

PRESIDENT AND EXEC. REPLACED

by our New Stiff

At a special meeting last Friday, an announcement was made that will revolutionise the structure of our Student Union.

Ex-World President Chas. F. Broody announced that his research over the last few years had born fruit, and he had succeeded in altering the body chemicals of certain types of people, so that their bodies became, to all intents and purposes, stone.

In his statement, which Leeds Stupid takes great pleasure in printing complete, he said:

"During my year of tenure as President of the World, many questions were asked about my lack of interest in the affairs of all you mere mortals. These questions I am now about to answer.

I appeared to do no work for the simple reason that I was in reality working on this project. My intention was to recruit a cadre of the most ineffectual people in Leeds. This body is now your exec. I have seen to it that they have received carefully calculated overdoses of the chemical formulated C₂H₅OH and it only remained that they should receive, via their pulmonary systems, a secret formula derived from the plant Cannabis Americana. This has been achieved, and they are now, in almost every way, stone. However, they are still alive, in fact slightly more so. Their bodily functions are admittedly less active, but as I have already pointed out, they scarcely functioned in the first place.

My work was in the interest of science, and I sincerely believe that the transformation will prove to be of great service to the student body as a whole. For instance, the exec. will no longer be able to slope off home at every opportunity. They have also become far better conversationalists, and find it easier to come to decisions. Most important of all, they will no longer need to cadge drinks off everybody, so that the ordinary student will not have to move as fast to avoid them in the bar. I think the world owes me a vote of thanks, though I'll settle for cash."

The truth of Massa Broody's words has already been proved, as the following statement proves. It comes from a student who had occasion to speak to the present World President soon after his conversion:

"Straight away I noticed the



The Exec. admire their new, stiff President

pic: Dave Brown

improvement. I walked into the Exec. Office, and not only was he there, but also every other member of the Council of State, even Rye Cohine, who I had a little trouble recognising at first, never having seen him in the flesh before. The President was different, I'll admit, though it's definitely a change for the better. When I asked him a question, he made no attempt to avoid the issue, or invent some fatuous excuse. Mind you, he didn't actually say anything at all, but even so he did it with such concern for my welfare that I was moved to tears. When I remember how rude he has been to me in the past, how deliberately unfeeling, how vacuously officious, and compare it with him now, with his heart of stone and unchanging blank expression, I can only applaud Massa Broody's action."

The President himself has released a press bulletin. Although it is blank, it really is an improvement on his previous essays. Much more lucid and actually more factual. Leeds Stupid feels that Chas. Broody has to some extent made up for his actions last year, which as you will remember included his plot for world domination, cheating at cards, and (cont'd p.7)

Boil in Gun Drama

Lord Boil was today reported to be "Bloody comfortable, the rich bugger" in a private room at Leeds General Infirmary, following a bizarre hunting accident on Woodhouse Moor.

Lord Fatuous of Woodhouse was present at the time of the accident and was able to give Leeds Stupid a brief account.

"We'd been out since about 08.45, after some of the early morning students. However, the shooting was damn poor, it being Saturday, and so we just got stuck into the brandy, and took a couple of pot-shots at some brats on the swings. Not really my idea of sport that, bit too easy. Anyway, old Boil spotted a brace of student chappies strolling over at about 10.32, and sent the beaters round. I'm not very sure why, maybe from the brandy, but the old boy seemed pretty excited. I remember he was muttering something about "Quibble and Babblebrook, what an opportunity," and definitely in a flap. Anyway, he was so excited he got his gun the wrong way round, and shot himself in the mouth. I thought he was a gonner, which is why I fouled me briches, him lying there so

still and all. But, when they got him down to the hospital they discovered that he'd only lost some taste-buds. He's almost back to normal now. I've just been in to see him, and he didn't recognise me. He never has, you know, even when we were at school together back in '98."

