

LEEDS STUDENTS

LEEDS STUDENTS' OUTRAGE AT MP'S REMARKS

MP'S LETTER SPARKS ROW

"I do not think it remotely sensible to give up the protection we now have for children of 16, 17 and 18 against the seductive influence of older men, whose main concern may well be simply to have anal intercourse with youngsters and to turn them into homosexuals."

- Sir Ivan Lawrence, QC, MP

A Leeds University student claimed this week that her MP is a "bigot" after he refused her plea to vote in favour of lowering the age of homosexual consent.

Teresa Bradbury, a third year Leeds University Biology student, who is not herself gay, was shocked when Sir Ivan Lawrence, her MP, declared that the spread of homosexuality is "dangerous not only for young boys but for society generally".

The Tory MP and former Vice President of the Federation of Conservative students prophesied: "If homosexuality spreads, then we will be going in the opposite direction to that which we need to go if we are going to contain the spread of the dreadful disease of Aids."



Sir Ivan Lawrence MP

By David Smith

Bradbury had written urging her MP to support the forthcoming motion in the Commons to reduce the age of consent. The swift response dismissed her arguments and confidently stated: "I believe that the majority of my constituents will agree with me."

"I was really pissed off," said Bradbury. "It's worrying that this MP is representing me - he's totally homophobic, ridiculous and crap," she claimed.

Leeds University Union Education Secretary Tess Walton said: "He's completely out of touch with students at Leeds, the vast majority of whom are very tolerant. He wouldn't find his views welcome in the Union - he wouldn't be welcome here."

Sir Ivan, who states in the letter that he has no wish to see homosexuals persecuted or harassed in any way, reproduced many of the arguments presently being used by the anti-gay lobby: "Very few of the gay men I have come into contact with seem to have enjoyed loving relationships; as far as I could see, they all preferred promiscuous relationships with others - and the younger the better!"

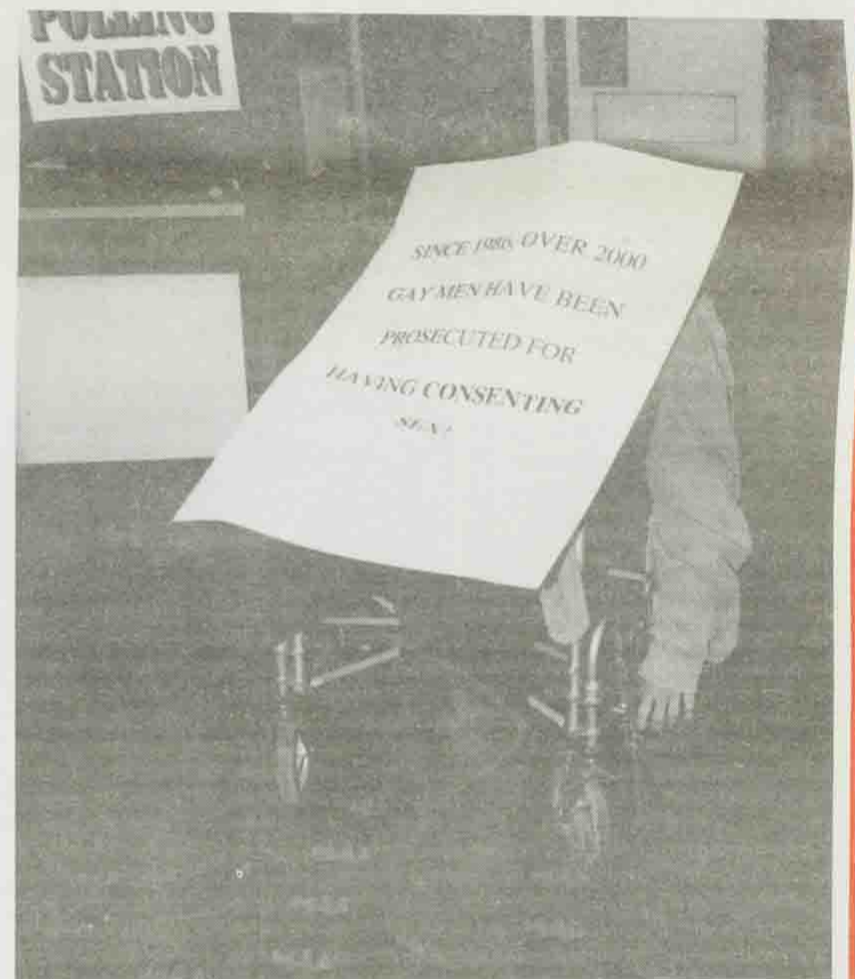
He went on: "I do not think it remotely sensible to give up the protection we now have for children of 16, 17 and 18 against the seductive influence of older men, whose main concern may well be simply to have anal intercourse with youngsters and to turn them into homosexuals."

"I do not see youngsters in this age group clamouring to have the shackles of the law taken from them, but I do see a large number of older men clamouring to have the freedom to seduce those much younger."

