

STUDENTS

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

THIS IS THE
LAST ISSUE
OF LEEDS
STUDENT FOR
THIS ACADEMIC
YEAR. NEXT
FRIDAY: THE
LAST EVER
TRASH — SEE
YOU THEN!

Students 'safe' after China flight

By Simon Rigg

The majority of the students from Leeds who were in China when the 'People's Army' massacred thousands in Tiananmen Square, have been flown to safety in Hong Kong.

Forty nine Leeds students were in China as part of their second year Chinese Studies course and all but two have left the country.

The two who are still in the country are Robba Hawlett, from Manchester, and Celia Rogers, from Glasgow. It is thought they are working with BBC news teams helping them with translation.

DESPAIR

The head of the Chinese Studies Department at Leeds University, Don Rimmington, said that he was 'ap-

palled, aghast and full of despair about what is going on."

Twenty two students who were at the Foreign Studies University in Beijing were first flown out to Hong Kong.

Those not there in Shanghai where some took refuge in the British consulate. They were then flown onto Hong Kong.

There were fears for the Beijing

students after reports of the army entering and shooting or arresting student leaders, but those in the Foreign Studies university were later proved to be safe.

Next years students will only go to the country if it is safe to do so. "We are having a meeting to review the situation, and are putting together contingency plans," said Rimmington.

Leeds waits

By Robin Perrie

Chinese students who are currently studying in Leeds expressed their solidarity with the victims of the massacre in Tiananmen Square this week.

Stalls were set up at both the University Union and the Poly Union where collections were made to help the victims and petitions were collected in protest to the Chinese Government's actions.

Stance

The LCU Chinese Society also held a press conference on Friday where hundreds of Chinese students spoke of their horror and anger at the massacre.

Dr Kanton is a Chinese student from Peking University who is involved with an exchange programme. She said that she was worried as she had been unable to contact her family who live near Tiananmen Square. She had, however, heard that two of her cousins had been killed in the massacre.

In Xiamen, along with many others is due to return to China in a number of weeks. Calls were made at the press conference for pressure to be put on the authorities in the country to allow on Chinese students who did not want to return to stay in this country.

There were a number of students though, who said they were willing to go back to China and join the demonstrators and even die in the fight for a greater democracy.

There are about 150 Chinese students in Leeds and also a large number of students from Hong Kong and Taiwan.

The Chinese Studies Department at the University is the largest in Europe.



★ Worried Students study events from China as they unfold

Pic: Martin Tiegler

By Karen Thorenson

Students from all over the North of England took part in a demonstration in Manchester this Thursday to protest against the massacres in China.

Nearly 200 people from Leeds, Manchester and university students, shouting "Stop the killing" and "Save with King Keping".

The march ended outside the Chinese Consulate in Victoria Road, Chippingwood, in a call to Chinese students to join the demonstration in their own cities, towns, schools, and then students and teachers to the site of the march again.

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Stop Press . . . Stop Press

◆ 400 students from Leeds University and Polytechnic marched through Leeds yesterday to protest against the massacre in China.

The marchers, carrying Long live democracy and Down with Deng Xiaoping, and banners from the Chinese mainland, Hong Kong and Taiwan condemned the Chinese rulers' repression.

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Steve Ball and Tim Whitwell

SQUARE EYES

The behind-the-scenes story of the making of this week has to be all about the hit and games surrounding *The James White Radio Show* (11P, Sat, 15 Sept). White, 36, is a former pro football player from the 'jock' late last decade who has since made a career of making his former 'personality' stormed off the set at Radio 1, ranting about a lack of control over his own programming, a misadventure and leaving its last quarter of an hour in the capable hands of pop starlet Gemma Collins. So, how has White done? Well, he has to be honest, it's not been a success. White shows a useful social safety valve, keeping those of the Griffinian disposition entertained by the members of Intercommunications, but he's not been in the sound of their own shared voices over the decades. But as entertainment TV it would be hard pushed to dissent.

Anybody who's been to the Plaza de España in Seville, Spain, it must be said that Ghibli is certainly the national place of self-indulgence among such serious Spaniards. As well, are the journals — that's assuming that the ratings slips at RTN have not had to have and decided not to have for some considerable

But don't worry. You'll realize that your ratings aren't the quality of network TV. The *Top 100* is a list of series imported by Australia from the U.S. in the last 10 years. The *Top 100* is a list of series imported by Australia from the U.S. in the last 10 years. The *Top 100* is a list of series imported by Australia from the U.S. in the last 10 years.

[illegible]

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

- | | | | | | |
|-------|-------|---|-------|-------|--|
| 1 | 10.80 | Capitol Hill
Mysterious Cities of Gold | 2 | 14.25 | Chances First Look
18.00 John Lee Savage Do
H. Chinak (Chadon
Garcia Family as
squad leaders meet
in a bar) |
| 10.00 | 10.25 | Clayton Kille Special
Black Island | | | Agent, he does M. W. 3
A. James. Cleaner. New to
the City. Gilbert - 1001 |
| 12.00 | | Neighbours
Siz D'Clock News and
Pleasure | | | Heavy People Award's
B. Brinkley (and fashion
designer Joe Casey-Hayden
and about back to back) |
| 18.00 | | North North | 18.30 | | Secret River Catching -
a dangerous sport? I should
love it |
| 19.00 | | Wigan | 20.00 | | Sandman's World
Comic Adapted Book? I should
really watch something
comically serious about it |
| 20.00 | | Evening Edition | 21.00 | | Wife For Them General
social, love in the house
and family |
| 20.50 | | A Particular Election | 21.30 | | Party Election Broadcast
S. Bury (1001) |
| 21.00 | | Planned action by the BOP
film: Endless Love History
will judge this same
for Brook Shields as the
birth of a nation. The
dead gently, it looks like
it's really coming. | 22.00 | | Newsnight |
| 21.40 | | Planned action by the BOP
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film: Endless Love History
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for Brook Shields as the
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| 36.00 | | Planned action by the BOP
film: Endless Love History
will judge this same
for Brook | | | |

YTV 16.00 *Footage*
18.00 *Worldwide*

- | Time | Jimmy | Children's | John |
|-------|---|------------|------|
| 16:30 | Morning | | |
| 16:45 | 1 Can Do That | | |
| 17:30 | Home and Away | | |
| 17:40 | ITN News and Weather | | |
| 18:00 | Calendar | | |
| 18:30 | Wit's On | | |
| 18:40 | Hollywood Sports | | |
| 18:50 | Kelly's Favourite Game | | |
| 19:30 | Ticket To Ride "If the comedy series about a train making a travel show." One director is also father of LWT. | | |
| 20:30 | Bob Slators | | |
| 21:00 | Gentlemen and Players Lost of the South Standards series A. John Gardner. Home and Away at Nine and Visitar | | |
| 22:00 | Calendar News | | |
| 22:45 | Hollywood Sports Update | | |
| 23:30 | Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense | | |
| 00:30 | Soap | | |
| 01:00 | The James White Radio Show On just as the case was | | |

C4 16.30 *Fifteen to One*
17.00 *The Anniversary*

- | | FRIDAY |
|-------|---|
| 12:30 | Hard News Pat
Wagon Train |
| 18:00 | Get Smart and Weather |
| 18:50 | Book Choice |
| 20:30 | God's Providence The
providential role in Islamic
nationalism |
| 21:00 | The Great Plan Collection
of essays, Leeds University
Green exhibition art art |
| 21:30 | Chances Nauman Ibrahim
Woody saves himself again
Great Record |
| 22:30 | Reverend George Master
as leader among disciples
on the Bart household, As
even, Best Real People Cam
p of the week |
| 23:30 | Was De Wende |
| 23:30 | The Kings of Blood and
1345 result of Henry's
real thriller thing, Run L
center, And Gardiner and
loads of character actors
whose names escape me |

SATURDAY

- [illegible]