Leeds Stupid intended to get in touch with Babblebrook and Quibble, to see if they could shed any light on the matter, and perhaps explain away some of the more curious aspects of the incident, but we couldn't be bothered. Instead we went into the bar, and spoke to the slim, petite and otherwise totally lovely Gay Wilder. But she didn't know what the hell we were talking about. Pity that, she's got (cont'd p.3).

Feeling cocky?
Ring Baitline
on 39071, ext. 39
and we'll ruin
YOUR DAY

INSIDE
YOUR
BUMPER
TWELVE
PAGE
PAPER

Pat Sandstone
reveals how
she made it
to the top
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Forelock
takes a
look at
our super
new exec.
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Campus . . .
Is there
enough?
Pages 6 and 7

Sociologists-
are they
the latest
endangered
species?
Page 9

Horoscope
Page 2



Above: The army checks visitors for Union cards

Union Security is tightened up

Students entering the Union Building last week found that the Union Card check had changed rather dramatically. Instead of the usual cursory glance and nod from the porter on duty, they found themselves gazing down the business end of an Armalite rifle. Overnight the entire security staff has been replaced by a hand picked crew of mercenaries.

It is rumoured that the crew were all ex-members of the new chief porter Reg 'Killer' Gravy's platoon. As you will no doubt recall, Reg came to take up his post in Leeds on an exchange from a university in Angola. The reasons behind his exchange are uncertain, though there have been rumours that Angola became too 'hot' for him.

If this theory is accepted, it will go a long way towards explaining the strip search for concealed arms that each student now has to undergo before he is admitted to the Union Building. It may be that Reg fears that a "hit" team has been despatched from Angola, with the sole intention of executing Mr. Gravy.

Even under a white flag, and wearing only a notepad and pencil, our Leeds Stupid war correspondent was unable to talk to the big man himself. So we took our questions to the World President Steve Babblebrook. As he is now to all

intents and purposes stone, he was unable to deny any of the points we put to him. He didn't confirm them either, but we won't tell anyone if you don't. What emerged was this:

- 1 The mercenaries are being paid for out of union funds.
- 2 We have also bought the Armalite rifles.
- 3 Under a new charter, the porters can revoke the Habeus

Many events have occurred during the past week that have shaken the student body to its very core. Leeds Stupid has not been unaware of these events.

We have spent many a post lunch session mulling over the events, and so far we have been able to come to several quite important decisions. The first of these is that Stilton and Port, in direct contrast to the popular belief, do not go well together. In fact they bring on wind and gout. Other decisions, although less mind boggling, have also been made.

We have examined the new exec., from several points of view. One member of our staff, who has an old score to settle, even took an axe to one of them. It made no dent. So far so good. But what will

Corpus act at will, and shoot down anyone who tries to kid on he's left his union card at home. The Union is about to declare U.D.I. with the restoration of the monarchy under Rag I. The bar is now closed to ordinary members of the Union unless you are members of the Royalist party. As such they will be entitled to drink out of straight glasses, and play darts in the bar.

Although it is still early days, there are definite signs that Lord Boil is in favour of the new regime, and it has been rumoured that he is considering similar measures for the University.

(Cont'd on page 9).

the exec. be like when they come under sustained fire, from say, an Armalite rifle, eh? What then indeed. They will crumble, as they have done in the past.

Time and again people like Reg Gravy have ridden roughshod over them. It was a brave move Mr. Broody, but not far sighted enough. **THEY SHOULD BE MADE OF METAL!!**

LEEDS STUPID EDITORIAL

Mentioning Gravy brings me back to our other conclusion. Why no-one else has ever thought of it is a mystery to me. It is simple. Suppose you like crisps flavoured with Worcester Sauce? If there's non to be had, do you settle for crispy bacon or any other substitute the

Forelock



Hallo dear readers. As I promised, I have returned to offer you snippets about our simply *super* exec. You'll all know by now (I know you're all so much cleverer than me) that dear old Chas, as I so like to call him, had the absolutely topping idea of turning the whole exec. into statues. The editor tells me they're not really statues, but honestly, I went up *really* close to one of them (now don't ask me which one, I never can find my glasses), and I simply couldn't tell the difference. However, I think they look simply topping now. Dear old Babblebrook will never have to worry about growing thin on top again. I used to tell him it was all those ripping thoughts he had, but just between you and me I think he still worried about it just a smidge.

