



STUDENTS

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Park Lane 'to close'

Park Lane College may be facing closure following new reorganisation proposals announced by Leeds City Council. The proposals, contained in a report by the Department of Education, suggest a complete reshuffle of all post-16 education in Leeds involving the closure of three of the existing eight further education establishments.

Although no firm decisions have yet been taken Park Lane College, occupying a prime city site, seems particularly favoured. Matt Daleforth, President of the College Students Union, commented:

"We are very worried about the future of this site. Its central position obviously makes it attractive as a site for office block development. However

- Student Union "very worried"
- Leeds Council still "very vague"
- Day of Action will be May 2nd

Report by Kamal Ahmed

members in the Leeds area offers the same facilities as an available base. Many of the courses are especially oriented towards banking and insurance and we are the only college offering a course. Its closure would therefore cause Leeds losing an important training institution."

The non-specific structure of the new plans has also been criticised by the Vice Principal at Park Lane, Mr Nigel Hitchcliffe, he said:

"We have not yet been told anything categorically and on the other hand nothing has been decided. We are fighting for information and although a consultation period has begun we are basically in the dark about what the consultation is about. This obviously puts us in a very difficult position."

The first action towards the winding down of the college could begin as early as next September but the method by which the Council has begun the process has angered representatives at Park Lane. Mr Daleforth condemned the Council as "trying to push



● Park Lane College — the end is nigh!

Photo: Geoff Innes

through from proposals without proper notice. The document is very grey and we have asked for a longer consultation period but this has been refused even though the starting date was announced three weeks after it already should have begun."

Leeds City Council Education Officer, Mr Colin Cobble, maintained that no actual decisions had been taken about Park Lane but was unable to give any further information. The College's lack of capital equipment, which means that its functions can be more

easily dispersed or shut down, and the fact that it does not appear to fit naturally into the new geographical zones proposed, kept speculation of closure.

Support for Park Lane seems to be strong, though student apathy has again been cited as a problem.

The Students Union together with the staff and business interests have made clear their opposition to the proposals. A Day of Action is planned for Tuesday May 2nd comprising a student boycott, picketing and a fair with stalls and bands. Mr Hitchcliffe

voiced the feelings of many at the College:

"We are one of the most efficient colleges in the country and there have been no reasons given as to why we may be closed down. The Council have been very vague over these very important developments."

Loth hit by thieves

The usual spate of burglaries hit Leeds students over the Easter period, with the trouble occurring both in the University Union and in the student residences and houses.

A break-in occurred in the Union building on Monday night (April 24th). The burglar broke into the Service in the Extension to find the place in their lockings. They then proceeded to open a window and remove various machines in the Games Room, making off with about £1800 in cash. Suspicious surrounds the fact that the criminals were able to conduct the alarm system.

Dr Martin, LDU Financial Affairs Secretary commented it seems that they had very extensive knowledge of the layout of the building. This was a very professional job. The thieves are looking into the matter.

Over the Easter vacation a student of James Bealies Hall had her building alarm torn

report by
Karen Thornton
and Sarah Bond

near the door of the flat on the catch. A man walked up the stairs, passing the student who was on the phone, and entered in the flat and walked softly on another student's bedroom door. When she answered it, expecting friends, he claimed he was looking for the rental flat. She threw him out of the flat and did not see him again.

However, he returned, again passing the student in the phone. This time he left with

a full Morrison camera bag. The woman of 40 thought she had made her bag, but later called the police, who arrived after midnight.

The suspect is described as a black male, aged around 22 years, about six feet tall, of heavy and muscular build. He was wearing black track-top bottoms and a navy and red track-top top, with glasses and a black American football cap. As yet, the police have made little progress in tracing him or the missing bag which contained credit cards, car keys, address book and letters but very little cash. The student remains worried. "What would have happened if I had come back when he was still in my room?"

Students at Newcastle College also suffered, over the Easter. They returned to Leeds last week to discover their house had been broken into and looted. Valuable jewellery were stolen amongst other things. The most door had been broken, but the thieves had also broken down the back door.

Problems over May Day demo

The MS National Executive Committee was mandated by the NUS Easter conference to arrange another demonstration which would "urge the public off Mass Thatcher's face".

But the decision has proved controversial, with NUS's non-leading moderate Democratic Left faction privately condemning it as a waste of time.

The more extreme Socialist Students in the National Organisation of Labour Students, which proposed the original conference motion, wanted the demonstration to be held on a weekday. Liz Willford of MS National Executive and a supporter of MS told Leeds Student that MS was extremely unhappy that it had been organised for a bank holiday, which leaves very little support in Mrs. Thatcher's highlighting the importance of keeping up the Leeds campaign this time.

"Various exams are a problem but the fact is we have a fairly high level of international popular indignation at this time. The National Executive have made it more difficult for students to come out in support. There will be a day of organising."

by some year's time," said Leeds University Union General Secretary Dave Simpson.

However, he added that the Union would provide and subsidise as many students as possible for the demonstration.

A former Simon Milton, General Secretary of Manchester University Student Union, slammed the demo as "a stupid idea".

"I intend to see that nothing is done to support this demo. It is called for by a bunch of extremists who will end up wandering round London in the rain. I hope."

Beezy Marsh reports

Unfortunately this demo has not met with the same enthusiasm as its predecessors. Apart from exams and the date chosen, lack of funds has contributed to the poor response.



• Giving it a go.

Pic: Jeremy Marsh

AUT action may hit registration

By Paul Tait

Following the AUT's decision to reject the Government's 7% pay offer, there have been fears that they are to increase their industrial action.

Although the AUT decided last week that exams would be set and invigilated they decided to impose a "working ban" on the results. Speculations in the press that the AUT will also prevent the registration of students in the autumn, action that would possibly

go ahead on a scale although they will not be striking.

If this position is maintained by the AUT the Government will be advised that it will be obliged to increase the last pay offer.

The Universities, including Liverpool and Bath have agreed to Kenneth Baker for their share of the money, on the grounds that they are already raising an appeal scheme. This was rejected by the Ministry who were anxious to end the industrial action in its entirety.

Moz: 'I started something I couldn't finish'

By Julia Wain

Last Tuesday (April 18th) P&R Morris resigned from his post as Social Services secretary after continuous disagreements over policies with the Union Council. He said:

"I feel that I am no longer in the role of being an Executive Officer in a Union with such policies."

Working hard to put down

"Leaving the Union from the Leeds Reg and asking people to vote down is quite incompatible as members of the staff," he explained.

Moz's advice one of the reasons he took the post was to promote Reg's interest, knowing what the Union Council's stand on Reg was. "But Reg has come here for his registration to see me off - he's not," he added.

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"ver the moon Brian"

The substantial union elections held in the final week of the second term saw the election of Fiona Dickie as Active Co-ordinator and Robb Ferris as Leeds Student Editor. Carl Maull was also announced as next year's West Yorkshire Area NUS Councillor taking over from Jackie Nixon.

by Kitty Malrose

Fiona Dickie, polling nearly three times as many votes as her rival, Chris Dowdery with 442 votes to 176, commented on her resounding victory, 'I am gobsmacked but delighted, and would like to thank everyone who helped in the campaign'.

Remaining with confidence, the new Leeds Student, 'I know exactly what has to be done. It will be a successful year for Active! Robb Ferris, a top finalist and this year's past NUS Editor, gave of victory over Adam Haggelbach, the previous Editor, with 351 votes to 276. Plans plan to increase the paper's news con-

ent of local and national news events, and change the style and content of the arts board magazine.

On hearing the result, he said to his tough, smug and over the moon, Brian. We can all look forward to a 24 page Wednesday football fixture next year.

Carl Maull, the Poly's Vice President of Administration and



▲ Rogoal Gallery: Maull and Ferris.

Finance, had discussions from Park Lane College, Brisbane New Zealand, by 244 votes to 436.

Carl Ferris being 'very pleased' with his success, he speaks about his concern about the lack of interest in the election. 'The fact that six colleges in the area didn't participate means a lot of work has to be done. With the government attacks we need to be united as an area to have any hope of defeating them'.

One of Carl's aims for next year is to reduce the backlogging that further education colleges have towards the higher education institutions such as the Poly and LNU.



SASF bash raises cash

by Suzanne Kinosh

'Education for liberation' was the powerful message behind the South African Scholarship Fund bash which took over the Union last Friday evening.

With attendance in excess of two thousand the event succeeded in raising \$3,200, a third of the cost of studying the student of Two South African students at the University.

The Riley Smith Hall, the Doublet Bar and the Refectory attracted an array of entertainment put together by The Duke, Gai Jones, Suzy and Jerry Bude among many others and several of the best live bands in the

city. Gen Sir, Dave Hampton attributed the lack of any real trouble, despite the large numbers in the Union, to an understanding amongst students of the variety nature of the cause and the highly effective work-

ing and fundraising.

Through benefiting three students, the SASF and the University hope to make more money than to allow their potential and assist in the development of their own country where essential facilities are becoming sparse to them.

Will Wood, LNU, Northern Secretary said, 'We wanted to do something that raised the profile of the SASF. It gave all a good time and made a lot of money. We hope that the SASF Day is to be held towards the end of term, the proceeds of which will also go to the SASF'.

"A-levels not enough"?

by Emma Webb

Universities and Polytechnics need to seriously rethink their admissions policy for new students, according to a report published this week by the Government's Training Agency. These institutions, especially Universities, place too much emphasis on 'A' level results, claims the report. They focus their attention on students from the independent sector, often to the exclusion of bright candidates.

One of the reasons for this is that many of the universities and polytechnics are not doing well enough to attract the best students. The report is critical of the increasing emphasis on the number of 'A' level passes. There will be a diminishing number of 'comprehensive' candidates. Nevertheless these institutions are now required to re-examine admissions procedures.