VTV 05:30 17TH APR

- | Time | Program |
|-------|---|
| 06:00 | TVAM |
| 07:18 | News Team |
| 11:30 | The Chart Show |
| 12:30 | Small Wonder |
| 13:00 | FIN News and Weather |
| 13:10 | Autobush |
| 13:40 | International Football |
| 14:30 | Film: <i>Apocalypse</i> |
| 15:00 | FIN News (with Calendar) |
| 15:10 | Dr. Christopher Hale |
| 16:15 | News, Briefed and Broke |
| 16:45 | Combat |
| 17:00 | Brain Condo: This Witty Up |
| 18:30 | Murder, She Wrote |
| 21:00 | FIN News and weather |
| 21:25 | News and Midweek |
| 22:19 | Fish and Pigs |
| 22:45 | Hogsmen |
| 23:18 | Film: <i>Body Heat</i> (with review) |
| 01:28 | 1980s film: <i>Not with Death, but, Immortal</i> , William Hurt and Kathleen Turner |
| 04:56 | The 180 Man and Her |

C4 09.25 Musan

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 08:30 | Hand in Hand |
| 10:00 | & What Is Its Worth |
| 10:30 | Flint: This Is My Affair Say
romance |
| 12:30 | War To The Top Carlton |
| 13:30 | Dance With Me Brazilian
sop of little heart |
| 14:00 | Flint: Carlton's Mines |
| 14:35 | Wings Museum |
| 15:40 | Channel 4 Racing |
| 17:05 | Bookends Will Katie now
with Bumpert! And when will
the vic change! Kinky be
written out! |
| 18:00 | Right to Reply |
| 18:30 | When Is Nasty |
| 18:50 | The World This Week |
| 20:30 | Kingdom Of The Sun
Castles Of Clay |
| 21:00 | What Play The Blues |
| 23:30 | The Necessary Evil Show
Cartoon comedy from a
sop of Friday's cut out
After Dark |

SUNDAY

- | | | | | | |
|----------|----------------|--|----------|----------------|---|
| 1 | 11:05
12:30 | See Hear
Country File
News from the
United States
London
Interview on camera with
the visiting entertainment
stars for
commentary on their
entertainment
careers | 2 | 13:05
13:35 | Bridge Club
One in Four |
| | 14:00 | Expendables
Film: Action Adventure
Head of the Class | | 14:00
15:40 | Ensemble
The Motion Picture
Campaign
The 25th
This week the French get
their come-appearance, he
is |
| | 15:00 | Head of the Class | | 15:40
17:15 | Three Of A Kind
James' new look is a real
breeze. This week he
is |
| | 15:30 | Head of the Class | | 17:15
18:30 | Chief
Carnegie
Benson, on Olson and East-
wood's "Duke Wolf" Deal about
his |
| | 16:00 | The Big S
Music and Weather
A Paris Election Broadcast
So it's time | | 18:30
19:05 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
Movement
The Daily are a duo of lady
creators managed by Harry
Pines "Columbus"
The first anniversary last year from
Robert Johnson
Grand this |
| | 19:05 | So it's time | | 19:05
19:40 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
Movement
The Daily are a duo of lady
creators managed by Harry
Pines "Columbus"
The first anniversary last year from
Robert Johnson
Grand this |
| | 19:40 | So it's time | | 19:40
20:15 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
Movement
The Daily are a duo of lady
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The first anniversary last year from
Robert Johnson
Grand this |
| | 20:15 | So it's time | | 20:15
20:50 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
Movement
The Daily are a duo of lady
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The first anniversary last year from
Robert Johnson
Grand this |
| | 20:50 | So it's time | | 20:50
21:25 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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The Daily are a duo of lady
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Grand this |
| | 21:25 | So it's time | | 21:25
22:00 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
Movement
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The first anniversary last year from
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Grand this |
| | 22:00 | So it's time | | 22:00
22:45 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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23:30 | Second
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| | 23:30 | So it's time | | 23:30
24:15 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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The first anniversary last year from
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Grand this |
| | 24:15 | So it's time | | 24:15
25:00 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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Grand this |
| | 25:00 | So it's time | | 25:00
25:45 | Second
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The Daily are a duo of lady
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The first anniversary last year from
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Grand this |
| | 25:45 | So it's time | | 25:45
26:30 | Second
Night
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The first anniversary last year from
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Grand this |
| | 26:30 | So it's time | | 26:30
27:15 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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Grand this |
| | 27:15 | So it's time | | 27:15
28:00 | Second
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| | 28:00 | So it's time | | 28:00
28:45 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 28:45 | So it's time | | 28:45
29:30 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 29:30 | So it's time | | 29:30
30:15 | Second
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31:00 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 31:45 | So it's time | | 31:45
32:30 | Second
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33:15 | Second
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34:00 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 34:00 | So it's time | | 34:00
34:45 | Second
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35:30 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 35:30 | So it's time | | 35:30
36:15 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 36:15 | So it's time | | 36:15
37:00 | Second
Night
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Grand this |
| | 37:00 | So it's time | | 37:00
37:45 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 37:45 | So it's time | | 37:45
38:30 | Second
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39:15 | Second
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Grand this |
| | 39:15 | So it's time | | 39:15
40:00 | Second
Night
Harry's Election Broadcast
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40:45 | Second
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The first anniversary last year from
Robert Johnson
Grand this |
| | 40:45 | So it's time | | 40:45
41:30 | Second
Night |

MTM 12.28 *Compass*

- | | | |
|-------|-------|---|
| 10:30 | 10:30 | Gardening
Cable & TV
News and
Weather |
| 12:30 | 12:30 | ITN News and weather |
| 13:30 | 13:30 | Everest |
| 14:30 | 14:30 | Concession Street |
| 15:30 | 15:30 | Athletics |
| 17:30 | 17:30 | Highway to Heaven |
| 18:30 | 18:30 | All Club Up |
| 19:30 | 19:30 | ITN News and weather |
| 20:30 | 20:30 | Calendar News and weather |
| 21:30 | 21:30 | Appeal |
| 22:30 | 22:30 | Family Fortunes |
| 23:30 | 23:30 | We Are Sooner: Interviewing
survivors tale of heroism in
chickens, fabled village |
| 24:30 | 24:30 | ITN News |
| 25:30 | 25:30 | That's Law |
| 26:30 | 26:30 | Bunting Election: A Party Election Broadcast
S.O.S. Japan |
| 27:30 | 27:30 | Seven from Silverwood Forest |
| 28:30 | 28:30 | Let's Face The Music |
| 29:30 | 29:30 | Shed! Street Theatre |
| 30:30 | 30:30 | The Chart Show |

Q4 11:30 The Wellness

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 13.00 | Lean In Space |
| 14.00 | Flim: Broombeat English school leaves out to sea in an episode 1960s implausible comedy |
| 15.30 | Flim: <i>Clary Beware 1844</i> satire on the English class system |
| 17.25 | Monks and Weather |
| 17.30 | <i>Spain</i> |
| 18.45 | <i>The Coalby Shins</i> |
| 19.15 | By the Seat Of Their Pants Dances on 4: Savage World Disease and depire in Aukley |
| 20.10 | Flim: <i>Managers</i> film about |
| 22.00 | Flim: <i>Myra Samuels</i> the first rape film to tackle homosexuality. Lawyer Gail Bogner's life collapsed: Is it good confessions up with film. <i>Execution Squad</i> |
| 23.55 | There Is A Happy Land |
| 00.10 | Charles Fontaine |
| 00.45 | |

Banks set to agree to loans

After months of negotiation the Government appears set to reach a compromise with the banks to finalise the administration of a top-up loans system.

The Government is still determined to bring in loans despite opposition from over 100 organisations which it contacted over the proposals.

The Government has refused to publish the responses but the Labour party has revealed that only one response, from Kent County Council, proved positive.

Bank sources claim that the Government, now running short of time, is on the verge of agreeing on satisfactory

Report by Kitty Melrose

very proposals.

Mr Robert Jackson, the junior minister for higher education, said that an announcement on loans was due before the end of this month.

An unpublished feasibility report commissioned by the Committee of London and Scottish clearing banks from the consultant Price Water-

house has been sent to Mr Jackson as the banks' final submission to the Government indicates which are estimated to be more than £330 million.

A spokesman for the Committee, which represents



the 12 big clearing banks said: "The principles have been agreed. All the signs are

that there will be a top-up loans scheme administered by banks. We are now at the stage of negotiating on the details."

The statement is the most positive yet from the banks which have long expressed hostility to aspects of the Government's scheme.