I suppose you all think this statue game means that I've forgotten about our little competition last week. Well, you're all wrong. Old Nigel Forelock *never* forgets a promise. I hope you all remember the competition? That's right, you all had to tell me what you would do if you were stuck in a lift along with the lovely Pat Sandstone. Well, I spent a lot of time going through the entries, and you *are* a rude lot of boys and girls, aren't you. I wonder what youth is coming to, I really do. Some of the words I had to have explained to me, and I was quite shocked. You should be ashamed of yourselves. Especially Mr. Cohine who

should now better. And keeping your *socks* on too! I don't mind admitting I was very shocked. However, the winner was Andy Bucko, who suggested that they sang songs to keep up their spirits. Such a nice boy.

But, I'm afraid that you can't have the prize I wanted to give you Andy. Now don't sulk. You know as well as I do that as a statue, Pat can't spend the day in the park with you. I'm afraid you'll have to settle for a big colouring book instead.

Well now readers, back to business. This statue thing of Chas' caught us all on the hop. I've taken Pat home with me and put her out in the garden, where she can chat with the gnomes and the fairies round my birdbath. Frankly, and I don't find this easy to say, I'm rather glad this has come up. Just between you and me, and you know I don't like telling tales out of school, but I must say I had begun to think dear Pattie had gone a little wild. Far be it from me to drag up old dirt, but I must say there were rumours about how she made the ascent from stary eyed first year to member of exec. in such a short while, and with so *many* interesting people. Be that as it may, she had been a little wild. Smoking *strange* cigarettes and talking to those awful semi-shaved anarchists is no way for any self respecting girl to behave. I warned her, I told her she'd never catch Mr. Right that way. Anyway, as a statue, she can't come to any harm I hope. Must dash off now. See you next week.

surly barman chooses to wave at you? WELL DON'T!! Stand up for your rights. Tell them to bring you plain crisps and a bottle of the sauce itself, then MAKE YOUR OWN! It's ingenuity like this, the willingness to fight against overwhelming odds that made Britain Great in the first place. Could you see a man who took part in that Great **British** victory, Dunkirk, skulking away from the bar with a packet of Cheese and Onion? Then why should you? (cont'd p9).



Above: Ms. S. + friends

Mainliner Crossword

- Clues Across
1 The indefinite article
Clues Down
1 First letter of alphabet

AQUARIUS

Basically, you're an insecure person. With reason I may add. Have you looked in a mirror recently? Pretty bad, eh? What the hell are you worried about? Jesus, with a face like yours, you've got to be an optimistic person at heart, or you'd be pushing up daisies in unhallowed ground for sure. See a doctor about those spots. No, they're not acne.

PISCES

Anyone ever told you you're got lovely eyes? They're lying. Being born under the sign of the fish means more than just being good at swimming you know. Your hands are clammy too. However, you're not all bad. You're going to get an 'A' for your next assignment. The only problem is that the assignment will be making coffee for your flatmates. Life's like that. Don't fight it.

ARIES

Boy, are you the lucky one. You are going to meet an incredibly good-looking Virgo, who's going to hang on your every word, and definitely fall in love with you. As far as they're concerned, you can do no wrong. You may think you're

talking too much, but don't worry. They'll love you. With the moon in Saturn for you, there's nothing can stop you. Go get them kid. You just can't fight destiny.

TAURUS

That party you've been promising yourself should come off soon. It'll be the talk of the year, the best party since Attila went to Rome, since Cleopatra invited Antony back for coffee, since they made Cannabis legal (you didn't know? It's in the stars). However, everything has it's price. You'll have to redecorate and get a new carpet, and you're neighbours will never speak to you again. Plus ca change.....