Bradbury, who intends to write back to the MP demanding a further reply, argues: "How can people in that age group protest? They don't have the right to vote and if they come out they'll probably be done for breaking the law."

Sir Ivan also touched a raw nerve by implying that Aids is a gay disease: "I think that the BMA [British Medical Association] have taken leave of their senses. The argument that by exposing a million more youngsters to homosexuality you will make it easier to give them the kind of health education that will warn them of the dangers of Aids is absurd."

Tim Goodall, Treasurer of Leeds University Union's Lesbian Gay &



Gay protestors at LUU campaign for lowering the age of consent, claiming that the current law drives teenagers to suicide. Pic: Ed Crispin

Bisexual Society, said that Sir Ivan "needs educating because he must be living in his own little world".

"Having people like this in power is very dangerous," said Goodall.

A spokesperson for Stonewall, a gay pressure group leading the campaign to lower the age consent from 21 to 16, said: "Sir Ivan is one of two or three MPs who take a more extreme view. He is disturbingly ignorant and seems to enjoy writing

hysterical letters to his constituents."

Sir Ivan is Member of Parliament for Burton-on-Trent in Staffordshire, where Bradbury lives outside term-time. "I'm not usually a very political person, but this is something I feel very strongly about," she said. "Everybody who agrees should do the same."

See Spotlight, Page Seven

SPOTLIGHT EXAMINES THE CAMPAIGN TO LOWER THE AGE OF CONSENT: PAGE 7



DIGEST

NEWS 2,3,4,5
 COMMENT 6,7
 ARTS 8,9
 MUSIC 10,11
 CLASS/JAZZ 12
 BOOKS 13
 FOCUS14,15
 CULTURE 16
 THE GUIDE .. 17-22
 TRAVEL 24
 CLASSIFIEDS ... 25
 SPORT 26,27,28

POLICY

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Murder Mystery

An employee of Leeds University ambushed and murdered a workmate, a Leeds Crown Court jury heard this week.

Stephen David Pheasey is alleged to have battered Peter Scarlett to death in January last year. Both men worked in Leeds University's mechanical services department.

Brian Walsh QC, prosecuting, told the jury: "He encountered him in the street, knocked him to the ground and, with a blunt weapon, battered his head, causing severe fractures, underlying brain damage and consequently his death. Within moments Peter Scarlett was

By David Smith

dead."

Walsh said that Pheasey killed his colleague because he was annoyed with something Scarlett had reportedly said about him.

Pheasey, who is 35, denies the murder charge.

According to Walsh, Pheasey was aware of the route Scarlett, 53, regularly took home. The jury heard that Scarlett was on his way back from work when he met Pheasey at Back Stanmore Place, Burley, in Leeds.

A passerby later found Scarlett lying in a pool of blood.

Walsh said Pheasey departed in the car which he had left at a short distance around the corner. He started to get rid of, hide or wash his clothes. He then tried to persuade other people to give him a false alibi.

But after the act Pheasey seemed to behave as if nothing had happened.

When the police began questioning him he was confident that he could depend on at least one person to give him an alibi, the jury was told.

He only gave in and confessed when the police produced evidence that blood had been found on his jacket and in his car.

The case continues.

Leeds Student - biggest and best?

Figures published recently, have shown that Leeds Student is the largest weekly student newspaper in the country.

The paper has a readership of 30,000 students studying at the universities and colleges around Leeds.

Exec elections

Application forms for Leeds University Union's elections are available today at the Porter's office in the Union building.

Nominations close at the end of next week.

And the campaign will run for a further week before the final vote.

The elections for Union posts at LMU will take place in the same week.

Endsleigh Insurance

Leeds Student wishes to make it clear that in last week's report on the continuing crime wave in Leeds Six, due to subbing errors, a spokeswoman for Endsleigh Insurance, Lisa Borrows, was unintentionally quoted as being "pessimistic" not "optimistic" about the future for Leeds Six.

In addition, Endsleigh's insurance premium for the Leeds six area is £99 not £100, as originally stated in the article.

Award for Leeds boffin

Former Leeds University lecturer V Craig Jordan has won a prestigious award for his work in combatting breast cancer, writes Louise Bloor.

Jordan was awarded the Cameron Prize for Therapeutics from Edinburgh University for research into the drug Tamoxifen, originally developed as a contraceptive. Despite it later being abandoned by other medical researchers, Jordan refused to give up and the drug is now used to prevent the recurrence of breast cancer in women in whom it has already been diagnosed.

Mr Jordan, who was born in Texas, studied at Leeds University for seven years and later became a lecturer in pharmacology. He now works at Northwestern University in Chicago.

Student poverty plan

A new LUU Executive Council-compiled package has revealed the dire state of student poverty for the year 1994-5, writes Toby Wakely.

The plan, directed at MPs, estimates that that students will experience huge debt problems of nearly £2,400 for this year.

