

# SLEEDS STUDENT

PRESIDENT FACES NO CONFIDENCE VOTE AFTER ALLEGATIONS

## Hall President abuses power

- Used Master key to enter bedrooms
  - Made unwanted sexual advances
  - Approved blatantly sexist posters
- residents' claim

The President of a University residence faces a no confidence vote after accusations of sexual harassment were made by fellow residents, this week.

The residents claim that the President of Henry Price has used his master key to gain access to girls' flats and then asked them for a 'shag'.

The President has denied the allegations and say they are part of an organised smear campaign.

However, he faces a barrage of accusations from fellow residents, ranging from sexual harassment to rowdy behaviour and he will be judged at a vote of no confidence on Tuesday

By Sam Greenhill

week.

A first year girl in Henry Price Flats claims: "It was late at night and our front door was locked shut but the President used his master key to let himself in. He found my bedroom door unlocked and he walked in and sat on my bed. He said: 'If you want to come for a good shag you can come to my room'. I didn't even know who he was."

The President, first year Politics student Dave "Bez" Berry, rejected the claim, saying: "I have never been into a girl's room uninvited."

"I asked him to leave but he wouldn't at first," continued the girl. "He was with a friend and eventually he turned to him and said: 'Come on, we'll use my key to find some other girls!'"

The girls in another Henry Price flat had a similar complaint. "We were getting ready for bed when he suddenly came through the fire door, with his master key, and said 'Come on, let's party!'" claimed Jade Saunders, a first year studying International History and Politics. "I asked him to leave but he refused. I asked him again, very forcefully, but he just wouldn't. He's obnoxious and a real dickhead."

Berry denies this ever happened. "She never asked me to leave," he responded. "All these allegations are just petty. I admit I have used my key to get into flats as a means of short cut to my friends in flats at the other end [of the block] but I don't see what harm there is in that. The cleaners do it all the time."

A girl from another flat, studying Biology, said: "He let himself into our flat and stood in the kitchen, drunk. We asked

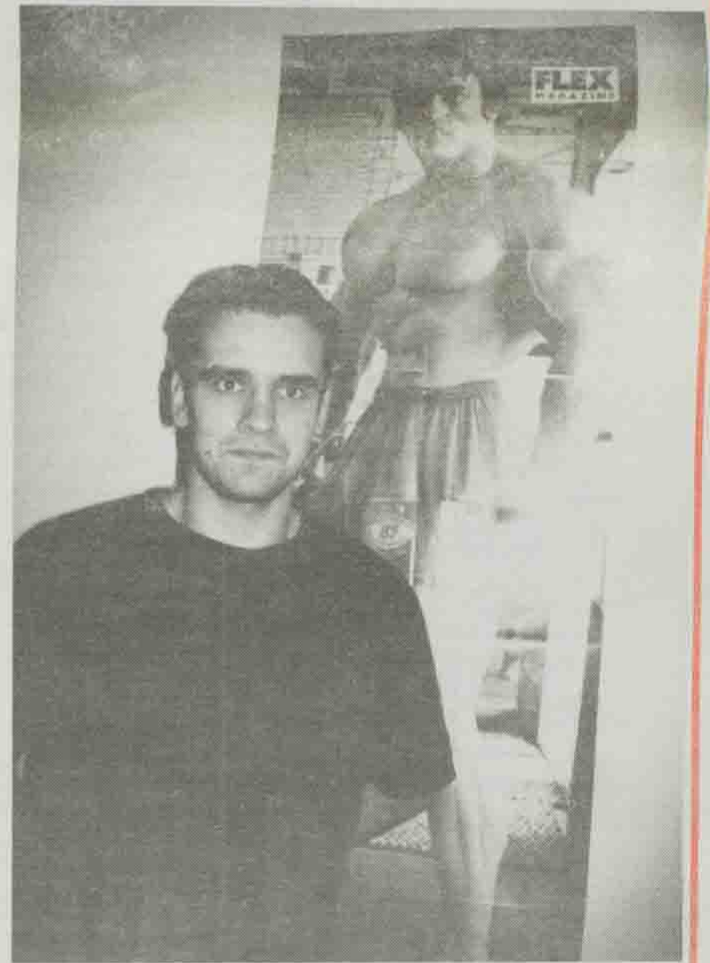
'Can we help you?' and he just said 'No' and walked off. He's very strange. I'm very concerned that he has this master key."

The Henry Price Committee met last week to discuss the accusations against Berry and it was decided to hold a vote of no confidence on 15 February.

The committee's General Secretary, John Hartley, outlined the other allegations against Berry: "Of all the people at the Henry Price Christmas Ball, Bez and his friends were the only ones being rowdy. The posters put up by his flatmates for the ball were also very sexist. They read: 'Lads, clean the cheese off your knobs and buy a ticket. You're bound to get a shag!'"

According to Jackie Emerson, a first year Genetics student who was at the ball: "Bez and his mates were throwing corks and screaming at everyone. The bouncers had to ask them to be quiet three times. Bez is horrible, he learns at people."

Berry said he was only guilty of being drunk and added: "The posters were supposed to be



No confidence? Dave Berry, President of Henry Price. Pics: Sam Greenhill

tongue-in-cheek. This whole campaign against me is the work of Cheryl [the Henry Price Social Secretary] who wants my job."

Cheryl Pasbach denies this. "It is more a question of getting him out than getting me in," she said.

The University adviser to Henry Price flats said the policy

of giving a master key to the president is under review. "Normally, when the writing's on the wall it's usual for the president to resign but I don't think Bez will resign. They voted him in, they'll have to vote him out."

The vote takes place at 7pm in the Rupert Beckett lecture theatre.



Henry Price, where residents claim their President abused his powers

SHOULD THE SUN BE BANNED FROM LUU: SEE FOCUS PAGES 12 & 13

# Rude awakening at LMU

By Tim Gallagher

Students at a Leeds Metropolitan University Hall have complained that a fire drill conducted at a quater past six in the morning was careless and insensitive. The drill occurred on Monday 24th January at LMU's Sugarwell Hall between 6.15 and 7.15am and succeeded in waking up the 380 residents.

Frams Noronha, President of former Fairfax Hall, says that he has received a number of complaints from residents and he claims that there was a "generally unpopular" response to the alarm. "I don't think there was any malice involved," he said, "It was just careless, they should have thought it through a bit more."

Noronha also expressed annoyance that the Student Committee was not consulted about the timing of the drill.

According to Noronha, lots of students have complained that the alarm has interrupted their revision pattern and that their exams the following day suffered as a result of such a rude awakening.

The decision to hold the fire drill was made by Sugarwell's three residential officers. One officer, Catherine Hacon, defended the action: "It was felt that, due to the continuous arrival of students over the previous three weeks, this was the earliest date that a fire alarm could take place."

Despite interrupting exam revision, Hacon claims: "It could not be held any later due to the inter-semester week." Indeed, Hacon cites two students, Andy Spencey and Andrea Loberto,

who claim that their exams on that day were not affected by the disruption.

The drill revealed certain problems, as the alarm failed to sound on some floors. Several faults were discovered in Coverdale which would not have come to light had the test not taken place.

"The longer a fire alarm test is left, the more danger students are put in," said Halcon.

However, this knowledge did not replace the sleep loss suffered by students, and a formal letter of complaint has been written to the residential officers.

The issue was also raised at a Committee meeting the following day. The residential officers officially noted the concern expressed by the students. "This will be taken into consideration when deciding on the next fire drill," said Hacon.

## GCSE's at Park Lane

Students taking Adult Education classes, can now study for free at Park Lane College. On offer are GCSE courses in English and Maths. The classes are available to anyone over 18, and can be attended either in the afternoon or evening. College principal, John Taylor said: "This will help them achieve good GCSE grades and give them a chance to experience being taught in an adult environment."

## Mad Cows

Leeds Professor, Richard Lacey, has warned that the threat to human beings from mad cow disease may be greater than expected. The microbiologist has predicted that thousands of people will die as a result of eating infected beef.

## Fire at LMU

Leeds Metropolitan University student union was evacuated on Monday after a small fire broke out. The fire, involving a ventilation motor caused little damage. The Union however was closed for over an hour and a half as fireman checked whether the fire had spread to ventilation ducts.

## New Post at LMU

Leslie Wagner, the new Vice Principal and Chief Executive at Leeds Metropolitan University, has created a new senior managerial post in an attempt to increase the quality of teaching and research at the university. The appointment has been widely seen as an attempt to by Leslie Wagner to focus on the academic side of LMU. Which he reportedly believes was neglected over the last few years.

## Rag Romance

Romance will be in the air as Leeds University Union Rag launches Cuddle Week to coincide with Valentine's Day, writes Charlotte Lomas. Alongside the traditional Rose-a-grams and the Valentine's disco, there is the opportunity to have your messages of love written on pink love hearts and displayed in the Union foyer. Rag will also be selling coloured badges: Red means "Cuddles are all you're getting mate!", Amber means "I cuddle when I'm sober but after a few drinks who knows!" while Green means "Cuddles are for starters, now use your imagination!!!"

In addition the badges will entitle wearers to discounts at clubs such as Circus Circus, Beat Surrender and Party On.

Organiser Paul Knight described the badges as a good way of making money with the added bonus of "getting your leg over without a chat up line."

Badges and Rose-a-grams are now on sale in the Rag Office.

## Grove groovers

The Grove pub is the place to be on Sunday night, writes Tim Gallagher. Twelve musicians and singers are playing live in a benefit gig to raise money for organisations campaigning for human rights in Kashmir and democracy in Latin America.

Steve Cockerill, lecturer at Leeds Metropolitan University and occasional blues

singer, is one of the organisers hoping to raise awareness of the issues as well as about £500. In addition to the music, there will be a raffle. Tickets are priced £2 and the entertainment starts at 8.30pm. The Grove pub is near the Leeds Hilton Hotel.

## Student Games

Preparations are being made for the third International Student Festival in Trondheim, Norway, later this year, writes Paul Greenhough.

The main theme for the festival, which begins on the 6th October and lasts a full week, is human rights.

A number of workshops will discuss issues such as democracy, the United Nations, racism and children.

Any student can apply for one of the 500 places in the festival; the deadline for applications is 21st March.

Tess Walton, Education Secretary at LUU, described the event as "a real opportunity and very worthwhile."

Anyone interested in the festival should contact Tess Walton in Exec.

## Lord Mayor's Packet

The Lord Mayor's ambassador scheme, established in May last year, is going from strength to strength writes Nick Curtis-Raleigh.

Councillor Keith Loudon invites anyone returning home from Leeds to take an information pack back with them. Tying in with Leeds' official centenary celebrations, which continue into February, information on the history, culture, entertainments and sporting facilities of the area are included. So far 560 packs have gone to 450 different cities. Included in brochure is a letter of goodwill from Mr. Loudon to his opposite number, written in Zulu, Bengali, Slovak and thirty other languages (even English). The idea is to promote Leeds abroad, and individuals have spread the word as far afield as The Gambia, Malawi, Singapore and Australia. Interested parties should telephone 0532 474 655.

# LUU's Juke Box Tory-hater

By Sam Mountford

A ace pop-picker Elliot Reuben is to lead a team from Leeds University Union into the national finals of the NME/Beatwax pop quiz.

Elliot, better known as LUU Financial Affairs Secretary, describes his musical tastes as "anything from pop to hardcore." LUU face nine teams from all around the country in next month's finals.

They stand to win a first prize of a weekend in New York.

Elliot, fast becoming the Mike Read of Leeds University, claims that no special preparations are necessary. "I just read the NME and Melody Maker every week," he said. "Oh! And Frank Zappa's biography."

The contest takes the form of a pub-style quiz over five rounds, with questions on all aspects of pop music.

LUU's five-strong team are looking for revenge after a defeat by Crash records in last month's preliminary heats, held at Leeds Metropolitan University. LUU qualified for the finals, being held on 26th



Poptastic Elliot

Pic: Tim Gallagher

February, as best runners-up.

Crash scored more points in the preliminary heat than any other team in the country.

So did Elliot and company have a misspent childhood

pouring over the Guinness Book of Hit Singles? It would seem so. "We're all real trainspotterish types - exactly like walking encyclopedias. It's really sad," he admitted.

# MPs slam advertisement as PC

By Sam Mountford

A Tory MP has attacked a job advertisement issued by Leeds Metropolitan University as "politically correct nonsense".

Graham Riddick, MP for Colne Valley, described the advert for a social worker as "left-wing politically correct nonsense that makes some people believe social workers do not live in the real world."

The advert stated LMU's commitment to "anti-oppressive practice".

Health Secretary Virginia Bottomley joined in the criticism of the advert for

promoting the "domination of ideology and text-book theories over practical skills for children."

The advert was defended by Paul Scofield, assistant Dean of LMU's Faculty of Health and Social Care. He said: "The education of social workers at LMU follows the Government's own guidelines."

"Social workers often work with people who are vulnerable," said Scofield. "It is

therefore important that they are taught to care for people in a way that is not oppressive.

"The requirement to be able to demonstrate a commitment to anti-oppressive practice is entirely consistent with the guidelines established by the central council for the education and training of social workers."

**If you hear anything newsworthy, call Leeds Student 434727 / 314251**



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## POLICY

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# LMU puts pressure on residential officer

Friends of a student Residential Officer have this week hit out at Leeds Metropolitan University for pressurising him to return to his flat, which he abandoned after he was broken into twice in two days.

Sean Long, Residential Officer at Woodhouse Flats, was forbidden by senior LMU management from speaking to Leeds Student. But friends speaking on his behalf said that Long is currently staying at Becketts Park because he feels that he is unsafe living in Woodhouse.

Long's flat was broken into on both Friday and Saturday last week. On the second

occasion he chased off two burglars and succeeded in pinning one down. In the process of wrestling with the attacker, the other shouted: "Stab him, stab the bastard, stab the cunt."

The attackers had prised open the window with a twelve inch screwdriver. It took only 35 seconds for the burglars to enter Long's flat. The window has not yet been fixed.

The attackers are believed to be no older than 22, with short haircuts and rough clothing. A resident described them as "generally desperate people."

After Friday's attempted burglary, Long printed posters

By Tim Gallagher

warning potential attackers that he had a phone link to the police and a direct line to the warden.

But this did not deter thieves from breaking in the following day.

Long may face disciplinary action if he does not return to the flats. LMU refused to comment on whether this action will be directed at Long in his capacity as a student or as a Residential Officer. However, Long claims that under employment law he should be provided with

suitable working conditions and that, at the moment, his health and safety are at risk.

Long claims that he will stay at Becketts until some of his suggestions to improve security have been implemented. The suggestions - including fitting surveillance cameras and stepping up security patrols - were raised at a meeting with the Hall manager, Diane Ambler, and the Head of security, Ken Batton.

Long also wants bars fitted on bottom floor flats as these are easy targets for attackers. One bottom floor flat houses five female students, one of whom is registered blind.

On Wednesday Diane Ambler oversaw the installation of wooden blocks on the windows which she claimed would act as an effective temporary deterrent. She promised that bars would be fitted by the end of the week.

The Deputy Director at LMU, Dr Geoff Hitchens, issued a statement to Leeds Student in which he admitted that: "The University is aware there is a problem with respect to security at Woodhouse Flats. This has been fully evaluated by the Director of Estates and the suppliers of the windows."

He added: "The manufacturers will improve

the position as a matter of urgency in a few days. The University is committed to ensure the security of students and Residential Officers."

Residents at Woodhouse Flats shared the concern of the Residential Officer. Postgraduate student David Lopez complained that there was "no security at all." Becky Stemp, first year History of Art student, said: "The burglar alarms are never turned on and the fire doors don't even shut properly."

According to West Yorkshire Police there have been 13 burglaries at Woodhouse flats since it opened in January last year.

## Mixed reviews for all-nighter at the Edward Boyle

Last week's 'Work In' at the Edward Boyle Library was declared a success by Leeds University Union Exec, writes Sam Rose. At 6am on Friday morning, when the advertised free breakfast was distributed, there were still more than one hundred students in the building.

The campaign was initiated by LUU with the full backing of the University and the librarians, who received double pay, and was staged to remind people that students are still taking action to protest against the planned Government education reforms.

Throughout the night students were able to write to their MPs, air their views in a Special General Meeting and meet their end of semester deadlines. First year Geography student Scott Butler "just needed an excuse to work."

While the student turnout was good, there was only a handful of Union Council members present.

Andrew Ballance, a first year Physics student and a



Edward Boyle Library - there's a whole lot o' workin' goin' on

Pic: Ed Crispin

member of the Socialist Worker Student Society, was present at the work-in but complained that the action being taken was not radical enough: "It's just another case of Exec policy being agreeable and not wanting to upset anyone."

Although Exec were happy with the turnout, many students were less than pleased. James Lenoel, a third year English student, described student apathy as "the only thing that really gets me." He added: "Many of my friends

who'll be leaving university this summer simply don't care."

Elliot Reuben, LUU Financial Affairs Secretary, was more optimistic. He said: "Everyone here could have worked at home."

## Nazis strike left

By Sam Rose

A member of Leeds University Union's Socialist Worker Society has told how he and fellow students were attacked in the city centre.

They were set upon by a group of youths, wearing T-shirts proclaiming racist slogans, as they were selling copies of the Socialist Worker, a week last Saturday.

Andrew Ballance, a first year Physics student at Leeds University, said: "I just turned round and saw a couple of guys running towards us and they started laying into one of us."

He went on to say that three others set upon him, and that as a result he sustained bruises and a cut to the back of the head, which subsequently needed medical attention.

In all, five of the twelve students were attacked directly, including two women. John Kennedy, a first year Arabic student, had to be taken to casualty after he was punched in the face by a youth wearing "a spiked ring."

Two police officers arrived

ten minutes later, but said that they could not press charges because it was a case of one group's word against another's.

Ballance said he understood that the police were in a difficult position, but added that he is unimpressed by the way the police deal with such neo-Nazis: "We often sell Socialist Worker on Lands Lane every Saturday. Frequently a handful of neo-Nazis come up and shout abuse, but just recently they have stepped up their campaign."

"In my experience, the police don't give a shit", remarked Ann Brown, a second year Politics student.

She added: "I was terrified. We were under attack in broad daylight and the police blatantly refused to do anything because they said they had a "van full of shoplifters". They said that they would come back in 15 minutes, but didn't. It was dreadful."

The remaining students continued to sell the Socialist Worker after the attack and returned undeterred to the same spot last Saturday to sell newspapers and hand out Anti-Nazi League leaflets.

## Student injured in nightclub clash

A night out came to an abrupt end for a second year Leeds University student last Friday. The student claims he was forcibly ejected from the Warehouse nightclub by a bouncer. The incident occurred when the student, who wishes to remain anonymous, was helping his girlfriend who had been suffering from a stomach bug for several days.

He assisted his girlfriend to the ladies' toilet and then comforted her as she thought she was about to vomit.

The student claims a bouncer wearing a Security jacket kicked in the door of the toilet cubicle and grabbed him by the throat. The student alleges he

By Tim Gallagher

was "pinned up against the wall, bounced off the walls and pushed down the stairs" and eventually kicked out. The incident took place shortly before closing time at 2am.

The student complained that the bouncer gave him no opportunity to explain why he was in the ladies' toilets and was shocked at the behaviour of the bouncer: "I was very annoyed. This is not the sort of thing you expect when you go out to enjoy yourself."

He continued: "The Warehouse is supposed to be one of the best clubs in the

country. Why is there not the security to match?"

The student sustained bruising to the throat which he later had examined at the University Health Service.

The manager of the Warehouse, Ian Gardener, defended the actions of his staff: "Our bouncers are the best in Leeds," he said. "If I found any allegations to be true I would sack the member of security concerned immediately."

The student has not yet made a formal complaint to the Warehouse. However, police have taken a statement from him and are currently investigating

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# Murder trial draws to end

The trial of Stephen Pheasey, accused of the murder of a Leeds Metropolitan University work colleague, should be decided today.

Pheasey is alleged to have ambushed Peter Scarlett, a workmate in LMU's mechanical services department, before battering him to death in January 1992.

Brian Walsh QC,

prosecuting, said that there was a history of ill-feeling between the two men and that Pheasey had been waiting to murder Scarlett.

Michael Harrison, speaking for the defence, argued that the case was one of manslaughter and not murder.

Pheasey told the court that he had lost control. He claimed that he went to see Scarlett to talk about their

him a failure and pushed him.