GEMINI

With Uranus on the cusp, things are going to be pretty up and down for you. You'll get interviewed on television, but when you get home the telly will have been repossessed. You'll find a fiver in the street, but get run over as you pick it up. Get the picture? If you stay in, you'll get electricuted by the kettle. If

you go out, you'll be struck by lightning. Someone'll get the insurance though.

CANCER

Not many people are aware of this, but being born a Cancer means you'll never actually get the big C yourself. However, you'll no doubt think this a small advantage as you write your book "50 fun things to do in an oxygen tent." Lets face it, luck isn't really your strong suit is it? It's people like you that keep elastoplast in business. Even in bed, you can get run over by a bus.

LEO

Ironic isn't it. Being a Leo is meant to imply that you possess all the better characteristics of that noble beast. Whilst in fact you are one of the most insignificant little wimps ever to crawl out from under a rock. Even your best friends take pleasure in telling you you've forgotten to put on your deodorant. And where the hell did you get those clothes? Wise up and get lost kid.

VIRGO

Life is about to be pretty hard

on you. You're going to get buttonholed by an awful Aries in glasses, who's going to behave as though you've got nothing better to do than listen to their inane lifestory. If you try and tell them your lifestory, they'll ignore you and plough on regardless. They'll end up thinking you're in love with them. There's no escape kid. You can't fight destiny.

LIBRA

Foreign travel is in the air. You're going to be deported. It'll all be a mistake, but try explaining that to a Peruvian border guard. After you've hitched all the way home, you'll lose all your friends because you keep telling them about your exploits on the road. You'll have been thrown off your course and your belongings will have been sold to pay the rent. It's not your day.

SCORPIO

Everything is going to go really well for you. All your work is going to get 'A's, and you'll get off with that person everyone fancies. Your premium

bond will come up and you'll win the pools. You'll be spotted by a talent scout and put in the movies. The record of the film will stay at number one for twenty-five weeks. It's going to make a great obituary.

SAGITARIUS

As an astrologer, I do not believe in reincarnation. However, I'll make an exception in your case. When you come back, I hope it is as a higher form of life. Do not aim too highly. A sprout would be a good step, or perhaps one of the more simple single celled animals. You would be the first to confess that you're not the brightest of people. Still, you'll make a great engineer.

CAPRICORN

Everyone knows the saying about life containing some bitter pills which must be swallowed. Brace yourself kid, your about to take an overdose. Try and soften the blow. Switch to electric cooking, and use an electric razor. On no account be on your own for too long. Join a society like Women's Action Group, or become a member of exec. That way, when you go, no-one'll miss you.

Your Stars - by Katerina

STUDENT DOCTOR WRITES

In my many years as a doctor, I have frequently found that my patients have exhibited symptoms of disease not dealt with in any of the recognised medical texts or periodicals. Since I am a doctor, and therefore a man of science, I spent a number of hours preparing a paperback on the subject in order that people can have something to read on railway trains, therefore making me lots of money. I shall also probably get a Knighthood for it, and lots of chances to get drunk at free dinners.

The condition involved I have called stupidity. I suspect it is caused by a virus, though I'm not sure. It's definitely contagious though. The symptoms are very easy to recognise, though much simpler to observe in other people. If you are reading this in a bar, simply look around you. Observe the group around the electronic machine. They exhibit what we doctors like to call "classic symptoms." Notice their speech patterns, their attitude to each other. When you realise their entire world revolves around attaining a high score against the 'invaders,' you begin to realise just how stupid they are.

If you are actually in a lecture theatre (one of the first symptoms of the disease in itself), look at the person sitting on the front row. Looks pretty studious, eh? Look closer. Observe the pen as it flies over the pages. That's right, they've forgotten to take the top off. For a very advanced case, look at the person at the front of the theatre. Speaking such drivel to such disinterested people demands stupidity of the highest magnitude, in fact tertiary stupidity.