The report also criticises the way in which many universities and polytechnics are continuing to put their emphasis on 'A' level candidates and are not doing well enough to attract the best students.

The report also stresses the need for an 'open' application process with the University Funding Council and the Training Agency. This means that all students should be able to apply for places on a wide range of courses. They should also give preference to local and regional candidates who are not 'A' level results, but are otherwise bright.

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Disaster fund set up

by Louise Reteman

Sheffield University has set up a disaster fund in memory of two students and a graduate who died in the Hillsborough disaster.

The fund set up by Vice-Chancellor, Professor John Gledhill, will go towards events in memory of the Joseph McCarthy a third year business student, from London, the Nancy Cox, a fourth year studying speech sciences, from Middlesbrough, and the Richard Jones, who graduated in chemistry in 1987, from Liverpool.

The disaster appeal has received a £10,000 donation from Liverpool University, which lost South Africa, a first year student, from Middlesbrough. Liverpool Polytechnic, which has developed strong links with the Liverpool football club, will also be donating a sum of money.



It was fun and games of the Poly last weekend when the Poly threw their doors open for an Open Day. An occasion worth dressing for! Vice Jimmy Marsh and Allen Gossett.



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Neil Aspin Talks!



At the University branch of the Leeds United supporters club annual dinner, held at the ground, Neil Aspin talked to Leeds Student about football, management and being the longest serving player in the current team.

Aspin is still a young man, he began playing what Leeds United were still in the first division under Alan Clarke, and after his first game against Ipswich was he which he had been pulled out of the first team he earned England manager Bobby Robson's attention. He has since played for Leeds United and after his first game against Ipswich was he which he had been pulled out of the first team he earned England manager Bobby Robson's attention. He has since played for Leeds United and after his first game against Ipswich was he which he had been pulled out of the first team he earned England manager Bobby Robson's attention.

Of the four managers he has served under, Clarke, Eddie Gray, Billy Bremner and Howard Wilkinson, Aspin lists the first three together. "They are all similar, they have the same ideas. They were all associated with the same period in Leeds history. Eddie Gray was artificial, he had no money to develop the team — and it was a big shock when he was sacked. Billy Bremner was also artificial with his results.

Wilkinson is totally different, he is the best equipped to take Leeds into Division One and he is much more thorough in his preparation for each game. He knows each team in

advance and is definitely more prepared."

When asked about squad levelling, he wanted no more. "Confused," he said, and then after a pause, "It's going to be hard, but we have a good chance to get into division one. Getting there will be difficult but once there we should finish in the top ten. Everyone knows how much competition there is in the team at the moment, and no one is happy when they are not playing, however this manager does his best to include the whole squad. When the team are playing, the reserves are practice in the same way to allow for late minute changes, and this gives everyone the feeling that they have the chance."

Aspin's best player at the moment that he would not automatically select is John Sheridan. "Put him into any side, Everton, Liverpool, Arsenal, and he'll play well. Speculation about him leaving isn't bad, it is simply a case of his confidence."

"In the youth side we have a keeper, Neil Edwards, and he's in the Wales youth side, and is a tip for the future."

The major difference in the side to how it was under Bremner is that the reserves are now used in the first team. "We train a bit harder and for more hours. We'll be even better next season." This extra fitness has been reflected in the way United

have finished recently, they are often the stronger side towards the end.

Asked which club he loved playing Aspin looked surprised. "I don't actually love any team, Leeds have to give a chance to any, however Chelsea are definitely the best team in the division at the moment, and I'm looking forward to playing them later." The Chelsea match ended up with a one nil defeat for Leeds in spite of their recent arrival in the transfer market.

"My favourite match, or run of matches are the FA Cup runs in 1987. When we beat QPR it was great and beating Wigan meant such a lot as we were through to the semi-finals. The game against Coventry was excellent. Another of my favourites was against Ipswich, top first match."

Asked about earlier in his career when he had to play a thriller, he said he felt he wasn't getting a fair deal. "The team was third from bottom and I wasn't getting a game. I had to think of my career. Having said that the club is a big club and it will mean a lot to get into the first division."

Leeds' hopes of promotion have been all but abandoned, but hopes are high amongst players and supporters that a well-led side will have a good chance in next season's second division.

Dreadlock Holiday (I don't like cricket.)

by Brian Murgatroyd

Despite the recent spell of wet weather, the country men's cricket season began their run on time on April 18, with a conclusive victory over local rivals, Ripon and

York college, by 33 runs.

The game revolved around a fine innings by opener, Kerry. No other batsman achieved his mastery of an awkward test wicket which inhibited wicketkeeper, Cox, and wicketkeeper Higgins and Powell, also reached double figures, but Kerry's 70 was without match.

In reply the visitors never came to terms with the demands of the condition, when making test wicket, otherwise defence and reckless attack. Leeds lost bowler Steve Cox, with four late wickets of minimal cost, but Gibson and Potts also made satisfactory debuts with the ball, given the conditions.

Leeds 171, Kerry 70. Ripon and York 28. Run

6-8, Goldslee 2-0, Gibson 2-0, Potts 2-0.

The University cricket team was entertained at South MESA on April 15th, and handed out a comprehensive 136 run defeat to the local team in a game played on Warraswood's artificial wicket club to the recent damp weather.

Leeds won the toss, batted, and after a solid but unimpressive start by Ross and Braden, wicketkeeper slipped to 40-3 in the second half. Cox tore into the visitors, bowling 24 of the 60 runs, finishing on 43 and very high pressure. He dismissed again another stump to 125-6, and it took some terrific hitting from captain Murgatroyd and good running from Hale

and Angus both bowlers, to see the total climb to 182-7. Since the opening 100-0 score had been achieved from a poor start when Rob, the pick of Leeds batsmen, achieved, took two wickets in successive balls. Newberry, Chris Lindsay, from Mills and Phil Hale also were amongst the wickets, but Leeds will often have done better than this for much less reward.

Disco Inferno

by Steve Watson

Five members of Leeds University Cycling Club started the British heats' road race championship was by Norman of Birmingham Poly on a hilly wind-swept course. The Sheffield Leeds University's Phil Hale took the University championship brace

medal.

A quality 40 man field rolled off for the 60 mile race, Records for time 1:15:17 being the first to reach. The establishment a good gap on the track and hoped to exploit the field's lead to leave the race to be decided amongst themselves.

Bowman the field was all together for the first sustained lead after a 30 mile descent and had only made the 1200 ft long climb was reached within the time limit a wicketed cold scheduled it was to prove decisive. For the time up a group of twenty was clear including Phil

Heath and Mike Park (LCC). However due to a puncture Park was dropped and after a second change, Park, Robinson, Steve Young and John Wynn left LCC's group clear. This was to be the leaders being pursued by several chasing groups.

As the lead group, Park was approached. But riders were away from the park, Heath took all night in the chasing group to take 10th place and third in the category competition. After a heroic effort that up the climb, Records for time a well deserved 1:18:00.

Flying duckmen

CLAY SHOOTING

by Ben Gooding

After a frantic auction and a last minute team overhaul, Leeds University were finally able to enter a four man squad into the BAC 1988 Shooters' Country Sports Annual Sporting Clay Shoot. The event was held on 1st April at the Midland Gun Club

Shooting Ground, near Birmingham.

For a 40 field competition, it was a somewhat varied course comprising 14 stands, including targets, figures, woodcock, spring, lead and very high pressure. The days are meant to consist of 10 sets of 10 birds, but of 4 pairs were shot each stand either in one pair or with the second half on repeat. The use of the Leeds team was Newton Brown who shot an excellent 32 on 40 with the initial encouragement of his brother, John Brown, who shot 28 on 40 and 19 on 40 on the second day of the event. He was con-

ty 14th shot of 40 Gals, being 10th in the 1st round and 1st in the 2nd round.

In the team event, Leeds were pleased to come in at 4th place out of 100 but were the only team losing more than one pair in any round. The Leeds team consisted of Sublime Adams, who was a long way ahead of their nearest rival, the Manchester team. Royal Agricultural College.

The Leeds team was 5. Park, 3. Gooding, 18.1. A. Mills and P. Thomas.

SPORTS

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER



Top Ten Rowers

Rowing

Last weekend the Leeds University Women's first eight ventured down to Old London Town to the scene of rowing. Putney, to compete in the largest women's head of the River in Europe for the first time. This year saw 132 entries overall, the largest in the race's 48 year history. The winning crew, Great Britain A, smashed the course record by 4 seconds beating Great Britain B into second place and Cambridge into third. The gruelling four and a half mile course was the same as that used for the Oxford and Cambridge boat race last month.

Defeated, the crew took the opportunity to display its support for the No Nukes campaign, each member waving a letter on their back to spell out their message out to the cheering spectators on the bank.

The developing women's spirit at Leeds inspired to produce a very pleasing post, three despite a series of personal setbacks, but after Christmas their boat was badly damaged in training by



the men's squad, increasing the pressure on the club's already over-stretched first boat. At the last moment the women were unable to take the club's flag to Tideway since a men's crew wished to

water the Yorkshire Head at Park on the same weekend. Thus the women left Leeds with their Maiden oar of the standard of best they would be rowing in.

In the end they were

able to borrow a boat from Thurso RC. It reflected well on the reliability of the crew that they managed to complete in a fairly unscathed and buoyant men's boat with only the distance to the

starting line in which to become accustomed to it, with no time to alter the rigging to suit a much lighter women's eight.

The start of the race at Clonsilla saw the Leeds crew immediately gain half a length on the Imperial College eight, and despite the pouring rain continued with a well paced run, maintaining the majority of crew in their class. At Hamersmith Bridge, an attempted overtaking manoeuvre resulted in a crash of oars and their sculls with the crew from Eps RC. However at this point the borrowed crew lost, faded leaving many of the club's oarsmen unable to meet the Leeds crew.