Pheasey said that "something just snapped" and that he couldn't remember what happened next. He claimed that he had had no intention of killing his colleague.

Pheasey's probation officer, Mary Aukland, said that Pheasey had been completely devastated by what had happened.

As final support for his case of manslaughter, Harrison alleged that Pheasey had been physically and emotionally bullied by his father. He told the jury that a psychiatrist who examined Pheasey had said that this father-son relationship was relevant in explaining Pheasey's conduct.

The court is expected to reach its final verdict today.

By Toby Wakely

grievances.

"Mr Scarlett was just saying that it seemed as if the whole system was corrupt, he got more and more heated and just wouldn't see sense," Pheasey said.

He added that Scarlett had also told him to "fuck off", abused him, called

## Leeds LGB gets shirty

By Emma Hartley

Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Society delegates from Leeds University Union were angry this week following the annual Conference for the National Union of Students LGB.

The Leeds students suffered their worst disappointment when their bid to pass a motion of no-confidence against a member of the NUS LGB National Committee was defeated.

The motion, raised against Janine Booth, an NUS official, was turned down at last weekend's Conference in Strathclyde.

Tim Goodall, Treasurer of LUU's LGB Society, who proposed the motion, explained that the students were unhappy because Booth had falsely claimed responsibility for organising a previous conference. Goodall alleges that Booth had not even attended the conference.

"Richard Hewison, who was the true organiser of the last Conference, got a lot of abuse from other delegates because someone started a rumour that he didn't do enough for the women's part of the platform," Goodall said.

## Uni cracks down on gays

A spokesperson for the Lesbian, gay and bisexual community in Leeds this week explained the reasoning behind the advert warning of patrols in the toilets of student unions in both Leeds universities, writes Emma Hartley.

The advert warning gay men placed in last week's Leeds Student read: "To all students involved in cottaging and voyeurism in University toilets. Be warned, toilets are now being patrolled by the universities and disciplinary action may be taken."

The advert was placed in the newspaper by LMUSU on behalf of the Lesbian, Gay and

Bisexual societies of both LUU and LMUSU.

The spokesperson explained: "We just thought that people ought to be aware that it's possible they could get expelled if they're caught. It's a bit seedy, I know. But the advert was intended as public information, rather than as a reprimand."

The activities have been increasingly regarded as a problem, especially at LMU, where several complaints were made before Christmas. "Personally I don't have a problem with it," the spokesperson said. "It's just a part of the gay scene."

## "Bitter Pill Rally" hailed a success

More than one hundred and fifty students staged a demonstration last week against Government proposals to restrict the availability of the contraceptive pill.

The "Bitter Pill Rally" attracted students from all over the country to Quarry House in Leeds, Headquarters of the Department of Health.

"It went really well," said Liz Rouse, Leeds University Union Women's Officer and one of the main organisers of last Friday's event. "There was a good turn-out and we received a lot of petitions and messages of support."

Rouse added: "Leeds is really taking the initiative in changing the image of student apathy. It's good to see people getting off their arses for once."

Leeds University second year Broadcasting student Verity Peet said: "It was a really good atmosphere - everyone was motivated and involved. The demo achieved its aim, which was publicity. It was very effective."

The students met at the West Yorkshire Playhouse and marched to Quarry House where the rally heard speakers from the Birth Control Trust and the National Union of Students.

Kevin Sexton of the NUS Exec told the audience that the plan to reduce the choice of pill should be seen in the



The Demo outside Quarry House

Pic: Ed Crispin

By David Smith

wider context of Government cuts across all forms of Education and Welfare.

Two hundred and seventy balloons were launched, each representing a pound of wasted Government money. "It costs £270 for a woman to have an abortion on the NHS, the equivalent of ten years' worth of contraceptive pills," Rouse claimed.

"Without the pill the number of abortions is going

to continue to rise."

Students attended from both Leeds University and Leeds Metropolitan University, as well as universities in Bradford, Derby, Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield and York.

One determined Sixth Former had made the journey from her school in Bangor, while the greatest distance was covered by a protester from Dover.

"The next step is to lobby

Parliament and send a petition around the country. Although the issue is out of the headlines for the moment, this Government is as likely as not to try and sneak something through the back door," Rouse said.

The Government proposes to limit the availability of the pill to cheaper brands. However, protesters object to this as the cheaper pills are older, stronger, and more likely to cause uncomfortable side-effects.

## Reporter wins Independent prize

By Tim Gallagher

Amelia Hill, a Leeds Student reporter, has beaten more than six hundred competitors to win a trip round Europe this summer. The competition, organised by the Independent newspaper, challenged aspiring journalists to write 500 words under the title of "Impressions of a city".

Amelia's entry told of her adventures in India where she wrongly accused and punched someone who she thought was groping her. In her own prize-winning words: "A determined hand suddenly thrust itself deep between my legs...I turned, screaming obscenities, to the man behind

me and landed a perfect right hook just below the eye."

Amelia won one of three runners-up prizes of a Eurotrain ticket which allows two months of unlimited travel around the Continent and is worth about £300. In addition, she receives five Rough Guide travel guides of her choice.

The globe-trotting news hound is delighted with her win. "I'm dead chuffed," she said, "it's sorted out my summer holiday for this year." Amelia will attend a lunch



Amelia Hill

for winners later this month in London.

The article, along with other winning entries, will be published tomorrow.

## OFF CAMPUS

Evening Post

IFT

## Young doctors

A doctor at Glasgow Royal Infirmary recently invited two young medical students to help him stitch up a couple of patients. Imagine his surprise when his white-coated assistants turned out to be fifteen year old school children, there on work experience. The physician only realised his gaffe when he tried to enter into a technical discussion with the youngsters.

## Condom capers

Thierry Lepage of Brittany spent an entire night slumped in a local lavatory after trapping his hand in a Durex machine. At 1.30am his anguish was temporarily alleviated by a chatty drunkard, who soon passed out on the floor beside him. Four hours later a group of youths discovered M. Lepage, still ensnared, and stole his wallet. A cleaner 'phoned the fire brigade at 7am, but they didn't believe his story. When M. Lepage was finally released he discovered that his frustrated girlfriend had ended up in bed with his next door neighbour. "The Pope was right," claimed a distraught Lepage, "condoms are crap."

## Drunk in charge

Otto Becker of Wittich, Germany, faces drink driving charges after rigging his windscreen washer to pump Schnapps into his mouth while he drove along.

## Dirty talk

"You need never never be lost for words if abused on holiday," claims a spokesman for Talk Dirty. Formulated in Hamburg, the £28 gadget will translate appropriate swear words into German, French, Italian, Spanish and Turkish.

## More drunks

Two men are to appear court concerning unusual motoring offences on the M25. Micheal Mellor, 27, of Greenwich is accused of masquerading as a policeman who enjoyed ticking off passing motorists. He claimed he was "bored at weekends". Chris Boyer, 34, from Canterbury was banned for three years and fined £200 after the court found him guilty of driving his council gritting lorry while under the influence.

## You can with a Nissan

The best selling non-fiction book in Japan at the moment? 'The complete manual of suicide.'

Compiled by Nick Curtis-Raleigh

# Clean-out at Charles Morris

A veteran cleaner is to be sacked this week by a Leeds University hall of residence after it emerged that she has been stealing from students on a regular basis.

The employee was accused by residents from the fifth and sixth floors of Mary Ogilvie House, Charles Morris Hall, of pilfering clothes, perfume, compact discs and petty cash to a combined value of over £300. Although the residents had long suspected the cleaner,

their arguments were dismissed by the hall wardens until, in desperation, the students presented them with a lengthy list of stolen items.

"We didn't really have any concrete proof that it was our cleaner until the only two rooms below us on the fifth floor that she cleaned were burgled as well," said Kath Evans, one of the victims. "The people in those rooms are renowned for locking their doors meticulously, so our

By Martyn Beachamp

suspicious were confirmed.

"The cleaner did everything very carefully: she managed to steal things that the owner didn't notice for a while, which gave her some breathing space. When some perfume went missing while its box remained, it was clear that the thief was someone who had access to a key and had time on their hands. She could afford to be

very particular with what she took."

The residents took their confirmed suspicions to the hall office and staff immediately called the police. The cleaner was detained in a local police cell while officers continued with their enquiries. According to one eye-witness, the cleaner continued to deny the allegations right up to the moment that the stolen possessions were discovered at her house. Items reported

missing as far back as Introweek were also found there.

Reactions to the incident have been mixed. Meredith Christy, who had possessions stolen by the cleaner, said: "It's a real shame because most of the cleaners here are really nice and perfectly trustworthy. It would be bad if they were all tarnished with the image created by this one thief."

A fellow resident was not as

charitable: "This is terrible. How are we supposed to feel relaxed about cleaners having access to our rooms when one of them has just been done for stealing half the stuff in there?"

This latest incident comes in a troubled week for Charles Morris, with disputes over funding for the Summer ball, and the return of the notorious cockroaches, completing an unhappy seven days for the hall.

## City greets new LMU boss



Wagner (far left) and LMUSU President Warwick Taylor meet local notables

Over one hundred guests gathered in the banquetting suite of Leeds Civic Hall on Monday, at the civic reception held to welcome Leeds Metropolitan University's new principal, Leslie Wagner.

The reception was hosted by the leader of Leeds City Council, Councillor Jon Trickett, and the Chair of the Board of Governors of LMU, Mr Leslie Silver.

Those attending included

students, staff, governors and representatives of community organisations. Also present were members of colleges and schools and the local business community.

Responding to Councillor Trickett's welcome to Leeds, Mr Wagner said the roots of LMU were in the community, and its basic mission and purpose was to serve the community.

"Our links with the city of Leeds are symbolised by the fact that when we designed the

logo of the new University last year, we incorporated the owl in the city's coat of arms.

"Two years ago, Leeds had a great University and a great Polytechnic. Now it is our task to ensure that it has two great Universities.

"We recognise our responsibilities to contribute to the growing prosperity and development of this city, and I pledge my leadership of the University to meet and deliver that responsibility."

## Jazz man slides out of favour

Tetley Brewery is threatening to axe the longest running jazz gig in Leeds.

Ed O'Donnell, the trombonist, has been playing at the Adelphi pub since 1948 with the Yorkshire Jazz band. Ed, a former lecturer in jewellery at Jacob Kramer College, was very disappointed with the news. "We need a place to play in. We need to keep a place going to keep the band going."

The Brewery has decided to axe the band because: "due to the economic recession they'd like to make more money by

By Toby Wakely

letting out the upstairs rooms for functions"

The current line-up of the jazzy band is: Ed, who has been playing since he was five, Arthur Stead on trumpet, Dave Stanfield on bass and Simon Richardson on drums. Between them they receive £60 for their Saturday gigs.

100 signatures have been collected in a protest petition. The petition organiser, Pat Allen defended the band saying: "The

Adelphi is special. It has a magical atmosphere. Why end something good, that's going so well?"

In response to the protesters Mr Colin Waite, representing Tetley claimed: "There's a lot of pressure for the upstairs rooms to be used for weddings and private parties: the licensee has to cover his overheads- which he is not doing."

Tetley said the decision was based on profit and commercial reasons, but they didn't discount the possibility of rescheduling the band for another time.

## The toast of the country

Leeds students should take a diversion from the usual haunts on the Otley Run if they want a taste of the best pint in Leeds. In a survey of over six hundred pubs, the Leeds branch of the Campaign for Real Ale has named The Beer Exchange in Woodhouse Street as the purveyor of the finest ale in the land.

The pub has sold no less than 276 different ales since it was opened last June, and was picked for its high standard of service, value, and choice.

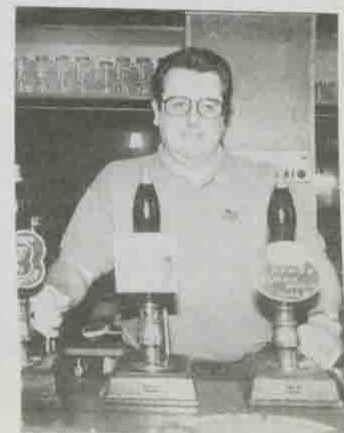
A number of students who drink at the award-winning pub

By Simon Greenhalsh

shared CAMRA's view, Ian Roland, a second year English student, said: "I come here for the wide selection of ales and the comfortable surroundings."

Another student drinker, James Wright, said: "I'm never going to drink anywhere else. I always knew it had a superior pint, now it's official."

Asked about the secret of the pub's success in winning the award, barman Kevin Lister cited: "Quality and quantity" as the main ingredients.



CAMRA never lies Pic: Ed Crispin

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# "A special society for newly recruited accountants"

There is a lot of talk about cottaging at the moment. Apparently, there are a few students peaking into the union toilets in the hope of seeing a great big wanger they can get their hands on.

But to my mind there are far worse crimes afoot. For example there are final year students who confess to having already got jobs as accountants. This is some kind of confession. If you "come out" as a homosexual you

admit to the weakness of loving other human beings. If you "come out" as an accountant you admit to being a total no-life. You surrender to the grand life achievement of being "numerate".

Perhaps there should be a special society where these people could meet and talk about their feelings. An "icebreakers" for newly recruited accountants. You can imagine the first meeting: "I...er...I got accepted by Price Waterhouse"... big sounds of

## Rupert Hamer on Friday



support and encouragement from the rest of the group... finally someone says: "Yeah.. er ..me too ..I ...er .. got accepted as well."

Well, congratulations. After, god knows - note the small g -

how many years of education and tax payers' money, this is the best you can come up with.

At least the voyeurs in the union are looking to do something a bit more imaginative with their lives.

But this is unfair. There are people who have been accepted onto teacher training courses. This is the ultimate "I give up on life" profession.

While the rest of your college compatriots are out there risking thousands of pounds of their employer's money, opening themselves up to the cut throat world of capitalism, there you are, telling little Johnny Fairfax to stop picking his nose. What a come down.

Perhaps it is wrong how little teachers are paid in our

society. But having met the kind of people who are supposed to be helping future generations cope with life, it is hardly surprising they are looked down upon as freeloaders.

Our university security services should stop their ridiculous crack down on homosexual activity. Instead we should be hearing "...er... sorry... no accountants...no teachers either...this university is for decent god-fearing people."

**The Editor**  
**Leeds Student**  
**Leeds University Union**  
**P.O. Box 157**  
**Leeds LS1 1UH**

Letters should be addressed to the Editor and clearly marked for publication. The deadline for letters is the Tuesday preceding publication.

# THE DIARY



### Separated at birth?

Robert Maxwell (left) & Chris Gregg (right).

Are they by any chance related?



The *Diary* was interested to hear that Leeds University Union's very own media mogul, Chris Gregg, plans to set up a television station. Having dabbled in radio - with little success - it now seems that Chris is turning to TV in the vain hope of making his name in student media. Although Chris admits that it will be absolutely impossible to broadcast the programmes made by Network TV, this may not be such a bad thing. The last time Network equipment was used to make a video it involved two female students taking their clothes off, driving around Leeds 6 and picking up male students. Despite the film being made nearly a year ago, the two stars of this 'work of art' still haven't seen the result. Apparently it's still being 'edited' by Network staff.

his move at the end of the party. Unfortunately, he was so pissed that when he lent across to kiss her, he missed.

Perhaps if Chris Gregg followed the advice of his staff he wouldn't feel the need to go on a bender every now and again. Apparently delegation is a word that doesn't appear in Chris's dictionary. In fact rumour has it that Chris went to the Mussolini school of management. Not only does Chris conduct random searches of his staff, but Network office rules include no litter, no smoking, no alcohol, no drugs and definitely no fun

The *Diary* would like to thank the many staff at Network who helped us to compile this week's *Diary*. Your secret is safe with us - not. Thanks also to Chris who we are sure is big enough to laugh at himself. It's nothing personal mate and we promise to buy you a pint after the inevitable complaint tribunal.

Elliot Reuben has asked us to point out that his DJ-ing at Ricky's is not a nice little earner, as reported in last week's *Diary*

Dear Editor

Having been involved in the running of university societies for five years I would like to express my concern about the amount of bureaucratic paper work the union has required us to deal with and the difficulty we have encountered with the application procedure for societies funding. This year for the first time we have found that it is taking so much of our time trying to fill in forms for the union that we do not have enough time to organise our society events and attend them which makes it all seem a little pointless. If I had wanted to spend all my time dealing with apparently pointless paper work then I would have applied for a job in a government office rather than standing as president for one of the longest running and most active university societies.

By far the most time consuming task has been the booklet of forms for applying for funding. When we attempted to submit them we were told that if we didn't explain our requirements in more detail we would be unlikely to receive any money from the Societies Funding Council (SFC). As our treasurer is now a final year student I took over the lengthy task of explaining at length even more clearly what we needed funding for. Our travel subsidy form was submitted with an A4 side of typed explanation of our requirements in detail, and was just returned with just the word 'rejected' written on it in the comments box. The form for our annual hut weekend explained how the club was recovering all food and transport costs from our members attending but that we would like to claim for a subsidy of the hire cost of the hut. This

was rejected and returned with the comment that food was not allowed to be funded. No further explanation was offered by the SFC as to why we were not granted any money for these things.

This leaves us extremely disillusioned and disappointed with the unions attitude towards the societies. we now find ourselves unable to afford to run any trips, which is maybe a good thing because I do not wish to take responsibility for the accidents which will inevitably occur if we are forced to continue caving on substandard equipment. At a recent meeting societies were told that the union had a budget of £50,000 for us and wanted to see it getting spent. It seems ludicrous that they don't bother to read our funding application in any more detail. The union is constantly urging us to oppose the

government reforms for student unions in order to save our societies, but if they continue to 'run' things in this manner there will be no societies to save.

**Paul Fretwell, President,**  
**Speleological Society**

Dear Editor

Thankyou for allowing me to reply to the above letter. The procedure for the allocation of societies budget is not complex - it consists of the filling in of standard forms which everyone completes. Doubtless there are some who would rather come with outstretched hands and expect the union to simply cough up. Perhaps in the past; but espically with govt attacks on unions; it makes more sense to be prudent rather than just chucking it about.

**Elliot Reuben, Financial**  
**Affairs Sec, LUU**

# The most unpopular man on campus

Dear Editor,

Oh dear. It's difficult to take some people seriously at times. Apparently, the anonymous fan of the "courageous individual" Rupert Hamer knows "many people...[who].. do not give two hoots if they offend minority groups - especially Christians and virgins." (Letters 28th January).

This unnamed "avid reader"

supposedly speaks for the entire membership of the exclusive "Hamer Fan Club" who meet, every month, third phone box from the right, outside the "Royal Park" pub.

A few points: First, there is no such thing as a "Politically correct lobby" - it doesn't exist.

When certain individuals say they hate "political correctness" what they mean is that the hate

anyone who stands out against sexism and racism.

Second, this minority of one welcomes and enjoys, along with others, the diverse culture which this bit of the planet has to offer, recognises decent human beings and doesn't want to see a return to the death camps and the gas chambers.

Who would prefer to live a life in an environment in which

academic and multi-cultural goals may be pursued without fear or intimidation.

Finally, as I understand it Leeds University Union finds unacceptable any acts of direct discrimination or harrassment towards minority groups and may take disciplinary action against such behaviour.

**Yours sincerely,**  
**Chris Maguire.**

The Socialist Worker students have that happy ability to turn up anywhere. So it was no surprise to see them waiting to greet John Major's visit to Leeds last week.

The Workers never waste a promising opportunity. Last term's student union demo against grant cuts has already gone down in posterity as the day the slumbering proles awoke and cast off their chains. Even Union OGMs have been turned into seances stalked by the ghost of a German scholar with a huge beard.

Last Friday this almost lovable band looked a little

## the HACK

A weekly sketch of student politics

out of place against the grandeur of The Queen's Hotel. The police looked on in silence, grimacing at the chants of "We'll kick Major's ass." "Build a bonfire, build a bonfire..." and so on. As on the terraces the shouting proved contagious to the rest of the crowd, so that one respectable middle-class gent could discover in himself a hitherto dormant rebellious streak and suddenly yell: "Major out!" He immediately

looked suitably ashamed.

As the number of Workers swelled the tension mounted. Police with walkie-talkies radioed for reinforcements. Their dramatic entrance - dark uniformed figures piling out of a menacing van - was becoming of a crack SAS squad recruited to save Queen, country and VAT on fuel from the evil Revolutionaries.