Here are a few tips for home doctoring. If stupidity is caught early enough, it can be treated. You may be too far advanced, but do not despair. If the condition is mild you can become a Sociologist. If it's very advanced, don't forget there is still a shortage of engineers. Simply answer these few questions. If you answer yes to more than two of them you should stop going to lectures and avoid talking to tutors and Sociologists.

- 1 Do you go to all your nine o'clock lectures?
- 2 Can you name more than three members of your course?
- 3 When you are dressing in the morning do you often put your shoes on and then realise your socks are still in your hand?
- 4 Have you ever bought a member of exec. a drink?
- 5 Are you doing Sociology? Or Engineering?
- 6 When your lecturer tells you to buy a certain book, do you buy it?
- 7 If you are invited back for coffee by an attractive member of the opposite sex, do you make it in for your nine o'clock lecture?
- 8 Do you believe that the O.G.M.'s are a means by which ordinary students can participate in their Union?
- 9 How many times a week do the Bar Staff short change you for a fiver?
- 10 Did you come to Leeds for "an education?"

Next week I shall be describing ways to feign death in order to avoid talking to people from exec.

The visionary extremism of an artist like *Casimir Foulds* was an aspect of New Wave music which cannot be ignored.

Melodramatic Biblical stories, bathetic reconstructions of historical catclysms, subjects evolving extremes of hopelessness guilt and retribution, were siezed upon by him and are now increasingly popular. His visual extravagances can only be matched by the films of *Cecil B. De Mille*. The titles of some of Casimir's compositions will give an idea of the wild, often apocalyptic flavour of the themes: "*Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion*," "*Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still*," "*The Destruction of Herculanium and Pompeii*," "*Satan Presiding at the Infernal Concert*," "*The Deluge*," "*The Fall of Ninevah*," "*Pandemonium*," "*The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah*."

In all these, the flight from the tyranny of straight riffs is a small part of a general spiritual exodus from all systems which govern music—or life for that matter. It is a flight from the establishment and its rules of beaurocracy. The idea of originality has become inseperable from the idea of democracy. And this attitude, born no doubt of the new wave revolution, is the same throughout the whole of the civilised world. Foulds, a prophet and street credible poet, refused instruction in music. *Nature herself makes a great musician he said, and rules destroy both a true understanding of nature, and it's expression in art.* This desire,

Credibility of the Street kind

You'll believe a man can pogo



Casimir Foulds at his last appearance

command universal admiration, When he died Casimir Foulds there was nothing left for them was three short weeks away but to kill themselves." from his sixteenth birthday.

It is painful to recall that

Chris Berri Berri

among punks for freedom from any encroachment on the imagination and the insistence on individuality was echoed by Caspar David Freidrich when he said it would have been praiseworthy "*If the master had not put his stamp on his pupils, but had restrained his vanity and observed and respected, with wise moderation, the inborn individuality and inclination of each of his students.*"

Such an attitude may have helped to free musicians from the tyranny of systems, but they have also led, increasingly it seems, to conceit and to the lack of a critical attitude about their work, and consequently to an useless contempt for the public. In turn the public has learned to disdain the musician. It is possible to cite the critic *Theophile Thore* who commented on a similar attitude in the ill-fated 'New Wave' of 1836. It has a familiar ring :

"There were young people calling themselves musicians . . . before they had earned the right to call themselves men. They were too conceited to bother about learning their craft, yet, while still students, adopted the language and behaviour of experienced professionals. That the public refused to accept the value they set on their craft didn't matter to them in the Least, for they had the lowest opinion of the public. Some of these stupid fellows were so convinced of their own importance that, when the childish compositions failed to astonish the world and

Where was the Reviewer when the set began?

Last (a) Week (b) night (c) month . . . played a (a) short (b) long (c) tedious set in (a) the refec (b) the bar (c) the street. Their style is essentially (a) straight R&B (b) new wave/punk (c) non-existent. Their lead singer is (a) a girl (b) macho (c) a deaf mute.

