To Hamilton Press many thanks for everything.

□ □ □

It's all over bar the shouting, boys and girls.

□ □ □

And here it is my darlings, the final name check. To Yvonne "It's all been a little bit too much" Napper, Pete "Wine and Moussaka" Cross, Kate "Tomato" Johnson, Louise "spring onion" Boyce, Helen "Manic and Obscene" Johns, Nigel "Rock star sex god" Yates, Gina "Gosh" Whitfield, Sally "Cleavage" Melvin, Sharon "Oh my gawrd" Gilham, Tracey "Vidal" Choles, Alexa "slinky" Gescher, Natty "Mushroom" Nat, Ian "If you read the French Feminists" Connaughtan, John "I had seven Brandys and he called me a bitch" Britton, Gill "as Ken Branagh said to me" Foreman and anyone I have been naff enough to forget, I love you all. XXX J.

□ □ □

AZTEC THEATRE Co. Good luck, I'll be with you rather irritatingly all the way. J.

□ □ □

To everybody who has been involved in Leeds Student this year and particularly to the Editors, thanks for everything. Good luck next year Harrison you completely depraved hack you. J.

□ □ □

To Pat G-S thanks just for being there (and for much much more of course). Curve xxx Jay.

□ □ □

Over and out, see you all in hell suckers. Jam master Jay.

□ □ □

Nightclub

FRIDAYS

Friday Bop at Beckett Park
Alternative Night at the Warehouse
Student Night at the Phono
Mile High Club at Rickys
Soul Pit at Rickys
Refectory Disco

SATURDAYS

Funk/House/Soul at the Warehouse
Downbeat at Rickys

MONDAYS

The Mix at Rickys
The Rubber dance
Upstairs at Rockshots 10am-2pm, £1

TUESDAYS

Kaleidoscope Pop at Rickys
Rock and alternative at the Warehouse

WEDNESDAYS

Poly Disco (City Site)
Live Jazz at Coconut Grove
Student night at the news
The keep at Rickys

THURSDAYS

Thursday Bop, LUU

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FILMS AT LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

Sunday, June 19 at 7.30pm

LITTLE DORRIT PART I (U)

Sunday, June 26 at 7.30pm

LITTLE DORRIT PART II (U)

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YEAR OF CONTROVERSY

a look back over the last year in both local and national sport

1987-88 has been a controversial year in all sports to say the least. The South African question has surfaced again, the cricket tour of Pakistan and subsequent sacking of captain Mike Gatting for causing 'Sexy Romp of English Cricket Supremo' headlines in that notorious purveyor of the truth, 'The Scum'. And then, of course, there was the LUU crisis. 'Leeds University, surely not,' I hear you cry, but yes, it's true.

The unilateral declaration of independence from the Union by the sports clubs caused front page headlines, in *Leeds Student* at least. The reasoning behind the move, said Iain Shaw, the rebel movement's leader, and captain of the rugby (well it would be) team, was that he couldn't stand 'politics getting involved with sport.' Well, I'm sure that birthday boy Nelson, and his supporters will back you all the way, Iain.

But as well as this barnstormer of a crisis, Leeds has had its fair share of success this year in the sporting field and will hopefully continue to do so, whether linked to the Union, or not. The men's university 2nd football team reached the final of the UAU cup. Both the men's 2nd and women's 1st badminton teams reached their respective semi-finals, and the netball team also reached that stage.

Down at the Polytechnic, the volleyball men's team won the

national championships, after losing it last year for the first time in eight finals. The athletics teams, both men's and women's, are current team champions, and the Rugby League team are the current BPSA champions.

Also at the Poly, they are hoping that they will have some representatives in the English Olympic team this autumn. James Parack, an accountancy student, is challenging for an Olympic swimming place, whilst Russel Boaler is doing the same for an athletics position. Mick Hill, a former Poly student already is an Olympic javelin thrower.

In athletics at the University, there was some success, and in the UAU championships the team came in fourth, with William Hamilton and Fook Long Lee winning their events.

Away from Leeds, headlines from the world of sport were made for the strangest of reasons. Lester Piggott lost his OBE and his liberty for tax evasion, tut, tut, and one of the most famous sports stars of the last year was a skier who couldn't jump! Eddie Edwards, the bespectacled, eccentric eagle had so much written, spoken and recorded about him that it was a wonder that he reached the bottom of the take-off ramp without some tabloid journo poking a microphone in his face and asking about the latest royal

gossip or the new single by Bros.