Exec members claim that students are aware of their own financial problems but want to demonstrate the situation to MPs. They have drawn a large, colourful barometer to show them the level of student poverty.

Ceri Nursaw, Welfare Secretary, who compiled data on the effects of a rise in VAT and other financial problems on the student budget, complained: "VAT's another fifty quid a year now. It's so crap! It means middle class people will still come to University but there'll be less working class students."

Elliot Reuben, Financial Affairs Secretary, said: "With the grant cut by 10%, more students are relying on loans. We're aiming to change people's attitude towards the student population."

LUU Education Secretary, Tess Walton, said there would be long term repercussions. She said: "There is already a graduate tax and graduates will be more helpful to the country than impoverished students who are forced to drop out."

Notta lotta bottle

With modularisation at both Leeds Universities meaning two sets of exams this year instead of just the traditional summer exams, Leeds pubs are experiencing a loss of trade, writes Rosa Prince.

Students naturally stressed about the forth-coming exams, for many representing as much as a quarter of their final marks, are staying home for last minute revision.

And as the fateful exam weeks draw closer, the bars grow emptier. There are none of the sounds of yobbish shouts up Weetwood lane as drunken Oxley and Bod hall residents stagger home. Even Leeds 6 is relatively quiet.

One distressed landlord complained: "These exams are doing my business no good. Still, they'll be partying it up when they end I suppose."

Alistair wins by a nose

By Amelia Hill

Alistair Cassie, President of the Leeds University Wine Society, is triumphant today after winning the title of Macallan University Malt Taster of the Year. His talents also won him £250, a trip to the Macallan distillery and six bottles of the whisky.

Beating over 180 other competitors to the envied prizes, Alistair said: "It's a lot harder than it sounds. There are four separate tests which each involve a deep knowledge of the individual smells of many different whiskies as well as details of their production and distribution as well."

Unlike wine, it is not usual to taste the whiskies on offer. One 'noses' ones way to success. There are a number of obvious smells that even the ignorant whisky-drinker could identify, however.

One well-known brand has a distinct whiff of TCP and seaweed: "You can tell it a mile off."

Alistair said: "The seaweedy smell comes from the natural spring water they use in production and the TCP must be used in some part of the factory near where the distilling takes



Alistair tastes victory

place."

Alistair spent last year in France where he wrote his dissertation on wine production. "Most other students wrote their

papers on famous authors or something like that. I just thought I should write mine on something I knew alot about already!"

Champ foils all opponents

Alasdair Fraser, a fourth year postgraduate zoology student at Leeds University, has become men's epee champion at the Universities Athletics Union 1994 individual fencing championships, writes Howard Hockin.

Along with his gold medal and trophy, he has also won a place on the UAU national team.

Alasdair, 25, started fencing five years ago when at Aberdeen University. He has also been awarded 'The

Griffin', Leeds University's top sports award.

Another Leeds student, Charlotte Claire, a third year medic won third place in the women's sabre championship. She will also gain a place on the national team.

LEEDS STUDENT

In next weeks Leeds Student Gareth Hughes speaks to David Icke, the Son of God and former Coventry City goalkeeper, Leeds Student is the largest weekly student newspaper in the country

Lights go out on the Northern Star

The Northern Star, originally called Leeds' Other Paper, has finally folded, twenty years to the week since it was launched.

The paper, set up by a group of Leeds University graduates, was famous for the attacks it made on MPs and councillors. It gained recognition as the voice of 'normal people', and gave them the belief that it was possible to challenge authority.

Though its weekly circulation was never above 5,000 copies, it had power above its sales, often prompting strong reactions from both those it attacked and the world at large.

Gordon Wilson, one of the founders of the paper, said: "The quality of the first edition was appalling. We had the most primitive equipment and virtually no expertise."

From the start, the paper

By Paul Greenhough

discussed controversial topics. The headline on the first ever front page was: "Don't let the Bastards carve you up!"

From then on the paper covered everything from industrial disputes, to contentious planning developments and green issues. The stories were gathered both

from the "ordinary" people of Leeds and from communities in the area.

The paper suffered numerous financial crises and writs, but always managed to retain the same confrontational attitude.

After a name change to Northern Star, outlets for the paper were sought outside of Leeds, but the recession and lower advertising revenues meant that the end was near.

Tutor Brent MacGregor of Leeds University's Institute of Communication Studies said: "Regional magazines always have a problem, they never seem to get enough circulation."

Around thirty copies a week were sold by the Union bookshop and stationery shop.

A spokesperson said that despite the small circulation, it would be missed: "It was the only one in Leeds."



LMU slammed

By Sam Mountford

Leeds MP John Battle has attacked Leeds Metropolitan University for its employment policy, which he claims is turning catering staff into nineteenth-century-style "casual hired hands."

Battle, who is a Labour MP, claims that the policy of offering people permanent contracts on a term-time only basis meant that increasingly many staff were being compelled to sign on and off the dole many times a year in order to make up for the shortfall in their income.