Towards the finish Leeds were up the rating and drove far faster, completing the course in 21 minutes 47 seconds, which put them in the top ten of their class in Great Britain having gained 44 places on their starting position.

Meanwhile the men were battling it out on a badly swollen River Ouse, the two senior four eights again relinquished their contact with gaily rowed crew the 1,000 metre course. The senior crew was hampered by a loss of finesse and the crew which must be defeated if Leeds are to maintain their high status within the Yorkshire region.

One of the main talking points after the little borough tragedy, now two weeks distant, is the 'safety' boats which contributed so much to the deaths of the 95 supporters.

What most people thought that these boats were excellent at stopping hulls from landing the pitch, there were only six at two late waves trying in the wilderness that they might cause serious injury to the crew of a craft.

The Porthall Sports Association was one of those, and another was the football fanatic, Wain Newtons' Crew. Two articles in this month and promising magazine last year made plain the charges of the British, and as Reginald Taylor has said time and time again in the hope that someone is as hearty might like the 'safety' crew ended in a pitch invasion.

The 'safety' thing is that the events during the semi-final, were preventable. They could also have been known. At the finished the disaster, everyone said that the death toll would have been higher had there been better boats around the head of the club.

Also, last season, during the fifth round FA Cup match between Leeds and Queens Park Rangers, West Ham supporters flew into the pitch because of crashing, and three persons said there could have been a significant situation if there had been fewer around the Loftus Road ground.

It is said that a disaster is easily preventable because such a tragic occurrence. The ironic thing is that the crowd did so much to cause local and the country one, and especially in West Yorkshire the grassroots feeling that the events should never happen again are felt all over the world.

Whether the Cup goes on this season is still uncertain, and the real thing is that the tragedy should never be forgotten.

2nd division blues

FOOTBALL
CHelsea 1 BEATS LUTON 0
By A. Nibbles

Borrowing the extraordinary, Leeds are to spend another season engaged in the promotion struggle from the Second Division. By losing them, Chelsea become the most worthy of managers for years, with four games still to play, and just eleven points short of 100.

For a match which was meant to be a showpiece, it was anything but. Instead had one solitary goal to see, while the highlight of Day's afternoon was a goal being scored at Tivoli's feet.

Chelsea and Luton are probably the most congenial striking pair in the Second Division, and could well see the few delinquent next year. It asks the most delicate

efforts of United's back four, marshalled superbly by Fairclough, to keep them out.

Chelsea's superiority over the other contenders from the Second Division is not spread evenly. What is thought, as their potential to hold their own at a higher level next season. For what was illustrated at Stamford Bridge was not Chelsea's class, although this was evident on occasions, but the poor quality of the rest of the division with whom they are compared.

As the game grew older, these and better on the side faded and the visitors' resistance began to look increasingly unconvincing. Except for Agnis whose status as a professional footballer continues to fall.

The goal still had an air of inevitability about it. Ten minutes into the second half John Bromford arrived at the six yard box to rifle a left wing cross into the top right

hand corner. Day, diving the other way got his leg in the ball but failed to deflect it.

In terms of possession and territory Chelsea were superb this time. But in a game of few chances, Leeds might well have scored when Williams shot wide from a cross, and when Fairclough underbroke Straker's cross and headed over the bar. Howard Wilkinson brought substitution Morrison and then sent into the action with 25 minutes left. Pearson was struck off with two minutes later with a damaged ankle, and Leeds were down to ten men.

From then on Chelsea really looked troubled. As they retreated, Leeds' deserted penitents in a desperate, 10-1,000 trapping. Leeds fans were left to contemplate another 'safety' season, and to assess their team's creditability for promotion next year. Most of them do credit agreed that there is much to be done.

Winning Row

WOMEN'S ROWING

The Leeds University Women's 1st IV obtained a double victory in Park on Saturday in the North of England Women's training day.

The morning was devoted to coaching by an experienced swimmer which proved decisive as in the afternoon Leeds won the spring regatta 9th beating Park University by 4 lengths in a technically excellent final.

In 12 o'clock there was the concept II regatta which distinguishes where the crew

row as far as possible in a growing 5 minutes.

Leeds had the advantage of having Tim Barnes in their crew who is the current North second holder and champion. On recorded an excellent score of 10.11 in the 1000m. Leeds' boat was also of Leeds into second place, Sarah, Carole, Jane Smith and Helen Golden and Alison Pearson also gave good performances to give Leeds first place beating the nearest competitor by some 200m.

This was an excellent day for Leeds and ladies will be the forthcoming Regatta season.

fixtures . . .

TENNIS
Friday 29th April
Woodhouse 11 courts
Saturday 30th April
Mead v Leeds Poly 11 courts
Friday 1st May Woodhouse 11 courts
CRICKET

Saturday 29th April
L.U.U. 1st XI v North Leeds Women
Wednesday 3rd May
L.U.U. Women v Durham
Saturday 6th May
L.U.U. 1st and 2nd XI v Nottingham
L.U.U. Women v Nottingham

TRASH

**Isn't She
Lovely?**

THE DECADE OF

7989

LIVING DANGEROUSLY



GARBONZAS!



Surf London hip-hop artists The Coakle Crew released their long-awaited debut album on Monday. **ADAM HIGGINBOTHAM** listened to it and contemplated ravenous conceptions of human beauty.

The Coakle Crew have spent much of the last year building themselves a reputation for making... er... "kilar" dance records, but have simultaneously developed something of an image problem. In an effort to ensure that they are not associated to either of the two prevalent images provided for female rappers—drain' brishes or giggling pop fluff they have released a series of grindingly petulant singles in sleeves adorned with scratchy images of petulant cypress women and accompanied by viciously petulant videos.

Unfortunately, when it came to bringing together material to accompany said singles on an album, the vicious grind seems to have evaporated, leaving only scratchy cypress petulance. As a result, the "Born This Way" (if it sounds as if The Petulant have been given a recording contract).

This effect is emphasised by the presence of "Got to Keep On" which surfaces from the record like a particularly pissed off Description and proceeds to tear the living shit out of every other track on the album. In the deftly south-west backwash of this demeritically fast swathe through modern dance music, even "Born This Way", in itself not throwaway toe-tapper, seems eerie by comparison.

Therefore, although tracks like "Pick Up On This" and "Freakin' Prowl" retain the frenetic tension of the singles, and "Came On and Got Some" sounds like the soundtrack to a speedy mob beating in an alley, none of them are able to touch the bass-driven urgency of "Got to Keep On." Guess that the album was largely produced by the members of creating New York hip-hop band Steinsapian who have been responsible for the quality of The Coakle Crew's singles to date, the overall result is not unimpressive, just not as good as it should have been.

JOE BOB BRIGGS is one of the finest critics to have come out of the Cinematic Age. An **ANDREW HARRISON** prostrates himself at his feet.

When Joe Bob Briggs goes to the movies he takes SIDEWALK WITH TONY. And he TAKES IT TO A BIG SIZE.

This is the account of Joe Bob being a critic and a dog. Joe Bob loves the drive in so much that he's seen 14,000 films "not under the stars like God intended" despite being 13 eggs on the sleeve of his first suit (they Joe Bob drove to The Drive in Peugeot 504's, 80,000 a dash of a more modest number).

Joe Bob used to review drive-in films for the Dallas Times Herald until some time in 1988 when the forces of economic inflation reduced an and DEATH HAS TAKEN OFF THE "WTF" pages of Texas for good. Here's why.

Joe Bob, you see, employs a unique system of cinematic appraisal. The bottom line is that, he rates each of these hour-long zero-budget exploitation movies according to how many pieces of blood are spilt, whether or not there's sex, the quality and quantity of space heaters, kung fu and other accidents, and of course how many "heads for performance" are laid.

Not exactly *Film '68* but lengthy discussions of TRUCKING TECHNIQUE and thematic treatment are not exactly what you're after when the film in question is *Knock-Out Power of Miss Teen Dr. Sexy*.

As he came ready for ATTITUDE OF MISOCK Americans go, Joe Bob goes to The Drive-In to bring back from that stuff. Plenty of exploitation are, big cars with oversized cypress. And women with names like Cherry Stupid and Vice Squad. And a history of the Nazis that HILTON WOLFE'S BOOK, THE WASHINGTON (MEMORIAL) HALL FOUNDATION, history and The (movie) (pervert) spirit, provide its details and through 3-D movie screens.

And that's all Joe Bob's screen to "We Are The World."

We are the world
We are the stars
We are the stars of the (WTF) world
We are the stars

In fact I'm beginning to suspect that Joe Bob is a right-up person after all, especially as this guy called cypress. Since seems to know a lot about what this track you'd expect. But so what?

And that's all that's all "Joe Bob Goes To The Drive In" takes more than three months old and dripping. That good.



born this way?

RAIN

maaan?

Leeds A Multi-Racial City

On Saturday, New Model Army played an anti-fascist gig in Leeds City centre. Andy Pemberton, goth time style guru, went down to join the militia. Picture: Armitage Sohn.

I was worried I don't mind telling you, I wanted to fit in with the New Model Army crowd. After a frenzied search of my wardrobe I realised I lacked the essential pair of chaps and black peaked cap. Never mind, I decided to strap two pieces of wood to my glutes, and stretch a bin liner over my head. It worked a treat.

Feeling like the 'King of Gooey', I stood there in the pouring rain, while old ladies of bus stops stared on, agghast. New Model Army were to be the highlight of the Leeds City Council's anti-fascist gig, an extremely worthy cause. But I reminded myself, I was here to talk about the pop not the politics.

New Model have never really developed beyond their vigilante rebel stance, first adopted around the time of the

Vergens mini LP. It's all light the good fight, down with Thatcher and beat the living shit out of drug peddlers and the problem will go away. Unfortunately things aren't that simple. Sleaz the Leveller, (it's a gear name, so welly, it's not), is undoubtedly sincere, yet obviously his political statements are as sophisticated and obvious.