The red carpet was unrolled, the police stood shoulder to

shoulder, and a rubber effigy held up by the Workers displayed a John Major who didn't pretend to be anything but dumb. In fact, all that was missing was the greyt man himself. Then came the news. The Prime Minister had out-witted his public again and nipped in the back way.

It makes you wonder what happens when Mr Major gets back from a night on the town. Does he ring the doorbell and, while Norma goes to answer it, nip round, scale the drainpipe and sneak in through the back window? Let the world's media turn its spotlight on an enigmatic figure flitting nimbly through the Downing Street night.



# "The benefits to the country of legalising cannabis"

It cannot be denied that drug taking is a popular student pass time. A widely-held stereotype is that of the pill-popping, spliff-toking flower child.

Indeed, university life can be compared to an LSD trip. On arrival, the student is faced with a bewilderingly different approach to life. It takes time to make this adjustment. University provides the opportunity to look at things differently, and to indulge in weird and

wonderful experiences.

Universities are set apart from mainstream society and, as such, operate in a kind of hyper-reality where nothing is real. Student politics and societies, no matter how worthy the cause, are only practice for the real thing.

When you finally leave here you will have spent three years putting off joining the rat-race. The last year is, effectively, the comedown. The slow realisation that things are coming to an end and the

## SLEEDS STUDENT

desire to return to normality.

Perhaps this goes some way to explaining the common usage of drugs. However, it is more likely that the aura of mystique which surrounds drug taking is the attraction.

For many, university is the first time where parental control does not influence

decisions and actions. Free from such restraint, students have the opportunity to experiment on many levels, not least of which is the world of drugs.

To fully understand something, it is necessary to have first hand experience. It is therefore important that

students should ignore the stigma attached to marijuana and take a drag on spliff next time one is passed round at a party. It is only through doing this that ridiculous myths such as "smoking dope leads to heroin addiction" will be abolished.

This is not to say that marijuana is a prerequisite for a sound character. However, dope smoking has been proved to be no more detrimental to health than alcohol consumption. The only lethal

dose of cannabis is a twenty-five kilo block dropped from a thirty storey building. In other words, cannabis will not kill you.

Legalisation of cannabis will not turn Britain's youth into space cadets overnight. In fact, if more people smoked dope instead of drinking, then the traditional reputation of students as lary, traffic cone stealing, rainbow-yawning hooligans would be lost forever.

# Serving the masses

## SPOTLIGHT

As more and more students turn to dealing drugs to supplement their meagre income, Gareth Hughes speaks to a student drug dealer and asks him why he chooses to take such risks.

There is a stereotyped image of a drug dealer.

For many the phrase immediately conjures up pictures of a seedy underworld, with violent men unscrupulously selling to addicted customers on badly-lit street corners. The reality is usually very different. Most people that sell drugs are normal people, leading normal lives. Dealing provides them with a bit of extra income and they usually deal only to a relatively small, closed circle of friends.

Peter, for example, started selling marijuana when he was eighteen: "At first, I suppose, it was all about prestige. I was still at school and I did it to get free puff. Now I am forced to sell for money because I am used to spending a lot and I need to keep up my income. I didn't have a lot to start off with."

When he came to university, selling drugs was an obvious way to get extra cash - and demand was great: "Yes, I still sell puff, and occasionally E's and coke when people want it. I made about five hundred quid last term. It isn't as much as it seems though, because I am a bad businessman. I either

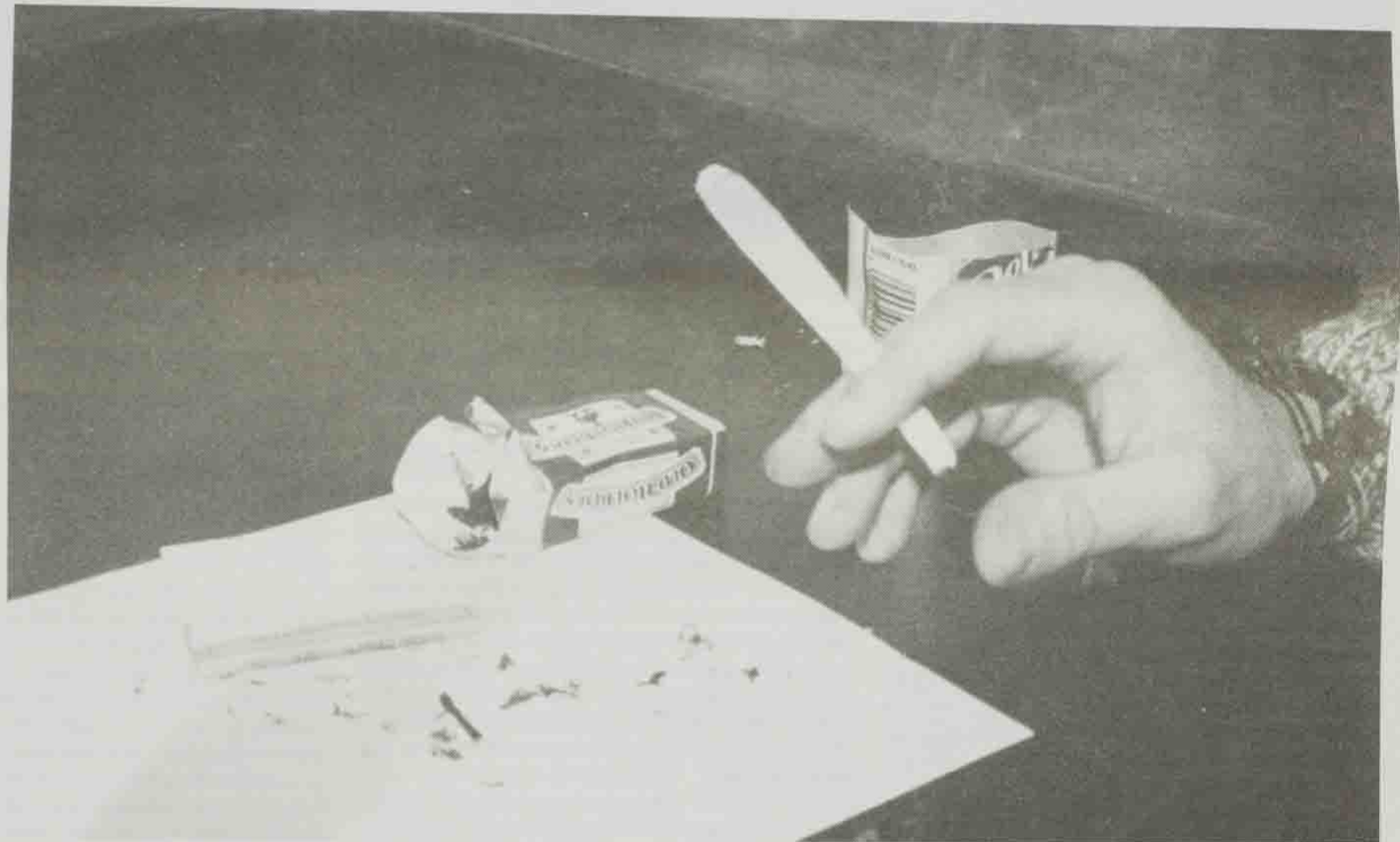
smoke the profits or fritter it away. But it does keep me at a better standard of living than if I just had my grant. It could have been a lot more if I had devoted more time to it. It's also quite a social thing. You tend to meet like-minded, liberal people."

"I've found that there is a big student market for puff, but not so much for E's, charlie and whizz. Those drugs are closely associated with the dance culture, but whilst that is still on the rise, many of my friends have stopped taking anything when they go out."

Peter is not overly concerned about getting caught: "I was very worried about that at the beginning of last term, when I was dealing in quarter kilos, but as I just sell ounces now I don't really worry because I haven't got a previous record. I keep it to people that I know."

"I always make sure people ring up before they come round. I also try to make sure as best I can that I sell to people that wouldn't bring it back to me if they got caught. If it did happen, yes, I'd probably go to prison."

"If I got caught with a quarter kilo I'd be fucked. But on the other hand, because I



The end product of a deal

Pic: Ed Crispin

haven't got a record and am a student, it might not be so heavy because they are not as strict with students as other people.

"You do hear lots of scare stories about people getting busted, but I think that is more to do with locals. Police don't give a shit about students. They are not really interested in a petty student dealer, but more where they get the stuff from."

"I'll probably continue dealing until I finish being a student, because hopefully then I'll get a decent job and will have more responsibility.

Also, dealing in London is much more dangerous."

Peter defended himself against accusations that he was selling something that was dangerous: "I'm not worried about dealing something that could be abused. Puff is a non-addictive drug. Ecstasy is a non-addictive drug. There is a lot of misinformation about drugs. Many people think that if you try it once you are addicted, whatever. I also disbelieve that theory that puff leads to other things. I know a lot of people that have done lots of different drugs and then realise that

they are not all they are cracked up to be."

"Puff should be legalised, definitely. Taking Class A drugs should be decriminalised, rather than legalised. What is most important is that there should be more knowledge about how difficulties arise. People should learn before they take anything what exactly they are taking, and what to do when you have taken them. Most drugs are pretty safe if you use them sensibly and occasionally, but some people do not use them sensibly or occasionally."

Elliot Reuben, Financial Affairs Secretary at Leeds University Union, reacted sympathetically to news of students selling drugs to support themselves: "It's totally understandable. There are an awful lot of people whose income is by no means enough to meet their expenses. Most student dealers deal mainly in cannabis, which they and the people that buy it consider it as not harmful and only mildly illegal, the equivalent of speeding. Why should it be that just because you are getting an education, you have to live in poverty?"

Should LUU ban The Sun? Focus examines the argument on pages 12 & 13

# A grave place to rest in

*Tombstone*  
Odeon Cinema

An early contender for best title of the year, *Tombstone* is the latest of the (New) Westerns, a genre Hollywood has exhumed after a somewhat premature burial. It tells the story of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday (of O.K. Corral fame) and details the events which precede and succeed that gunfight.

It's directed with little charm by George Pan Cosmatos of *Rambo* and *Cobra* fame, so I guess y'all know what to expect: the inevitable! Oh yes!

However, being a film with ideas above its station, *Tombstone* is at its best when dealing with the more violent aspects of Messrs. Earp and Holliday's lives, and falters during the quiet, biographical bits. Fortunately, the former outweigh the latter, and Cosmatos amply displays why he has wrought a successful career from action movies.

*Tombstone* has 'ominous'



carved all over it; the thunderstorms and quotes from Revelations all serve to underline the fact that death hangs in that Tombstone air. It's a rough neighbourhood, and everyone is at risk...

The cast reads like a Who's Who of action film character players (Kurt Russell, Powers Boothe, Michael Biehn, Bill Paxton and Charlton Heston all appear) lends credence to the theme, but acting honours go to Val Kilmer, who with tongue firmly in cheek, delivers a very likeable Doc Holliday.

This is an efficient movie; there's no revisionism on show. Just plain old good guys and bad guys, lawmen and lone justice and muchos muchachos!

*Tombstone* is a Western in the old style, with much to enjoy, though not if you want the authentic Earp/Holliday bio-flick schtick.

Matthew Goodman

## Other Places

LUU Raven Theatre

Every time I see an LUU production I'm struck by one outstanding talent, who is nearly always female. After the lead performances in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, *The Wiz* and *Anything Goes* comes that of Clare Jones who after *Other Places* deserves a place in any pick of student actresses.

Jones was inevitably overshadowed by the versatile Steve Hill in *Family Voices*, the first play in this Pinter trilogy. But in the last, *A Kind of Alaska*, she was given the chance to excel as Deborah, a girl emerging from 29 years of sleeping sickness to become conscious that her surroundings, her family and herself have completely changed.

Jones's measured performance brought to the part the sensation of dislocation, joy and poignancy it demands. She also found in it the suggestion that even now Deborah's soul is unready to take its first tentative steps out of limbo; rather, it has merely exchanged the unconscious limbo for the waking one.

The power of *A Kind of Alaska* derives from a pace pulled so taut that it would snap in the hands of a less precise thinker than Mark Walton, whose directorial debut showed a confidence with difficult material that speaks of a subtlety much needed in approaching oblique drama.

In *Alaska* he focused the tempo through the central figure of Jones; in *Victoria Station* he gave us the brittle energy of the frantic cab Controller, played by the ubiquitous Hill, counterpoised by Matt Ball's intelligently gormless Driver.

In isolated spotlights, an infinite blackness between them, these were the two loneliest men in the world. It was a different kind of alienation to that of Hill and Jones in the opener, which pleasingly avoided the often seemingly mandatory temptation to see the mother-son relationship in clumsily Freudian terms.

For this production refused to seek clarity where there was none; consequently the audience found ambiguity to be vastly more enriching.

David Smith

## Woody Bop Muddy

St. George's Hall

Isn't there something inherently woeful in the phrase "the zaniest act on the comedy circuit"? It's that word zany that does it. On a par with "wacky" and "madcap", it generally means the opposite and is associated with the kind of comedian who won "New Faces" in 1986 and is now fit only for the Children's Royal Variety Performance. And they're not funny either.

This phrase was unashamedly emblazoned over Woody Bop Muddy's publicity. So you won't be surprised when I tell you that Woody Bop Muddy is not a funny man. He is instead a man who once had a rather amusing idea and stretched it into a forty-five minute act, bolstered by much energetic running around and shouting of the word "fuck".

The idea centres around the innate tendency of man to deplore and adore tack and delight in wanton destruction. Woody plays the records you hate to love - Spandau Ballet, Supertramp, The Monkees, The Wombles - takes a democratic audience vote on whether they should be preserved or destroyed, and in the latter case, nails them to a piece of wood and smashes them to pieces. And that's it.

I know it sounds like fun, and indeed it is the first few times. But it really is very wearing after a while. Boisterous and enthusiastic as he is, bracing as it can be joining in his catchphrase ("What the fuck was that?") the inescapable fact is that if you stole his records and asked him to make you laugh, he couldn't do it.

Hannah Jones

## Son In Law

Odeon Cinema

The transformation of a quiet, unassuming country girl to grunge babe in her first week away from home, at college, is the opening which sets the tone of outrageous cliché, pursued relentlessly throughout this film.

For the main part, the film takes place back on the farm, when the tattooed wildchild returns to the bosom of her suitably shocked, cardboard cut-out family, (complete to the point of having an irritating, freckled younger brother, with a full time interest in pornographic magazines and computer games). Their horror at her appearance is exacerbated only by the fact that she brings 'freak' friend 'Crawl' with her, whom, she tells the family she intends to marry - This is untrue, but enables her to reject her clean cut homey boyfriends proposal, because her one term at college has provoked the realisation that there is so much more to life, (Please!).

The rest of the film constitutes a stereotyped voyage of discovery for the family, as they come to terms with their daughters supposed prospective drop-out husband. This includes Crawl managing to psychoanalyse the families problems, with his laid back new age philosophies, an utterly embarrassing restoration of zest and passion to the mother and fathers sex life via a 'Richard and Judy' style make over of the mother, and the revelation that the clean-cut boyfriend is a nasty piece of work after all.

Perhaps this is a too cynical review of *Son In Law*. There are a few funny slapstick moments. However it is a film marred throughout by the predictable and totally thoughtless stereotyping of ideas and character and nauseating sentimentalism.

Zoe James

## Felix H Man - A Retrospective

Bradford NMPFT

The Bradford Museum of film and Photography is currently housing a 'retrospective' tribute to the German photographer, Felix H Man. Having served his time in the German Army, Man turned professional in the field of photography in 1928 and emigrated to England.

His art embraces a compelling trinity of often domestic subject matter, seen through a World War II perspective, and captured within the four black and white walls of a photograph. The exhibition is accessible, even if photography isn't your passion: T.S Eliot and Mussolini are amongst many portraits of famous people.

Described as a 'Master at capturing the unguarded moment', his material certainly seems to suggest a modest desire to freeze a mood, rather than lay claim to the entrapment of a moment.

Unsuspecting sleepers on a Blackpool bench, and East End children mesmerised by 'well-dressed theatre goers' are just two of numerous enchanting ambiances-on-film.

One photograph in particular, entitled *Life Without Haste*, rapturously embraces a timeless street scene in Venice, and perhaps projects the immutable tenacity of photography itself.

Sara Buys

As its exam time, hurrah,  
we're a bit short of people  
- so if you can spare the  
time please come along -  
LMU 5.00p.m



# Many Happy Returns

## Birthday

Theatre Alibi :LMU Studio



Emma Rice and David Jamieson

**B**irthday is a play with only two people in it. No, it's not boring, it's not depressing and it doesn't patronise you. It is simply excellent theatre, and if you like plays at all then you must see it. The play centres around the expressionist painter Marc Chagall and his wife Bella: how they met, fell in love, survived pogroms and the Russian Revolution and finally ended up in Paris. But it is not the plot that makes this performance so remarkable: it is the acting, the directing, and the overall attention to detail that make it such a joy to watch.

To start with, both actors look scarcely over twenty-five, and yet their performance is so sensitive and humorous at the same time that it takes your breath away. Daniel Jamieson (who also wrote the play) as Chagall is gentle, even boyish at times, but is transformed into a visionary when gripped by creativity. He is not, however, one of those annoying arty/posy types, but real; even ordinary at times. His wife is played by Emma Rice (remember the name: she is soon to appear in *Eastenders!*) with zest and humour, a kind of sensual, intelligent Ma Larkin - but she too is far from quaint or the 'aloof muse': she is vulnerable, falls madly in love and every now and then unashamedly belts out Russian Jewish songs, accompanied by her stage husband. Both actors seem to enjoy their performance so much that the atmosphere permeates into the audience.

The props are simple but original, even humorous: farm animals, a main theme in Chagall's work, are represented by papier-mache figures which the actors carry about with them, showing how the artist's childhood images never abandoned him. The backdrop of artistic struggle and political persecution is never allowed to get melodramatic, and the actors' singing provides a lovely live soundtrack. I cannot recommend this production enough: it is subtle and humorous - and not a pretentious flourish in sight.

Rea Podas

## Mrs Doubtfire

Showcasse Cinema

**M**rs Doubtfire. Robin Williams, family entertainment, blah, blah, blah... Writing about this film is such an unappetising prospect. Last week it was Woody Allen, next week some choice comedy. Now these I can get excited about, but *Mrs. Doubtfire*? Anyway, for those of you still interested, on with the stastics...

Robbed of his children by a failed marriage and an overprotective ex-wife, Robin Williams is a desperate man. But he's not JUST a desperate man. Oh no, he's a good, kind desperate man with a heart of gold. He'll do anything to be with his children. Dress up as a woman and pretend to be a widowed Scottish housewife? No problem! This man loves his kids, you understand? What's more, he's holding down another job and sorting his priorities out to try and convince a sceptical social worker that he has a right to joint custody of his children.

So, let's get this straight. White man + love of his kids (did I mention how good and kind he is?) + holding down two honest (almost) jobs + trying to create a a stable home environment = crappy American family values!

The substance of this film is dull. There's nothing to get worked up about, nothing that grabs you. Certainly, there are some funny moments and a couple of genuinely tender scenes, but everything is so obviously crafted to pull at the heart and comedy strings.

Don't let the crossdressing appeal fool you. This is a predictable, and unimaginative formula movie. No wonder its knocked them dead in America, but demonstrate your disrespect for such tosh with non-attendance.

Martin Cole

## Shaft

Hyde Park Picture Bouse

**S**haft is a classic 70s private eye flick and the seminal blaxploitation film of the time. It's setting is very definitely downtown New York, and our hero, John Shaft, is a black sleuth.

The film is an X certificate but don't get too excited, this is due to lots of unexpurgated swear words rather than explicit sex or violence. The cartoon-like violence in fact raised some of the louder laughs from an audience who were in a pretty damn indulgent mood. A mood possibly not unconnected to the strangely heady smoke which they sat wreathed in.

The story, which mixes mafiosa and black hoods from harlem in a gangland kidnapping, is hardly worth mentioning it all seems so familiar. This is really reminiscent of those films you find yourself watching when for one reason or another you haven't quite made it out of the house (or your bed) by three o'clock in the afternoon. Compared to more recent black films (*Boyz 'n the Hood*, *Malcolm X*, *Menace II Society*) this not only fails to challenge any stereotypes it actively reinforces some.

The lead is such a stud he not only has an adoring girlfriend to shag but he only has to walk into a bar to have women positively drooling at the mouth at the thought of going to bed with him.