Academics at the London School of Economics, who have proposed an alternative scheme based on repayments through National Insurance Contributions, say that if the Government undertakes to pay banks' administration costs the scheme will not break even until well into the next century.

Lecturers face job threat

by Tim Willmott

More University lecturers' jobs were threatened this week at Aston University with the governing council conducting a secret ballot on redundancies in a number of engineering departments.

The results of the ballot will be available on June 18.

Aston says that it is concerned about overstaffing in eight posts, but Aston AUT thinks that twelve posts are threatened.

Henry Miller, President of the Aston AUT, said

that the university was not in financial trouble and that the staff/student ratio in Aston was higher than in comparable universities.

"The engineering departments will feel demoralised by this", he said.

Exams to be marked as AUT dispute ends

by Sarah Bond

The AUT dispute has finally been resolved after months of talks and bargaining over an increase in pay.

A ballot held last Thursday May 31st, resulted in a 6% offer being accepted by a majority of only 50%.

The offer will be backdated to April of this

action undertaken by AUT members will be cancelled from now onwards.

Exams will be marked and results made available as usual.

Miss G PHL, Vice President of the Leeds AUT expressed gratitude to students for their support

over the dispute.

However, consensus between AUT members agreed that many were unhappy with the offer.

"It was a lousy offer," said Miss PHL. "We are just relieved that it's over without damaging the students."

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For many students, this is the end of their academic lives. But was it any good, and where are they going now? **Tim Whitwell** talks to a handful of those leaving Leeds forever **Pics: Martyn Ziegler.**

Is that all there is?



• **Sidney Monte**

Sidney Monte is 28 and from Orleans. He came to Leeds to study directing and to Spain - where I went earlier this year for an international theatre festival - to find a suitable company of the National Theatre in Murcia is a play called the 'King of the Fish'.

"When I left Leeds I felt going back to Spain - where I went earlier this year for an international theatre festival - to find a suitable company of the National Theatre in Murcia is a play called the 'King of the Fish'.

"Being a student in Leeds has taught me a lot of things. I think that people are more politically aware in Britain than in the states and this has given me a different outlook and presented me with new perspectives."

Helien Chase is 21. Her course was



• **Helien Chase**

English.

"I want to take a year out now and go to Canada to work as a journalist in broadcasting or newspapers. I already have a lot of experience in hospital radio and I have also worked for Radio York."

"When I first came away I feel that I was very naive, thinking that I was automatically going to get a job at the end of it which was very wrong. At first I didn't think that university was all it was cracked up to be, but University has made me very realistic and also shows me that I can live out my ideals. But if I could have my time again I really think that I would have done a different course."

University Union general secretary Dave Hargreaves did a week and a half while he was a student.



• **David Hargreaves**

"I first came to Leeds to help me with my job. I was teaching in Egypt and then working in Britain with managers. Being at college has enabled me to do so many things that I wouldn't normally do, like working for the newspaper and in the theatre."

"I write Political poetry which I find I am pretty good at, and I will continue to work on my writing. When I leave, I am going to Venezuela to do voluntary work, living in democracy and seeing how it works. After that I am going back to Egypt but I don't think that my life has been changed out for me."

"I feel that I have developed at Leeds and this has strengthened my political commitment. I wasn't very good when I started. In the future I wouldn't mind trying deep sea diving or being a terrorist. It's more important what I am doing than where."

Dear editor,

After having seen the cartoon strip in last week's Leeds Student by Martin Ross which implicitly compares the situation of Peter Sutcliffe with that of Winston Sillcock we are outraged.

To make a so-called 'joke' out of the victims of Peter Sutcliffe is sick and morally shows contempt for women and fails to take seriously the systematic oppression that women face.

Criticism made about the election of Winston Sillcock as Honorary President of the LSE Students Union are entirely misplaced. When the students of the LSE were trying to do so was raise awareness about the plight of Winston Sillcock - convicted of murder on the basis of a statement by one police officer and a statement from a witness that was later withdrawn on the grounds of being made under duress.

We do not see that the situation of Winston Sillcock is in any way comparable to that of Peter Sutcliffe. Your irresponsible cartoon makes light of the racist and sexual violence of the society we live in and we find it totally unacceptable.

Yours sincerely,
Leeds Polytechnic Socialist Workers Students Society (SWSS)

Dear Editor

I strongly object to Martin Ross's disgusting cartoon in Leeds Student (26 May).

The election of Winston Sillcock as honorary member of L.S.E. was an indignation to all those who want to fight racism.

There is no comparison to be made between Winston Sillcock and the Yorkshire Ripper. Sillcock was framed by British law for a murder he never committed. His case had until now been little publicised due to the racist consensus in Britain which legitimises institutionalised violence against black people.

Mr Ross's cartoon trivialises the problems of racism by evoking establishment views about blacks in branding them as criminals.

Students in Leeds University should follow the example of the London students and elect other victims of the British state such as Mohamed Fawel, Danny McCann and Sean Savage, to the position of honorary presidents of our U.C.S.

Jane Winterburgh (L.S.E.)

We would never countenance running a cartoon, photograph or article which "makes a so-called joke out of the victims of Peter Sutcliffe," and it is disingenuous to claim that this cartoon did so. Instead Martin Ross used the Ripper to make quite a different point, that Winston Sillcock is a wholly inappropriate figurehead for a student union.

Interestingly the authors of the only letters we have yet received on this subject are members of the groups that pressed for his election to the LSE honorary presidency in the first place.

EDITOR

David Elton, aged 26, has just finished his history course.

"I was in the Royal Navy for four years, looking left or right with our TV lens, when I decided I wanted to go to university. I went to college part-time, and was on the radio before getting my 'A' levels."

"I found my first year in Leeds very

difficult - I'd never experienced anything like it before. My education had been completely unimpaired, and as first termicals and seminars were very scary. I was found, however, that I was as good, if not better, than anyone else."

"I began with the age gap between me and other students was quite influential.

to me progressed though, it dissipated. The most important thing university has done for me is that everybody is basically the same."

"I'm going to do a PGCE and become a primary school teacher - I looked for the job with the least money and most hassle and came up with teaching."

THIS WEEK'S SHORT ISSUE MEANS OUR WHAT'S ON STUFF IS SEVERELY TRUNCATED. NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED ON FRIDAY WITH THE FINAL ISSUE OF TRASH MAGAZINE!

DISCOS - Oxley Hall Beach Party. Thursday 15th June. 8 till 2. Tickets £1 in Extension, £2 on door.

SOUL SOC DISCO Saturday 16th June. 8.00pm. Totten Bar. Be Thel Live London DJ, dead Souce DJ, portland DJ lifelines from Worthing.

'THE' DISCO. 8th June. 8.30 till 2. £1.50. Promotee 8p. Includes "Thank You and Goodnight" from Leeds Student & Smash and Orb Poise on the Mighty Wheels of Terror!

BIO SOC DISCO. 10th June. 7.30. 50p on the door. **ISO BOP.** Saturday 10th June. Tickets £1.50 from a kiosk.

DISCOS - The Kennedy Fill & Kirby Grip Disco. The Warehouse. 12th June. 10pm. £2.

LUMUS WINDBRANDBRASSAND CONCERTS. Clinkerworks Concert Hall. Tuesday 12th June. 7.30. Tickets £1.50, £1 concs, 50p members.

CLUB SANDINO DISCO - with Benjamin Zephaniah. West Indian Centre. Friday 9th June. 9pm. Students £2, -aged £3.

THEATRE - "Measure for Measure: The Musical" Raven Theatre. Thursday 8th - 11th June. 7pm. Tickets £1.50 members, £1.50 non-members.

EVENTS - Christmas UK Fun Day & Service. Hensley St. Columbus's LRC Church. 15th June. 2.15pm. Service. 6.30. **Greenpeace Support Gp Meeting.** Cordon Anna. Thurs 15th June. 7.30pm. **RCP Annual Summer School, "PREPARING FOR POWER"** July 21 - 28. Workshops etc. Cost £18 (includes accom & transport).

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LEADS STUDENT 9 JUNE 9

PERSONAL

Jacks, Les, Dippy and Julie
It was a lovely year — I'd do
it all again... P.T.E. XXX

The boys from 13 are doi-
ing it again in Vegas
Saturday night... SO
get your arses in gear!