He attacked the policy as being "reminiscent of the last century," and claimed that the practice was "costing the economy dearly."

LMU Deputy Principal Geoff Hitchins defended the term-by-term contracts.

"In general terms, the University is a full year operation...and therefore the vast majority of staff continue to be employed on a full-time basis."

Hitchins added that term-by-term contracts had been reviewed over the last year with "appropriate trade union consultation."

No monkey business at LUU

By Charlotte Lomas

The annual Animal Rights Week arrived this week at Leeds University Union. Designed to raise awareness of fundamental Animal Rights issues and to correct the image of Animal Rights organisations, the Week has included a packed programme of events.

Alongside videos showing different aspects of animal rights, talks by guest speakers and an exhibition in the Riley Smith Hall, events included a "Mock Hunt" and a play entitled "White Coats" about the use of laboratory animals.

An alternative animal-free circus comprising fire swingers, jugglers, a stilt walker and clowns was held on Thursday outside the Union.

Jaine McCard, a member of the LUU Animal Rights Society which organised the Week, explained: "We're trying to provide a carnival atmosphere

with the play and the circus. We're not necessarily trying to recruit new members, but to get people to change their lifestyles - to think about the way they live."

Animal Rights Week comes at a time when the Government is introducing legislation to prevent campaigning in fields where hunting is taking place. Garry Quedsted of Hunt Sabs explained: "Basically it's a disruption of civil liberties, we can't protest about things we don't agree with." He continued, "I think this week has been really worthwhile. It's only through weeks like this that people get to know about us and to see we're not loonies like you hear on the news."

Animal Rights Week met with a favourable response from students. Second year Caroline Bates remarked, "Some of this stuff is gross, I didn't know a lot of this was going on. I think it's good that information like this is being made public - something has got to be done to stop cruelty. The exhibition has really made an impression on me."

LUU Animal Rights Society meets every Wednesday outside the Doubles Bar.

For further information contact Cal on 758343.



Research or butchery?



The Animal awareness display in the Riley Smith

Pic: Ed Crispin

Hard to swallow

By Rosa Prince

Hundreds of students, angry that Government plans to reduce the availability of the contraceptive pill, are expected to march today in a national rally of protest.

The Rally, known as the "Bitter Pill Rally" will converge at 1pm outside Quarry House, Leeds - Headquarters of the Department of Health.

Speakers from the Birth Control Trust are expected to appear, as well as from other Welfare Organisations. Several MPs are also expected to attend.

Marchers are outraged at Government plans to prevent women taking certain types of pill. These are the modern pills, which, while more expensive, are of low dosage and therefore less likely to produce the uncomfortable side-effects many women experience with the cheaper, older pills.

Protesters say that the Government will lose, rather than gain money from limiting the availability of the pill, as the rate of un-wanted pregnancies is bound to rise, resulting in costly terminations or pregnancies.

Leeds tells Lorna to get lost

By David Smith

Leeds University Union has no confidence in any member of the National Union of Students' Executive Committee, following a comprehensive vote in this week's Ordinary General Meeting.

Although the meeting was inquorate - with one of the most disappointing attendances of the year - the resolution is certain to be confirmed as official Union policy.

The motion, proposed by LUU Executive members Elliot Reuben and John Rose, noted the NUS NEC's poor response to fighting Government cuts, and President Lorna Fitzsimmons' failure to return correspondence. It resolved: "That a vote of No Confidence be placed in ALL

members of NEC, in order that a properly motivated Executive should replace these."

Rose, General Secretary of LUU, told the meeting: "While we don't think every single member of the National Exec is letting us down, we need a complete change so we can get people who are more motivated to represent students."

"We need 25 universities to pass similar motions before the NEC are forced to resign, and although this is unlikely, we can nevertheless start to put pressure on them."

The students at Tuesday's



Lorna Fitzsimmons, NUS President

OGM also voted another motion resolving: "To campaign in Leeds and nationally for a return to a 'real' level for the maintenance grant".

Lorna Fitzsimmons, President of the NUS, was unavailable for comment.

Action Auction sell out

By Howard Hockin

The Action Auction which took place on Monday 13th December has raised £700 for a children's outdoor activity holiday at Easter.

Items for the Auction were raised by receiving gifts from shops around the Leeds area. The donations included a £150 gift from Blacks, as well as items from Safeways, Rickys and over twenty five other places.

Among the many things sold at the Auction were personal stereos, juggling balls, a hamster bowl, and a Smash Hits '89 video. Not to forget the frilled curtains, three piece suite, and scuba diving

vouchers.

One buyer, Helen Sage, bought a plaster human torso. She said: "I don't know what I'm going to do with it yet, but it will definitely go in my bedroom."

Phil Newby, organiser of the Auction, explained that the children who are to benefit are referred to Action through social services and may not otherwise have the opportunity for such a holiday.

The Easter trip will be to Northumberland, where they will have the opportunity to try

their hand at canoeing, walking and many other sports.

The holiday is just one of 30 projects that Action are running this year. Others include one-to-one visits with the elderly.