Having said that, there are some classic moments, like the sex seen through a plastic mobile (complete with female orgasm, naturally); and *Shaft* is almost worth seeing for the mindwarpingly psychedelic wallpaper alone, plus of course the excellent Issac Hayes soundtrack.

Eleanor Rose

## Up In Smoke

Hyde Park Picture House

**Q**uite good I suppose. Quite funny really. Is this the sort of reponse you expect a cult film to provoke? 'Disgusting,' 'mind-blowing' or 'hilarious' maybe we could allow but is Cheech and Chong's *Up in Smoke* really deserving of a slot in the Hyde Park Picture House's season of cinematic rarities?

Cheech and Chong are two happy-go-lucky LA stoners who meet when Chinese Chong hitches a lift with Mex-American Cheech. From then on the pair ride around in Cheech's fur-lined love machine getting into all sorts of side-splitting scrapes with immigration and drugs police. That tried-and-tested comedy recipe of the bungling policemen comes to the fore in this movie where they just can't seem to catch the crooks.

Unbeknown to the Cheech and Chong, the van they drive across the US border is part of a master drug-smuggling operation and is made entirely of dope. Hot on their trail, the police are on the point of rumbling them when Cheech accidentally throws a joint into a car full of nuns, who get duly arrested leaving the comedy duo free to escape. The nuns' facial expressions while being body-searched make the whole film worth seeing. The hilarity increases when, back in LA, the police manage to find the van but unfortunately it catches fire, getting them all so stoned they are unable to do anything but order large quantities of pizza.

The film is full of visual gags and one-liners but plot is thin on the ground and after the first hour or so you get the general idea. A good film to get out and watch with a few cans of beer and some friends but not really worth a trip to the cinema.

Chris Williams

## cogito

Having recently witnessed a Lady Macbeth who, like many before her, seemed as likely to commit regicide or to egg her husband on to it as Nanette Newman with a cardigan draped around her shoulders, *Liz Ekstein* argues the case for a woman who has for too long been the springboard for Macbeth's acceptance of fatality.

"They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfect'st report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge." thus Lady Macbeth on discovering the news that her warrior husband has been in the presence of the supernatural - the witches who have told him - *only* told him - that he will be king "hereafter". And this comes as no surprise to her: it is almost, one might say, as if she had been expecting it... "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be what thou art promis'd." And, if she is expecting it, then how? What has given her reason to?

Received opinion says that Lady Macbeth is, of the pair, the one with the ambition. I remeber at school being told that Lady Macbeth was "mature; worldly-wise; ambitious for her husband; the one who incites him to kill." The guilty one. In coded language they were trying to tell us that Lady Macbeth was sexually active. But who cares for received opinion? Not I, not a fig. It is far from being a new theory that Lady Macbeth is an ex-witch but it is one that I find persuasive and if she is, then she would know what the 'weird sisters' have been up to. Perhaps Macbeth seduced her away from all the delights of the blasted heath into the draughty, lofty castle at Glamis - perhaps she found her own way there - although the latter seems more likely. Either way, it is possible that when Macbeth sees the witches on the blasted heath in Act 1 scene 3 it is not the first time he's come across them. Note that Banquo is the surprised one when they appear - Macbeth just tells them, in his assertive, war-hero way, to get on and reveal whatever information it is that they harbour.

Whenever fictional women step out of the line that is prescribed for them, and reveal a sexuality that is anything other than 'normal' - that they have one in the first place, they end up paying the socially sanctioned price of madness and death: and this is what happens to Lady Macbeth. But if she is in control of herself at the beginning, as is certainly possible and if she is to be rescued from fear of her own sexuality and librated from directors' terror of usurping the title role - for it is a weighty one and rumours will more readily fly around a theatre that such-and-such is to play Lady Macbeth - then is it feasible that she, in her dream scene where her turbulent mind sends her sleepwalking, should be read as a pure, innocent woman whose only concern is with the depths of a stinking hell? Yes, she is remorseful - but that is not all. If she had a life pre-marriage, then her dreams are more than the cue for Macbeth's humble acceptance of fate.

The bundle of contradictions that Lady Macbeth represents has long gone unquestioned by institutionalised, subsidised, male-dominated theatre. Figless, I am waiting for a production that will do her justice.

# Fruit and Fibre

As the "New Wave of New Wave" sweeps aside all those who are not obsessed with fast songs, fast drugs and the spirit of '78, it's left in '94 to bands like Passion Fruit and Holy Bread to redress the balance for a more classic mode of rock and roll.

Tonight's set is full of poise, ethereal hooks and lyrics that we're supposed to die for and although any connoisseur of indie guitar rock will not find much new in all this; the band claim that "if we do sound like anyone, its an accident".

Indeed, Justin Guitarist and Sam Vocalist (the line up is completed by Eric Drummer and Felix Bassist) endeavour to assert the band's unique flavour throughout our chat in a quiet corner of the Duchess' bar. Justin, for example, wished to add nothing for the benefit of the "Student" for fear you punters might come to their gigs full of preconceptions about how they might sound.

Though clearly unaware that all text is context in pop music (i.e. nothing's new), one has to admire their claims to originality. However, useful references are any band who strive to be innovative, immortal, out-of-the-ordinary (Verve, Ride, Adorable, the Roses, etc.).

And of course any outfit that aims for

Murray Withers met hotly tipped rockers **PASSION FRUIT AND HOLY BREAD** in a humble corner of the Duchess of York.



perfection inevitably stumbles on a few moments of greatness - "Jade" and the soon to come single "Crush" all come close in the truncated set they play tonight.

If all this sounds interesting against a current backdrop of indie ghetto anonymity, then 1994 will give you every chance of sharing in Passion Fruit's divine foods. The band tell me they have a full tour of the nation awaiting them, as well as the big promotional push of three singles and an album over the course of the year. They are supported by their own "Splendid" independent label, but with full distribution assured you can't have the excuse of not finding their records anywhere.

Passion Fruit and Holy Bread then having supported acts like Elastica (at the Duchess this Saturday, incidentally) now support themselves against the Punk rock vanguard that dominates the music press at the moment. Sam however sees no struggle against the New Wavers, saying the "scene will last as long as they have got good songs there". We leave tonight pondering that, in comparison to Passion Fruit and Holy Bread, that scene has got no songs at all.

The band release 'Crush' as a new single in May.

## Death of a Salesman

by Arthur Miller

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## Gigolo Aunts

Flippin' Out (Fire)

Flippin' heck, more like. Why do CDs jump about so much these days? And why have the perky young Gigolo Aunts delivered an album that frustrates more than it captivates?

Now, one other respected rock critic reckoned this to be one of the absolute great records of the year. Cloth ears. The fare here is straightforward American indie guitar rock, a little frayed at the edges perhaps, with harmonies, plectrums, riffs, songs about girls, the whole nine yards. A few fresh ideas would have been nice. Maybe you heard the single on the radio, "Where I Find My Heaven", a thoroughly earnest and bright-eyed thing. But to get away with this these days you have to be pretty special.

Damningly, "Flippin' Out" far too often fails to excite or thrill or inspire anything other than mild irritation. And there is a hardly a dearth of young American guitar bands at the moment, despite the dance explosion everybody is talking about. Might I suggest that if you're in the market for this type of thing you try the Jayhawks or Teenage Fanclub instead, the real premiership stuff?

Quite unremarkable really. We had a party at the weekend and not once did I think of playing the album, which must say something, although whether about the party or the band I am not sure. When the band come here

to support the Wonder Stuff soon they are welcome to discuss it with me over a drink, and you can decide for yourselves, my friends. For now though, this is a chance missed. Flip.

Phil Scowen

**CRASH!**

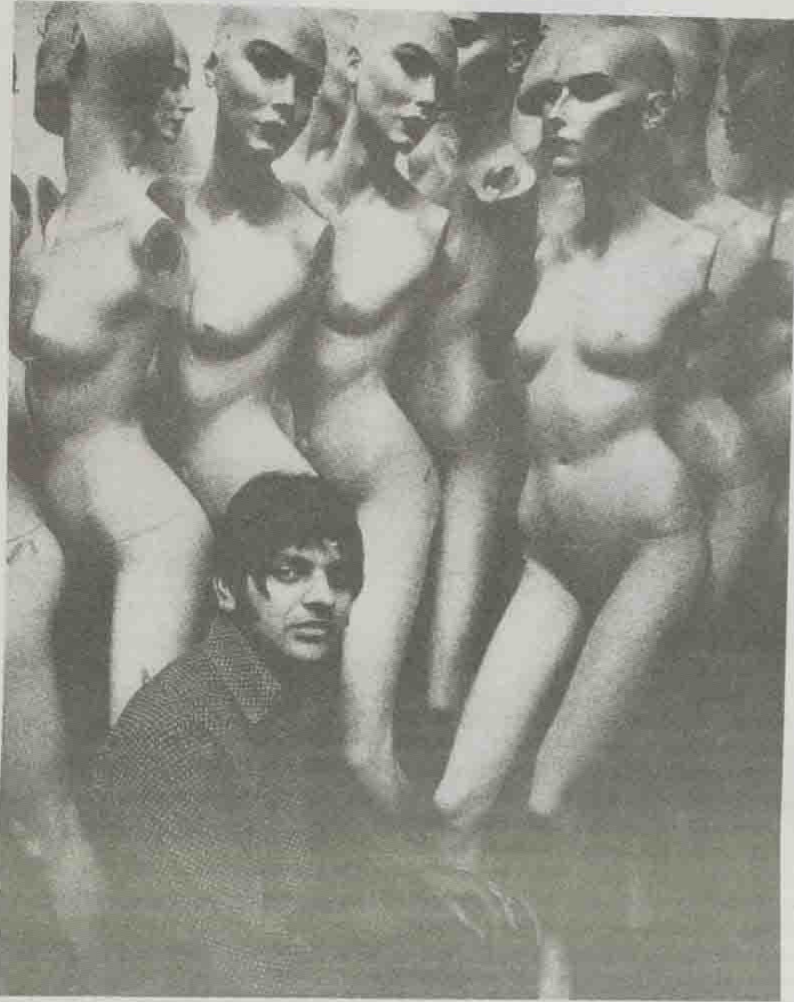
Top Ten Selling Singles  
Compiled by Matty and Steve  
at Crash

- |                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Elastica               | Line Up              |
| 2 Tindersticks           | Kathleen             |
| 3 The Orb                | Perpetual Dawn       |
| 4 Red Hot Chilli Peppers | Give It Away         |
| 5 The Charlatans         | Can't Get Out of Bed |
| 6 Therapy ?              | Going Nowhere        |
| 7 Boo Radleys            | Barney and Me        |
| 8 Cud                    | Neurotica            |
| 9 Pavement               | Cut Your Hair        |
| 10 Renegade Soundwave    | Renegade Soundwave   |

Single Crash out today  
for all your 7 inch  
needs, kids...



# Indian Ropey



## Unsane Total Destruction (City Slang)

Unsane are American, play guitars and have long hair, but any comparisons with grunge end there. The wave of American bands sent to these shores seem to fall into the avant weirdness of bands like Pavement or Trumans Water or the major label hijacked bland out of Pearl Jam, Blind Melon and legions of even less inspired seventies fixated pondlife.

Unsane might not belong to the 70's but their spiritual year zero is around 1987 when New York no-wave hardcore scene and labels like SST and Touch and Go exploded. So what we get is taught, wired hardcore along the lines of The Jesus Lizard, Scratch Acid and Big Blue. It's a fierce assault taking in bastardised rock n' roll and rhythmic, discordant mayhem that's frantic but ultimately empty.

To start with you can get off on the sheer adrenalized rush as scabrous distorted vocals spew verbal garbage but there's never anything to draw the listener in on repeated plays. Big Black articulated the twisted heart of

small town America with a scathing black wit but Unsane are just content to follow the Jesus Lizard on a trip through the Birthday Party's songbook.

The cover says it all, a blood drenched interior of a wrecked car is truly stomach churning but is a puerile attempt to shock; the hardcore scene which can be so dynamic should concentrate one genuine twisted geniuses like Crust. Unsane just don't have that elusive 'it' that raises bands above the mire.

James Muir

## Voodoo Queens Chocolate Revenge (Too Pure)

I used to listen to Transvision Vamp. I thought they were cool and I wanted to be just like Wendy James. Admittedly I was only about 12, but still, that's no excuse. Just like there's no real excuse for this album.

The Voodoos, in effort to set themselves apart from all of the cutesy, girly bands in the world, have created a mess of light-hearted, pseudo feminist pop tunes that have the combined effect of

two fingers down the throat.

"Be a Voodoo babe" they cry, "and smash the stereotypes", by singing songs about how fit Keanu Reeves is?

Or by writing lyrics as cringy as "I am a shopping girl maniac, I want to go shopping everyday."? Who are they kidding. Being an Asian, all girl pop group is about as far as their unconventionalism goes.

They've got this tongue in cheek thing all wrong, to carry it off, you need a bit of wit or style, and to make it worth listening to you need a musical backdrop that consist of a little more than fast guitars and tambourines.

Occasionally a track like "My favourite Handbag" (awful title) does it's best to prove that the potentials there, but the overall effect of the album seems to suggest that there's a lot less to the Voodoo Queens than meets the eye.

Maybe I'm missing the point, I'm sure that to some people "Chocolate Revenge" will be a welcome addition to there John Peel collection.

But if you ask me it takes a lot of will power to like the Voodoo Queens. Grim stuff.

Kate Toon

## Cornershop Hold On It Hurts (Wiiija)

Ben Elton, Morrissey, Carter, Sex Pistols, Bob Geldof. Just thought I'd mention a few of the zillions of miserable individuals who earn a living entertaining us with their groanings about the state of the world and what an awful place it really is. Cornershop belong to this ilk of entertainers, forever being "ironic" whenever they mention anything that could be seen as remotely cheerful.

But this is only on the basis of the lyrics. If you can forgive them for making cheap jibes at other bands like The Orb and Bikini Kill on the inside sleeve, and being generally bitter and twisted inside, then "Hold On It Hurts" is actually rather excellent. Cornershop have whole armfuls of incredibly catchy hooks up their sleeves, and their songs have "it" (that secret formula which makes you want to hum along and listen to them again).

The fact that three-quarters of Cornershop are Asian, has influenced both music and lyrics of this album, bringing it out of the normal indie pop guitar rock stagnant pond. Sitar and geeetars (guitars which are made to sound like sitars, presumably) float in and out of the punk anthems which actually works, considering they are imposing their 'culture' onto music usually written for and by mostly white people.

Just one more tiny criticism, if I may be so bold. Why exactly do albums produced on Wiiija tend to sound like they were recorded in a dustbin. If Cornershop want to make a statement then they really should be made to sound worthy of what they are saying. This album fails to do it justice, making them sound cheap and rather amateurish. Anyone out there got a decent 8-track recorder for these lads?

Sara McDonnell



Martin Futrell says it's curtains for indie music...

## MANIC STREET PREACHERS Life Becoming A Landslide (Columbia)

It's pretty hilarious when you stop to consider the Manic's task: Take Welsh disillusion and alienation to Rockville USA. "Landslide" shows they mean business though, being an ace lighters aloft anthem with a Bon Jovi-fied chorus. The songs subject (Childhood innocence ruined by a glimpse of porn) may limit it's exposure, but it deserves Single Of The Week for sheer naked ambition. That and a strong predilection for vodka. Vodka's great isn't it?



## RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS Give It Away (Warner Bros.)

You know this song. You've heard the album and danced to it at the Stomp. I hope you'll therefore forgive me for stating the unnecessary: It's energetic, well made funk-rock that's probably about shagging. While you're waiting for the Chillis to WRITE SOME NEW SONGS!

## JOE ROBERTS Lover (ffrr)

"Lover" should be played exclusively on late night radio shows called things like "The Sensual Hour" or "Lurve Zone", not because it's a great aphrodisiac, but because that'd mean I'd never hear it again. One mix is called "Trance Dub", which cheekily is neither. What a joker, eh?

## PAVEMENT Cut Your Hair (Big Cat)

This year Pavement should leave the trainspotter filled, obscure indie world and become the massive pop group they've always potentially been. "Cut Your Hair" takes a few listens to ?but then it sounds like the coolest accidentally written song ever. Not SOTW cos the album should be even better.

## GABRIELLE Because Of You (Go! Discs)

The same elements that made "Dreams" a hit (acoustic strumming, silky smooth strings), are used to much lesser effect. People can only swallow the same song so many times, I fear. Unless she comes up with another idea soon, Gabrielle's got a single ticket to one hit wonderland. Say "hello" to Daisy Chainsaw for me, when you get there.

# Shielding you

## VIEWPOINT



Liz Rouse, above, wants to ban the Sun.

"The Sun advocates every kind of narrow-mindedness you can get," according to Liz Rouse, Leeds University Union Women's Officer. "What place can it have in a Union that expressly condemns sexism, homophobia and racism?"

"The Sun definitely perpetuates the things that we're against," says Rouse. "We shouldn't be promoting a mentality that makes women seem like objects. I don't know if people realise what it's like to have someone looking at a body that's not dissimilar from your own." Rouse speaks with strong personal conviction: "It's outrageous!" she exclaims, glancing at a quote by Sun Woman ("I want to be treated like Kim Basinger in 9è weeks.") "If this doesn't encourage sexist attitudes I don't know what does."

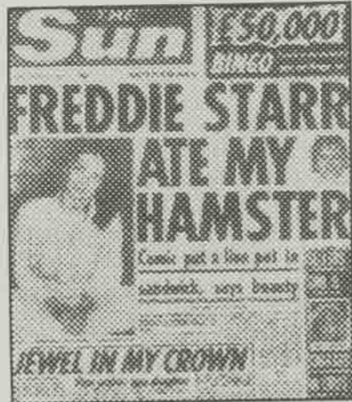
Rouse is quite clear that it is the anti-female bias, not the material itself, to which she takes offence: "It would be okay if there was more pornography for women. Other members of LUU Exec have suggested that The Sun should be sold under a sign detailing the Union's objections to the paper. For Rouse this is not enough: "That idea is wishy-washy liberal shit! It would be better to make a proper point of the issue."

"It's now accepted that people are supposed to put up with it as something in their everyday lives - if you stand up and object you're seen as abnormal. But it shouldn't even be on the shelves in the first place. If people want to buy it then they can go somewhere else."

But once the Union starts on the slippery slope of censorship, how will it know when to stop? Doesn't every publication carry something to offend our politically correct sensibilities? "The Sun expresses these attitudes in their most obvious and extreme form," Rouse contends, "There are some other newspapers and magazines which I object to, but The Sun is the only one that has a page 3 girl."

Last term Leeds Student highlighted students' concern at the sale of 'Boyz', a "pornographic" magazine for gay men. If The Sun was to be banned, should 'Boyz' follow? "'Boyz' is completely different," defends Rouse. "It is far more difficult to obtain than The Sun because it has so few outlets. It provides a useful source of information for a minority group that is too often oppressed." Boyz consists of almost entirely of 0898 adverts, and adverts for 'massage' parlours.

The question remains, however, as to what place censorship can have in a students' union. "Saying that this is censorship is a bit of a cop-out - it's just a way of getting out of having an opinion. 'I intend to submit a motion at the next OGM. Getting some discussion on the issue is far more important than just blindly going ahead and banning The Sun. We want people to examine and be aware of what they're reading rather than taking everything at face value. Making people think is what counts - we want to be democratic more than anything."



"The Sun should be banned. It's propaganda which indoctrinates the working class".

"The above quote is just one of many similar statements expressed by supposedly intelligent students at Leeds University this week. Apparently reading The Sun is going to turn us all into racist, homophobic bigots. Having glanced at Page 3 and read the front page, we are all going to rush out, beat up a few homosexuals, harass a few innocent women and vote Tory. Simple isn't it? Personally I don't think so. I've been reading The Sun since the age of 13. I've never laid an aggressive finger on a homosexual, I've never harassed a woman and I've certainly never voted Tory. Which is why I find nothing more condescending and patronising than supposedly intelligent people claiming that The Sun indoctrinates the working class. And it's not just a few misguided students

who believe that the working class are so stupid that they could be so easily led.

The week after the 1992 General Election, the Guardian was full of letters from so-called professionals claiming that the Labour Party would have won had it not been for the effect of The Sun on their C2 readership.