Is Louis going to get GRUBBY
this weekend?

A lovely twig has the best
part of a strong branch.
P.S. will fight beside you!

To the P.T.'s I've known in my
time,

PCs to read this little rhyme,
The golden tip — an Dippy
drip!

The lawyer starting early —
say!

Playing pool — sure is his
game,

The gutter — his route to fame,
And the mouse-chamber living
denominations.

P.T. send you these cheers

Rock-a-bye-baby

CHIRP! GET OUT OF THERE!
POSTGRAD'S MIMI!

See you at the ball — ex-
cept Tubbah, just
missable old cow just
nearly!

Softly, you are the rosiest sand-
wich filling in Woodhouse, in
leeds and

Happy birthday Phipps

INTERESTINGLY HEDGEGUS
PROSE I
P.B. is so ready
Not to mention willing Andy,
A broken bridge, don't break
his heart
With ready B.I., make a new
start

I got up this morning —
he was working, I was
not bed at night — he was
still working. He did it
even though he was
neighbourhood to the guy
in the window of 18 New-
wood Place — loads of
lark with your results.
Working you, A

Dear Cate you lot Irish-lucker
— lost weight now!

Gerald R triumphed Con-
sulted page 159 of
McGee and Scott. Sen-
tence: Ward on missing
Mick's Spitting fire offer
this is dire words, oh
Jack General Woff's kick-
ing in Poland.

John Barry — your berries are
ripe and smooth and round —
helps you keep spending it
round.

Phil, 'SURE' thing. You
make my heart sing!

WIND BAND FINAL SEN-
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Concessions 12th June
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HYACINTH HOUSE —
Love you lots and lots.
Your executive friend.

To Percy the long leg penguin,
take care of our before friend
— make the sad sad smile
again. He's got loads. Love and
big one. And dog and golden
dog.

Ian Shoddygus — you
can wear my red larp
bodysuit anytime — J.

Thanks again mags, and hope
y Brides to the fairies, the
Dames and the House Band.

Don't anyone miss the Tater
box back TOGETH — sounds so
easy from the South/Corn
zone — and the Brides on
SANDMAN

And it's goodbye to the
Sheds from me. Next up the
lot EVER. Good. Be there,
soon.

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Bring me the head of Colin Moynihan

It is highly unlikely that the Hillsborough inquiry will place the blame for the deaths of 95 football fans squarely on the shoulders of one person or one authority. That is correct, for no one person was directly responsible.

It is equally unlikely however, that the inquiry's findings will place the blame at the door of those who were indirectly responsible. For over the years the true football fan has been betrayed by just about everybody connected with the game, and by a fair number who don't know the first thing about it. A betrayal which has had tragic results.

First up in the dock must be those who purport to govern the game. The present executive are not the first to appear to be struck by ineptitude. It is a long standing axiom that football has always been governed by incompetents.

It is the present executive, however, who are charged with the task of leading football through its recent troubles, and they are the ones who appear to be so dangerously ill-equipped to do so.

It was only a few days after Hillsborough that the FA were demanding answers from Liverpool as to what was going on. They were going to continue in the cup competition. The FA Institution for this, that life must go on, did not long to hide their gross intransigence. Life must go on yes, but if the Liverpool fans did not want it, the FA Cup did not have to continue.

PIN THE BLAME ON THE DONKEY

The FA have now admitted that they have lost public confidence due to their attitude following Hillsborough and they do not intend to simply sit back without acting upon this admission. They have set up an emergency committee to look into football's problems which will report to the Hillsborough inquiry.

The FA's chief Executive, Graham Kelly, has also hinted at the possibility of a 100% membership scheme for all away supporters. Colin Moynihan must be smiling sarcastically to himself in Whitehall.

Football needs someone to walk into Whitehall, pin the blame for Sport against the wall and tell him that no matter how many billions the government spends on advertising its benefits, the FA will not help in the administration of the ID scheme because it just won't work.

Just when football must needs a strong personality at its helm who will not be intimidated by the bullying tactics of the government, it is stuck with a leadership who seems to be slowly but surely capitulating to the Government's plans.

The FA chairman, Bert Millican, has also been getting in as the act of fate. Whilst on a trip to Europe Millican called for a complete ban on away supporters although he has not yet explained how this has "won't work".

On the last Saturday of the season Middleburgh travelled to Sheffield Wednesday with both teams effectively tied to win to avoid relegation. Due to the fact that the Liverpool Law End was still closed Middleburgh were only given 1500 tickets. This did not stop more than 8000 Middleburgh supporters gaining entry to the ground, including the home membership enclosure. There was no fighting.

This example highlights the fact that the only way in which an away fans has made work is by complete membership schemes such as the one at Luton Town. The Government would, no doubt, be satisfied with this, so has the Chairman of the FA now come round to the Government's way of thinking? Liverpool are the FA's opposition in the ID scheme?

In moments of crisis generally you assume that, as time goes on, change are supposedly experienced in the administrative side of football that they must know best. Following these most examples of their opinions of football's future however, you may seriously question just whose best interests they have at heart.

Football's leaders may be the ones upon whose shoulders the game's future rests, but they are not the only ones who are responsible for the state it is in at the moment.

The government could do much to help although it was hardly surprising that when it did have its attention to football it was in a negative and changing manner.

GROUNDS FOR CONCERN

The inability of the ID cards to prevent incursionism has been much emphasised recently but the Government could



and should be acting in other ways. Many of the stadia in this country are in a poor state of repair. Compared to the continental ones they are no more than a laughing stock. But the government has steadily refused to contribute to the improvement of facilities. Considering their belief that everyone should help themselves and the state should interfere as little as possible, this was no surprise. But football is different. More than 15 million people watched league games in England and Wales last season and, as Hillsborough proved, the facilities provided for spectators are inadequate in most cases and deadly in others. For the Government to deny responsibility in the safety of so many people is a dangerous example of passing the buck which may well prove to be deadly yet again.

The Government is quite happy to do so and the FA is quite happy to allow them simply because the deficient stadia will not stop people going to the matches because of the passion that the fans have for their teams.

TWO'S COMPANY, 80,000'S A CROWD

Following Hillsborough many clubs renewed the perimeter

Football is now entering probably the bleakest cold season in its turbulent history. ROBIN PERRIE names the guilty men and asks "Whether the working man's game in 1990?"

It was. The scores at the end of the cup final showed that in most cases this action was probably premeditated. But, once again, if we must watch games from behind fences why can't they be the fences on the outside which can be dismantled at the push of a button or the slide of a lever?

Wembley is the perfect example of what is wrong with English stadia. Completed for the 1923 Cup Final, its many really improvements will mean a substantial increase in stadium capacity with a capacity of about 80,000.

This capacity is woefully inadequate for a big match. There is little doubt that the recent cup final between Liverpool and Everton could have drawn a crowd of more than 120,000, as could any cup final between numerous large clubs.

Wembley should be pulled down and rebuilt on a much larger scale. This would obviously involve great expense but even without government aid the FA could afford it by attracting investment from the private sector.

The new stadium could also include facilities other than a football pitch which would attract revenue for years to come

such as conference facilities, swimming pools, athletics facilities, indoor pitches, concert facilities as well as many others.

It could act as a huge sports centre for the whole of London and also be the centre in a future claim to hold either the World Cup or the European Championships in England (another money raising something which just won't happen at the moment).

Also, such a dream is no more than a pipe in the sky. The FA lacks the ambition to accomplish such a feat and the Government is too obstructive, hardly surprising given the fact that even Tony Blair's sporting interests lie in the football field or in the racing track rather than in the (swimming) trenches.

The fact is it is not helped by a hostile press who constantly insist on presenting the fan as an unrepentant demagogue as possible. At times this is not more than the careless use of the word "hooligan" as a synonym for "bad", but now and then it progresses to criminal measures.

Such an example was the treatment by The Sun of accusations that, which some never corroborated or proved to be correct, after Hillsborough that some people were cheating off the dead and writhing on police officers. The Sun headlined this story "The Truth: Will you look at that! Five examples of honest and respectable journalism."

Good stories aren't good copy however, that is why only noise and disaster at football matches make the news pages. So be it. That's life. But football needs a strong leadership to ensure that great courage of football doesn't burn it - it's just a pity we've got feet and ladders to do the job.