Action would like to thank everyone who attended for their support and for making the evening such a success. This was the first time there has been an Action Auction, but it is hoped it will become an annual event.

● Action coordinator, Emma Roberts, is still looking for volunteers.

Tennis courts get the elbow

OFF CAMPUS

Evening Post



Bugger off

Sesame Street puppets Bert and Ernie have been branded gay lovers by a crackpot American preacher. "They are two grown men sharing a house and a bedroom. They share clothes, eat and cook together and have blatantly effeminate characteristics," he said. He hopes a little used anti-gay law will get them banned from television.

Politeness rules

A New York citizen stabbed three rude people in the chest after they bumped into him in the street and did not apologise. When police arrested him, as well as his hunting knife, they found a list of 17 friends and relatives he planned to kill.

"Ring" doughnuts

A crafty German baker found the perfect way to sell all his bread and cakes: he claimed that he had lost a ring in the dough, and offered a reward to the person who found it. He later admitted he was lying and customers have since boycotted his shop.

TV a papal turn-off

Pope John Paul II has condemned television sets as "evil", and is urging parents to "turn them off". In his view, "television spreads degrading values by broadcasting pornography and graphic descriptions of brutal violence."

Oh Granny!

Over a period of 2 years, more than 100 men were forced to strip naked in the back garden belonging to a Danish grandma. They were lured by an advert which promised: "Air stewardess, 34, hungry for love". When the applicants arrived, she would hide behind the door and tell them that she wanted to see them naked to see if she liked them. But after each one stripped, she would accuse them of flashing and demand £60 to keep quiet. One victim finally went to the police.

It's all for charity

Comic Alexei Sayle has confessed on radio to conning charities by sending them fake items of TV memorabilia to sell at their fundraising events. He has donated 30 separate sets of Dracula fangs he once wore in "The Young Ones" to various charities. The charities concerned are not amused. A Barnardo's spokesperson said: "Alexei may find it funny, but folk will stop buying if they think they are fake."

Compiled by Sam Rose

Confusion surrounds the future of the the Tennis club at Leeds University this week after claims that they will have no tennis courts to practice or compete on, were rejected by the University.

Until now, tennis players have played on six courts on the grounds of Oxley Hall. However, an extension at Oxley will involve the construction of luxury flats on the site of the tennis courts.

University authorities had promised the PE department, and Sports Officials, that money gained from the flats would go towards building new courts. However student union officials claim that this offer has since been withdrawn.

Although a University spokesman has rejected the

claims, Fiona Smeaton, Sports Secretary at LUU stands by her claim that the University has back tracked on promises: "Back when Leeds University had only 800 students, there were 21 courts. The Oxley facilities were inadequate as it is. Now we have no courts at all."

"The original agreement was that they would pay £1,000 to pay for replacement tarmac courts. We were going to add some money of our own to fund astroturf courts so that we could use them for football and other sports too," she continued.

Fiona Smeaton claims that she has now been told that University has no money available for new courts.

However a spokesperson for the University said: "Yes the courts are being destroyed but

By Rosa Prince

they will be replaced on a new site. The number of tennis courts will not be reduced."

Stuart Beaver, the outgoing captain of Men's Tennis, said: "Well they've got planning permission, so there's absolutely nothing we can do to stop them building at Oxley."

He fears that the tennis club may have to be wound up. "We've already had to forfeit the UAU competition. The Women's team are trying to carry on, but without courts, it's just not feasible."

The Women's Team were forced to pay £30 to hire a court at LMU for the competition, but cannot afford to keep doing so.

"The University advised the Tennis Club to use the courts on Hyde Park, but they're totally unsuitable. They're covered in glass, and useless for practising on, let alone for matches," Smeaton said.

This is not the first time that the University has taken facilities away from sports clubs. Some years ago, the University advised the Rowing Club to sell a boat house and landing stage. They promised to fund new facilities. By the time permission came for the building of the new landing stage, the University withdrew their offer, claiming lack of cash.

Playing fields next to Bodington Hall are also under threat. The University is currently considering selling them to Leeds Council who

will use them as the site for a Park-And-Ride facility.

Smeaton said: "If we continually lose facilities, then we just won't attract students to Leeds. They're screwing us over Bod, we can't let them screw us over the Tennis Courts."

If the University continues to withhold the money they have promised, Smeaton plans to launch a campaign to lobby the authorities. "It's the principle of promising money and not delivering," she said.

Tennis players are in a pessimistic mood however. Alex Mommersteeg, a member of the Women's Tennis Club, said: "What facilities? There's not going to be one tennis court for over 17,000 students."

Additional Reporting:
Richard Fletcher

LMU living it up in the brewery

Leeds Metropolitan University students will certainly feel at home next year when they get the opportunity to live on the site of an old brewery. A £17 million development programme, commencing this spring, will convert existing buildings on the Kirkstall Brewery site into student accommodation, and will see the construction of eight new blocks.