The weirdest thing about the cricket scandal in the last year is that when Gatting actually did something wrong, such as argue, swear and insult an umpire, he is praised with an extra grand, yet when lies are told about him in public, and he proves his innocence, he is sacked. There is something seriously wrong with the English cricket authorities.

And so... to football. The total dominance of Liverpool needs little mention here, apart from saying that their ownership of some of the greatest players the country has ever produced is to the detriment of other club sides. But they didn't win everything, and since their defeat by Wimbledon, Beardsley, Barnes and co haven't played well, not even for England, and doesn't the national team need their help now.

And staying with the England football team, their warm up games were nothing if not a joke. Aylesbury, famous for nothing except producing Marillion, played host to the national team, and gave them a confidence boosting win with which to go into the match against Eire. It didn't work though.

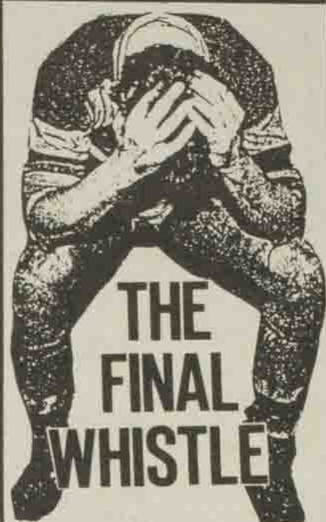
The TV Times, the most accurate of guides, described the encounter last Sunday as being between Britain's two representatives in the competition. I bet

that went down well in Dublin.

Back to controversy, and the perennial South African problem. Zola Budd, quiet in 1987 came back with a vengeance this year. She took part in an athletics meeting in the racist state, and after the fuss died down, she retired from the English Olympic team. Now there is a new storm set to fly. England's new cricket supremo and vice-captain Emburey and Gooch respectively, were both members of the rebel boycott-busting tour of the apartheid ridden country. With Emburey being a true blue Tory, and a seeming supporter of South Africa's government, and their policy of keeping the blacks under their thumb, presumably there will be trouble if he loses to the West Indians.

The new sports editor's five-a-side football team, 'It's Us', deserves a mention, if only for the superb goalscoring record of the said sportsperson. After 19 games as a striker for the team, Simon Rigg scored his first goal for the team, coming after hitting the post 11 times in one game alone. The team did well as a whole, the highlight coming in a 25-3 defeat by the aptly named Bacon. They made mincemeat of 'It's Us'.

However, watch out in the five-a-side teams next year. *Leeds Student* football team begins its campaign of terror at a sports hall near you.



The European Championships in West Germany have already provided much food for analysis by all we armchair experts. Favourites have fallen - not a great shock - and Jackie Charlton has earned the fishing rights of the Tweed and endless supplies of Guinness.

Gary Lineker will also not go short of a pint if he should visit the Emerald Isle - as an out and out goalscorer he had more chances against Eire than in the whole of the Spain vs Denmark match where five goals were scored.

England, at least, went down fighting against the 'Pluck of the Irish'. There is hope yet. 'Hoddle's Half Hour' was full of exquisite touches from the Monaco man, and his volley from the edge of the box must have had hearts in mouths from Cork to Aberdeen. It is somewhat ironic that the man most feared by the Dutch and Germans is left on the bench while Webb and Waddle demonstrate their ineptitude at international level.

Beardsley also had a disastrous match - the terrier-like tenacity was not much in evidence. Bryan Robson, at least played outstandingly and provided several chances for 'the Boy Lineker'. Even Barnes showed signs of his true self although totally starved of ball and space.

This again is one of the enigmas of England's play. In Barnes, Beardsley, Robson and Hoddle they have world-class players who thrive on space. Yet Bobby Robson is intent on playing slow possession football. The result is that once Adams, Wright et al have finished passing the ball from one side of the half way line to the other, the opposition have got back in numbers to totally stifle any inventive play other than the long ball over the central defenders.

At this stage the championship is still wide open. No team is head and shoulders above the rest, but I have a hunch that the Irish will surprise us all. The writing must be on the wall when Liam Brady gets the better of Brian Clough. In response to Cloughie's criticism of the Irish defence before the Eire-England match, the maestro replied 'Well I'd much rather have ours than yours, Brian.' Long live Finn Mac Cool.