Loosely translated, what these middle class socialists - if that's not a complete contradiction in terms - are really saying is that it was the fault of those bloody working class upstarts living on that new housing estate down the road. Not only are these so-called liberals insinuating that the working class are stupid enough to be influenced by such blatant propaganda but also that they aren't intelligent enough to decide which is the best political party to vote for. Very liberal I'm sure.

But why listen to me? Roy Greensdale, former Editor of the Daily Mirror and Guardian journalist put it brilliantly. "What really astonishes me about the glib charge that defeat

Liz Rouse, Women's Officer at Leeds spoke to Elliot Reuben, another LUU speech. Below, Leeds Student Executive personal look at the history of British newspaper and argues against banning

was due to the the press is its frightening implications about the state of Labour party thinking. If they really believe that mass market newspapers, with their absurdly partisan propaganda, can directly influence the political decisions of the bulk of their readers in a couple of days, then what does that suggest about the way they think about how people think and act?"

If you still don't believe that the quote at the start of this piece was unbelievably bigoted and

## 10 things you didn't

Rupert Murdoch bought The Sun, twenty five years ago, formerly the broadsheet Daily Herald. He relaunched it as a tabloid. Within 100 days, sales had reached one million. By 1971, sales had topped two and a half million.

left a handful of Executives to produce the paper. It was during this time that the famous Gotcha headline was produced. Inspired Wendy Henry who went onto edit the News of the World and The People.

The page three girl has become an institution, copied by almost every other tabloid in some form. The first topless stunner appeared in November 1970 when model Stephanie Rahn appeared in her birthday suit. Ice, cold water and sellotape are all used to give page 3 that natural look.

The recently appointed Editor, Stuart 'the human sponge' Higgins was once the subject of a prank. McKenzie, incensed when Higgins refused to take one of his legendary bollocking seriously, printed his phone number with the headline: "Want someone to yell at? Scream at? Fume at? RING HIGGY THE HUMAN SPONGE - HELL SOAK IT UP."

Shortly after Kelvin McKenzie became Editor, industrial action by journalists,

The most talked about Sun front page, 'Freddie Star Eat my Hamster'



I believe that The Sun should be banned because it talks so much rubbish; it contains dangerous views and encourages prejudice, both racist and sexist. Banning The Sun would not contradict with the unions anti-discriminatory policy as it's more offensive than all the other tabloids which are slightly more tasteful. It would be better for everyone not to have it.  
James Chandler,  
Modern Arabic studies



The Sun is offensive and should be banned. The majority that buy it are old men who want to have a wank over their cornflakes. It should not be sold in a university full of supposedly intelligent people. How can men and women be equal when one group is degraded?  
Felicity Jones,  
Portugese and German

# Our eyes from



University Union, wants to ban David Smith asked her why and an exec member, about freedom of Richard Fletcher takes a Sun's most controversial, tabloid of Britain's best selling paper.

ronising, let's try replacing a few words. Let's replace 'The Sun' with Gay Times and instead of 'the working class' lets say young men. Doesn't sound very liberal or broad-minded now does it?

I'm not suggesting that The Sun is the greatest thing since sliced bread. The deliberate aim to 'shock and amaze on every page' has inevitably led to some of the worst excesses of tabloid journalism ever seen. The Hillsborough tragedy, the Falklands conflict and the election

coverage in '92 are often cited as examples.

But when you actually ask those people attacking The Sun when they last actually read the paper, most of them will admit that it was probably a few years ago, if at all.

Knocking the Sun has become an acceptable way for middle class liberals to attack the working class C2's and the views they hold.

The average Sun critic knows that the paper reflects the views of its predominately C2 readership. They despise these views and that C2's, who didn't go to University, earn nearly as much as them. But it's not socially acceptable to attack the working class so they attack The Sun instead.

I don't really care if these intellectual snobs hate the working class-I hate intellectual snobs. But what annoys me is that they cannot be honest about it. By attacking The Sun they don't actually have to come out and say 'I hate the Working Class' and hence their liberal status is not tarnished.

There are of course a small number of people who really do object to the content of The Sun. These poor sensitive things are shocked by the sight of two bare nipples, shocked by the sensationalism and shocked by the sometimes flippant way world news and political debate is covered.

Well I'm sorry, but I'm shocked by a lot of things, but I don't believe that we should ban any of them.

Over 40 copies of The Sun are sold every day at Leeds University Union and I really don't see what right an unrepresentative OGM of 150 political hacks, busy bodies and political correct students have to tell me, or anyone else, what I should and should not read.

Thanks very much for your concern folks but if you don't mind I'll make up my own mind what's good for me.

After all, me reading The Sun has absolutely no effect on anybody else and if you don't want to read then it's simple don't pick it up."

## VIEWPOINT



Elliot Reuben, Financial Affairs Sec at LUU

"Leeds University Union specifically promotes free speech," says Elliot Reuben, Financial Affairs Secretary. "How can you reconcile the censorship of a newspaper with that?"

"I don't like The Sun, and I can see that there are people who want to ban it. But intelligent people should never ever ban a publication that is within the legal boundaries of respectability. I feel very strongly about this."

Reuben sees no contradiction in the Union - which condemns discrimination on the grounds of race, gender and sexuality - selling The Sun to its members. "The Union policy refers to harassment. There can be a very, very fine line, but The Sun is registered at the Post Office - that is the proper definition of a newspaper. If any newsagent sells papers then it sells The Sun as well as The Mirror and The Express. It makes no difference that, as far as I'm concerned, all three are loathsome publications."

"Who are we to tell people what they should read?" demands Reuben. "We would be serving people better if we put a poster next to The Sun explaining our objections to it, since local newsagents never consider doing anything like that. If you take something off the shelves you lose a chance to educate people about the native aspects of that item."

Does this mean that the Union will give us a chance to learn about the native aspects of pornography? "I would draw the line at pornography," says Reuben. "Pornography is a specialist publication which not every newsagent carries. What gives offence is the front cover - you might not be able to walk past without having to look at it. There would be a very small market here because most students wouldn't be seen dead with it."

Is the gay magazine 'Boyz' any different? "That doesn't have it on the front," he counters. "The pictures are inside the magazine so you've got a choice of whether or not to buy it. 'Boyz' is on the same level as The Sun - it only has a dick or two; it's when you've got tits and fannies on every page that it's pornography."

Reuben's objections do extend to extreme political publications. "The Sun at least stops short of breaking the law. Whereas it may propogate the status quo and condone a degree of differentiation. 'The Flag' actively incites racial hatred. 'Bulldog' and 'The Flag' are clearly fascist 'papers' masquerading as newspapers."

And The Sun isn't? "Probably less so than The Mail or The Express," argues Reuben. "When those papers talk about 'Government sources' they really mean the MI5. They constantly propogate the desirability of nuclear families, a woman's place in the home and similar ideas. Against that The Sun is so blatant that it's easy for everyone to see that it's crap."

"The Sun is not the worst offender, so why pick on that as an easy target? You could find articles in all magazines that are 'offensive'. If you do, then complain, don't just ban it, because then you lose the opportunity to complain. The risk of enforcing political correctness is that you will force dangerous elements underground, where they become like a cancer and even more dangerous."

"You can argue about it till midnight, but The Sun is the biggest selling daily newspaper and it will always be there. We have no chance of changing anything through an outright ban, but we can start a campaign to make people see what a racist, sexist, homophobic paper The Sun sometimes is."

## Know about The Sun

led to the ridiculous sight of two Sun hacks dashing a hamster by helicopter to the stars mansion, in order to set up a photo for a follow up story. The two hacks had to revive the hamster after it had a fatal attack and they believed it had died.

an Spots, the small funny stories scattered around the paper were initially designed for just the first relaunch edition. They proved so popular that they have never been scrapped and have been copied by many. When newer cleaner print machines were introduced at Wapping, The Sun had a special typeface designed which copied the smudges and rough edges that the old machines had produced.

Kelvin McKenzie's favourite expression was reportedly "Ethics, as far as I am concerned that's the place North of London where they all wear white socks."

The Sun is read by over 11 million people every day.

Leeds University Union sells over 40 copies of The Sun every day.

Kelvin McKenzie's brother Craig was responsible for the front page story about Elton John and a rentboy. The story was completely untrue and cost the Sun over one million pounds in an out of court settlement.



The Sun should be banned simply for Richard Littlejohn's comments, which are outrageously racist and sexist. It is a propaganda newspaper which indoctrinates the working class with it's open support of the conservatives. It's content is more offensive than Boyz as it is everyday rather than specialist.

Greg Miller, Geography



Banning The Sun would limit freedom of choice, and imply that it's audience is passive. We should be given credit to make our own decisions and 80% of it's audience just read it for a laugh. Banning the newspaper because it's fascist would in turn be a fascist move, as the power to ban is a dangerous tool.

Dalia Gabay, Broadcasting Studies

# Lette's Get Physical

A thorn in the side of the literati, Kathy Lette produces fiction which mixes satiric laughter with moral insights. John McLeod spent an afternoon with her, and lived to tell the tale.

Sat in the bar lounge of the Queen's Hotel, Kathy Lette proposed to me. Slim, bespectacled, with her earrings threatening to obscure her face, Kathy leaned across the table and interrupted my question with "do you want to get married?" What had forced such a delicious proposal? Certainly not my conversational skills nor healthy corpulence. It was the fact that - as I had admitted several minutes earlier - I think Kathy Lette is one of the most enjoyable writers of the moment. With joyful trembling I made ready to accept, but alas! Her tongue was firmly in her cheek.

Kathy Lette was in town to promote the publication of her new novel, *Foetal Attraction*. The book charts the life of one Madeline Wolfe, an Australian, who comes to London in pursuit of her lover, Alex Drake, a famous television zoologist and darling of London's high society. Maddy finds life in London difficult; she is treated as a sub-human colonial by the English upper-classes, and only the thickness of her skin (and the delicious taste of Alex's) keeps her from beating a hasty retreat back to Oz. But things go from bad to worse as Alex is revealed as a cheating low-life, using Maddy for to satisfy his sexual appetite. And therein lies the rub. As Maddy attempts to put Alex firmly behind her, she notices something else emerging in front - namely, the bump of her unborn love-child...

As in her last novel, *The Llama Parlour*, the new book both celebrates a woman's lot while painting a deeply depressing picture of life in a sexist society. It was refreshing to find that Lette remained as witty and shrewd in conversation. She had just given birth of her second child, an event which helped form the inspiration for the book. And she also had had her haircut and looked much better for it - no longer resembling an Antipodean Ruby Wax.

Now, normally interviews with writers tend to follow a fairly set pattern of question and answer. With Lette that went out of the window. We spent the afternoon chatting like old schoolfriends, and I can scarcely portray adequately Kathy's humour and friendliness.

In a lilting voice (which I must admit I found remarkably sexy) that betrays her Australian origins, she spoke of the difficulties women in particular face when pursuing careers as writers. "You're always knackered! Especially if you've got children. All those statistics show that women still do all the work. Men have increased their contribution to housework by 1.6 seconds a week. And that's it. They probably put the toilet seat down occasionally. And it's incredibly hard. And if you think about it, all the women writers that have been famous - Jane Austen, Virginia Woolf, Simone de Beauvoir, Edith Sitwell, Gertrude Stein - none of them had children. There's a connection here between how prolific they were as writers and their lack of progeny."

The cover of *Foetal Attraction* depicts a nude woman (supposedly Maddy), pregnant, curled in the foetal position. I voiced my surprise that some quarters - such as Melvyn Bragg - found this pornographic. "Well Melvyn missed the whole point. She's in the foetal position not only because she's pregnant, but because the book is about Maddy's emotional

growth too. He missed that because it was too subtle for him." She laughs. "Melvyn is such a comic character. Here he is: Britain's cultural commissar. He's fifty-four and he's just realised that he's always going to be the interviewer, and never the interviewee. And his mid-life crisis has started without him. It's tragic, it's so sad," she adds, with thorough sarcasm.

Lette's feud with Bragg has been well publicised in recent months. "He just doesn't get women really. He hated this book because, of course, one main character is a middle aged TV celeb who goes through the tunnel of love holding his own hand and who's going through a mid life crisis. Any bells ringing there, John? I really touched his raw nerve. Also, the book sends up the whole celebratocracy of which he is a part."

Despite her denigration by the literati as a populist writer (as if there's something wrong in popularity), Lette maintains a confidence and ability to satirise English society which many writers shackled to the ivory tower lack. She writes economical, high-octane prose which leaves you gasping with pleasure while simultaneously frowning your brow. And, no, I won't give you an example - go and find out for yourselves. Her main vehicle for this is punning. Lette admits a penchant for punning. "I can't help myself! People often say it's the lowest form of wit, but the people who say that can't make them. I love anything that's playful in language. It makes language come alive.

"I think the English have lost a love of language. Martin Amis is trying to bend language, and do something with it, and Julian Barnes does too in *Talking it Over* - not that I like that book very much, it's passed its amused-by date. But he still has fun with language, and that's rare at the moment. Literature is so weighted down with its self-importance and its own history. The best writing in the world is currently coming out of Ireland and Australia. I don't know why.

"I'm an immediate writer. I'm not writing for prosperity. I think humour books are like that, especially if its topical. But I do think I write comedies of manners." I asked her how she would react if somebody was to set her books on an Australian Novelists University course. She shrieked with laughter. "That would be the funniest thing! I mean, I'm such a low-brow. I don't pluck my high-brows at all. I left school so young, and I can't spell. It's really sad. And it would crack me up to be taken so seriously. I'd think I was doing something wrong if I got studied."

But she is a studious writer. *The Llama Parlour* depicted the vacuity and desolation of Los Angeles with much purpose, a picture Lette gained while working there as a script-writer. "What's depressing about L.A. is that it's the dream centre of the universe. And you do have fantasies living there that, if you could tamper with the media, you could actually change the flavour of the whole world's dreams." *The Llama Parlour* particularly

"The positive aspect of being a fish out of water is that you have fresh eyes. But the down side is that I'll never understand the minutiae. England is such a complex society, and so layered. I could live here for 100 years and never really understand it."

me that I wouldn't survive unless I died my hair blond and had silicone implants. The Americans can't see how funny it all is. When I sent it to my American publishers, they wrote back to me and said 'it's really crude and disgusting'. The Americans hated it. They have a real irony deficiency."

Lette's own sense of irony is refreshed by her travels away from her native Australia. "The positive aspect of being a fish out of water is that you have fresh eyes. But the down side is that I'll never understand the minutiae.



The remarkable Kathy Lette

highlights the sexism of our culture of infotainment. Sex-mansions, the casting couch... Lette argues that this is not stuff of lurid fantasy. "I kink up a couple of notches, but all the raw materials exist. The weird thing when you write about a place like L.A. is that it's so hallucinogenic, so over-the-top, that I had to create a central character who was so ordinary to anchor it down. But it was fun to write about it all.

"I worked there in what's called a gag-gulag on a sitcom, with lots of other writers. We were called joke niggers - we were the lowest life forms. Actors ruled the roost, but

writers were like pond scum. The producer took me to one side and told

me that I wouldn't survive unless I died my hair blond and had silicone implants. The Americans can't see how funny it all is. When I sent it to my American publishers, they wrote back to me and said 'it's really crude and disgusting'. The Americans hated it. They have a real irony deficiency."

Lette's own sense of irony is refreshed by her travels away from her native Australia. "The positive aspect of being a fish out of water is that you have fresh eyes. But the down side is that I'll never understand the minutiae.

England is such a complex society, and so layered. I could live here for 100 years and never really understand it."

Her understanding of Australian society is, however, acute, as her book *Girls' Night Out* testifies. She becomes voracious when discussing the sexism embedded in Australian life. "We're the most macho nation in the world. Nothing has changed. And I get so upset when I hear women dismissing feminism. My first book, *Puberty Blues*, was a real social document about what it was like growing up in Sylvania Waters, especially what it was like for women. I wrote for my girlfriends so they'd realise they didn't have to be treated like sperm-spitons by the men. They didn't just have to get in the back of van, lie back and think of Sydney."

Her first book indirectly led to her departure from Australia. "It was a bizarre experience. I ricocheted from complete obscurity to front-page notoriety. Suddenly I was the spokesperson for youth. Which was one of the reasons I left. I was 28 and had my first grey-hair, and people would ring me up and ask me about teenage orgasms. I look at that book now and die of embarrassment. It's a snap-shot of a sub-culture."

And that's what Kathy does best: provide pithy, shrewd forays into societies over-fed on their own importance. But I don't think she'll ever appear on the South Bank Show...

*Foetal Attraction* is published by Picador at £9.99

# Return of the Saint

## *Saint Suniti & the Dragon Feminist Fables*

Suniti Namjoshi (Virago, £5.99 each)

What with all the hype surrounding such feminist writers as Naomi Wolf and Katie Roiphe at the moment, you would be forgiven for thinking that all current feminist literature is rather clever, very loud and distinctly American. Fortunately however, while the hugely commercial and controversial 'revisionist' feminists are tending to hog the media limelight, somewhere in the wings Suniti Namjoshi's books are just waiting to be discovered.

These two books are a positive delight to read. There is more wisdom and experience in one of Namjoshi's stories (and they are rarely more than a page long) than in all the campus-bred philosophising of Wolf and Paglia. It is a mark of their quality that Namjoshi's books defy description or categorisation.

Her stories are fables, but often complex and difficult ones. This is perhaps where the only fault of the books lies; when the fables become increasingly personalised, as in *Saint Suniti and the Dragon*, their meaning also becomes more obscure. This isn't really a problem however, as half the fun of reading the stories is unravelling their

meaning.

Despite Namjoshi's richly diverse individual style and the eclectic origins of the fables, they are refreshingly unpretentious. Her good humoured, ironic tone combines with a common-sense approach to feminist issues.

Namjoshi adapts the characters of Aesop, English folklore, the Grimm Fairytales and the Arabian Nights to contemporary feminist themes. She constantly forces the reader to rethink the ideologies and myths (which often amount to the same thing) that dominate our culture. With enviable intelligence and perception, Namjoshi questions assumptions made about our world from an informed feminist perspective, but without beating the reader over the head with feminist dogma.

*Feminist Fables* is probably the less difficult of the two books. It is a real treasure trove of small but perfectly (in)formed tales. *Saint Suniti and the Dragon* explores the author's quest for sainthood, or failing that, debauched evil. Of course, our heroine doesn't attain either of these goals, and after fighting off any number of demons and not quite

friends" the scene is described in such effete terms that it seems hilarious rather than moving. Finn pictures their bodies "violent, moist and sweaty" as they "become part of one another". This scene is typical of Cauley's lack of imaginative scope as he blends cliché after cliché into a tale of turgid banality.

If you want to read about the "bittersweet" effect of time upon relationships, and the ways in which memories disturb and perplex us, read Shakespeare's *Sonnets* or Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey* or, better still, *The Remains of the Day*. Consign Harry Cauley to the anonymity he so richly deserves. Don't buy this book.

Ian Darby

## *The History of Luminous Motion*

Scott Bradfield (Picador £5.99)

On the rare occasion that critics like a book, they always seem to brandish it a 'tour de force' - a hackneyed and mysterious phrase that seems to say a book is not just quietly readable, but unique, important and life-changing. While Scott Bradfield's debut, *The History of Luminous Motion*, may not quite fulfil these criteria, it does deserve the high level of praise that English critics, ever searching for novels that are better than our own, have languished upon it.

The book is a funny, indulgent rendering of the typical American 'Road novel'. Philip, our narrator, is a startlingly gifted seven year old, who, with his mother, is



plucking up the courage to become a martyr to the saintly cause, Suniti settles for imperfect, fallible humanity.

The latter half of the book is another collection of short stories. Consistently surprising and entertaining, every one of these tiny stories contains a huge meaning.

Becca Jordan

on the run from a series of both petty and serious crimes. They have an understanding: Philip is allowed to do what he pleases, providing he tolerates the procession of faceless men with whom his mother indulges her sexual appetite.

Life becomes a perpetual motion of highways and motels, a seamless flow of movement from one town to the next. His mother drives for miles, paying their way with an endless supply of stolen credit cards. To stop may mean separation or even prison.

For Philip, the stability and security of a home seems to be the greatest of enemies. But when his mother, guilt-stricken, finds a permanent lover and settles into a home, he is faced with such terrible traumas as school, birthday parties, and nicknames. In typically adolescent style, he resolves to kill himself. But instead, he vents his frustrations through crime, breaking into houses and pawning what he finds.