LMU acquired the historic site from Leeds City Council for £1.25 million. The nine-acre site is located three miles to the north-west of the city centre, and lies in



Model of new development

By Helen Crossley

the Kirkstall Valley besides the Leeds/Liverpool Canal.

The project will not be fully completed until September 1995 - when it will house over 1,000 students - but LMU expect the Kirkstall site to open its doors to some students this September.

The complex will provide study bedrooms and a range of facilities, including a bar, restaurant, sports hall, a computer suite, laundry and supermarket. Historical features of the brewery, including the landmark brewing tower which dates back to the 1890s, will be preserved.

Students are sure to be conscious of the brewery's prestigious two-hundred-year history, when the site was first developed as



A room with a brew

Pic: Ed Crispin

maltings. A century later, the Kirkstall Brewing Company was exporting ales to Australia and New Zealand. Whitbread took over the brewery in 1954 and it became a producer of

Mackeson Stout, before its closure in 1983.

LMU Principal and Chief Executive Leslie Wagner said: "Kirkstall Brewery is an exciting and significant project for both

the University and the city. This development will ensure the preservation of an important historical landmark and will provide high quality accommodation for LMU students."

High charges at "Volty" Towers

By David Smith

As if they haven't got enough problems, residents of Sentinel Towers have now received energy bills of astronomical proportions.

Students in Leeds University's troubled residential complex are each paying £10 a week for fuel; the Union's Welfare handbook suggests £5.40 as the typical charge in University Flats.

Ceri Nursaw, LUU Welfare Secretary, said: "I can't understand why they're having to pay so much. Only recently a University source had told

me that Sentinel Towers has some of the lowest energy bills anywhere."

"The bills are horrendous," said Caroline Allen, a postgraduate living at the Towers. "I don't know how the electricity can be so expensive. It's definitely not worth the money. I'm going to move out of here as soon as I can."

Anna Tobin, a first year Communications student complained: "Together our flat has had a bill totalling £1,300. It's a complete rip-

off for everybody."

The revelation marks the latest twist in what has been dubbed Leeds University's 'Faulty Towers' saga, as featured in last week's *Leeds Student*.

Residents are already facing huge rents coupled with a catalogue of disasters such as flooding and false fire alarms.

Nursaw, who has received several complaints from residents, pointed out: "It's crap! Students living there have got to spend about eighty pounds a week - ten for fuel on top of fifty for rent and twenty for food."

LUU gets the goat

By Tim Gallagher

Leeds University Union Exec spoilsports have put an end to an election tradition. Gone are the days when Harry the Dirty Cat and Goat can stand for Exec posts.

In the coming weeks, students will only be allowed to vote for serious candidates, which many claim will ruin the fun of the election season. Under new rules, candidates will have to submit their real name and their Union card number.

In the past, it was possible to submit somebody else's photograph, which gave rise to Gladiators Cobra, Shadow, Lightning and Scorpio running

for office. LUU Education Secretary Tess Walton said: "People need to know who they are voting for." As a concession to those with a sense of humour, Screaming Lord Sutch style candidates can still run.

However, Leeds University is in mourning as the last vestiges of humour in student elections have finally been removed.

Wolf, who last year ran for the post of Communications Secretary (backed by John Fashanu and Ulrika Jonsson), was unavailable for comment.

Your money in their hands

Junior Common Rooms at Leeds University have power. They take thousands of pounds of students' money and there are no rules governing how they spend it. Rumours of corruption are rife. *Leeds Student* examines how the Committees are run, what training is given and examines the alternatives at LMU.

Junior Common Room committees in Leeds University Halls of Residence may be open to corruption. LUU General Secretary John Rose claimed this week.

This criticism comes in the wake of revelations that a Vice President of a University Hall JCR misappropriated £2,000 of proceeds from a Christmas Ball. The money was promptly returned.

The student was suffering from work pressures and poor health at the time - raising concern at the lack of a watchdog to monitor committee members' conduct.

The student, who has since resigned, admits that his actions were not due to lack of training or inadequate supervision.

Currently, there are no rules governing JCR actions or election to posts. Rose admits that the system is flawed. "Any

system without guidelines is open to corruption," he said.

Any member of a University Hall is allowed to stand or vote in a JCR election. The amount of training elected representatives receive then depends on how much the out-going committee deem to be appropriate.

However, there are no immediate plans to improve this lack of control. "It is not the University's place to interfere in the affairs of the Halls," said

Rose.

This lack of external regulation and communication has been blamed for several incidents of JCR mismanagement.

Last year's Summer Ball at Devonshire Hall collapsed after lack of enthusiasm in buying the £95 tickets to see Doctor and the Medics. JCR President James Roberts blames inexperience for

the failure. "People had been too slow putting up posters and organising the sale of tickets," he said.

Roberts felt that JCRs were in need of advice on matters such as how to organise a ball; "It would be helpful if we were given some pointers, perhaps a model for how to organise a ball," Leeds University is

currently looking at the handling of funds by JCR Committees. Indeed, John Rose has already established a Halls and Flats Committee which meets twice a month and is attended by representatives from all halls.