The band dress in (a) black leather (b) surplices and cassocks (c) sweet F.A. I was particularly impressed by the (a) harmonies (b) lead singer's cleavage (c) Bitter in the Doubles Bar. From the opening number the audience was (a) transfixed (b) asleep (c) Clamouring for their money back. As . . . got into their set, the (a) party (b) Axe (c) overmixed P.A. system really got into full swing. Never have I seen so many people (a) Enjoying themselves to the full (b) Fall asleep (c) attempt to tar and feather a band. It was a spectacle to make you want to (a) burst into tears (b) smash your head against the wall (c) go back to the bar.

The band handled their instruments (a) like professionals (b) Like tone dear mental defectives (c) As weapons for self defence The bassist especially (a) Bored the hell out of me (b) was asleep (c) was left handed. The lead singers lyrics came over (a) Loud and, unfortunately, clear (b) On the back of a fag packet (c) As being about as exciting as the instructions on a paper bag in an aeroplane The singers voice reminded me of (a) One of Marcel Marceau's monologues (b) How nice the beer was in the

bar (c) What it's like to throw up on an empty stomach.

Half way through the set, the band was troubled by a heckler. They responded by (a) Putting him in hospital (b) Firing the singer and hiring him (c) Threatening to begin the set all over again. This had the desired effect and the heckler was (a) beaten up (b) given artificial respiration (c) put on instead of the band. When the set resumed, most of the audience (a) Fell asleep again (b) Had escaped in the confusion (c) Were in the bar. The final number of the set brought (a) Everyone to their feet (b) up the rest of my supper (c) joy and happiness to all.

When I spoke to . . . after their set, they seemed (a) Pleased to be alive (b) even more boring off stage (c) Boring enough to drive me back to the bar. Their reply to my question of how they had found Leeds as a venue was (a) Leeds? Shit, we were supposed to be playing in Bradford (b) "Piss Off!" (c) We found it a valuable extension to our experiences with the sub normal."

As a band . . . (a) have yet to find their feet (b) Warrant the immediate return of hanging (c) Are perhaps the ultimate emetic. As to my own reaction to their performance I really must reserve judgement as I (a) never made it out of the bar (b) Didn't go to the gig (c) still feel sick. Lets hope they (a) Return soon (b) Go back to their stock broker fathers (c) get booked for the Titanic.

Artoo Detoo

Are you a hack?

It has come to the attention of the Leeds Stupid staff that many of our readers are undergoing identity crisis as they are unable to answer the simple question "Are you a Hack?" In an effort to put people's minds at ease (or rather to worry the hell out of them) we have devised this simple quiz. Since we realise that the average mental age of our readership is about 3½, the questions are ultra simple. Simply keep a running total of the scores beneath each answer then look at the 'blurb' at the bottom. Good Luck.

1. How many exec members are you on first name terms with?

None	1-3	Over 4
1	2	5
2. How many hours a day do you spend in exec?

Under 1	1-4	5 & above
1	5	10
3. At which part of the Union bar do you usually get served?

The left	The rest
5	1
4. Do you drink from a straight glass?

Always	Sometimes	Never
5	2	1
5. Are you a personal friend of the porters?

Always	Sometimes	Never
5	2	1
6. Are you a member of G.A.G.?

Yes	No
0	0
7. Do you stick your nose in other people's business?

Always	Sometimes	Never
10	5	17 (for lying)
8. Do you stab people in the back?

Sometimes	Often	Always
1	3	5

9. Do you understand O.G.M.s?

Yes	No
5	0
10. Can you sign keys out of the porters lodge?

Yes	No
11. Do you indulge in Exec gossip?

Never	Sometimes	Always
0	5	10
12. Do you enjoy strutting around the union with your photo pinned to your chest?

Yes	No
5	0
13. Can you get into the union without showing your union card?

Always	Sometimes	Never
10	5	0
14. Are you a member of an "active" minority group?

Yes	No
5	0
15. Do you have lunch in the doubles bar?