The band play grunge rock at its word. Powerhouse drumming, pulsating bass and power chords, the list. The bass player looks like a cross between Elizabeth Taylor before the diet, and a rather unattractive mouse. He stomped around the stage, imitating rock historic, while Sleaz launches into the emotive rebel singalong choruses. The crowd go fucking crazy. The crowd are fucking crazy.

New Model Army will always be popular despite their obviousness. BECAUSE of their obviousness. Ultimately they are merely a clenched fist and an angry scowl. They display the same methods of expression as their political adversaries. I wonder, is it really necessary to fight fire with fire?



BALL THE WALL
NIR COHN
ALL THE ROCK
INTERVIEW BY
GEMMA BLEN

Left: Nick Cohen's book of rock wisdom.

ROCK OF AGED

'Ball the Wall' is the long-awaited collection of Nick Cohen's journalism, reviews, and pop music history - Cohen is the master of many of today's rock writers. PETER KAVIN agrees to share just one relevant bit writing in 20 years on...

Sounding even brighter than the earlier pearls of wisdom that Ball the Wall is credited with this like several rock of pop music history.

"Rock Pop generation must go further than the new before, it must feel as if it's doing everything for the first time."

Only Cohen could know this because he is an excellent species of rock writer. A talent sufficiently articulate and intelligent to explain why it is so easy to

become infatuated with the trashiest pop offerings but at the same time gazing unashamedly as even the most arrogant front men two-seconds. He is that insouciant teenager, the 14 year old French sociologist jacking up on 'Jackie' and just the right amount of sophistication to make sense.

The definitive piece inside 'Ball the Wall' is the short story, 'I am still the greatest man Johnny Angles'. In the same way that Scott Fitzgerald's 'A Diamond as Big as the Sun' is a fairy tale about great Johnny Angles' is a fantastically exaggerated guide through the minds of a hopelessly beautiful and neurotic pop idol and his pubescent admirers. Only this cerebral approach could re-ignite the

deserted hearts of Johnny Angles' (for himself) and his followers (for his politics).

So 'Ball the Wall' is more than 'a book about pop music' it is not reading big ideas from a minor work to say that the book gives some way towards understanding the sexual history of the western world. In the twenties women were encouraged to be selfless but now Valentine and John Gilbert, Ball the Wall emphasizes how in the fifties teenagers went through the same liberating process over Pussley and his ilk. The book gives were spread, "Bossett's" are living proof that the tenets of feminism has not yet subsided but where are the new Nick Cohens?

it's ten years since you know what,
in the following pages *trash* looks at
life under the Thatcher roof and asks:
"what does it all mean?"

ON and ON and ON

How Fleet Street greeted the bright new dawns. Each, it seems, bigger and better than the last

1 9 7 9

1 9 8 3

1 9 8 7



The Telegraph Jan 1979

"I expect neither party to be something Mrs Thatcher will find easy to get past... she will, I think, have the cautious, nobody else can."

"To truly, the nation does not love Mrs Thatcher. It has seen much of her on the face, but not so much of the real woman. Those who know her must have wondered how on earth a lady so spirited and vibrant, so vivacious, inspiring and quick in thought, could be thus persecuted and humiliated as she seems so restrained and low in life. It is our guess and hope that she will prove a hundredfold better than it now appears."

The Guardian Jan 1979

"When the moment to speak with a unified voice comes, there will be unopposed demand. Compare Glasgow and Gwentham and the quiet regions. It will be the major and most urgent task of the next division of Downing Street to find the lines that bring Britain back together again."

The Morning Star Jan 1979

"Ten years on the 13.6 million who voted Tory declare what they are going to get."

JULY 89: "There can be no success unless Labour's policies are formulated and applied which take Britain out of the grip of international capitalism."

Financial Times Jan 1979

"Mr Thatcher's Britain has emerged on its own, if it could run its country, as she can her campaign, there would seem to be few problems ahead."

Sunday Mirror May 28: 1979

"Mrs Thatcher is Britain's first woman Prime minister. It is an immense achievement. The bonus figure deserves great admiration. However, it was not Mrs Thatcher who won the election for the Tories. That distinction belongs to Sir James Evans and the other Trade Union leaders who did in the Labour government... it was like a British general ordering his cannon to fire on Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo."

Observer May 28: 1979

"It is worth to consider the defeat of last Thursday. The Labour party will have its first following a greater reason for the first time of the British electorate." (Anthony King)

The Guardian Jan 1979

"Her place in history is already beyond. Whatever else she is, Mrs Thatcher is not the Sublime Woman."

The Mirror June 9th 1983

"The results of the last campaign across the constituency have shown that the Labour vote is not only holding up very well... but increasing... a very big vote indeed."

The Sun June 10th 1982

"If we get a quarter of the votes, this will mark the end of the Labour party." (David Steel)

The Times June 10th 1982

"Only two years ago, Mrs Thatcher's administration seemed to have neutralised by the noise of dissent... all has now changed. The lesson for Mrs Thatcher today is obvious. It has no need to be translated into any message. Tony Thompson at Number Ten. She just has to maintain her nerve and continue to listen, listen, listen. She must listen to the people."

The Daily Telegraph June 12th 1982

"She has, in her own estimation, scored only limited success so far, but her measure of achievement has been related to the obstacles which have faced her. It has not been nearly so easy as it looks early this morning."

The Daily Express June 12th 1982

"It was a Eddie Vale Labour Centre that Mr Foot made his first speech of the campaign, a long burning mass of a speech about Socialist ideals. In the background you could hear the thud of squash balls as the leisure centre carried on its normal business."

The Sun June 10th 1983

"The victory is an immense personal triumph for Margaret Thatcher. It is due to her great qualities. Now the CHALLENGE to Maggie is to get cracking... right now. Clear away the road ahead... right now that means... goodbye Francis Pym!"

Morning Star June 10th 1983

"Britain seemed to have surrendered itself to another stretch of 'lory rule yesterday... Premier Thatcher has ridden back to office on the backs of the press barons."

GENERAL ELECTION		SEAT BY SEAT	
SUN		MIRROR	
CONSERVATIVE	318	CONSERVATIVE	318
LABOUR	112	LABOUR	112
LIBERAL	10	LIBERAL	10
UKIP	1	UKIP	1
OTHER	1	OTHER	1

THE GREAT MAGGIE MASSACRE

• 126-seat maj.
• Labour reeling
• Alliance boost

THE RESULTS: SEE PAGES 16, 17 and 22



The Guardian June 12th 1987

"Mrs Thatcher enjoys a third triumph and the divided forces of opposition look their wounds... we have seen the two party system disintegrate into a two and a half party system. Either the system itself changes. The most distant of prospects now. Or the politicians in the end begin to think the unthinkable. This morning that is still unthinkable."

Mega News

"A brilliant personal success for Mrs Thatcher, the ultimate proof that a leader does not have to be flexible or even capable to receive universal approval and respect, provided she can deliver greater personal prosperity to the majority of the people."

The Times June 12th 1987

"Mrs Thatcher's victory has put the Conservative Party back into the saddle in the North of the country... she has the opportunity and the mandate now to deliver those promises and to show Mr Kirkwood's throat for the dangerous scare-mongering they are... a remarkable personal triumph."

The Sun June 12th 1987

"Before the election there was talk that it would be Margaret Thatcher's last battle. That is now inconceivable. Denis will have to keep his golf club waiting. Carry on Maggie!"

"The people know what is best for this country... Thatcher's social revolution, not Kirkwood's socialist revolution."

Morning Star June 12th 1987

"The Labour Movement has no alternative but to go on the offensive to counter an all round assault... on the working class."

The Mirror June 12th 1987

"You've got another five years of her!"
"The great divide is even greater today. It is not just between North and South, though that is the most obvious sign. It is also between town and country. Rich and poor. Employed and unemployed. In the great British cities - Glasgow, Liverpool, Sheffield, Manchester and Newcastle - there is not one white Tory MP!"

RIGHT
STUFF

They say that everyone who was alive at the time can remember what they were doing when Kennedy was shot. But can you remember what you were doing when Margaret Thatcher was elected Prime Minister on May 4th 1979?

Me neither. We're constantly told what historic times we're living in, but somehow their memory becomes distorted to fit the model of the present day.

Today the Tory party in general and Thatcher in particular are believed to be successful by definition. Until the economy turned nasty recently, backbench pundits talked freely of government well into the next century. Utopia, with shares far all in every important industry and the state reduced to a wistful caretaker role, would surely be achieved by then, and the Tory party could relax for decades as the natural party of government.

How very different to the government's first term — one which was very nearly its last. Though its early Industrial Relations legislation — a Thatcher-Tebbit get project whereby Trade Unions would practically have to apply to the DTI for dispensation to strike — largely won the strike-sick electorate's approval, its austerity measures and attendant unemployment could have strangled the infant lion Maiden at birth had it not been for the Falklands War.

It was not hard to spot the war as the turning point for Margaret Thatcher at the time — the Tories have only rarely been challenged in the polls since, and her personal ratings have consistently shown that the electorate regard her as the most able party leader, however objectionable her style may be.

But in retrospect this surreal battle fighting South Americans for islands we all thought were off Scotland or somewhere appears now as the moment when Thatcher finally reconciled her public persona with her private ideal of herself. She became the Churchillian leader single-handedly embodying the best of her nation and leading it back to the true path.

We bought the revamped package. Margaret Thatcher has become her own public image in the

nation's collective mind. We've been saturated with issued bites and dished by the most accomplished management of public perception that British politics has ever seen, so that now we really believe that the Lady's not for turning, that there really is no alternative — for her if not for some of us.