Rose says that JCR the introduction of management is a good idea. "It's something I would like to see happen," he said, "It's not until half way through the job that you know what you're doing."

"Any system without guidelines is open to corruption"

JCRs at Leeds University - how the halls shape up

Bodington Hall-The structure of most JCR committees consists of 10 positions including President, treasurer and various secretaries. Each house has its own JCR Committee.

The committees are elected in the first two weeks of term. However, there is the possibility of change in the second term if necessary.

Every position, bar the Domestic Secretary, has a place on the central Bodington Committee. These meet to discuss issues that affect residents as a whole. The training given to students is almost non-existent even though they are in control of over £2,300 of residents' money.

Kerry Medlock, JCR President of Mortain House, said she was given "absolutely no training" for her post, though the wardens did meet all of the house presidents for a briefing at the start of the year.

Accountant Andy Page, Warden of Mortain and Barbier Houses, said he has been able to show new treasurers how to keep a basic cash book.

However, he said that the fact that he was an accountant was only "fortuitous" and he did not know what happened before he arrived.

In the past there have been reports of accounts being left overdrawn, a debt which has to be paid by new residents.

The Central Ents Committee, responsible for events such as the annual Ball, comprises ents secretaries from all of the houses. However, Andy Page says that he gets heavily involved and the budget is drawn up under his control.

The warden has control over the JCR committee but it is up to him if he wants to get involved. Wardens do not have to keep a check on the cash books of the JCR committees in their control.

Students expressed mixed feelings towards their JCR committees. One said that she was happy with what the committee did but she added that "we didn't really have a choice". Another agreed, saying that it would have been better if more second years had got involved: "They had more idea of what to do than us".



Devonshire Hall, a hotbed of corruption?

Pic Ed Crispin

Devonshire Hall-There is one central Committee, elected at the end of the second term. Warden Ernest Kirkby reckons that 70-80% of Devonshire students vote in the elections. The members of the Committee receive no formal training. Kirkby claims that:

"They need not have formal training" as the treasurer is usually a maths student.

The warden meets the President on a weekly basis and there is a "close working relationship" between the two.

However, Kirkby agrees that there is a potential problem.

"There is a large amount of money involved and careful monitoring is needed," he said.

Students at Devonshire have an apathetic view of their JCR. "I really don't care if the JCR have formal training or not, they seem to do alright" said Charles O'Doherty, first year student.

Oxley Hall - There are four main posts. The President, Vice President, Treasurer and Secretary. These are flanked by sports secs and ents secs. There are regular meetings of the Hall Council where JCR and members of staff meet. The Committee is answerable to the Warden.

The JCR members are second year students and are elected during the second term of their first year. The Committee is responsible for £4,060 of JCR funds.

President Sarah Summerville believes that the system works in the main. She feels that the JCR is safeguarded from corruption as "people who take on posts do so for the right reasons."

However, with widespread apathy, if nobody stands for a post, then the competition is limited.

She admits that the controls on her and her council are lax: "We've got pretty much free rein," she said. Summerville feels that there should be more communication between the halls and the University.

Better organisation at LMU halls

Leeds Metropolitan University has definite rules governing Committees in its thirteen halls. There is a strict election procedure whereby candidates have the responsibilities of the job explained to them by a member of the Exec before they stand for election.

Andrew Snowball, Vice President at LMU's Beckett's

Park campus, believes that this system works: "Only good people get in because the election procedure is so good," he said.

All committee members are subjected to an intensive three day programme where they receive some financial and disciplinary training. In addition to this, they learn basic first aid and counselling

skills. Snowball believes Committee posts are "very important positions" and that the training is necessary.

The guidelines were introduced in an attempt to combat corruption which was rife at LMU halls a couple of years ago. In one incident, a six week investigation revealed financial discrepancies in the books of a Hall Committee at

Fairfax Hall, Beckett Park. Stephanie Bernard, who was disciplined at the time at a University disciplinary meeting, admitted that the books were in "a mess".

However, she added: "the mess cannot be blamed entirely on the Committee, as we've been left to our own devices. No committee members had any training."

Training at LMU

- Financial training
- Disciplinary procedure
- Basic counselling skills
- Fire training/ First Aid
- Regular union support

Reporting by: Tim Gallagher, Matt Roper, Paul Greenhough and Amelia Hill. Photo: Ed Crispin

Tosser Knights and his girlfriend: After a quick handout

There was nothing particularly obscene about what Kath from Eastenders did with her millionaire fiance in their Range Rover, off the A1.

What is obscene is the thought of such a revolting couple gratifying themselves together at all. And I'm not talking about their physical appearances.

In Eastenders Kath plays a haggard old cow in a permanent bad mood with just enough brainpower to

pour a cup of tea. And in real life she has revealed herself to be an almost carbon copy of her purient TV character.