Always	Sometimes	Never
5	2	0

When you have completed this form cut it out with scissors (better ask mummy to help with this). Take it to "The Editor, Leeds Stupid, c/o The Porters Lodge L.U.U. There will be a tiebreaker if necessary. In this you will have to answer the question "The Union has a role to play in the world of politics. Discuss." Marks will be deducted if any political "party" is mentioned more than once, and the competitor will be disqualified if more than three of the judges falls asleep.

How did you get on?

Below 35. Normal student/apathetic
Bravo, well done, so far you have managed to avoid being

tainted by the sleazier side of University life. Some might say you're missing out on all the fun, but do not weaken. Your country needs you.

35-60 Interested/Abnormal

Not too bad, but you must take more care about who you talk to. If you want to get ahead in the Union, be more aggressive, especially to the porters and the president. That's what they're there for.

61-90 Pseudo Hack

Very good. I bet everyone hates you. You must really have taken the advice that nothing succeeds like excess. However don't let

your blind devotion to your chosen non-career blind you to the advantages of never having been president of a union. For one thing you're far less likely to go deaf.

Above 90 Super Hack

Mr. President I congratulate you. You are now eligible for a free "I'm a hack" badge, and your name automatically goes forward to the "bore of the century" competition.

The staff of Leeds Stupid would like to thank everyone who contributed to the questions in this quiz. We must remind you though, that only the editor is allowed to win the badge.

Due to a fall in Profits, Pabloss is again changing its name. Its name will now be **TALBOT!**

DATELINE

DATELINE

DATELINE

CINEMA

REGENT'S PARK

Tonight and tomorrow:
Jaws. 7.25
Farewell to Arms. 8.00
 Starring **Flipper**.
 Late Nite Movie, Friday 11 p.m.
Jaws, plus cartoons.
 Late Nite Movie,
 Saturday 11 p.m.
Whatever happened to Baby Jane?
 Sunday and all next week;
Jaws. Sunday 7.50
 Week 8.25. plus
 "One of our Aircraft is Missing"
 Student Special, Wednesday
 2.30 p.m.
Jaws, plus cartoons.
 Evening Wednesday Special,
Flipper in Jaws. 6.15, plus
 "Every which way but with Soy
 Sauce" 8.15. Starring **Andy
 Fairweather Low**, who sings
 "Wide Eyed and Legless."

CBA 1

Tonight and Tomorrow:
Flash Gordon's Trip to Morrisons
 2.15, 7.05
 Starring **Rin Tin Tin** and **Snowy**.
 Next Week:
Enter The Dragon. 2.00, 6.20. In
 which the dragon not only enters,
 he leaves, returns, does a three
 point turn, pops down the
 newsagent for ten Number 6 and
 a Mars Bar, and eventually gets a
 job as a porter in Morrisons.

CBA 2

Tonight and Tomorrow:
Look Back in Anger. 2.30, 6.25.
 Next Week:
Look Back A Bit Crossly,
 2.35, 6.20



Sylvia Crystal stars in *EMMANUEL GOES TO CHURCH*

CBA 3

Tonight and Tomorrow:
Dirty Harry, 12.35, 9.40
 Next Week:
Harry after he's had a Bath,
 2.30, 4.35

DOONE 1

Tonight, Tomorrow and for the
 rest of the decade for all I could
 care.

Catch 22., 2.30, 6.45
 Knowing the average intelligence
 of our readership, a word of
 explanation should be offered
 here. See there's this guy called
 Yassori.....Yossiri....Yissir.....

name who's crazy. Well, he's not
 really, but he thinks he is. No-one
 else does though, so they make
 him go out on missions. His job is
 to play in the outfield. As a
 compromise they promise that
 after he has caught 22 balls they'll
 let him be really crazy. However,
 they go back on this promise,
 which is where the catch comes in.
 Simple, isn't it, really.