"Conviction politics" is the internal Cabinet term for it — a belief in belief itself. If one's faith in the Thatcher vision of Tory values is strong enough then the reward will be a return to the Good Old Days when hard work was its own reward, all were happy in the boom of family virtue — the rich man in his garden, the poor man at his gate — and there were no troublesome scroungers, socialists or Meaning Minnies.

That these golden days of a happy global Grantham never existed at all doesn't really matter. The idea has been drummed into the heads of the voters in the Conservative heartlands, who think they remember them so well.

When Norman St John Stevas said "She can't see an institution without hitting it with her handbag," he meant it scathingly. But it's kept the Tories in power for as long that ridicule has become a fetish for the younger generation of Conservative MPs.

It may sink them. When Margaret Thatcher's Tories leave power it will more than likely be because she's run out of handbag targets rather than defeat by another party. Privatisation, equalised (progressive) tax reform, ministering the State's role in everything from the market to education — these are not policies a government can pursue forever, no matter how strong and convinced its leader is.

If it does it'll burn itself out, and I don't think history will judge it as the absolute and final Thatcher Revolution we're told about.

Rather it will see a quirky experiment in market fetishism, founded on a trick of public confidence that lasted a long time . . . but not long enough.

**Andrew
Harrison**



While most of the talk about Our century has been about the T and the rise of the New Right, it is worth pausing to reflect on the remarkable transformation of politics on the Left in Britain. Essentially what Thatcher has succeeded in doing has been to exploit divisions and tensions within the traditional institutions of the Left which have always existed but which the Left itself has been loath to accept. As such, her effect has been to re-orientational, engendering both defeat and re-thinking.

As a result, radical Politics has increasingly bypassed the corpses that pass for political parties newsworthy and taken refuge in a myriad of single-issue campaigns, whose tactics, approach and membership have reflected disillusionment with formal Party politics. Radical activists, for good or ill, are coming to revolve not around the party, but the individual.

In part, this reflects the stability of the British parliamentary system, in a period where the government's huge majorities, in terms of Commons MPs, has meant that what she says goes, but also it is a reaction against the essential

FT TO THEIR OWN DEVICES

REA on labour's factional free-for-all decade

conservatism of, it would seem, parliamentarism of every hue.

For nationally, Labour politics appears to have followed Alice through the looking glass. Whereas in the early eighties, Labour meant radical politics, but the presentation and image, as we approach the nineties, professional and slick imagery seeps from every political pore; yet at the heart of it all is a complete absence of any challenge, any radicalism, any POLITICS.

The early eighties inside Labour saw the high tide and watershed of revisionism, which at one point seemed poised to rejuvenate/demystify/infuse (choose your verb according to your political prejudice) the Party. Can you really believe now that the man with the pipe fought the man with the bushy eyebrows for the honour of serving under the man with the diffident cut and look of Nye Bevan quizzed?

Advocates, can you believe that we were offered the prospect of a Labour government promising full employment, refusal of Cruise, and major reform of the House of Lords? Halcyon days?

With Bannerman's demise, attention turned to a new Red Herring, National Labour politicians joined

with their parliamentary opponents in identifying a new threat; the dreaded... Loose Left. Moral Panic was the order of the day as we were encouraged to believe that in Leery London, Mobby, the Farnco Five and anyone, absolutely ANYONE who asked for black coffee or dared write on a blackboard would be labelled a vilest racist! What a pity they had to go and prove that half the Tories were made up of it. It was just getting interesting, man, losses, sorry, sorry.

The Tories, though, did have much to fear from the Left in Local Government. For in contrast to the abject poverty of Left Politics at the National level, Labour local councils had become the breeding ground for politics of a new kind.

In London, the GLC became the Right's "Bite Frog" as it bitted London with cheap fares, industrial planning and support for minority rights. The Tories hated it, the Parliamentary Labour Party did its best to drown it, but Londoners supported it. This was partly due to the most innovative use of advertising propaganda that the Left had seen, Radicalism plus imagination, a potent blend... Or it was until the Tories abolished it.

Meanwhile, in Liverpool, home of Douglas, the



Dockers and Deyse; the revolution finally arrived. Thousands poured onto the streets to praise the Council's massive housebuilding programme (complete with garden!), the first local council path to be started in a city in twenty years and (ready for?) NO CUTS IN JOBS AND SERVICES! Regardless of the political slant of its leaders, no-one could deny the depth of local support for its policies. As the council's popularity hit the high



ratings, councillors found themselves qualified from office for refusing to set a legal rate for the city.

Clearly, when the Left did get its act together to mount any challenge to the government, it was going to be met with full force.

The Thatcherites' eager and calculated willingness to talk on the organisations of the Left, and the inadequacy of tactics as which the Left had, traditionally relied, was never more evident than in the case of the miners' strike. Provoked into a confrontation at which the government had planned since they came into office, facing a major local split in their ranks, and with the example of Ian Macgregor's butchers of the steel industry as a warning of things to come, the miners leaders took what to many seemed the straightest decision since Adam ate that apple... at out on strike and, er, no talk. There was much to admire from the miners during that bleak year; subtle and effective leadership wasn't one of them.

All has not been doom and gloom however. The old-style, traditional Left may be in disarray but at the heart of the crisis, hopeful signs are emerging. Where the unions and the parties have failed, Greens are succeeding. As the combined effect of Holes in the Ozone Layer and Acid Rain from Chernobyl have partly undermined the myth that science and the market can cater for wilderness, our safety and progress, our leaders now fall over each other in their anxiety to prove who's the most green, whilst consumer boycotts of environmentalists' harmful products has shown that the actions of individuals can have some effect, when they are successfully channelled and concerted.

Furthermore, the arrival of Corbachow has injected new life into the disarmament process, despite the Canada-like attempts of Mrs Thatcher to frustrate the peace lobby. And lo! From the womb of the dinosaur has come a new, softer offspring, Tories who sell *Molax* not factional papers, who eat musk not bourgeois babies, who spell unilateralism with a M-U-L-T-I, and whose main achievement has been to prove that the children of '88 have finally come of middle age.

And Labour? Well, six years after the launch of Red Wedge, and with a wealth of radical politics to draw on, we are still seeing the same tendency towards conservatism which has been the story of national Labour politics for most of the eighties.

Altogether now, "Meet the Challenge, Make the Change"



There's out

...and there's out



...and there's out



FUN, LOVE

Already Radio Aire has started playing "Classic oldies" from the '80s." **ANDY PEMBERTON** picks over the entrails of the last ten years' teen raves (right), and charts the demise of AGITPOP below

Nineteenth music said that music should "glorify all these conditions and things which have the reputation of making man feel far once good or great or associated or wise." It obviously never heard Leonard Cohen. Nietzsche would agree that pop is a hop, a skip and a jump. Ultimately it is three minutes of singy, joyous crap. To attach to significance and weight to something so flimsy and ephemeral, is like leaving the future of the workers' revolution in the hands of Gary Davis.

Politics has been present in music since the "good king Richard reigned in the west a merry" or, "sahad of Habb music, around the seventeenth century. Unfortunately most of this was rustic crap, and most people preferred the theatre. Politics in music in the Eighties was the degenerate child of punk. The Clash could never like no-one else, when Joe Strummer looked angry, you knew he had the weight of all our consciences nudged into the front of his bondage trousers. The rebel stance was a central factor to the Clash's success. Unfortunately despite the excellence of the records, a lot of it was total bubble. There were never "Sex guns in Knightsbridge", but loads of expensive shops, and a Macdonald. Thing is "Herbich is in Knightsbridge", doesn't sound half as groovy.

It is a general question, how much did Strummer, whether an actual activist in terms of raising political consciousness? The first time I thought about politics was when I was about thirteen, listening to The Jam. But for me, shouting angry was enough, you could jump about to it and look really hard. Thatcher had just got it, and music could, maybe, will make a difference. Sing 'you all Thatcher' and maybe she'd go. It seemed possible that Youth Culture could have an effect.

It was perhaps the "Rock against Racism" gigs that can make the best claim to political significance. This certainly played an important part in curbing the growth of the National Front, however often it's significance is overstated. In 1979 Margaret Thatcher remained on television that British people were alarmed at being "swamped by people of an alien culture." In the following general election classist candidates ran to the Tories in the hope they would halt immigration. The NF must have seemed unnecessary.

The Specials, The Beat, Madness, all stressed their anti racist stance, yet this didn't stop brainless Rocks of Salfords from attending their gigs. The Two Tone movements seems even more local and slow, but still the thick bastards didn't get it. The problem with political lyrics is that however subtle one may try to be, it inevitably descends into dogma and

up a young young wiser, and Billy Bragg had the trousers that contained. Billy was sincere, he nailed his colours to the flag and wanted to get the life involved. Unfortunately it never came across as a blatant attempt at indoctrination, and succeeded in convincing the converted. Mind you if you thought Red Wedge was silly, you should hear the Labour Party's latest release. "Meet the challenge make the Change". It makes Bernard Cribben's song about a hole in road seem, well, slightly less unambiguously crap.

While, at the beginning of Thatcher's administration anything seemed possible, ten years in power had shown rock protest to be totally impotent. People were not swayed by political pop, and Thatcher's unassailable position, showed political pop as trying to shoot up a tank with a pop gun. You can't change attitudes with a song and a pair of tight trousers.

Today, it is single issue politics that pulls the crowds. U2, Simple Minds, Peter Gabriel have all learnt that politics can sell. Stadiums all over the world are full of millionaires, breaking off their Foucaussian coffins, thus taking to the stage, singing about how much they care. They all stress consensus' issues. Be the liberal humanist pose through to Rome. He may be sincere, but standing on a stage singing, "Let's all love each other", is not enough. He states the startingly obvious, so no-one can be alienated. He's never one-looking, he doesn't look for masses who. The audience witness his arms and legs. "You know, tell him it is...", then goes home. Has he to say. Watcher tells. Gens pissed. How much good does it actually do in terms of raising consciousness? which is where we came in.