Martyn Ziegler

DURHAM CRICKET DISASTER

Facing a Durham team consisting of six first class players, the first XI need not consider a six wicket defeat in the UAU quarter finals to be too disappointing. It was just unfortunate that such a strong batting line-up should falter on such a testing occasion.

Opting to bat on a deceptively slow and sticky Weetwood track, it was clear from a largely defensive field and a slow outfield that runs would be hard to come by. However, Jones, top-scorer with 28, and an out of touch Kersey made short work of the openers and the score reached a respectable 50-1.

On came the young England spin twins; out went Jones, Ahye, Healy and Cox, the heart of the batting. Only a late flourish (if such a term is justified) from Welsh tiger Murgatroyd (17) and Ross (11) pushed the score beyond the 100 mark, but 113 was never likely to be enough.

Leeds had their chances; Durham at 35-2 were lucky not to lose their debonair captain, Hussein, as Cox (16-6-46-3) made good use of the pitch, extracting turn and lift. If anything the ball did too much. After Hanlin's useful spell from the other end, Captain Ahye stumbled in failing to bring on his other left-armier. Runs be-

came easier to collect, the pitch slowing Healy's gentle pace almost to a standstill, and similarly Leeds UAU run came to a stop.

Tony Ross

Being realistic, Leeds 2nd team couldn't really have expected to beat the visitors, but the scale of the victory by Durham, seven wickets nevertheless proved a shock to the system and resulted in the home side being eliminated from this year's UAU competition.

The defeat was even more galling after the solid start which Leeds had made. At 92-2 with James and Armstrong in full-flow just after lunch, anything seemed possible, but once these departed, the batting was frankly disappointing, and only a Trojan effort by Jones dragged Leeds over the 150 mark.

It was clear that Leeds would have to bowl and field like men possessed to restrict Durham on a typically amiable Weetwood track, but apart from Ruis the performance was well below both hopes and expectations. With at least two bad balls per over, the carefree Durham batsmen were never under pressure and wrapped the game up soon after tea. It was a sad exit for the 2nd XI but class had told.

Brian Murgatroyd

TILCON TROPHY TRIUMPH



In glorious conditions at Harrogate, the home team won this four team knockout competition rather more easily than the score would suggest. In a game scheduled for 55 overs per side, Yorkshire overhauled the Warwickshire total fully with 15 overs to spare with tail ender Chris Shaw hitting the winning runs.

Warwickshire's innings had never really got going, with some keen bowling and fielding making things very difficult. Opener Storie did well to stick for 59, which held the innings together. None of the Yorkshire bowlers were expensive with Shaw taking 3-25, and Fletcher taking a deserved 4-38. The outstanding effort came from Phil Carrick the skipper who remained wicketless but bowled ten overs for just 14 runs and was a model of accuracy. On a

reasonably placid pitch a victory target of 160 in 55 overs should be no trouble for county bowlers.

Deprived of their cutting edge, Gladstone Small, through injury, the Warwickshire attack must have wondered what hit them as Moxon and Metcalfe put on 105 for the first wicket. Metcalfe's instincts served him well as he peppered the boundary, and Moxon just contributed 17. Yet the middle order collapsed, Yorkshire went from 124-3 to 160-8.

There was absolutely no reason for the panic as the sparkling start should have seen victory a stroll. Perhaps it could be put down to heat-stroke, but it is fortunate there were no *Sun* journalists to draw any conclusion from this 'Midsummer Madness'.

Clive Hayward

LEEDS
THE YEAR
IN WORDS
AND
PICTURES

LEEDS
STUDENT
INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER



Photo-montage: Mark Wright

Hey,
Now just get in and close the door.
And put your foot down.
You know I like this suburb
I've been around here many times
When I was young we were going
before.
For the clean air, healthy y'know?
Away from the factories and the smoke.
I like that shop too. You can get
anything there.
So just get in and we'll go for a ride.
So we'll go driving away from home,
Thirty miles or more,
And we'll go moving away from home,
Without a care.
I tell you what, why don't you
the city limit and head
It's only

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CLUELESS
Amazement as
Minister visits
Leeds -
'He knows
nothing'

INSIDE
Edinburgh
Leeds report
LEEDS AND
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