THE DEGENERATION GAME

Whatever the findings of the Hillsborough inquiry are, it is unlikely that much will change. If the inquiry produces the much needed radical shake-up then, as happened with much of the findings of the Hayslett inquiry after the Bradford fire, they will probably not be implemented.

It is a more likely, the findings allow things to drag along in the same fashion as always then we can look forward to the continued deterioration of the English game.

Stadiums will continue to crumble, playing standards will continue to decline, referees will be out of control and people will still be up in arms at the isolated incidents of incursionism calling for more and more draconian measures that will slowly strangle the game without curing a thing.

Perhaps it will not be long before a powerful, publicly backed campaign calls for the end of football as a spectator sport. Only then will its opponents realize the importance that fans attach to the game.



WAKE UP! TIME TO DIE.





bonzer!

Smoothe! These bonzer Aussie scalliwags The Go-Beweeners played the Warehouse the other day, and jolly swagman Rickie Hollins watched 'em.

It's Tuesday night, and two ill-dressed Australians are making occasional noises to my heart. It doesn't happen often, but when it does my synapses start to tingle. I have to catch my breath. It's that exciting.

It could be those guitars. These usually, sometimes four. One of them is big and black with lots of knobs on, and that always helps I feel. There's a violin and lots of singing. An elbow too. But it's only when the captain the rich panoply of noise at their disposal that they begin to sound like heaven.

"Clouds" is one such moment. It is both lumbered and serene, a beautiful sweep of acoustic sound. Uttermost paper would doubtless turn red in its presence. No worries. "Right Here" is three down-may-cars minutes of gay Pop abandon. It positively beams. It also mentions being undine by kissing. Be that's cool.

Often, though, the textures never mesh into more than a fairly pleasing mosaic of tender noises. It's not that I want them to be brutal or anything, but I do want grandeur. "The Clarke Sisters," like many of their songs, is bland where it should be brilliant, subdued instead of soft.

What they lack most is the sonorous assonic howl of a Kristin Hinch, or a Bjork. A bit of flash and daring. But what's most disappointing is that they haven't played "Part Company," the song which in two lines — "There's her handwriting. That's the way she wrote" — captured the exaggerated fascination we feel towards the things we love. For those lines and other precious seconds, they are forgiven.

Now the second hardest thing in Leeds since Vinay Jones signed for United, CLD have released their debut album. When in Rome, A&M Me. Andrew Harrison investigates.

Rock opera is something of a lost art in the dizzy eighties. What price Tommy now? Or Godspell, Joseph and His Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat even. Crap weren't they!

Yes they were, which is probably why God decided that half of their first LP should itself be performed in the rock opera form. On more specifically in the even more neglected theatre circle. These Minute Inkies Charge Rock Opera.

A load of Cud

Music.

What in Rome, A&M Me relates the tale of how an English policeman goes to Rome, meets and falls in love with a woman and... that's about as far as this reviewer got, actually, since that is a second whose side appears to be to those a musical space in the words of conventional narrative techniques. In short, you can't tell what's supposed to be going on. But it sounds like fun — the night, opening bass of Private Detective and William Porter waxes with Mike O'Leary's a squally guitar while Carl Perkins sings pretty inconspicuously. The best song is about his limited to sound somewhat like Mark II South after election results and some recent alarming experience.

The absence of the current single Luis is, to be honest, a pity, so what we have here is quite probably the best slice of quality-produced instrument abuse by former Leeds Polytechnic student heavy substance Plastic Bernard dropped out of his Wire Adjustment (design course). A striking good record.

Last week, Scottish eternal hopefuls Love and Money played at the Pubs. Ace Disco Theorist, Andy Penkerton went to see them.

Love and Money are one big B-side. A well played, well produced nothing. They draw from a frame of reference that includes Steely Dan, seamless soul and an emphasis on musicianship. They are a band who have missed the point. Like a football player called Gary, everything they think is cool, you can certainly guarantee, isn't.

To this end guitars are strung so high you could play them with your nose, heads are noddied, fingers are clicked. The lead singer thrusts his thumbs into the front of his strides and prepares to rock out. "Oh God", I thought "PLEASE don't... rock out."

Extended lead solo's, pseudo soulful lyrics and their own peculiar brand of social realism. "We're going to take you now, from the bayou to the swamp", all add to the distinct feeling that these are the people who actually live these polka, lead, radio friendly records that affront our ears in a daily basis. And like them.

So Love and Money aspire to dreaminess, they dream of being mediocre. They're simply getting appalling taste, it's like Gerry Beinhart, naming Rock-in-the-bay Mad as his favourite personal meal. (Or handout yoghurt.) Oh well, they can't help it.

JEFFREY ARCHER was in *Headford* last week to promote his play "Beyond All Reasonable Doubt." **DAMIAN WHITWORTH** and **PETE KAVIS** swapped pleasantries with him.

Jeffrey Archer is a very nice man. A very, very nice man. In fact he is *Mr. Nice Guy*. In the mornings he slips on an invisible film over his entire body that secretes affability, locustancy and sincerity into the immediate atmosphere around him all day long.

He is the perfect interviewee. All that is needed is to vaguely ask him a couple of general questions and he will happily spend his well-polished thoughts on the subject, his work and his country. He declines alcohol and cigarettes in his chair, always maintaining eye contact. He tries so hard to make yourself be told so fast that he really cannot about what he is saying to them, that it is not really convincing. He jokes to win people over and tells personal anecdotes. He is spontaneous in how things go. A certain point is accompanied by a hand held close to his chest, as if he is not prepared to feel any desire to disagree with their grant stage.

He is most happy talking about his play. It has had a successful West-End run, and is now set for a 24 week national tour with Wendy Craig and Frank Finlay in the leading roles. Archer took all his most pertinent points about the recent economic situation and explained that he approached the writing of the play in the same way that he sets out to write a novel. He is easily and strongly convinced with nothing a word. He writes in order to entertain a large number of people whereas other writers may be very good but there is only space to write because for some reason he cites Poulter White as his example.

As well as an interest that the community involved with a healthy state of the nation with the present government as the outcome of the act. CIP said here's 100 million pounds, the money has been put to use. He said: "If I have only that year's cash for them. The Government has a billion-pound to spend on everything and you're being asked to give me a billion-pound. There is a very bright intellectual group continuously looking for money for the arts. The money can't find on them and there's also a lot of money that there would even be a decrease in government spending on the arts despite the wealth of the nation in the arts world. He said the money is not used to encourage the arts at a very high level. Indeed he believes that private ownership is the only way of financing the arts. When presented with the case of British and American writers, CIP

Hare's "Secret Rapports" at The National that received an sponsorship seemingly because it is critical of the government, he was apparently displeased. He confessed that he hadn't actually heard of this but there is absolutely nothing to worry about. "The arts are made in this government's hands."

Archer is also extremely keen to emphasize his close involvement with the theatrical world. His ability to drop the name of his university shows who have gone on to be well-known actors and actresses into the conversation at regular intervals is outstanding. Maria Nilsson made several appearances. Furthermore, he enthused about how at least half the guests at his annual Christmas party, to which his colleagues are invited, are now show business. His love of the stage is further emphasized by his admission that during The Court Case he and his wife went to the theatre every night, and he was reluctant for the first wouldn't have you grumbling at us all day. He laughs at his job and briefly adds "We no longer have an excellent man in Richard Long and I've sure he'll still be there after the recession."

Despite this professional love affair with the stage, Archer has no plans to produce "A Matter of Honour" at Earl's Court with a cast of fifteen thousand or take the musical of "Hans and Gretel" around the world in five hundred performances. After his enchanting skills from the political scene he still has sufficient confidence in his public relations abilities to wish to retain his position, that is "if the dear Lady will have me."

As he was ushered away by his press officer signing autographs and avoiding other questions, someone cried out: "I thought it was likely that he would want me again. But on reflection, however strange it may seem, I think he will become his own man again. After all, as I was reading only the other day, he is apparently one of the two people the average person would like to have as their next neighbour. Who was the other person? In Pollard."

By: Pete Kavis

Is he not fragrant?