What transforms the book from the mundane to the fascinating is Philip's conception of the world around him. His experience is rendered in profound, if slightly pretentious terms. Just as he is placed, made to settle (there is even talk of buying him a dog), so he is concerned with pinning down words to their perfect and precise meanings. In contrast, his mother speaks in a series of clichés, voicing those helpful aphorisms that mothers are prone to, such as "you need to play the game if you want to break the rules". Bradfield adjudicates well between these two world-views, and the result is an engaging portrayal of the mysteries of childhood. A brilliant debut.

Peter Rees

## Well Versed

Antony Rowland, editor of *Poetry & Audience*, casts his expert eyes across the latest offerings by three popular poets.

Carol Ann Duffy's new collection *Mean Time* (Anvil £6.99) is her best yet. It's a joy to read a book that is so refreshingly inventive without being obscure. Her disarmingly simple language just seems to get things right, such as the description of an alcoholic's head as "a negative of itself". Her interest in "strange" characters continues: the book contains such memorable creations as a jilted bride living in her bedroom ("I stink and remember"), a victim of a violent relationship who owns a small female skull and a taxidermist who stuffs women.

Duffy never intervenes with trite moral perspectives and lets the characters speak for themselves. The collection is aware of its own limitations in doing so and at moments distrusts itself: a loop of an onion is offered to the reader as a wedding ring, but only "if you like". Duffy has the confidence here to ask you to take or leave her poetry. I'd suggest the former, quickly.

In contrast, Simon Armitage's latest effort *Book of Matches* (Faber £5.99) is disappointing. The first and main section of the collection consists of poems that start with a line from a social worker's questionnaire. The result is patchy: the novelty is startling ("Thunder and lightning hardly ever upset me") but soon wears off. The most successful poems in the sequence are understated: Armitage points you in the direction of something important but unsaid.

The second section is crammed with impressive works such as 'Hitcher', in which one of the most lazy, mean and sick characters I've ever come across in poetry ejects someone from their car with a chilling (but funny) "Stitch that . . . you can walk from there". The third section is a collection-filler, though, and compounds my disappointment. Armitage's prolific output appears to be bypassing the editor's pen.

James Fenton's new collection *Out of Danger* (Penguin £5.99) is the scourge of this review. He is compared frequently with W.H. Auden, but on the strength of this book the likeness ends with the fact that they both write poetry. Whereas Auden wrote sensitively about the complex issues of his day, Fenton comes up with such simplistic garbage as "A person should respect/What he has been".

I do admire the use of traditional techniques such as rhyme and metre in contemporary poetry, but in Fenton's writing they only achieve an embarrassing banality. Most of the poems in the second section - especially 'Here Come the Drum Majorettes' - sound like pop lyrics. If they are meant to be, they should have been kept well away from the page.

The book ends with a collection of preachy and shallow statements of "wisdom", such as "North . . . does not mean good". They provoke expletives because they command you to accept their "truths" as gospel, whereas Duffy and Armitage credit their readers with the intelligence to make up their own minds.

# Stars and Spikes

## L' Etoile

Leeds Grand Theatre

No, I hadn't heard of L'etoile before either. I can't imagine saying that about an opera on at Covent Garden, and I suppose that's a large part of Opera North's appeal for me. I love the way they're putting *The Magic Flute* and a new British opera about the European Cup Final on consecutive nights next season - I felt equally naughty sitting eight rows from the front row of the stalls in my jeans, completely clueless (as only a music student can be) as to the merest details of the plot. Fortunately, I had my glossy programme to help me out, but I didn't really need it.

For the similarly uninitiated, the plot is this: the astrologically minded King Ouf needs an execution to complete his birthday celebrations, and discovers the perfect victim in Lazuli, a travelling cosmetics salesman who happens to be both unwittingly in love with Ouf's would-be fiancée and inextricably linked (by the stars, no less) to Ouf's own fate. Ouf's personal Russell Grant, the court astrologer Siroco, warns Ouf that should he kill Lazuli, his own death will follow twenty-four hours later. So it is that Lazuli is saved from a particularly nasty end in Ouf's chair of death. Further confusions abound as identities are mixed and Lazuli is presumed dead, but suffice it to say that Lazuli gets his girl in the end, and Ouf gets to stay alive, promising two executions next year to make up for this year's poor crop.

The gags are thick and fast in Jeremy Sams' English translation, and follow the best Benny Hill tradition; in Act I, the



chorus sing a ditty about Lazuli getting the point in the end whilst said victim waits to die by means of a large metal spike, you guessed it, up the bottom. Should the humour not be your cup of tea, Anthony Ward's brilliant sets cannot fail to impress. I defy you not to think of the '39 Steps' in Act III, set inside the gigantic face of the kingdom's clock tower. The loonytoons technicolour of the set was well matched by bizarre costumes, and there was spontaneous

applause - even from the jaded stalls - at the lovers' escape by hot air balloon in Act II. Paul Nilon and Jonathan Best were particularly good as King Ouf and Siroco, respectively, and the English Northern Phil seemed to be in their usual good form under Valentin Reymond.

I would like to recommend L'etoile to any amongst you who fancy a good night out at the theatre (the music rather sacrilegiously takes second place), but I've a

nasty feeling that I caught the last Leeds performance. This production was a repeat of ON's original, done in 1991, so there's a chance they'll repeat it again in the future. Alternatively, it's going to Nottingham, Manchester, Norwich and Hull in February and March. My advice is to make the pilgrimage, but leave your opera preconceptions at home.

Fiona Goh

## Orchestra of St John's Smith Square

St George's Concert Hall,  
Bradford

Like so many British orchestras on the touring circuit these days, (the Halle and the RPO to name but a few), you get the impression that if the Orchestra of St John's Smith Square weren't so incessantly dogged by gruelling 'warhorse-of-the-Romantic-repertoire' schedules they might easily be capable of more top-notch performances. It was unusually the soloist, though, who double-handedly deflated the fruits of last Sunday night's escapades from being quite full, ripe, rosy and succulent to something altogether more shrivelled.

Under the towering, scarecrow-like leadership of John Lubbock (who interestingly didn't conduct from a podium, possibly because such a boost in height would have had his baton lost to sight in the murky heights of the Hall), the youthful orchestra rattled off Beethoven's *Coriolan Overture* with consummate ease. Although the dynamically stronger stuff could have done with some slightly bolder projection, fluency and precision unerringly characterised their delivery in what was to be a deceptively

auspicious launch-pad.

Joanna MacGregor's credentials make impressive reading. Sadly on this occasion that was as far as impressive readings went. From the very first ascending scales in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3 in C minor the mistakes came thick and fast. So thick and fast that by the time she had stumbled her way through to the cadenza, people were holding their breath waiting for her next botched utterance. It was excruciating. To make matters worse the melody slowly became mildly infectious, a few fluffed horn and trumpet interjections helping to deteriorate an already shambolic Largo still further. Needless to say (yet mercifully nonetheless) an encore wasn't forthcoming.

Throughout the interval my thoughts turned with increasing consternation to the big, beastly *Eroica* lying remorselessly in wait for the second half. Five minutes into the sharp-toothed Allegro con brio, however, and the St John's had it embraced like a puppy in their arms.

Beethoven's Symphony No 3, which by virtue of its great length and difficulty the composer advised "should be played nearer the beginning than the end of the concert", was a delight from start to finish. The 'Funeral March' was particularly brilliant, its pathos given an expansively majestic portrayal and its triumphant punctuations unusually cathartic. The Scherzo never once

tripped in a headlong rush to rival the fastest and most exuberant readings, and the Allegro molto, despite exposing some patchy exhaustion in the ranks, was bravely crafted.

Mark Funnell

## Geoffrey Govier

Leeds City Art Gallery

The Leeds City Art Gallery 'Lunchtime Chamber Music' series (Wednesdays at 1.05 pm) last week featured Mr Geoffrey Govier playing his copy of a 1795 Viennese Fortepiano - a novel and interesting idea, but as it turned out, not a very successful one. This was not entirely the fault of the man at the keyboard. His instrument, despite its uniquely refined and delicate sound, was lacking the minimum requisite sonority for a venue of even the Gallery's modest proportions - much of his better playing in the programme's softer moments was almost inaudible.

That's enough of the mitigating circumstances. Hunched over his dainty little piano with a posture more befitting of a violently stressed VDU operator than a first-class musician, Govier continued "his avowed aim... to perform music, as far as possible, in the manner in which it was likely to have been heard when it was written" - what, rather incompetently?

He certainly had all the right ideas: in Mozart's *Fantasia in C minor* and Bach's *Fantasia in C major* there was plenty of vivid and refreshingly ebullient charm, in Beethoven's ('Pathétique') *Sonata in C minor* oodles of emotional intensity and dramatic energy. He just wasn't very good at tackling the tricky, fast bits. And this was a programme rife with them. What's more, Govier displayed a heavy reliance on the musical notation before him, suggesting that he hadn't actually rehearsed his stuff properly. Outrageous.

Mark Funnell

The Classical / Jazz page is looking for a new editor. Those interested need not have had experience writing for the newspaper but must be very committed, have some basic knowledge of music and the ability to write fluently. Deadline for application: Feb 11th (please leave name and tel no for Mark Funnell)



# Sold Out

## Stage

**Death Of A Salesman**  
West Yorkshire Playhouse  
**Goldilocks & The Three Bears**  
Grand Theatre

American dreams come crashing down to earth this week as 'Death Of A Salesman' by Arthur Miller opens in the Quarry Theatre at the West Yorkshire Playhouse, the first production of the new Spring season. Acclaimed director Matthew Warchus brings his talents back to Leeds after a successful couple of productions in the West End.

Warchus, who also directed 'Life Is A Dream', 'Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf', 'Fiddler On The Roof' and 'The Plough & The Stars' for the Playhouse has been nominated for the 1993 Shakespeare Globe Awards as Most Promising Newcomer - although as the above list shows, he's been around for a couple of years now!

This production should add to his list of successes. Miller's powerful twentieth century classic is the story of ageing salesman Willy Loman, a product of "the American Way", a man who lives for his dreams. However, when his favourite son Biff returns home to stay, the same dreams start to haunt him, and his family begins to see through his salesman's smile.

Willy is seen as a desperate man living a life of lies, who, approaching 60, is scared to face up to failure, to admit defeat and try again. Ken Stott plays the self-deluding salesman, and judging by his string of credits, should do it rather well. He played Iago opposite Michael Gambon's



A bit of a sad case

Othello, under the direction of Alan Ayckbourn, and has also starred opposite Julie Walters in Peter Hall's production of 'The Rose Tattoo'.

'Death Of A Salesman' runs from Friday 4th February to Saturday 5th March, and student standby tickets are available for just £4. Go earlier in the run to guarantee yourself a ticket - this one really should be a sell out.

Talking of sell outs, of a different kind, it's pantomime time down at The Grand Theatre for the next two weeks. Slap your thighs with joy, for 'Goldilocks & The Three Bears' are here to "entertain" you, with a host of "stars" adding glamour and glitz.

Bobby Davro heads the cast as Silly Billy, although I can think of several far less printable expressions which have the same literal meaning. Supporting him (oo er, kids) is Michaela Strachan, who jauntily sports a pair of pig-

tails; oh, the things these thespians go through for their public. Michaela will be playing Goldilocks, and also in the cast will be Cobra, from Gladiators, surprisingly not cast as one of the bears.

Dooby Duck and his friends head the rest of the cast, for fans of Dooby Duck's Disco Bus (come on, admit it, we've all watched kid's TV at some point haven't we...), and the only redeeming feature is that it's all in association with Save The Children.

If you wish to subject yourself to 'Goldilocks & The Three Bears' (perfect exam-stress relieving stuff), it's on until Saturday 19th February, with evening perfs at 7.15pm.

Tickets start at £6.50, so forfeit a few pints and scream "He's behind you!" to a large stuffed duck. Porridge-tastic.

## Previews In Brief

**West Yorkshire Playhouse Debate, Thursday 10th February, 5.30pm.**  
What do you want from the Playhouse? Personally, I'd rather like some change from a fiver when I buy a drink at the bar, but I don't think that's what Jude Kelly et al are driving at somehow. This is an open forum event where you are free to give your views and ask questions to the Playhouse staff, so if you want your voice to be heard, apply for a ticket now. Entry is free, but places must be reserved in advance. Go on - have a good whinge.

**'Barnum', Alhambra Theatre, Tues 8th to Sat 12th February, 7.30pm.**  
'The Greatest Show On Earth', as rendered by the Great Horton Amateur Operatic Society, has all the usual ingredients - bands, clowns, jugglers, acrobats, stilt walkers, a large ladies' chorus, a Big Top, but alas, no Michael Crawford. Then again, tickets wouldn't start at £3 if he was in it, would they.

**Andrew Newton, hypnotist, City Varieties, Mon 7th to Sat 12th February, 8.00pm.**

I have a theory. After his first visit here many moons ago, Andrew Newton hypnotised the management of the City Varieties into booking him at least five times a year. This might possibly explain why he's back for another week of mind-bending magic. Either that or he's very good. Go and see him and let me know, will you. It's only £5.

**'The Lion In Winter', Civic Theatre, Tues 8th to Sat 12th February, 7.30pm.**

Modern classic by James Goldman about King Henry and his wife Eleanor of Aquitaine, as they plot and counterplot which of their offspring will inherit the throne. Cheer! for Richard the Lionheart. Boo! the nasty man John. Query! who exactly is cunning brother Geoffrey? King Geoffrey 1st? Unlikely. Oh bugger, I've just given the plot away. Tickets are £3, by the way. Not bad for a couple of decades of monarchy anarchy.

**Ark, Leeds University, Saturday 12th February, 8pm.**

Yes, I know this isn't until next week, but I thought I'd give you plenty of warning so you can withdraw some money from your savings account (he joked) and buy yourself one of the £14 tickets. "Yikes!" your wallet may well squeak, but with 6 DJs and K-Klass live on stage, 2 colour lasers, the Full Ark Light Show, and enough megawatts of bass to move even the sturdiest of bowels, beat your little withered wallet into submission and shell out. Available at all the usual outlets.

**Iona, The Irish Centre, Monday 7th Feb, £5 advance.**

Highly popular celtic band, it says here. I thought it was a small religious island off Mull, but whatever, it makes nice music.

**Lawrence Perkins (bassoon) & Michael Hancock (piano), Clothworkers Concert Hall, Thursday 10th Feb, 1.10pm, free.**

More nice music from this duo, including stuff by Saint-Saens and their new commission from Richard Rodney Bennett.

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## FRIDAY

### Clubs

**UP VER RONSON** at MUSIC FACTORY - Dance & garage, £6 NUS, 9.30pm to 3am.  
**DOWNBEAT** at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Hip-hop and acid jazz, £3.50 NUS, 9.30pm to 3am, £1 a pint  
**TRIBE** at RICKY'S - Acid Jazz, Funk & Dance.  
**LOVE TRAIN** at TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB - 70's, £4.50.  
**ANYTHING GOES** at THE WAREHOUSE - Dance. Student night - £1 with flyer, cheap drinks.  
**SEX CASINO** at ARCADIA  
**DENIM & DANCE** at MISTER CRAIG'S  
**STOMP** at LMU - Indie, grunge.  
**INCARCERATED** at SCRUMPIES - Alternative / hardcore night - £2.50 / £3.  
**TIME TUNNEL** at RIFFS - 60's night, £2.50 / £3.

### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE** tel: 442 111  
**QUARRY THEATRE**  
 Death Of A Salesman - 7.30pm, from £4.  
**COURTYARD THEATRE**  
 'Up 'N' Under 2' by John Godber - 7.45pm, from £4.00.  
**GRAND THEATRE** tel: 459351 / 440971  
 'The BFG' - 2.00pm & 7.00pm, from £5.  
**CIVIC THEATRE** tel: 476 962455 505  
 Leeds Youth Opera present 'The Elixir Of Love' - 7.30pm, from £3.00.  
**STUDIO THEATRE LMU**  
 Side By Side present 'Being There' & 'Crowded' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.  
**ALHAMBRA** tel: 0274 752 000  
 'Cinderella' starring Paul Nicholas - 7.30pm, from £5.00.  
**ALHAMBRA STUDIO**  
 Miles & Milner - 8pm, £3.  
**THEATRE IN THE MILL** tel: 0274 383 185  
 The Re-Animators present 'Rain' - 7.30pm, £5 / £3.  
**HARROGATE THEATRE** tel: 0423 502116  
 'Private Lives' - 7.45pm, from £5.50.  
**SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE**  
 'Canterbury Tales' - 7.30pm.  
**SHEFFIELD LYCEUM**  
 'Tribute To The Blues Brothers' - 6.30pm & 9.00pm.

### Music

**THE DUCHESS**  
 Bronte Brothers  
**LEEDS UNIVERSITY**  
 Blue Aeroplanes plus A House - £6.  
**YORK UNIVERSITY CENTRAL HALL**  
 BBC Philharmonic play Shostakovich & Stravinsky - 7.30pm.  
**SHEFFIELD CITY HALL**  
 English Northern Philharmonia play Mozart, Mahler & Bruckner - 7.30pm.  
**CITY VARIETIES**  
 Barron Knights - 7.30pm, from £7.50.  
**THE GROVE INN**  
 Folk Club present Dave Vermont

### Film

For full programme details, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA** tel: 0274 732277  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30 / 8.15  
**BFT1**  
 Like Water For Chocolate - 6.00pm  
 Much Ado About Nothing - 8.15pm

## SATURDAY

### Clubs

**THE COOKER** at ARCADIA - Jazz / soul / funk, featuring DJ EZ.  
**TOP BANANA** at THE TOWN & COUNTRY - 80s music.  
**MAINSTREAM** at MISTER CRAIG'S  
**BACK TO BASICS** at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Dance.  
**THE LIZARD CLUB** at RICKY'S - Best of Rock, £3 / £3.50, 10pm to 2am.  
**THE POWER HOUSE** at THE GALLERY - 9pm to 2am, £6 / £7, casual dress.  
**ALTERNATIVE / INDIE** at SCRUMPIES - 12-6pm, all afternoon.  
**VAGUE** at THE WAREHOUSE - £5, cross-dressing, TWA.  
**SATURDAY BOP** at LEEDS METRO UNI - £2 / £4 guest.

### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE** tel: 442111  
**QUARRY THEATRE**  
 'Death Of A Salesman' - 8.00pm, from £4.  
**COURTYARD THEATRE**  
 'Up 'N' Under 2' - 3pm & 7.45pm, from £4.  
**GRAND THEATRE**  
 'The BFG' - 11.00am, 2.30pm, 7.00pm, from £5.  
**CIVIC THEATRE** as Friday  
**THEATRE IN THE MILL** as Friday  
**ALHAMBRA**  
 'Cinderella' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.  
**ALHAMBRA STUDIO**  
 Alpana Sengupta - Classical Indian Dance - 8.00pm, £3.50.  
**HARROGATE THEATRE** as Friday  
**SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE**  
 'Canterbury Tales' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.  
**SHEFFIELD LYCEUM** as Friday

### Music

**THE DUCHESS**  
 Elastica  
**ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL**  
 Bronski Beat - 7.30pm, £8.00.  
**LEEDS TOWN HALL**  
 English Northern Philharmonia play Mozart, Mahler & Bruckner - 7.30pm, from £4.  
**THE GROVE INN**  
 Spyder Blues

### Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM, Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, Cottage Road Cinema and Hyde Park Picture House, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30 & 8.15pm  
**IMAX**  
 Rolling Stones 'At The Max' - 8.00pm  
**BFT1**  
 Much Ado About Nothing - 6.00pm  
 Like Water For Chocolate - 8.15pm  
**BFT2**  
 Mediterraneo - 5.45 & 8.00pm

### Telly

'Unplugged : REM' (BBC2, 8.15pm) - Unplugged? Bollocks. And here's another plug for them.  
 'Caught On Camera' (ITV, 9.00pm) - Michael Aspel, voyeur.