Perhaps the most potent political force of late has been Public Enemy, Jungle Brothers, Eric B and Rakim and acts. For the first time music has been truly dangerous.

Pop has got too trendy while liberals live in parenthesis of fear but two reasons. Firstly, the black super-racist message of Hip Hop artists like Public Enemy speaks directly to a disenfranchised black youth, and is only palatable for the white liberal if its message is diluted or fairly ignored.



stagnating. It is difficult to say. Don't vote for Thatcher in a subtle way. Only Eric Burdon actually succeeded in producing subtle political pop, in the shape of the excellent and fallible song, "Shipbuilding". All other attempts inevitably end in the message being reread as the business of profit, and therefore ignored or disregarded.

The Redskins, subversive of the traditional workers party, set Marley's "Gee Ragga", to music and made it desirable. They actually managed to make dogma sound sexy. It is difficult to imagine Black Africa and Womans setting Holloway's "Loverman" to an acid soundtrack, with someone screaming in the background "state powerlessness". The fact of the matter is that right wing ideology is not semantic. If music is the language of feeling, romanticism is Afrikaans. Singing "I really want to dig your Fine Metal Economy" will not win the war. However, if you really clever, you can get round this problem, and sing "Yes, Love and Money" instead.

Which brings us to Red Wedge. Labour wanted to get an entry in "The Doctrine of Gravity", and notch

So here we are at the death of a decade. Standing on the precipice of an unknown future, looking into the void below and feeling fairly ill. This has been the decade that ushered in Thatcherism as a dominant political force; saw increasing paranoia about the outbreak of AIDS; a small war with a 3rd American country; an ozone layer with a 50% perforation as a PG, Sig T-Bag; the vogue for "Temp" entering the Oxford English Dictionary; the Australian cultural invasion; and snooty Lots of It. Everywhere. We see the trend-like Wyclef's well-filled trousers affront our obscenity every day around two time, well, occasionally.

The fall end of the seventies had been the rock of punk. Flo. It was sex. People said "hello on telly, punk's wore tight trousers, and the just didn't give a flying fig for what establishment thought. Music and youth out was dangerous for the first time since Jagger stuck his bum out. Parents have to remember my mum being so outraged about getting in public that she refused to chat to me. I was young, really young, and just a cunt.

Sadly it didn't last. The Six revival bands to be the last of the young soul rebels. If any of the Eighties have been the age in which pop got old, got a mortgage, drank Anal Aids, and left to One Direction. By the end of the decade it was to be stadium rock, compact discs and Chris Gough singing songs about his wife. How do you remember in public that she refused to chat to me. I was young, really young, and just a cunt.

So what happened? How did we get from here to here? Can we ever forget about Mrs DeBor and be groovy again? Will Savers ever, properly, come back into fashion? Your Jim starts here...

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.

Millions of years ago, a small, slimy, wet with a ridiculous haircut, crawled out of a primordial swamp and started to breath fresh grow short stubby legs and wear a kilt. The descendant of Kevin the Slimy Wet Fish was Kemp, guitarist with Spandau Ballet. By 1985 had fulfilled his destiny and invented a new genre. They lived out around London, they had short stubby legs, and wore Kilt Evolution is a wonderful thing.

The most important development of this was undoubtedly the video. At first it seemed no longer would it be enough to produce music - it had to look pretty too. Bands like Wet Wet Wet and Curiosity Killed the Cat would not exist if they looked the content, style, and image. In many ways this could be seen as a triumph. Fat, ugly, disgusting old bastards like U2 had wouldn't get a look in. Unfortunately, an Eighties work on, it became clear that fat, ugly, disgusting old bastards were buying records. Coffey was pleased. He was, after all, a fat, ugly, disgusting old bastard. Now he could be rich and get his bloated face on top of the Pop



Secondly the gold teeth, penis inserted metallic linings of rappers like L.L. Cool J., do not quite square with the right on music press. Rapping "My dick is gold coloured and bigger than Wyclef's", is rather "sacred".

But they're essentially expressing the aspirations of a suppressed minority in what is, after all, an essentially more capitalist system, guess the line. All that bellocks makes their feel better at MME Towers anyway, where the residents are happier to patronise a massed style queue big enough to look after itself rather than give just to fit in (no culp in many) feelings. One over his ridiculous sexism and language levels.

And there lies the rub, for those blatherers get to sell on the virtues of politically liberal pop will always want to keep it distant to themselves.

The hope is that some will always have their views to be heard. If you accept left wing politics must see also view the stage to Neo-Fascist bands like "No Remorse", and "Snowdrift"? And I think we all know the answer to that one.

&

MONETARISM

BRUCE JONES/REUTERS/GETTY IMAGES

the time, as well.

This "new" (but) older audience would have further consequences. Because the market for pop was much broader, bands had to appeal to various ages. Outrage was no longer on the agenda. Mr and Mrs Volvo would not dig a band singing "Piss Off, Piss Off, here we are old crumbly gits you're so ancient to booze." Shock was out, acceptability was your passport to mega-bucks.

I AM A DALEK!

Ready to exploit the new medium were bands like QMC, Human League, Ultravox and Tears for Fears reared on technology and Kraftwerk. Electronic pop was the perfect soundtrack for the



rest, elaborate images. They were groovy enough for the kids to go apeshit, they were pretty, and Iron Volvo could buy the record without feeling like a complete prany.

Image had risen to a new importance, and singing, was Adam And The Ainos. Two drinks, lots of make-up, and lyrics about Red Indians, I was an art person.

"Muz." I said, "I'm an Art Person."
"Really, Andrew, that's er... accurate!"
"Do Diddy you gas, da diddy you gas!"
"Stop showing off, you little git."

Despite the huge contribution of Modern Orchestra, squeaky clean Haricot 100, and the attempts of *Beakhouse* music to make everyone an owner on the kitchen line supported only by the receipts, 1983 was the year of the super-rich. Wham!, Culture Club and Duran Duran enlisted the artists. Culture Club introduced none of sexual ambiguity into an otherwise diluted pop firmament. Boy George would have his truly subversive, had he not turned into the very La Ra of the Pop-wave. Stating that he altered a cap of his to look and appearing as a lion on a champagne tower and, worst of all, with older sister, in 1983, got above. It was a glassy eye and glazing it now also safe, but it did need someone to show a shortbread, over to underpans.

Frankie Goes To Hollywood put the business card, the net and the picture down their as

well. The whole bit. "Relax" was rude, and the great "Cry On Up the British Public," went better. Everybody there sprang up. "Frankie say... British culture is so hopelessly assually recessed that all you have to say is 'come', and you'll shake the hemorrhoids off everyone in sight and set lots of records." t-shirts. It was also a great disco record. Shock and scandal could still sell, but soon a social conscience would be worth not hell of a lot more.

Live Aid in 1985 was, as well as an extremely worthy cause, a punctuation mark in the history of English pop. The beast that was Stadium rock, had been kicked in the dangleys by punk. It had wined but now it was back. U2, Simple Minds, and Queens boosted their popularity through Live Aid, raising income economically viable. Since then, there has been Sport Aid, Mandela Day, Ferry Aid etc.

This marked the complete acceptance of rock in terms of mainstream culture. Pop was no longer the voice of rebellion, of the disenfranchised, it gained a social conscience and with it, respectability. The world could use the huge market that pop music commanded, every viewer could spend five quid on an album. Big business suddenly realized, that pop equals pounds and they moved in. Unwittingly, Live Aid was partly responsible for the death of the music pop thrill. Never again would pop be "just for kids".

Corporate supergroups such as Die Straits and the likes of Sting offer the "serious music" on CD to those who won't look beyond their nose.

Leslie lies to Sebastian and remarks, "I've just got this new Straits LP. I mean it's a good much better than all that chest rubbies. I mean Knopler is just a great guitarist, and his lyrics are soo moving." It's like a fat basing man in light bender trousers with his wings of thin hair gelled upright, trying to be sexy. Mature pop, a contradiction in terms.

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A LEVY'S COMMERCIAL

Another symptom of the realization of the marketing power of pop, has been the use of classic soul tracks on adverts, particularly the Levi's advertisement. It's not an especially clever thought, to match someone's spending bottom, to money records. But it worked a treat. Suddenly everyone thought, "So fuck, the sales must have been magic. All those great records, and now it's still. It's going to buy myself some shoes, and the record too." In this way, records are sold.

Meanwhile, on the sidelines there have been other movements, sucking ability. Heavy Metal, once entirely unbankable because divorced with the occult and major rebellion, has grown up



into a six foot four acrobat, obsessed with the occult and insubordination.

Hip Hop and Acid have gone from underground excitement, into mass incantation. While Acid could've only been a craze, its content ultimately limited and therefore its appeal ephemeral, Hip Hop and noise pertinently rap, has retained its dignity. The unlikeliest content of artists Public Enemy, reason they can never be consumed by the corporate pop monster. You can't imagine Gary Davis bleating on Top Of The Pops, "Here's the latest boppy track from the Jungle Brothers. 'Black Is Black'."

Today, we have the advent of World Music with trendy yuppie presenters unable to string a sentence together, exorcising their guilt on bands called "Les Ballets du Chien", from an exploited, economically dependent foreign nation. Either that, or foreign culture is appropriated and made palatable for western cultural bias.

So here we are. The lights are about to go out on this decade and there is but one thing left to say. Throughout the barrage of fads and fashions one factor has remained constant. These palled anodyne marriages failed in life and supermarkets. They make crown green bowls seem riveting, and are inevitably limited to an car stereo by sales reps. However, Has and Cry, these non-descript bands, scattered casually across dancefloors all over the country. They're like adverts for pensions and insurance. They'll never be there, you can't read them.

What does this do when you get old? They carry on. In the morning, the Sledge will remain. The Rolling Stones will embark on another tour and there will finally, properly, really be a big way this time, come back, the Nation. Can't wait.