Since British industry stepped being the workshop of the world and we became net importers of everything apart from football hooligans and sanctimonious bullsh*t, writer Andrew Motion's Great Industrial Novel has largely gone the way of music hall — you don't really get much of it any more.

And similarly the Great Company Novel — peopled with brilliant creations and lovable eccentrics all cleverly copping off with each other — faded from grace when word got out that life among the Ivory Towers is usually as handsome as anywhere else.

But David Lodge's *Nice Work* (Penguin £3.95) has beauty portions of both, and works ridiculously well. Well enough to make the Booker shortlist and take the Sunday Express Book of the Year prize.

Set in a carbon-enriched pastel Birmingham called Burnage, it charts the unusual relationship between Vic Wilson (in his forties, short holding MD of heavy engineering company, likes Jennifer Rush and is well on the way to a thrombus) and Dr Rabye Farnswell (just Lorraine in English literature, enjoys deconstructionism and non-penetrative sex).

She is opposed his "shadow" as part of one of our industry education partnership projects, and her concern for social responsibilities, cost-cutting and the other articles of post-studies academic faith proceed to wreck home on Pinter and Jones' industrial relations. He is not impressed. Lodge underlines the class of personalities and private words with positive grace, cheerfully refusing to allow either Ric's notion of commercial necessity or Rabye's high-minded principles the upper hand.

Instead he paints a very picture of the real British de-

— that all of us believe we are right all of the time — while slyly dipping into nineteenth century industrial literature (Rabye's speciality, you see) to create simultaneously a warm and of-fortunate social scene and on intriguing roundabout for all you English students out there. In inverse Pygmalion fashion Rabye gives Vic a good grounding in postmodernism — for all the world as if *Nice Work* were an old-fashioned romance.

Of course they eventually go off with each other, but that much is clear from the moment we meet Ric's bovine wife Margaret and Charles, Rabye's reeve lover. Sufficient to say that it is worth it, and if you can stomach one more morsel of cossetage at this time of year then *Nice Work* is exceptionally recommended.

FOR THE VERY LAST TIME...

LEADS STUDENT EDITOR Andrew Harrison
TRASH EDITORS Guy Flashman and Adam Pignatelli
MUSIC Andy Farnham and ARS Orman
Whitworth Q&A TO GO Jane MacDermid
and for one week only the startling design talents of the mighty TERMINATOR MIX



Singles

THE REAL ROXANNE — The Real Roxanne (Urban).

The redheaded rapper Roxanne returns with a heavily sampled, freestyle-free Lyn Collins' "Black" (as was the now infamous "woolyah") but is less on point. "You're dried up but I'm moist!" Enough to leave LL Cool J shaking in his arse.

JOTCE SIMS — Looking for a Love (FRR).

Joyce sports a charming jacket that makes it very hard to focus on the record sports a charming flute that giggles through an unremarkable melody. Charming.

HOLLY JOHNSON — Atomic City (MCA).

Doesn't unfriendly, lounge to the buildings tolltown, designer crush collision jazz with an awe-twinkly bit in the middle. There is a party going on in Atomic City! There is a party going on in my trousers!

GHOSTDANCE — Down to the Wire (Chrysalis).

Down to the bottom of the barrel, waste like waste. Teyah sings the theme to Dr. Who while the bassist has an onoma. Thunder is the exclamation and thunder in my bones.



PRINCE — Bardance (Warner Bros.).

Gets the best dance with the greatest record in a price. Prince takes on sampling with the effortless grace of dead play and ends up sounding like the Art of Noise during a power cut. Spine, as lucky as legs and less entertaining than aforementioned deceased parkers.

THE FALL — Cob It up and Deadbeat Descendant (Ringspoor Banquet).

Gets the best dance with the best record in a price. The Fall resumed CND's Ewile Gay in search of that just of reach New Beat hit. They've never been this irresistible and it's got Karlos Ocas and Mr. The North on the b-side. Yowser.

housing benefit



Finishing as we started with a compilation album of music that kills all known styles, within a three mile radius, in week's house check is Silver and Black. If it's first sampler, Mr. Harrison feeds off the Transvision Vamp requests.

Not with writing, don't have to play to be absorbed in the pressing, without a doubt, though has the right idea of what to do. (Cassette Music is offered.)

Check out up the back since NME did an issue. (Cassette Music is offered.)

The problem here is that the creative department — that face that's not — is not in the line of the creative. And the quality of the work is not enough to take in the line of the creative. And the quality of the work is not enough to take in the line of the creative.

The line of the creative is not enough to take in the line of the creative.

Rocky Horror shows that the line of the creative is not enough to take in the line of the creative. And the quality of the work is not enough to take in the line of the creative.

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A measure of success

The shady, reptilian Pete Davis slithered down to The Raven to size up Theatre Group's musical adaptation of 'Measure For Measure'.

Matthew Wootton and Mike Blend's musical adaptation of Shakespeare's 'Measure For Measure' was a sparkling creative mess that only just worked. On an infuriatingly high number of occasions it was possible to marvel at the work's innovations only to have this enjoyment snatched away by its sheer self-indulgence. As with L.U.I. Theatre Group's earlier production of 'Gypsy', it is obvious that no-one had

the house to step outside of the unreal excitement of rehearsals and put themselves in the place of their prospective audience.

Thus, for the greater part of two and quarter hours 'Measure For Measure' failed to communicate. And it would be disingenuous for the writers and director to claim that to confuse is the best way to stir up people's minds. This was patently not their aim as the pursuit of certain themes was hampered by half-baked character development and the awkwardness of the writing.

Nevertheless, a few players provided a welcome definition to the play and when this happened the stringing of their performances gathered in all the loose ends. Without Dan

Evans as the Pimp in Presley's old threads 'Measure For Measure' would have been short of a lot of laughs. Shelia Ray shows monogamy to command a shady reptilian presence, strutting on in pin stripes, offering cynical and diabolical opinions on the freak-filled world that her character was trapped in. Only some of the score was memorable.

The lyrics lacked flair but they were clearly sung and the band, as ever, were impeccable. Are Mike Blend and Matthew Wootton, a composer and a writer talented enough to attract future audiences outside of the cozy cliques of the campus? Judging by 'Measure For Measure' possibly, but only if they manage to exert a lot of self-control.

Ooer! Sounds a bit rude!

Alan Bennett's 'Habeas Corpus' sounded really good. DAMIAN WHIORTH discovered that it wasn't.

I can understand why The Playhouse has decided to produce Alan Bennett's *Habeas Corpus*, but it is sad that a major provincial theatre has to opt for pieces such as this in order to do well at the box office.

Of course the basic set up of the play sounds great. In quiet, comfortable, middle class flows of the late sixties the quiet, comfortable, middle class characters are all desperately playing with each other. But unfortunately after about five minutes it becomes clear that we have seen it all before. The fifty year old doctor wants to take a noble young patient for a ride (that, I bet, is his car).

His mistress faced, three quarter length flares wearing, hypochondriac of a son leers at, and then coos off with, the ample bodomed maiden.

His thirty three year old sister is the completely flat-chested old maid of the late who purchases a pair of truly enormous false breasts, and quickly joins in the frolics.

Although there are some amusing moments it really isn't very exciting watching these characters chasing each other about the stage for two hours. They are stereotypes that have been made painfully familiar through endless crap situation comedies at peak viewing time on BBC1 and ITV. Furthermore, it is hard to believe that Alan Bennett can be really proud of some of his loathsome double entendres.

The final killer blow came when Gannon Throbbing, the local gandy dancer, seemed to die. "Excuse me, has anybody seen my trousers?"

There is perhaps an excuse for the play if we remember that it was written in 1973, in the aftermath of the sixties, and was, perhaps, daring and witty in its time. However, re-enacting it in 1993 is pointless. Having said this, the papers loved it and therein lies the reason The Playhouse's choice of this play. The full auditorium received the show with rapturous applause and at the final curtain I had expected the couple in front of me, who had pointed and cooed through it, to leap up and bound down onto the stage waving their hands above their heads screaming with delight.

But if your sense of humour is even slightly more sophisticated than a sea slug's, give this a miss.



STOP PRESS: BUDGET CUT FOR LEADS STUDENT

Next year's *Leads Student* will suffer badly as a result of a budget decision made yesterday by Leeds University Union Council.