## SUNDAY

### Stage

**ALHAMBRA**  
 'Cinderella' - 1.00pm & 4.30pm  
**THE DUCHESS**  
 Leeds Alternative Cabaret

### Music

**CITY VARIETIES**  
 Tony Davis Band 'Swings In' - 7.30pm, from £5.50.  
**THE GROVE INN**  
 Gypsy Bill Williams (lunchtime)  
 Human Rights Charity Night (evening)

### Film

**SHOWCASE**  
 27 Gelderd Road, Birstall. Tel. 0924 420071.  
 Tickets £4.25 / £3.00 NUS  
 Remains Of The Day Tombstone  
 Aladdin Heaven & Earth  
 A Perfect World Wayne's World 2  
 Addams Family Values  
 The Fugitive  
 Menace 2 Society  
 Mrs Doubtfire  
 Decadence Malice  
 Men In Tights Undercover Blues  
 Carlito's Way Another Stakeout  
 Demolition Man

**COTTAGE ROAD CINEMA**  
 Cottage Road, Far Headingley. Tel. 751606  
 The Piano - 8.15pm, except Sunday at 7.45pm  
 Aladdin - 6.00pm weekdays, 2pm, 4pm, 6pm on Saturday, 3pm & 5pm on Sunday  
 Late shows at 11pm on Friday & Saturday - Hard Target

**LOUNGE CINEMA**  
 North Lane, Headingley. Tel. 751061  
 Mrs Doubtfire - 5.50pm & 8.20pm, except on Sundays, at 5.20pm & 7.50pm.  
 Matinee showings at 2pm on Sat and 3pm on Sun.

**HYDE PARK PICTURE HOUSE**  
 Brudenell Road, Leeds 6. Tel. 752045  
 Like Water For Chocolate - 6.30 (Fri-Sun), 8.45 (Mon-Thurs)  
 Century - 8.45 (Fri-Sun), 6.30 (Mon-Thurs), plus 2.30 on Sat & Sun.  
 Late show on Fri 4th - Leolo - 11pm  
 Late show on Sat 5th - Reservoir Dogs - 11pm.

**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30 & 8.15

**BFT1**  
 Much Ado About Nothing - 6.00  
 Like Water For Chocolate - 8.15

**BFT2**  
 Mediterraneo - 5.45 & 8.00

**MGM MOVIE HOUSE**  
 Vicar Lane, LS1. Tel. 451031  
 1. Wayne's World 2 - 1.00, 3.15, 5.45, 8.30  
 2. Carlito's Way - 1.40, 8.10  
 2. Heaven & Earth - 5.15  
 3. A Perfect World - 1.15, 5.15, 8.10  
 3. Sat & Sun only, Addams Family Values - 1.00, 3.00

**ODEON** - see Monday

## MONDAY

### Clubs

**PHUX** at MISTER CRAIG'S - Student night, £2.50.  
**THE WORLD** at RITZY'S - Student night, £1 a pint.  
**UP THE JUNCTION** at THE GALLERY - Student night, 50p a pint / double spirits, £2.50 NUS, 9pm to 2am.  
**OFF THE RAILS** at ARCADIA - Student night, 50p a pint, 9pm doors.  
**STUDENT NIGHT** at YEL - £1 a pint, £1 spirits.

### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE**  
**QUARRY THEATRE** - as Friday  
**COURTYARD THEATRE** - as Friday  
**CITY VARIETIES**  
 Andrew Newton, hypnotist - 8.00pm, from £5.00.

### Music

**THE IRISH CENTRE**  
 Iona - £5 adv.  
**BELUSHI'S**  
 West Martini

### Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, Cottage Road Cinema and Hyde Park Picture House, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30 & 8.15

**BFT1**  
 Farewell My Concubine - 7.30pm

**ODEON**  
 The Headrow. Tel. 430031  
 1. Mrs Doubtfire - 1.40, 5.00, 8.00 & (Sat only) 10.45  
 2. Remains Of The Day - 1.30, 4.40, 7.50  
 3. Aladdin - 1.20, 3.40, 6.00  
 3. Malice - 8.15  
 4. Tombstone - 1.45, 5.05, 8.00  
 5. The Hour Of The Pig - 1.50, 5.10, 8.10 & (Sat only) 10.50  
 5. Sat & Sun only - Son-In-Law - 1.40  
 Late Shows on Saturday -  
 The Exorcist - 10.50, Reservoir Dogs - 10.45, The Blues Brothers - 10.40

### Telly

First, Sunday raises its massive head and roars mightily...  
**'Baby Monthly'** (BBC2, 7.40pm) - Five mothers drop five sprogs, and some poor camera crew gets to follow them around for twelve months.  
**'The South Bank Show'** (ITV, 10.35pm) - Lenny Henry presents 'Darker Than Me', a trip through the world of Afro-American comedy.  
 And now, Monday wraps its loving arms round you...  
**'The Wonder Years'** (C4, 6.00pm) - Kevin & Winnie fall asleep at the cinema, and no one goes "nudge-nudge-wink-wink", prompting Kevin to worry about his masculinity. Let's face it, Kev, you look about eleven. You wouldn't know what to do even if someone gave you a gift-wrapped stick of broccoli and a roll of sellotape.  
**'Horizon'** (BBC2, 8.00pm) - The most promising new form of cancer therapy was discovered 20 years ago, but ignored.

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 every Friday

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 DRUM CLUB**

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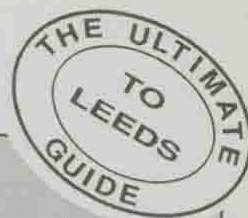
Darren Emerson  
 Charlie Hall  
 Michael Dog

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## TUESDAY



### Clubs

**BEAT SURRENDER** at THE MUSIC FACTORY - 60's to 90's, £2.50 on door, £1 a pint.  
**THE ROOST** at ARCADIA - Live jazz, £2 adm, £1 a pint.  
**DECADENCE** at SCRUMPIES - Gothic / Alternative.  
**HELL RAISER** at THE OBSERVATORY - Rock night, 8-12.  
**MELT** at ASHFIELDS (Merriem Centre) - 10pm to 2am, £2 entry, £1.20 bitter / lager, £1.30 cider.



### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE**  
 QUARRY THEATRE - as Friday  
 COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday  
**GRAND THEATRE**  
 'Goldilocks & The Three Bears' - 2.30pm & 7.15pm, from £6.50.  
**CIVIC THEATRE**  
 Leeds Arts Centre present 'The Lion In Winter' - 7.30pm, from £3.00  
**CITY VARIETIES** as Monday  
**ALHAMBRA**  
 'Barnum' - 7.30pm, from £4.  
**HARROGATE THEATRE** as Friday  
**SHEFFIELD LYCEUM**  
 'Return To The Forbidden Planet' - 7.45pm.



### Music

**BELUSHI'S**  
 A Taste Of Honey  
**LEEDS TOWN HALL**  
 Lunchtime Organ Music - 1.05pm, free.  
**THE GROVE INN**  
 Jam Session



### Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, Cottage Road Cinema and Hyde Park Picture House, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30pm  
 Reservoir Dogs - 8.15pm  
**BFI**  
 Farewell My Concubine - 7.30pm



### Telly

'Undercover Britain' (C4, 9.00pm) - Doctors are promising false cures to seriously ill people. The secret camera work is done by a real-life AIDS sufferer.  
 'All Quiet On The Preston Front' (BBC1, 9.30pm) - Last in the series about a cracked squad of the territorial army. Their moment of glory arrives in a German field, and elsewhere, chocolate chip cookies make a star appearance.  
 'Grow Your Greens' (C4, 8.00pm) - This week, broccoli.  
 'The Oprah Winfrey Show' (C4, 5.00pm) - Oprah poses the tricky question to teachers, how would you feel if one of your pupils held you at gun point? Metalwork teachers everywhere reply 'astonished at their abilities'.  
 'Snooker - The Masters' (BBC1, 12.30am) - Rembrandt & Van Gogh slug it out over 5 frames.  
 'Food & Drink' (BBC2, 8.30pm) - Chicken & chips on Salisbury Plain, and exotic things to do with a cooking apple. A couple of ideas are beginning to form in my mind...  
 '40 minutes' (BBC2, 9.50pm) - Guess how long this lasts for?

## WEDNESDAY



### Clubs

**DIG** at THE GALLERY / ARCADIA - 10pm to 2am. Live jazz / latin / funk / soul / hip hop.  
**CIRCUS CIRCUS** at THE MUSIC FACTORY - 3 floors of pop, 60's to 90's, £1 a pint.  
**70'S NIGHT** at YEL  
**BLACK LODGE** at SCRUMPIES - Hardcore / alternative, 10pm to 2am, £2 / £1.50.  
**ALPHABET STREET** at LEEDS METROPOLITAN UNI - 80's music, 9pm-2am, £2 but free B4 10pm, 90p pint.



### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE** tel. 442111  
 QUARRY THEATRE as Friday  
 COURTYARD THEATRE  
 'Up 'N' Under 2' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm.  
**GRAND THEATRE** as Tuesday  
**CIVIC THEATRE** as Tuesday  
**CITY VARIETIES** as Monday  
**STUDIO THEATRE LMU**  
 The Re-Animators present 'Rain' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.00.  
**ALHAMBRA** as Tuesday  
**HARROGATE THEATRE** as Friday  
**SHEFFIELD LYCEUM** - as Tuesday



### Music

**THE DUCHESS**  
 Diesel Park West plus Aprilfish  
**BELUSHI'S**  
 Price Of Ivory  
**THE GALLERY**  
**DIG!**  
**ALHAMBRA STUDIO**  
 Flute & Harp recital - 1.05pm, free.  
**LEEDS ART GALLERY**  
 Lunchtime Chamber Music - Paul Marleyn, cello - 1.05pm, free.  
**UNIVERSITY OF YORK** tel. 0904 432439  
 Vocal music of the 17th century - 8pm, from £3.  
**THE GROVE INN**  
 Tim Wood



### Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, Cottage Road Cinema and Hyde Park Picture House, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30pm  
 Reservoir Dogs - 8.15pm  
**IMAX**  
 Titanic - 8.00pm  
**BFI**  
 Farewell My Concubine - 7.30pm  
**HYDE PARK PICTURE HOUSE**  
 Russ Meier double bill - 'Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!' & 'Vixen' - 2pm, tickets £2.50, available at cinema, from union extension (lunchtimes), the LUM kiosk & Jumbo.



### Telly

'The Day Today' (BBC2, 9.00pm) - Steve Coogan & co. in satirical soundbite show.  
 'Walk On The Wild Side' (C4, 11.05pm) - Lou Reed joins a girl gang in Glasgow. And doesn't look out of place.

## THURSDAY



### Clubs

**LOADED** at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Indie / Dance / Dub / Hip-hop / Psychedelia £2 / £2.50.  
**ROCK NIGHT** at THE WAREHOUSE - £2 B4 11pm.  
**THE MILE HIGH CLUB** at RICKY'S / THE GALLERY / ARCADIA - 70s disco.  
**PARTY NIGHT** at MISTER CRAIG'S - £1 before 12pm.  
**BANANAS** at RITZY'S - £1 a pint.  
**STUDENT NIGHT** at STOGGY'S - Free before 11pm, £1 after, 10pm to 2am



### Stage

**WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE**  
 QUARRY THEATRE - as Friday  
 COURTYARD THEATRE - as Friday  
**GRAND THEATRE** as Tuesday  
**CIVIC THEATRE** - as Tuesday  
**CITY VARIETIES**  
 Andrew Newton - from £6.00.  
**STUDIO THEATRE LMU** as Wednesday  
**ALHAMBRA** as Tuesday  
**HARROGATE THEATRE** as Friday  
**SHEFFIELD LYCEUM**  
 'Return To The Forbidden Planet' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm



### Music

**THE DUCHESS**  
 Mike Peters  
**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**  
 Coctean Twins  
**CLOTHWORKER'S CONCERT HALL**  
 Perkins / Hancock Duo play Saint-Saens & Richard Rodney Bennett - 1.10pm, free.



### Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, and Cottage Road Cinema, see Sunday.  
**PICTUREVILLE CINEMA**  
 Carlito's Way - 5.30 & 8.15  
**IMAX**  
 Grand Canyon / Flyers - 8.00pm  
**BFI**  
 Farewell My Concubine - 7.30pm



### Telly

'Ben Elton' (BBC1, 10.00pm) - What phrase will Ben grace the nation with this week? And how can he top 'Buff that muff'?  
 'Absolutely Fabulous' (BBC1, 9.30pm) - Not actually as funny as I thought it was going to be, but I'm still in love with Julie Sarwalaha, and eventually I'll be able to spell her name.  
 'Good Health' (BBC1, 8.00pm) - Anthea Turner dons her tracksuit and makes us all feel guilty for not making it out of January with our fitness new year's resolutions.  
 'Great Railway Journeys' (BBC2, 9.30pm) - Leeds to Ilkley. And back. That takes about an hour.  
 'Sex Talk' (C4, 11.45pm) - Essential watching for all blokes - this week is all about women's sexual fantasies, including Dairy Milk and hiking socks.  
 'Big Science' (BBC2, 8.00pm) - Tonight, David Malone confuses superstring theory with silly string, and ends up looking very stupid. Yes, I'm bitter. I could've had that job...

## TV FILMS

**Friday 4th February :-**  
 'Fallen Angel' (C4, 2.00pm) - Another great Friday afternoon treat; the story of a drifter who arrives in town with only a dollar to his name, and falls in love with a waitress who only wants a man with money.  
 'Street War' (BBC1, 10.20pm) - TV movie with Mario Van Peebles & Robert Dayton in a fast-moving but rather predictable police thriller.

'Fun In Acapulco' (C4, 12.10am) - Another jaunt with the swinging cheeseburger, the start time getting later and later as all the 'good' films are used up. This time, the King is a nervous trapeze artist who plays keyboards. Quite a feat, really.

**Saturday 5th :-**  
 'A Hard Day's Night' (ITV, 2.05pm) - The Beatles' first film in scream-a-long-a-vision. Keep fresh underwear handy, it's exciting stuff.

'Blue Jean Cop' (ITV, 10.45pm) - Policeman in Levi's (Peter 'Robocop' Weller) defends a drug dealer on a charge of murder, but uncovers a network of police corruption, which of course, he has to sort out. Singlehanded. Don't try this at home, kids.

**Sunday 6th :-**  
 'Three Men & Little Lady' (ITV, 6.30pm) - Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg & Ted Danson put their careers on the line by acting with precocious Robin Weisman, aged 6. Deeply Freudian in conception, I'm sure, but ultimately Angel-Delight-ian in production.

'Bull Durham' (BBC2, 10.20pm) - Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon & Tim Robbins in a film all about scoring in baseball. In both senses of the word.

'High Anxiety' (BBC1, 11.10pm) - Mel Brooks raids the Alfred Hitchcock archives and comes up with his usual disjointed mix of set pieces & parodies. Great. If you're a Mel Brooks fan.

'Alice In The Cities' (C4, 12.00am) - Wim Wenders movie from his pre-'Paris, Texas' days, so if you don't like reading subtitles, avoid. Unless you can speak German. The plot? A woman brings her daughter home from America to Germany. Err. This is better than it sounds.

**Tuesday 8th :-**  
 'Stormy Monday' (C4, 10.00pm) - Glamorous Newcastle is the setting for Sting's jazz club, and Melanie Griffiths & Sean Bean's young love. 'Spender' with a bass line.

**Thursday 10th :-**  
 'Frankenstein: The College Years' (BBC2, 6.00pm) - Two medical students revive a hundred year-old body, which subsequently becomes their Professor.

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BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

FRIDAY

5.35 Neighbours And who's Jim nobbing now?  
6.00 News & Weather  
6.30 Regional News  
7.00 Home Truths I can hear the pub calling me  
7.30 Tomorrows World  
8.00 Only Fools And Horses Rush in where angels fear to tread  
8.50 Drive Drivel would be more appropriate  
9.00 News & Weather  
9.30 Love Hurts When you've got herpes  
10.20 Film:Street War Filmed in Chestnut Avenue - probably  
11.50 Film:Don't Just Lie There, Say Something Like what was your name again??  
1.20 Close

6.00 Captain Scarlet And The Mysterons  
6.25 The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Change of scene for Ben Elton  
7.15 The Living Soap And he still hasn't done the washing up  
7.45 What The Papers Say  
8.00 Public Eye  
8.30 The Great British Garden Show  
9.00 Red Dwarf Still excellent  
9.30 Further Abroad  
10.00 Blackadder II Actually its Elizabeth I not Victoria, Stuart!  
10.30 Newsnight  
11.15 Fantasy League Football  
11.45 The Ferguson Theory

6.00 Calender  
6.30 Superchamps 1994 Bring back Family Fortunes  
7.00 Celebrity Squares cont. Red, Leicester, Cheddar, Edam...  
7.30 Coronation Street  
8.00 The Bill, The Filth, The Pigs...  
8.30 Surgical Spirit Hurts when you put it on a red raw cock  
9.00 The Chief  
10.00 News & Weather  
10.40 Street Legal  
11.35 Film:Maybe - well there was last week  
1.10 Whale On Saturn with his other alien friends

6.00 Blossom Won't be on the trees for another few months  
6.30 Happy Days  
7.00 Channel Four News  
7.50 First Reaction  
8.00 Citizen 2000 Will see Major still deciding which tie to wear  
8.30 Brookside  
9.00 Nature Perfected Me of course  
9.30 Home Improvements New series for D.I.Y enthusiasts  
10.00 Roseanne Is extremely large  
10.30 The Unpleasant World Of Penn And Teller  
11.05 The Word Is monosyllabic - just how the presenters talk

SATURDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

5.30 The New Adventures of Superman  
6.15 Noel's House Party: Tim Burke's Gold and Black Army.  
7.15 Big Break  
7.45 Birds of a Feather Nature series concerning the lesser spotted Essex git.  
8.15 Casualty  
9.05 That's Life Real life funny stories?  
9.45 News and Sport  
10.05 Match of the Day Oh bollocks, Beeney's let in three, Dwight Yorke isn't even on the bench and my Fantasy Football Team are looking more and more like Swindon every day.  
11.10 Criminal Behavior

6.10 Late Again  
6.50 Scrutiny  
7.20 News and Weather  
7.35 Tomorrow's Socialism What with the death of the block vote and no unilateral disarmament policy, "Tomorrow's Socialism" is looking a little too like Conservative Capitalist Monetarism.  
8.15 Unplugged  
9.05 Arena  
10.05 Between the Lines  
11.00 City of Sadness ... after going out of the cup and landing near the bottom of the league you can see why.  
1.30 Later with Jools Holland

5.20 Baywatch Two doses of David Hasselhof in one day. What a load of cock.  
6.15 Blind Date  
7.15 Barrymore  
8.15 Beadle's About Five foot three and an annoying twat to boot.  
8.45 News and Weather  
9.00 Caught on Camera Gillian Taylforth gets whats coming to her.  
9.45 The Big Fight Live  
10.45 Blue Jean Cop  
12.30 Coach No Terry, you're not "the manager" you're the coach. No, I'm not sure what the difference is either.  
1.00 Tour of Duty

5.05 Brookside Souness is now free to star as one of the Moonies in dodgy Simon's little gang  
6.30 Right to Reply Jimmy Hill? Well apparently he's a prat.  
7.00 A Weeek in Politics  
8.00 Kingdoms in Conflict Dolphin nonsense.  
9.00 NYPD Blue Manchester Blues seventeen years and won fuck all City is their name.  
10.00 Shame Just one consonant away from being a classic western.  
11.50 Broadway Stories  
12.20 Mr. Moto's Gamble

SUNDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

6.10 News and weather  
6.25 Songs of Praise Hallo, hallo we are the Busby Boys and if you are a City fan surrender  
7.00 As Time Goes By  
7.30 The House of Eliott  
8.25 So Haunt Me "I like sucking cock" eh Gillian?  
8.55 News and Weather  
9.10 Screen One: Bambino Mio Babies smell of sick and shit. Why would anyone want to buy one?  
10.35 Heart of the Matter  
11.10 High Anxiety Spank on spoof. Brooks should of given up with stuff like this and The Producers.

5.10 Rugby Special So called because rugby on it's own isn't really all that special.  
6.10 Nomads of the Wind  
7.00 The Money Programme Pensions.  
7.40 Baby Monthly  
8.10 Moving Pictures With sound, a technological marvel. See people walk across the screen. Oh God this is so depressing...  
9.00 Auction Buying equipment from the Lunar landings. But since it was all a C.I.A. hoax...  
9.30 The Great Pyramid Worth watching. God I like Emma Freud, ahem.  
10.20 Bull Durham Filmic evidence that Durham is a crap town, in fact it is "bull".