SHOP TILL YOU DROP

Development of Consumerism in the eighties has been untrammelled — Britain seems to have acquired some of the horrible consumerisms of the United States.

"Shop Till you Drop", "I shop, therefore I am", "Born to Shop" — such phrases as these have become intelligibly linked with society of Britain in the '80's. Is this an unconvincing move towards blatant capitalism, or is it merely the beginning of a more open and extensive market economy, indicative of an increased opportunity and prosperity due to Thatcher's economic initiatives?

Whether one wishes to be disparaging about it or not, a change has taken place in the way society as a whole approaches purchasing and gratuitous spending. The *Pat Shop Boys* may have quietly poled fun at those with a problem when it comes to S-H-O-P-P-I-N-G but the proliferation of cheque cards and the incessant increase of their limits as well as immediate credit limit increases has led to an increase in the money we spend, and an expansion of the range of what we buy. 'Shopaholics' have emerged as a phenomena of the Eighties — an obvious result of our lifestyles today. Glossy images of the perfect couple childlessly stare at us from every billboard telling us to buy and thus improve our lifestyle/virtu/amiability. We are constantly offered the bounteous advantages of cosy materialism, in a recent survey for one woman's magazine, 42% of women found spending money on new clothes or make-up the most effective way of relieving stress — I know many who would say the same of the therapeutic effects of spending large amounts of money on records.

The media has recently given high profile to those people who are the 'apexes of the

modern shopping woman" — Imelda Staunton's shoe collection for instance gained a decidedly unearned amount of media coverage while The Princess of Wales, Mrs Gorbachev and Nancy Reagan are covered by newspapers and periodicals worldwide for their wardrobes, and hence for their materialism.

In England we are luckily not yet afflicted by endless onerous television adverts selling direct — but, don't worry, teleshopping is on its way. Something which has lost its stigma already is the "Catalogue". Once the humble catalogue was held only as the fine purchases' dream — if anyone was going to be able to get your Arstad of neat, teak tables on the cheap, then it was going to be Grettler's. Yet things have changed. Lulu, Cilla Black and girls who look like '80's are telling us from numerous magazine inserts that it IS alright, in fact, it's even hip, to shop from a catalogue.

The most immediate effect of this acceptance of the catalogue into the middle class shopper's lifestyle has been the extension of its usage by megas such as Habitat and Next (but remember, Next's is not merely a catalogue, it is a 'Directory'). For some, such as the handicapped community, the importance of catalogues is obvious but for lessor-shoppers it appears to be unnecessary: "It is too solitary a function which strips shopping of the joy of social interaction", says one shop-horized individual. Habitat and

Next are shown as that we can buy our whole lifestyle in one interest-free package, without even stepping out of our minimalist apartments while M & S have given us couture dinner party folders in cartons. Next shops seem to reproduce themselves in various guises with quite alarming speed — perhaps Leeds will one day end up as just one big Next shop — 'NextDanada', 'Next-Euro', 'Nextland' etc.

Fashion is an obvious accessory to this materialism and has increased in profile in the last ten years. We see pop stars relying heavily and successfully on clothes and fashion for a recognizable image. ABC and Frankie Goes to

Hollywood perpetrated the 'designer pop' and Paul Rutherford and Holly Johnson decided up in Yamamoto and Gaultier even got H pages in *Vogue*. Now the PSBs have now cashed on their own materialistic, age-product-orientedly we have Morrissey as a state



ever to pick up on another one society's failings, declares scathingly "I would go out tonight, but haven't got a stitch to wear". As J. Burchill puts it: "There has emerged a whole philosophy of cut, cloth and so on conscience. The chic shall inherit the art." And Maggie seems to have caught on to philosophy — she was the first Prime Minister to host a 'Cocktail Party' at Number 10 in honour of British fashion designers and to buy back in 1985 and it was Norman Tebbit who gave a £2m. grant to help small firms in the textiles and clothing industries. Yet doesn't seem to have endeared her to many of the big names in fashion.

It was Katherine Hamnett in '87 who effectively "politi-classed fashion" with her self-publicized and much copied T-shirts 'Say It in '88', 'Save the World' and '98% don't wash', as well as her designs for the Labour Party. But how much good did that really do? This was a statement from a woman who clothes sell to those well into the 'rich' bracket and anyway, a Burchill says again (a contradiction perhaps?): "The way you dress is meaningless".

This decade has been widely described 'the money-loving '80's'. In a Harris poll in June 1988, 61% think Britain is a more affluently society than it was ten years ago and, more importantly, more than 48% think it's a more unhappy one.

by
Gay
Flashman



1989

ING DANGEROUSLY

just say

ed to vices, isn't it? Frank Bough, icon of bull-porn middle-age, wearing nothing but one of those oblong horn-like jumpers depicting aches, green hills and rainbows, bequipped across his living-room carpet by a role prostitute eager to play with his dingy and push cocaine up both his nostrils with

but that," they remarked in the offices of as they set the words "BREAKFAST TV AND SEX SHOWS" for their front page last . Some even went so far as to suggest that, able role model for every middle class opti-looker may have finally overstepped the

berken, sitting back with a nice mag of and watching the Six O'Clock News in his own in Swinton, was inclined to agree. L-er than four years previously, he had started the world with his sordid revisions of Becket and Marjanna Mayhew, but in 1983, in-terested, he was pretty sure he had n- it, in fact, he thought, as he tapped the last ash onto the floor and a small coffee-sol-ible fly floated over his head, he was certain he had chomped.

had come to the attention of both her and the "True Society" since was the high profile drugs had assumed since his confessions of use, had been somewhat by the middle year it was difficult to walk to the corner buy a packet of digestives without a liberty- on a 20-foot hand-drawn warning you that Screen Test Us. Your average 1979 note new found this idea alone difficult to cope a store the concept of their favourite "M-er" presenter snoring Bolivian Marching in industrial quantities. Something, it has happened.

mb, we are apparently confronted with rip-plecs fitting around our ears and absolute lack of creative deft down in sheets from eebawing sides. The conchords of "George Zamora jacking up in the doorway of the fly doors. Steering every character in that icy accurate social barometer "Eastenders" one time dipped into the Devil's P- W' Ma-

Even your granny is probably able to give you a detailed breakdown of the heliogenic dif-ferences between Red Lads and Marooned Back. And all this in just ten years.

This enhanced awareness of the drugs problem actually originated six years ago. In 1982 your average smackhead suddenly discovered that knocking off the odd taster was no longer profitable enough cash to buy a couple of groceries of 'Hank's' every week. A week-long heroin drought and the workings of the free market economy had ensured that surreptitiously unglugging small kitchen appliances the length and breadth of Merseyside wouldn't support a habit. The resulting rise in drug-related crime across the country finally gave national newspapers an angle on the curi-osity problem they felt would appeal to their readers.

Of course, heroin became a Menace, an ineluctable horror lurking over the nation; everyone from the Daily Mirror to Letter Reviser could be part of the Crusade. The media, in an agonising fever, went to town. The tabloids eagerly sopped upon the orientated outcrops of the slang phrase "Crusing the dragon" to attribute the entire smack problem to an alien culture. More importantly, it gave them the chance to run big headlines in cad Chinese script next to half page illustrations of fierce oriental dragons.

The previously unexplored proportions of The Drug Problem, spewed forth in Smack Menace Social Issues, TV Smackathon Extravaganzas and books with titles like "Ball Destruction For Pure Profit". It rapidly became clear to the populace at large that practically anyone could be a drug addict. Even old, grizzled Mr. Gainsborough at number 22 could be One of Them. In fact, he probably was. After all, he owned the house, did he? And he had a foreign name.

This nationwide concern, of course, did not diminish the news-value of further startling revelations about streetwise needle dealings. Thus, by the mid 80s Boy George had been transformed from an orch-maniaculator of the press into the dazed and shaven-headed subject of revisited front-page splashes.

Driven forward an tidal waves of sensationalist publicity, Mrs Thatcher, never slow to pick up on such things, became aware that this drug problem had escalated from irritating sideshow into an

Agenda Issue. And Lo, Nancy Reagan's U.S. "Just Say No" anti-drugs campaign turned up in this country by way of a cocking single by the "George Hill" rest, and gritty TV ads suffused in grim and despite seemed to not to be off and jack up nicely because it sounded like a good idea.

Needless to say, whether the actual effect of such action as the advance of the Drugs Horror through the ranks of British youth, the campaign hardly did the government any political damage. Iting seem to respond to popular pressure in mounting an anti-drug campaign in the first place had already impressed Mrs. Thatcher's scoring on the national Gipperment in some degree. However, more significantly, the idea of a Mercurial Drugs Menace had played both of his shrewd and ideologically hard, fire firmly in the national consciousness. This concept of a looming and merciless threat of infectively coloured perceptions of all drugs, resulting in a demand for exceptional policing measures. What this remarkably innocuous phrase actually means is that a large gang of brutal thugs dressed as law enforcement officers of some description -- say, traffic wardens -- could at any time leap out of an alley and justifiably beat you to death with starting handles on the back that you looked a bit like Mick Jaws.

The awful truth divulged about 'Bough's' last career nearly converted this situation as the convictions of public opinion hardened. As one of the most comfortable armchairs in Aerle Best's case parlour of presenters was revealed to be more corrupt than Beethoven and all his little devils put together, people began to realize that even semi-deified and invulnerable establishment figures could be corrupted.

As people begin to wonder if there wasn't a bit of a distant look in the Queen Mum's eyes last time she was on TV, George "Who" Bush announces his own drugs "Crusade" to combat "the most serious peccotine threat to our national well-being". If he self-righteous overblowing crosses the Atlantic like Nancy's did, then maybe you'll soon be able to buy top-quality rock cocaine in the Royal Park and send it through a rolled up copy of the Beano. By then, if a more rational approach toward the issue of drug abuse has not been adopted, at least in this country, then it won't be just Boughs who's trouble.