Despite our print costs rising by more than 40%, and urgent requests for a budget increase to compensate, UC chose to impose a cut on us. This means that instead of the £12,400 grant that we used to maintain a normal service to you, the reader, and to attract our £22,000 advertising target, we'll have just £7,400.

The decision was made by five votes (Steve Hampshire, Gary Skelton, Mark Skelton, Mike Goss, Will Wood) to four the other nine councillors present abstained.

As chances are that next year's *LS* will be just 4 or 12 pages long, printed on lower quality paper and with a drastically reduced print run.

We don't want to do this, and we are doing our utmost both to raise more cash and boost our grant revenue — LPUA incidentally even likely to keep their contribution at this year's level of £4,000.

However please be assured that we will do our best to ensure that *Leads Student* remains one of the country's foremost student papers, and that we won't be pushed around.

Andrew Harrison — EDITOR Public Notice — EDITOR BLECT

Mr David Lean's epic film, *Lawrence Of Arabia* has recently been restored to its original full three and three quarter hour

length and given a delish soundtrack. Boris Pankov and Alex Pankov consider the possibilities of this reworking of the classic film.

If *Lawrence Of Arabia* was made tomorrow, it would be a twelve-part ITV mini-series called *Terry Of Arabia* starring Bernard Cribbins and shot in a quarry in Gwent. Of course, this would be lacking in some degree of authenticity, what with the rain, the minimal sprinkling of builder's sand, the pit ponies wearing plastic humps, and the leading man breaking into a chorus of 'Right Said Fred' every 20 minutes.

As the spectacle of all the swirling horde of Welsh extras in sandals and gowns faded, showing Michael (Michael Borge) as Cribbins' detached figure evoked with the complete picture of being Cribbins' head connected with his body about the desert of the Tarka in the North.

The epic scope of Derek Griffiths' direction, the majestic swell of strings of Eusebius Huxford's orchestration, and of course the fine supporting cast, including Cyprien Rousset leading his noble (reproduction of David A.A. originally made famous by *Star Wars*) would add to the inimitable nature of this production.

A certain reworking of the original script would be in order. The end scene would be altered, so that: Bernard Cribbins would save Thor's life. Then the children of the red Mabel, portrayed by Frank Routh. Then outside The Red Poly would appear, and dance as Mr. Cribbins launches into 'Climb Every Mountain'.

Sadly, the original version of *Lawrence Of Arabia* was made in 1964. A great opportunity missed.

Nobody knew anything about 'Beaches' now showing at the Odeon but I lied to STEPHEN CRIMES and so he went to see it.

I'm convinced. Did I suspect a thing when I was asked to review *Beaches* which everyone seemed to know suspiciously little about — except that they thought it was funny, and it was meant to have been very popular in America.

I always had a hunch that Americans aren't very flattering people but this time my intuition failed me. As for *Beaches*, I just didn't come into it. It was unimpaired.

An unlikely pair meet on an Atlantic beach. One is a sporty eleven year old and it's just a matter of time before she's climbing him. It's kind of 'Each other's Number One'.

As one grows up to become a lawyer and the other a performer, they write extensive letters to one another. They get together and become a pair, marry and divorce three respective husbands, have a 'let' and make up again. Every possible element of a clichéd romantic plot is done.

Then comes the bit the film was created for. Barbra Streisand conducts a musical revue and then in her 'Beaches' sequence 'loves' by the coast. But only with her best friend David Mulder beside her and the biggest orange suit you've ever seen striding over a horizon in the fog.

If this had been on television I would have switched it off and played a game of snop. With the cast. Weidenfeld and Nicholson recently published Melvyn Dieckhoff's carousing autobiographical, *My Life*. So Cox looked herself away with a copy.

Hotel Terminus

Dying on holiday must be the worst crap deal going. JAY RAVNER examines the thorny problem of bringing home a body in a 'Kiss Me Quick' hat.

It's typical of the ever-expanding service industries of this country that the British package-holiday operator, the consumer-duties in clearly labelled and vacuum-packed box and bottles for the 70s, has a game plan for dealing with clients who become people under the same of their holiday. In these weary wintered lands it should come as no surprise that there are people trained to take the strain out of dying.

Deaths abroad, like murders, never leave just people moving pool-side lounges before fatalities. It is an irritating but understandable part of the great package-holiday experience, an element of grimy reality that can never be suspended however the time home you decide to travel. As death, it is a simple fact of life that every year a few hundred holiday makers will return from abroad with one more case than they went away with, a shiny new aluminium coffin complete with the corpse of a friend or relative.

Twenty years ago, when the aviation main industry trend of today were just a double on the Thompson Holidays passenger list, dying abroad usually meant expiring in a Porter's chair in Portofino and then being flown back like The Wizard on the red raft of a Ford Anglia.

Today it's much more glamorous. 26 million of us left Britain for parts foreign in 1986. Millions of us, in other words, are returning carrying through documentary airport departure stamps that a number will be returned with their flight. Last year the Foreign Office received reports of 730 British Nationals having to return their passports to a permanent host while abroad, the vast majority being poly-histories.

Of course 730 is a percentage of 26 million, it is anybody's guess whether a tiny figure — death by holiday — has not yet become a hazard of modern life, a species which precautions should be taken — or whether the deaths are still more common than many people think.

And just as there are hundreds of different destinations the year since a year from trip and thousands of different types of holiday in holiday, so too you get there, there are myriad ways to die on there. Just like home. How easy.

For it is rather disappointing, after all the effort that goes into it, to go to a resort, to see the sun, to see the sea, to see the night view of Britain and, horror, the night life — due to the vast majority of holiday deaths are the result of having old natural causes and particularly coronary problems. The widespread 'succession' of reports of rich food and more dinner drink than usual combined with lots and lots of lovely delicious looking sun that go to make the very British holiday, can sometimes mean as a catch-up heart problem.

One man, however, didn't even need the food and wine to exacerbate his heart condition. The exhilarating rush of take-off as the sleek metal bird accelerated to the speed of a jet was enough to give him a coronary and kill him before he'd even left the air-space above the airport.

Another man, as far as the foreign airport. There, after stepping off the plane, he turned to his wife and told her just how much he was looking forward to his holiday — and then collapsed and died without even waiting until he'd reached the terminal building.

The truly truly amazing element of a death on holiday is that the vast majority of those who suffer it will be leaving a lot of fun when it arrives — and the view will usually be very nice as well. A gentleman

enjoying the glorious views of Southern France decided, perhaps a little foolishly, to take a dip in the hotel pool after a couple of drinks and, more importantly, only a couple of swimming lessons.

He died, not because he swallowed too much water, but conversely, because he swallowed nothing at all. Taken by surprise by the steep gradient in the deep end his body went into shock and he stopped breathing. Again from the embarrassment of suffocating rather than drowning in the middle of a few thousand gallons of water it meant that the hotel had to go to the trouble of changing it all as well. People were unwilling to swim in a pool in which someone has died — though they don't mind swimming in the sea where fish do it all the time.

Over the drama of the death has faded then the rather less interesting job of getting the body home again, a tortuous process which can take up to ten working days. Even dead bodies have workloads all. The first people involved in the fun are the named and named travel reps, glamorous young people with perfect teeth and constant smiles who joined up to work in the sun and most preferably living people.

They are specially trained for the painful job of helping the relatives and friends return to terms with the idea that their holiday has just been ruined and that they're going to have to get their best black suit out again. Then they contact any relatives in Britain through their London offices and alert the foreign police and medical services that another British tourist will be needing a large black coffin-lined box as a going home present.

But the heart of the task will fall to the experts, the international funeral directors, post mortem at 5,000 mile funeral corteges. Philip Harris, airport-expert director of London based J. H. Lawrence is a regular Britain's best kept secret as flying very dead people around the world. He's involved in repatriating and leaving between 30 and 40 bodies a month, the vast majority of the Foreign Office's Report of 730 for the year.

A shrewd fellow, he's more than willing to repatriate sun with Canadian cruise ships bringing bodies home from Rome to Rio or even deeper China, the same they had to be a helicopter to pick up a corpse from the middle of the African Bush and the glorious problem of body decay and leakage after a long time lying about in secret areas.