DOONE 2

Tonight and Tomorrow:
Play It Again Sam. 2.30, 5.59
 Next Week:
Lets See It On The Action
Replay, Sam. 4.27, 6.86

DOONE 3

There is no Doone 3. **Stupid.**

CRABS banquet

**Not only crabs but also
 WHELKS, COCKLES and
 MUSSELS. Bring your own
 food to Woodhouse Moor
 on Thursday.**

**SEX ON CAMPUS.....A
 free and frank discussion
 from W.A.G. Bring you chats
 own pillow to the RSH on
 Tuesday Nov. 31st.**
LECTURE SOC.—

Thursday—"I were a
 teenage waswolf" Lecture
 from **M. Girty** 2.30,
 debating chamber.

APATHY SOC...Sometime
 There may be a meeting
 this week. On the other
 hand there may not.

CHRISTIAN UNION....
Meeting at 11 a.m.
Sunday. In Church.

FINE WINE SOC....
 Saturday...Meeting to be
 held in Rio.

BORING LECTURE SOC.
Monday....Hugh Bateson
 talks about cricket.

Next week: **Gerry Gillan**
 expounds on the role of the
Student Newspaper.

VAGUE SOC...Sometime
 next week. John or
 someone like that talks
 about Astrophysics, or
 Chaucer, or

**HOPELESSLY LOST
 SOC...Friday...Disco in
 Lipman, or Electric
 Ballroom.**

PHOTOSOC TALK...
 Tuesday....**Albie Hoffman**
 from W.A.G. Bring you
 chats about taking pictures
 of nude people when
 there's no film in your
 camera.



The rally that never was

By **CLARK KENT**

Union President **Steve
 Babblebrook** today confessed that
 he was less than 100% satisfied
 with the turnout in Leeds for the
 mass rally to protest at the new
 moves by the government to
 phase out grants and replace
 them with discretionary awards
 of bananas and dried fruits.

"Frankly," he admitted, "we
 were expecting more than
 100,000 students to appear, but
 there appears to have been a
 shortfall of some 99,995. In fact
 only four people showed up
 apart from myself."

It is hard to describe how the
 World President looked as he
 addressed his audience of four
 (one Leeds Stupid reporter and
 two photographers. The other
 person was actually a
 typographical error). Prattish
 probably sums it up.

In his speech, which I couldn't
 be bothered to take down, he
 rambled on for a short while
 about the new grant scheme, but
 said nothing very memorable
 anyway. Then he got onto
 student apathy. This was such a
 drag I went off to the bar. As
 usual this was packed with
 sociologists and engineers. When
 I eventually got served it was

with the wrong drink. Is that
 enough? Can I go home now?

PERSONAL

Some nocturnal blackness, mothy and
 warm,
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over
 the lawn. T.H.

In the room the women come and go
 Talking of Michaelangelo. Stearns.

Common sense is the most widely shared
 commodity in the world, for every man
 is convinced that he is well supplied with
 it. R.D.

For God! for the Cause! for the Church!
 for the laws!
 For Charles King of England, and
 Rupert of the Rhine!

Ich Lehre euch den Uebermenschen. Der
 Mensch ist Etwas, das ueberwunden soll.
 F.W.N.

All animals are equal, but some are more
 equal than others.

Qualix artifex perco! N.

In skating over thin ice, our safety is in
 our speed. R.W.E.

If once a man indulges himself in
 murder, very soon he comes to think
 little of robbing; and from robbing he
 comes next to drinking and sabbath-
 breaking, and from that to incivility and
 procrastination. T.D.Q.

You will hear more good things on the
 outside of a stagecoach from London to
 Oxford than if you were to pass a twelve
 month with the undergraduates, or heads
 of colleges, of that famous university.
 W.H.

'Bourgeois'...is an epithet which the riff-
 raff apply to what is respectable, and the
 aristocracy to what is decent. A.H.

A thing is not necessarily true because a
 man dies for it. O.W.

French Dockers rule, Au Quai!

Population, when unchecked, increases
 in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence only
 increases in an arithmetical ratio. T.R.M.

There's something wrong with our bloody
 ships today, Chatfield D.B.

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