PROBABLY

ADVERTISEMENT

MEAT
SEAT
MANIFESTO

AT MONDAY CRAIG'S
INDIE POP FUNK
ABBA SOUL ALTERNATIVE
BEER: 70 PENCE
8 0 0 7 0 2 0 0
FREE BUS HOME
CURRY EAT IN - TAKEOUT
ADMISSION: FREE BEFORE
10.30 £1.00 AFTER
WITH UNCOM CARD
FOUR HOSTS THE VERY VERY RICH CLUB
84 NEW BROAD ST
NO DRESS RESTRICTIONS

PHASE II
OF TRASH'S
THATCHER
RETROSPECTIVE
LEAVING THE
1980's

NEXT WEEK...

PERSONAL

ARSENAL FILM

My life's worth nothing to you. Filmed in an atmospheric Philosophy department.

Congratulations Helen and Kasey on the birth of your baby baby blasphemous. Love Rick A.

Many thanks to those who visited the LGL last time. John Leo xxx

Fadedluck, I like the way you write ...

One little piggy to market. One little piggy stayed at home. One little piggy went to school.

One little piggy is vegetarian. And not enough piggy went with all the WIND BANDY. Every Tuesday, 5. Clubworkers base

Thanks to the bar for all your good work on this town. "Sailing" Congratulation to Rob and his mission to the one beautiful view to all from the incumbent. Yewca

SERVICES

THESES etc (RSA 3 qualified) no JN)

ANNOUNCEMENT DO YOU FOOD?

We need volunteers for studies evaluate certain foods reward for taking will be FREE LUNCHES - comprising levels of your diet and as much as you eat!

If you are interested please leave your card a contact address or number (home day) or Enquiries in preference of Psychology Dept meet as in the lobby of the Psychology Dept at least 1pm-2.30pm on 3rd, 4th and 24 May.

Thanks
Dr Peter Rogers
Tonya Lambert
Lorraine
Allison Inadek



HURRAH! (above) are playing at the Duchess of York on Tuesday 2nd May. Followed by Phil Smith.

For a band who are only just about to release their second full album, HURRAH! seem to have been searching for their slanted 15 minutes all time for an awfully long time. Their debut LP, the appropriately titled 'Till God I'm Here' was received to a vast amount of critical acclaim and a proper kind of commercial success. The first single from the LP,

"Sweet Sonny" captured the sheer energy of HURRAH! and proved to be a much-needed reminder that rock 'n' roll can still get the emotions.

New HURRAH! have returned after nearly two years silence with a new single "Big Sky" which feels familiar territory with its anthemic chorus and usually rock format, and a tour to promote it. Their live sound which places the emphasis on commitment rather than eclecticism should be eminently suited to the confines of the Duchess and on long as they haven't got any of their fire over the last two years, they should be well worth a visit.

GIGS

ASTORIA, 139
Reynolds Rd. (J0V014)
Mon 1st May THE
CRYSTALS
Sun 2nd May THE
OUTSIDE BAND, THE
FOUR BROTHERS,
EDWARD T. AND THE
RED HOT POKERS
Wed 3rd May THE
HYPLASIS
Thu 4th May
SOMEBODY'S
BROTHER

DUCHESS OF YORK,
Water Lane. (J12V29)
Fri 28th April WILKO
JOHNSON
Sat 29th April
WRECKLESS ERIC
Sun 30th April JOHN
STRONG
Mon 1st May 2001
AND THE ROOTS +
NEW MARKET CROSS
Tue 2nd May
HURRAH! + CATIE AL
COUGHLIN
(see Miscellaneous)

IRISH CENTRE, York
St (J08007)
Tue 2nd May SIGUE
SIGUE SPUTNIK

LEIGH (J10017)
Fri 28th April THE
WEDDING PRESENT
Thu 4th May POP
WILL EAT ITSELF

LEIGH (J10017)
Sat 29th April BENNET
GARD, SHABON,
GUEMADA, JOHNNY
LUMPS THE
BANDWAGON and two
special guests play the
Tavern Bar. Organized by
Kirstall Volley and
Leeds Campaign
Against the Poll Tax

WAREHOUSE, 19
111 Forester St (J18287)
Sun 20th April THE
MEN THEY COULDN'T
HANG
Mon 1st May FRANK
SIDEBOTTOM

Hyde Park Plaza,
Heath, Southall
Heath, Middlesex, Ux. W5
7LJ
Fri 28th for some days
MARCHANTER 7.30pm
Late nights at 7pm, Fri
28th HOGARDEL
Sat 29th BLUE VEGET

Leeds Centre, Park
Lane, Leeds, Leeds
LS1 7JL 7106 078902
BARHAMAN 5.00pm,
8.10pm, Sun 2.00pm,
7.30pm

Osdon Cinema, Upper
Bridges, Leeds LS1

No. 420011 Adm. £2.80,
£1.80 with under card.
1. MY STRAPDORSE IS AN
ALBUM 12.30pm, 2.15pm,
3.30pm, 8.15pm
2. WORKING GIRL
10.30pm, 2.15pm, 5.15pm,
8.10pm

3. KAPMAN 2.30pm,
3.00pm, 8.00pm

4. THE ADVENTURES OF
BARON MUNCHHAUSEN
11.00pm, 2.40pm, 5.15pm,
8.00pm

5. LADY AND THE TRAMP
12.30pm, 2.30pm and
THE ACCUSED 5.15pm, 8.10pm



This is the hour ... this is the time ... this is POP WILL EAT ITSELF. The Poppers are on Poly Patrol on Thursday night — dandruffy Grebopop and a splendid time are guaranteed ...

MUSIC

Monday 1st May
1.50C Book Club
Women's Meeting, Hobbs
House, 9.30pm
SATURDAY MARKET'S
MARKET FLEA MARKET
Queens Hall

Tuesday 2nd May
1.50C Malpas
Remembrance Day Meeting,
Rill Hall, 8.30pm

Wednesday 3rd May
CATHOS, Poughams's
Lunch, Catholic Community
1.30pm, 40p, proceeds to
CARDIAC, followed by
Ladies Committee Meeting,
2pm
LEIGH ANTI-CULTURAL DIS-
SENT, 15 Cultural Societies
with stalls, free food from
Love Action, Reaction, Faith
and Jewish societies. Also
shows, singing etc from
Bollywood, Nigerian
choir/choir, plus at 1.00pm,
performance post 50 ANTI
from Black Arts Alliance,
music, videos, exhibitions,
possibly a stall based in
Oxley Extension. All
sponsored by Uncle Ben's
Kiss — free sampled

Thursday 4th May
1955 meeting — "The
Roads of Kansas" — 1.00pm,
OSM Leverage, all welcome
COMING UP
Derbyshire Hall Summer
Ball. Taken on sale in Union
Extension at lunch times, £20
— tickets selling fast, over-
booked first day, buy now!

FRANK
Leeds 11.30pm, 2.40pm,
5.05pm, 8.30pm, plus Sat
11.30pm
3. THE DEAD POOL
1.00pm, 3.00pm,
5.05pm, 8.30pm, plus Sat
11.30pm

Cottage Road Cinema,
Cottage Road, Leeds, Leeds
LS2 7JL 751906
Adm. £1.80, £1.80 with
under card
THE ADVENTURES OF
BARON MUNCHHAUSEN
8.00pm, 8.10pm, Sun
5.15pm, 7.30pm
Late nights, 8.10pm, at
10.45pm R0800CF

Corona Cinema, West
Leeds, Leeds 11
Tel: 45191411865, Adm.
£2.30, £2.30 with under
card plus Fri before 9pm
No smoking
1/18 THE SKI GUY 1.15pm,
3.30pm, 8.10pm, 8.40pm,
plus Sat 11.30pm

MUSIC

FRANK
Leeds 11.30pm, 2.40pm,
5.05pm, 8.30pm, plus Sat
11.30pm
3. THE DEAD POOL
1.00pm, 3.00pm,
5.05pm, 8.30pm, plus Sat
11.30pm



This is the hour ... this is the time ... this is POP WILL EAT ITSELF. The Poppers are on Poly Patrol on Thursday night — dandruffy Grebopop and a splendid time are guaranteed ...

MUSIC

Friday 28th April
LIZI AMNESTY BENEFIT,
8.00
7.30pm, Speaker: Edgê
Kaholka, plus three bands,
Cine Club, Cyprien Poppo,
The Beatles, Clerk 12012.30
on the floor
ECONOMICS AND
TEXTILES SOCIETY
"Lemmy's Book", 7.30pm,
75p members, £1
non-members

Saturday 29th April
GREEN PARK, 9.00, 11am —
10pm, stalls, speakers, bands,
food, bouncy castle, puppet
demon, cabaret, mystery
dramas — "To be or not to be"
with over 20 Green
groups represented
admission free
ANTHONY PORTER'S
FAMOUS FLEA MARKET,
Queens Hall, Leeds, Over
100 stalls
CORAM-FUNST AFTER
GLASGOW
Northern region day school
organized by the RGS,
Manchester, July 11am,
discussions on Mars, Soviet
Union, Eastern Europe, Third
World, freestyle, £2.50
unwaged.

MUSIC

Corona Cinema, West
Leeds, Leeds 11
Tel: 45191411865, Adm.
£2.30, £2.30 with under
card plus Fri before 9pm
No smoking
1/18 THE SKI GUY 1.15pm,
3.30pm, 8.10pm, 8.40pm,
plus Sat 11.30pm

Built by
SUE OLDFIELD

TEN YEARS OF THATCHER IN A CARTOON GRAVEYARD by Janner and Hitzman



PEANUTS



DINOSAUR, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE and MARTIN ROSS will be back next issue, comics fans!
16 *Mitras Magazine*