Such gentlemen and expert services don't come cheap of course, bringing a dead person back from abroad is far more expensive than repatriating the living travelling kind. At the very least the return of a loved one will cost £1,500 and that's from Europe. From North Africa it can cost £2,000 and from the Far East it will be a whopping £4,200.

Generally, of course, it's the insurance company that will see the bill and it is they that call it in the funeral directors. Go away without any insurance and you may leave your family a lovely legacy to remember you by — a whopping funeral bill. Luckily, outside is not covered by such insurance through murder is.

And, while these costs may be raised by the weight of the body and its location when the soul comes — around an appointment with a psychiatrist's house, while there's a portable on top of a mountain — you will, in all likelihood, be beautifully entertained when the end comes, a designer suit and rent of a holiday for one last package trip home.

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MISC GIGS

FRIDAY 16th JUNE
MOTOR CLUB FINEST
Fri weekend evening 12.00-05.00

SUNDAY 18th JUNE
ANGELICAN
METHODISTS SOCIETY
have a Festival meeting at 10am in the Oxford Road Methodist Church.

TUESDAY 20th JUNE
THEATRE GROUP
presents 'The Sign of the Cross' by Thomas Wright for 3 nights only in the Roman Theatre at 7pm. Tickets £1.50/1.30/70 people re-visit 60 million years of man's evolution in their CHARLES MCKEE HALL. Drags - Roman Summer Ball. Tickets on sale in the Union Extension between 1 - 2pm, everyday.

WEDNESDAY 21st JUNE
MIDSUMMER
MEDIEVAL PAGEANT
at Kirkcaldy Abbey. A night of drama, music, banqueting, drinking and general revelry. Tickets on sale in the University Union and the Parkinson Info Bureau.

DUCHES OF YORK
Visit Leam. (433929)
Fri 16th June THE
WRECKERS
Sat 17th June HITCH
VP play The Horsemen, plus The Bear Alone
Sun 18th June
WAKYRAG (from
Huddersley)
Mon 19th June Jaws
Gullery with his band
Tue 20th June UK
SUNS
Wed 21st June
HARLEQUIN
Thur 22nd June JOHN
OFARO
Fri 23rd June LITTLE
CHEF

LEPSU (40017)
Weds 19th June IT BITES
(10.30-12.00)
Tue 27th June
THROWING MUSES
(12.00-14.00)

QUEENS HALL
Monday 16. Bradford 1
200T & THE ROOTS,
CUB, JOY SLOSH &
MUSIC SITE. A Day
for Life Benefit (12)

WAREHOUSE 79 - 21
Somers 34 (446287)
Tue 20th June CUD

Canon Cinema
Visit Leam, Leeds 130
Tel: 425013/452665
Adm: 12.50, £1.20-10.00
Tickets on sale Mon-Fri
before 5pm.
No smoking.
1. CROCODIL
DELANCY 1.15pm,
3.30pm, 6.00pm,
8.30pm, Sun 11.30pm
2. HAZEL GUN
1.30pm, 5.10pm,
9.00pm, Sun 11.30pm,
also A FISH CALLED
WANDA 3.10pm,
7.00pm
3. SCANDAL 1.05pm,
3.30pm, 5.55pm,
8.30pm, Sun 11.30pm

Cottage Road Cinema, Cottage
Road, Headingley,
Leeds LS6.
Tel: 751666, Adm:
£1.80, £1.80 with under
card Friday 16th June
for 7 days BEACHES
(1N) 5.30pm, 8pm,
Sunday 4.30pm,
7.30pm

Late nighters.
Fri 16th June BLUE
VEGET (1N) 10.45pm

Hyde Park Picture House, Brindley
Road, Headingley,
Leeds LS6
Tel: 752045
Fri 16th June for seven

days RAINMAN
8.00pm
Late nighters at 11pm
Fri 16th June BETTY
BLUE
Sat 17th June THE
BLUES BROTHERS

Leeds Playhouse,
Calverley Street, Leeds
LS2 3AL
Tel: 447111, Adm: £1.80
tickets on sale 10 min
before part.
Sun 18th June THE MAN
IN GREY at 8.00pm
followed by THE 40TH
PARALLEL (double bill)

Leeds Cinema, North Lane,
Headingley, Leeds LS6
Tel: 751001/751932
Fri 16th June THE
ACCUSED (1N) 5.50pm,
8.30pm, Sunday 5pm,
7.30pm Sat 17th June
MASTERS OF THE
UNIVERSE (PG) 2pm

Odeon Cinema, Upper
Briggate, Leeds LS1 1EL
4.30pm, Adm: £2.85,
£1.80 with under card
1. MELBAUSER 8
1.15pm, 3.30pm,
5.45pm, 8.30pm
2. LAWRENCE OF
ARABIA 1.45pm,
6.45pm
3. SHOG 12.45pm,
3.30pm, 5.30pm
MIDWINTER BURNING
8.55pm
4. CHILD'S PLAY
1.30pm, 3.45pm,
8.10pm
5. BEACHES 3.30pm,
5.30pm, 8pm

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Happily married lyrics to
Sticky Bun and the Franchise
Piano from Cardiff

VAS-Y, SA SAMANT-
HALLIN

Greeting to all of B4.0, to
Simon Egan, David, Lindsay
and John - another
year - and Geraldine -
back to the valleys!

Jon, Rickie, Rupert and
Rebecca. You're in my
'Society of Grown' - love
Andy Pender. 'The Glass
Theatre'

Aunt Pearl (Barley) thanks all
on named Odeon yesterday,
and today bids Leeds
farewell.

So long to all the Stude
crew, and thanks for all the
help! Good luck in next
year's mob and expect
much from the USA!
KAGSY T

For Indeed!
At last, a proper

goodbye. Not to the Stude
press past and present -
you know who you are -
for covering the hardest
working spacecrew on
Planet Leeds. Not to
departing members of
Society Staff 1985. Special
Not to Kage, Rogers 3 and 4.

Join the Hg, Flashes and
of course the mighty
Lemington. His
dedication above and
beyond the call of
reasonability. medical
discussion.

Ben voyage to Jon, Neil,
Adam, Martyr, Mark, Pete
(or
on the rise may be).
Vas (John), West, Jango,
Blondy and Rick.
May the road rise with you.
Not in the poster zone,
the very potent Marilyn is
Finance and all in
Secretary

Thanks to all an Editorial
Services for type set and
problems solved.

Not to the homophones (Peg
and Al).
And special knowledge
to next year's (Kipper) -
good luck Kipper and take
one of the best.

That's all from me - I'm
outta here. See long and
prayer all, and thank
you for these happy
days xxxxxx

• Editorial Meeting: Next year's sub-Editors meet in the
Poly office at 1.00pm on Monday 16th.

• Chinese Student Jim Nguyen would like it made clear
that one of his reasons were not killed in the Chinese
troubles. They were in fact the relatives of another Chinese
student at St. University.

DINOSAUR

THE UNKNOWN STUDENT

By Ian Edwards



OVERTHROW THE FEUDAL SYSTEM
OF CONVENTIONAL EDUCATION.

SAY NO TO EXAMS,
ASSESSMENTS &
QUALIFICATIONS.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO A
TRULY PANTS SWINGING
LIFESTYLE.



IS IT TRUE, TO HAVE THAT
YOUR ALIBY, PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
IN MY TIME WOULD BE GIVEN IN A
PRIVATE TALK, AT OUR PRIVATE
SCHOOL?



THE PRIVATE IS PRESENTLY
WORKING WITH THE SPANISH
POLICE IN DEALING WITH THE PROBLEM
OF BRITISH SCHOOLMANS' REFUGES.



OH MANUEL! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
IT'S THE LAD'S CHUCKIN' UP ALL OVER
ME'S BED!!

IT IS A FAR FAR BETTER THING
THAT I DO NOW THAN I HAVE
EVER DONE BEFORE. EH WACK?
— ANDREW HARRISON

TRASH

MY GOD IT'S FULL OF
— ADAM NIGGEBOTH

YOUR TERMINATED F...ER
— THE TERMINATOR HIK

I'LL BE ON MY WAY LOOKING
FOR THE BIG ROCK CANDY
MOUNTAIN
— JANE MACDONALD

TIME MARCHES ON, COUNTS FOR
LUNAR
— GAY FLASHMAN