6.20 News and weather  
6.30 Three Men and Little Lady One more baby related incident in tonight's viewing and I am going to kill.  
8.20 Dandelion Dead Now this is more like it. I love flicking the heads off these stupid flowers, just who do they think they are coming over here with their silly method of pollination and...  
10.20 News and weather  
10.35 The South Bank Show Sounds like a top documentary from the rather lightweight Lenny Henry.  
11.35 Urban Angel  
12.30 Quiz Night With convincing pub-like set, and Stuart Hall.

6.00 Moviewatch As long as it's not from Tyneside I think I can just about stomach it.  
6.30 The Cosby Show Could be made more palatable by moving it to Tyneside. "Wy Aye petal, I'm a rich git."  
7.00 Time Team Unfortunately time is one thing Swindon haven't got.  
8.00 Camera a sort of pointy, clicky thing isn't it?  
9.00 The Pope Must Die Comedy? Well maybe just.  
10.55 The Falklands War  
12.00 Alice in The Cities

Reviewed by Stuart Davies & Andy Wild

CROSSWORD

Across :-

- Solved the Sphinx's riddle - difficult - despite being a mummy's boy? (7,7)
- Award after Nobleman got soft fleshy aural appendage. (7)
- One who rummages about for one getting older. (7)
- Fold cakes. (4)
- Parent's mother isn't, perhaps, able to be tied up! (6,4)
- Porn to become a little positive. (6)
- Young girl - rely to get about in a lax manner. (8)
- Exhausted, like Rover? (3-5)
- Have length, or have proper place. (6)
- Lend a crab a possibly light holder. (11)
- Mucus you hang weights up with? (4)
- Electric fish bomb. (7)
- Simultaneous waves? (2,5)

- Metal with little bubbles on its skin? (9,5)

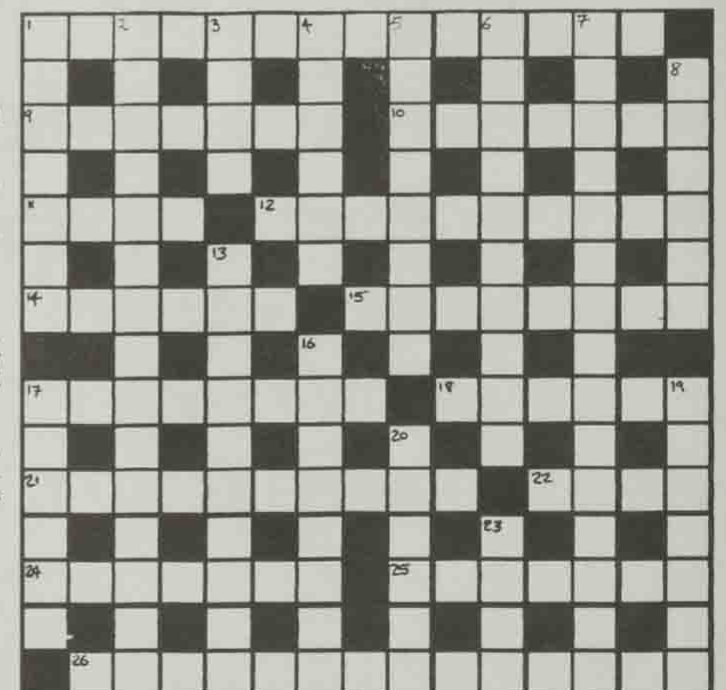
Down :-

- Roofless pop, note, in a spin. (4-3)
- Is BBC chief unambiguous or non-specific? Yes! (8,7)
- He flies plane, but I leave for small piece of ground. (4)
- This wine sounds dear in France! (6)
- Make Teddy angry and become displeased. (8)
- Set policies for more than two telephone users. (5,5)
- Running event where there may be a scramble at the line! (3,3,5,4)
- Fairly attractive. (6)
- Loves me; it's peculiar and without a reason. (10)
- The only tenant, perhaps, is not to mention... (3,5)

- ... continental gold or silver coins from sad TUC. (6)
- Recover spring, perhaps? (3,4)
- Infra-red used in odd rave to reach any place. (6)
- Chooses to add postscript, slightly altered. (4)

Last Week's Answers :-

- Across :-  
7. Tree trunk 8. (&14D) Merry Christmas 10. Creosote 11. Poised 12. Aria 13. Endanger 15. Chapati 20. Circular 22. Coca 25. Stoned 26. Laddered 27. Gassy 28. Asinimity
- Down :-  
1. Frere 2. Devour 3. Argonaut 4. Entered 5. Deviants 6. (&17A) Green-eyed monster 9. Spud 16. Pick nose 18. Occident 19. Armless 21. Ludo 23. Cleans 24. Jetty
- Last Week's winner :- Juliet Thewlis



The first correct answer drawn from the hat will win a £5 Waterstones book voucher. Send your answers to Crossword Competition, Leeds Student Newspaper, Leeds University Union, P.O Box 157, Leeds LS1 1UH. Answers must arrive by Wednesday the 9th of February.  
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# Genuine Menuhin

## Music

Halle Orchestra  
St George's Concert Hall  
English Northern Philharmonia  
Leeds Town Hall



Sir Yehudi Menuhin

Yehudi Menuhin - a name joyously yodelled by residents of Gstaad, Switzerland for the past 36 years, where a Festival of Music bears his name - is gracing West Yorkshire next Friday (11th) for the first time since being awarded a knighthood. Under his formidable baton will be the Halle Orchestra, no mean performers themselves, and together they should make sweet music indeed.

The programme consists of three extremely popular works; Tchaikovsky's highly pleasant Suite No.1 in D minor, the St Anthony Variations by Brahms, and Haydn's Symphony No.94 in G, more popularly known as "The Surprise". A great evening's music under the command of one of the acknowledged 'greats' in the classical world.

Yehudi Menuhin made his debut as a solo violinist at the tender age of 7, which is going back a few years now... He took the classical world by storm, giving recitals at Carnegie Hall at the age of 12, and in London, Paris and Berlin aged 13. The Second World War saw him take a leading role in entertaining the Allied Forces, often

within battle zones and at great personal risk, for which he received a string of awards and medals.

More recently, his wide ranging interests have led him to make several best-selling albums with Stephane Grapelli, and he is currently President or Principal Conductor of six leading orchestras, including, of course, the Halle.

Friday's concert starts at 7.30pm, and tickets will set you back just £5.

However, before then you can enjoy another excellent concert at Leeds Town Hall this Saturday (5th) from the English Northern Philharmonia. Having warmed up in Sheffield the night before, expect a perfect performance of the dramatic programme.

Mozart's overture to 'The Marriage Of Figaro' kicks things off, followed by Mahler's 'Songs Of A Wayfarer'. However, the majority of the evening is taken up by Bruckner's magnificent Symphony No.7, an hour or so of beautiful musical expression. The evening starts at 7.30pm, and tickets start at £4 for the unreserved orchestra seats. See you up there on Saturday!



David Bingham and Richard Charles - Side By Side



## Stage

Side By Side  
The Re-Animators  
Studio Theatre, LMU

The short but sweet season of dance companies at the Studio Theatre concludes this week with visits from two highly innovative groups, each with a style all its own.

Tonight (Friday 4th) at 7.30pm you can see Side By Side perform two works, 'Being There' and 'Crowded'. Based in Sheffield, the partnership (pictured above) produce exciting and original works; "dance with heart & soul" according to The Guardian.

The first piece explores a couple's relationship when one of them is diagnosed HIV positive, a hard-hitting piece of dance-drama which takes the audience on a trip through the complex emotions of the pair. Rather than forcing messages down your throat, however, 'Being There' is sensitive and imaginative.

The same can also be said of 'Crowded', which tackles another thorny subject; that of abuse, whether in a close relationship, in the work place, or at home. Two excellent works for the price of one ticket - at £3, an evening not to be ignored.

Following Side By Side, The Re-Animators take over the Studio Theatre next Wednesday & Thursday with their own brand of "high risk, menacing and raunchy" ballet. Surreal is the key word here, as six brilliant dancers work their way through the three acts which make up 'Rain', an examination of the idea of stillness through physical extremes.

Techno band Candyland provide the music, and costumes were commissioned from Craig Morrison, who is best known for his spiky, latex accessories! The mind boggles! On top of that, this production is sponsored by Durex, and you get a condom included in the price of your ticket. The other sponsors, Reebok, have unfortunately declined to provide free trainers.

Choreographed by Piers Gielgud, nephew of Sir John, this is another one not to be missed. Performances start at 7.30pm.

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**Personals**

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One more week to wait Caroline Eea na now it's your 21st. Ha Booze. 21 snogs and a cuddle!

Chumpy - you are still my sexy lady - H Two rooms to let from end of March - Leeds Six area, £26 each per week. Ring 748244.

If you find a Frostie in the front pocket, a biscuit in the back and broken egg cups on the floor, you know who's got the munchies.

No I'm not singing next week Pennie! F.A.R. Singers night, upstairs at the Packhorse, Sunday 6th February, 8pm.

Oona Bannon - Happy 21st for ages ago.

Nat, by the time you read this, it will all be over. Huzzah and hiking socks, love from your sanity.

Steve anything to tell me mate? R The silence of the Ceri Thomas days returns...

Couldn't you think of a more original insult.

So everything's sorted with bouff then eh?

Don't ever get stuck with your accounts, Rupert.

Claire ya dafi raisin...er...sultana...er...currant!

Gerard - Happy birthday mate. Perhaps now you are the big "21" you will be able to pull the girl that you met at the Warehouse that you were sure was "On for 'it'" and was giving you "The Eye", until of course she started snogging another bloke in front of you? Actually, come to think of it, I can hardly talk, can I?

Don't ever call your kid Johnny, Rupert, and don't send him to school if you do.

Luke Khalilian, skinhead with dustman's jacket, Arabic Studies Dept.: I've bought you some black French knickers for your birthday so you can STOP WEARING MINE

Dan, the big G's back to normal today. You're crap anyway. You can't even run a shuttle without completely LOSING the race. HAPPY BIRTHDAY by the way.

Two rooms to let from end of March - Leeds Six area, £26 each per week. Ring 748244.

We'll leave him at TASC Jon

Yeah like fuck you will

Mummeceee...look at my pants!

H. Best of luck with the rest of your exams. I know I'm useless for three days of the week, but I do miss you. Looking forward to cuddling up to you soon. Lots of soppy stuff. R

Pubs too crowded, visit STRAWBS WINE BAR (above the bistro) Bottle of Pils Lager £1, pint of Theakstons £1.36. Large selection of wines by the glass or bottle.

David - Administration is crap - Ceri

Thanks for the good solid nosh on Sunday. Pizza Woman. Same again this week?

Claire what did you say about Barby?

Tooooooooooooooo Army!

Too much beer Sam?????

Whoops. Panic attack. Sorry folks.

Sorry I missed the curry, hope you won the quiz... Apparently he's been staying night Celestial. Is he 'out of this world'? (Celestial & the extra terrestrial!)

Ben, you really are a cunt!

Kerry (not spelt right) - come to my big church!!!M

Clare...<silence>...Matt...<pause>...Fiona...<pause>...and Mark...<silence>...lovely people to go other places with

Look, I'm really sorry but I can't think of anything funny to write. I can't even think of anything that isn't funny to write. If I could be funny I certainly wouldn't be writing it here... Just be content that one of you breaks things (welcome back, by the way), another has more jobs than days in the week and another buys enough Sunday papers to account for an entire rainforest (and how DO you, manage an entire month on 4p???) I'm smashed.

Nice attempt at a practical joke Fletch - I wasn't a bit worried - at least I was insured for it

Matt sorry about the above.

Jon - we won at last!

How's the no-chocolate-biscuits-jog-a-day-swim-a-week programme going?

The gamble of buying two sheets paid off!

3 course meal £5.50, then up to the bar for bottle of Pils Lager £1 - celebrate within your budget. STRAWBERRY FIELDS BISTRO & WINE BAR

Matt, I'd like to introduce you to a friend of mine in the Hyde Park!

That is SAD! I haven't said that since I was twelve!

Sunday's pub quiz - we'll win again and again and again

Sorry about earlier mate but you've only got yourself to blame. That's the last time I spend all day on a story.

So you wouldn't be interested in covering 'VC found in kinky brothel with impoverished student' then. Nice splash mate, and I'm sorry I probably overreacted mate but you know what it's like sometimes.

Right here we go. Its 5.10 am and the adrenaline is beginning to grab me by the balls with a vengeance. So here's a particularly painful thankyou to all the people who really make this miracle possible. Without you this would never even be printed. I know I can be an arrogant, sexist shit, who never listens properly, is about as tactful as a condom in a nunnery, says things that I really don't mean and not the things I do mean. But I really do appreciate all the help, support and dedication. You're all great, the best team of subs any Editor has ever had - I don't deserve you half of the time. God knows how we get this out every week, its sometimes a miracle and its got nothing to do with me, but the deicated team who work away every week. No individual mentions, you all know who you are and I know who you are. What more can I say apart from 'are you alright mate/darlin'. See you all next week.

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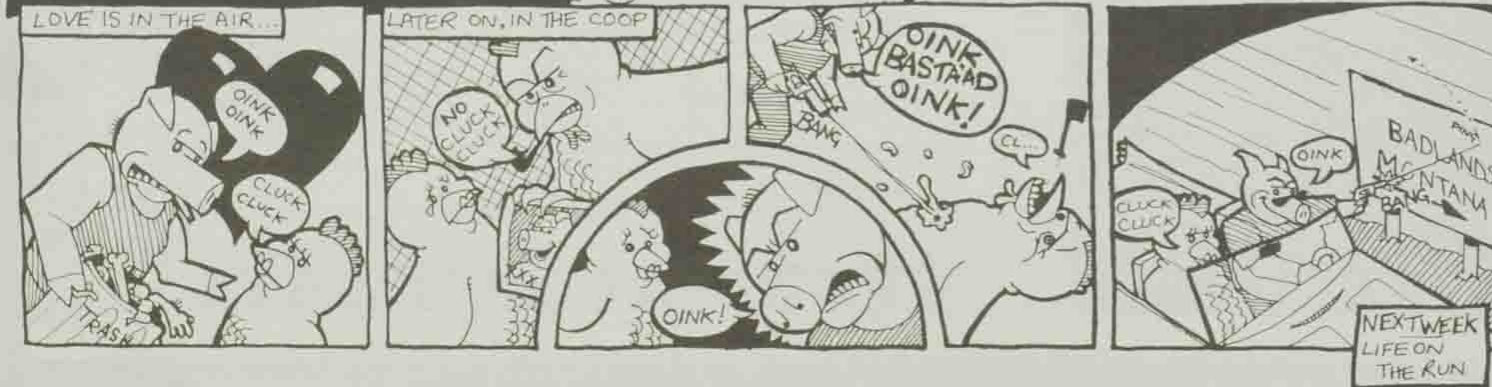
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# Leeds triumph to cup final

## SEMI FINAL DECIDED BY PENALTIES

### Hockey - Leeds 4 XI

Decided on Penalties after extra time  
 Harrogate 2  
 Leeds 4  
 By Matthew Robinson

A dour game where both sides were evenly matched, both in defence and attack, eventually went to penalties after extra time had been played. Leeds to their credit came out 4-2 winners on penalty flicks with keeper John Ashmore saving twice.

The match was played on a wind swept shale pitch at Harrogate which clearly favoured the home team.

Indeed the home side probably shaded the first half, their three short

corners to Leeds one reflecting their superiority.

The second half saw Leeds apply more pressure culminating in Steve Anderson, the teams main attacking force, having his shot cleared off the line. Nevertheless neither team could quite force an opening.

In extra time the Leeds defence dealt with everything thrown at them with Dan Dyer and Jean Fourcroy particularly outstanding.

As had seem probable from the beggining of extra time the match went to penalties. This tense situation saw Dan Dyer, Jean Fourcroy, Duncan Bell and Aya all score while John Ashmore saved twice to earn himself the unofficial Man of the Match award and his team place in the league cup final on May 14th



# LEEDS STUDENT

Keep those sports reports coming in.  
 Drop them into either our Leeds  
 University or LMU office the  
 Monday preceeding publication

The largest weekly student newspaper in the country.

# Widogood

# SPORT STUDENT

## A soaring success

The rain held off for most of the day this Sunday, as Leeds University Union Orienteering Club hosted a colour coded event in Adel Woods. Nearly 500 competitors, travelling from as far as field as Newcastle, arrived to take part in LUOC's 3rd event of the season.

Nine courses, ranging from the 'string' course for toddlers, to the testing brown course (9.6km), were expertly planned by the clubs Vice Captain Roderick Stanley and team coach Roger Goddard, providing distances and technical standards for all.

With the rain of recent weeks, the ground was heavy going, however, the new map recently compiled by Bob Last provided accurate feature information, enabling complex route choices to be made,

avoiding the worst of the mud, even if wet feet were the order of the day.

Due to the large turnout, car parking was a major problem for the event organisers, Steve Ellement and Gary Slater, but with the brothers, Steve and Andy, places were found for all, and the day continued without further hitches.

By 3.00pm, the last of the lost competitors were rounded up, enabling the controls to be collected in, and the results to be calculated. When finally all was completed at 7.00pm, the day was declared a resounding success.

The Club Captain, Anna Pike, wishes to thank all the club members for planning, organising and helping run such an event. LUOC is held in high esteem by local non-



student clubs in the Yorkshire region as one of the few University clubs, country wide, to hold more than one event a year. This would not be

possible without the dedication of the club members.

Few people realise the amount of effort that goes into those events. It is purely down

to sheer determination and hard graft, that a University club can contribute to promote orienteering in the way LUOC has.



### THE FINAL WHISTLE

In two weeks time Leeds Rugby League, take on Warrington in the Fifth Round of the Silk Cut Challenge Cup. Not only do the loyal Leeds fans deserve a win, but eventually a trip to Wembley on Saturday the 30th April.

Yet again, this season has been a disappointment for the vocal supporters who can be seen every week on the South Stand-whoever the opponents and whatever the weather.

Out of the Regal trophy at an early stage, out of the championship race by Christmas and slated by Doug Laughton, Leeds RL manager, for booing the team at the end of a particular poor game. All in all it hasn't been a particular good year for the fans.

When Doug Laughton arrived at Leeds he promised the fans silverware within three years. In fact all the fans have seen is a rise in entrance prices, an expensive development of the hospitality facilities and some crazy deals on the transfer market.

Leeds is a very rich club, and many fellow rugby league fans, envious of the cash at the disposal of the manager, quite understandably take delight in the lack of success at Leeds - particularly after the signing of big name players.

But for the average Leeds fan, paying one of the highest entrance fees in the league and witnessing the dismal performances of a side with such potential the frustration and disappointment is the same as that of the Hunslet or Swinton fan after being knocked out in the sixth round of the Challenge cup.

Let's just hope that in '94 Leeds fans finally get what they deserve. An outstanding victory at Wembley on April the 30th.

Richard Fletcher

### ROUND UP + ROUND UP + ROUND UP + ROUND UP +

The Kings league Northwest division - Round 3 was the first race of the term for the LUU ski team and the first ski on plastic since the championship in Tignes (see last weeks report).

Consequently the dry slope technique wasn't up to much, but at least the atmosphere was good.

John Rose set the pace for the 2nd team; he fell, the rest of

the team fell. The event of the evening - women's team races - was won by Manchester, with Leeds coming a disappointing 3rd out of 4 teams. Once again our 1st team were on form beating the LMU team in the 3rd/4th place ski off.

Last weekend saw the University Cross Country Club's first fixture of 1994; the North of England

Championships. Just a small men's squad travelled to Birkenhead on Saturday, but the trip was well worthwhile, as expected Danny Gibbons produced a fine run in the 5 mile Junior men's to finish 4th, the revelation of the day, however, was Pete Steel, a former track-fairy who battled through ankle deep mud to claim a remarkable 7th place. Both are looking

sufficiently fit at the moment that the extra couple of miles in tomorrow's BUSF Championships at Durham should prove no problem. They will be joined in the 'A' team there by Duncan Southgate and Paul Sudlow, who both had steady runs in the 7 1/2 mile Senior Men's race. Their finishing positions of 231st and 272nd may not sound that impressive but then there were

another 1500 competitors in the race. They were chased home by a good run from Todd Stewart in 274th place.

At the front of this top quality event former University runner Greg Hill had the race of his life to finish 5th which brought with it selection for an international in Belgium and an invite to the World Championships trials later this month.

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