But this is nothing compared to her rich boyfriend. Geoff Knights can only be described as a thug in a suit. He has a string of convictions for violence, the most recent being for beating up an Eastenders script writer. And why? For driving his fiance home after a hard days filming. Phew, what a nerve. I'm surprised he just left it at a

Rupert Hamer on Friday



broken jaw.

No doubt there are a few wimpy liberals shaking their heads at the case and claiming it is another demonstration of the evil tabloid press getting away with it. "He was trying

to clear his name," they will cry. "He was defending his dignity."

How can a man who goes from club to club in London's most exclusive nightspots, beating up anyone who so

much as blinks in the wrong way, want to defend his dignity.

Knights is part of the growing group of thugs who have got rich during 14 years of Tory rule. He has money, loves wearing flash suits and having a new bimbo on his arm every other day. But underneath it all he is simply a total moron.

And what is even sadder is that the tax relief which has enabled him to prance around like an arsehole could have

been used to help someone do something genuinely useful. Like promoting world peace, for example, or providing exotic rehabilitating holidays for persistent juvenile offenders.

Tosser Knights and his horrible girlfriend were not out to defend their dignity. They were after quick cash handout from Murdoch's News International and the fact that they were foiled is a triumph for civilisation.

Leeds Student sensationalism?

Dear 'Editor'

Following your extensive examination of life in the Leeds Six 'ghetto' I feel that I am justified in accusing your reporters of scare-mongering, exaggeration and tabloid-style sensationalism.

Such an approach trivialises the matter in question and draws attention away from the central issues which could have been investigated in a calm and sensible manner. If students are frightened I suspect that your article has only served to contribute to this feeling of unease.

However, I believe that far from fearing for their lives, many students living in Leeds 6 are aware of the positive attributes of

the area which your articles have selectively overlooked. While I realise that burglary is a major problem and can be distressing there is also a sense of community spirit in Leeds 6 which entails everything from general support to parties and gigs. I have never been burgled, held at gun point, physically or verbally abused or even looked at in the wrong way. I 'feel safe'. In addition I have found the local non-student population of shopkeepers, pub staff and fellow residents polite, helpful, friendly, sociable and entirely free from anti-student tendencies. I feel perfectly at ease walking around Leeds 6 at night, on my own and unarmed, whereas I would not choose to do so in certain other areas of

greater Leeds. This brings me to my second point:

The article last term which alleged that a police officer had equated Leeds 6 with Moss Side in Manchester and the further reference to this area in last weeks article suggest an underlying parallel. Having lived both on the outskirts of Moss Side and its neighbouring trouble spot Hulme I can assure you that Leeds 6 is nothing like Moss Side; Moss Side is not a student area. It suffers from 80% unemployment among young males and deeply ingrained poverty due to a volatile an economy based largely on heroin and more recently, crack. Residents are often long term, rather than moving in and out by the term, and people do not get

threatened with guns, they get shot with them.

The atmosphere in Leeds 6 is a lot more hopeful and cheerful than this but is being jeopardised by shock horror analogies with anywhere from Moss Side to Beirut. Burglaries are an unfortunate consequence of living in a lively student dominated community but this does not make Leeds 6 a ghetto.

Yours Sincerely
Emmi Hall

Editor's reply: The story was based on a survey of nearly 400 students. Leeds 6 *does* have the same insurance rating as Moss Side. Britain's most burgled street is in Leeds 6. Tabloid style, maybe, sensationalism? With facts like that we don't need to.

LUU: It's your students union

An open letter to LUU students from John Rose and Alan Wilson

Dear Student

In July of this year, John Patten, the Secretary of State for education, announced proposals to reform the funding arrangements for student unions (free copies available in the union).

Currently, a union is funded through a block grant from its parent university (although most unions also generate a supplementary income from

catering and other commercial activities). Mr Patten is proposing that in future a distinction should be drawn between what he terms "core" and "non-core" activities, and that public money (derived from the university) should be used only to support the former category of activity. His proposals mean that a number of union services (which would fall into the non-core category) are under threat; their continuation would depend on the willingness and ability of individual students to pay quite high charges.

As a student of the University of Leeds, you could be directly affected by the threat facing our 150 non sporting societies, the Leeds Student weekly newspaper (currently distributed free to all students). Leeds Student Community Action (which runs 40 projects helping the elderly, the disabled and the disadvantaged in the local communities); the charity Rag, and the union published Alternative Prospectus. In addition, Mr Patten's proposals raise uncertainties about the future ownership and

management of the shops and entertainments currently provided by the union.

In our view, the Leeds University Union is an extremely well run, efficient, cost-effective and accountable organisation; and we are quite clear that by any reasonable standard, the public funds, received by the union are properly and legitimately spent in support of the student body. The government's proposals not only threaten the wide range of Union services but would also require the introduction of expensive and cumbersome bureaucratic procedures (to keep separate the management of the core and non-core activities). In short, the proposals, to our mind, represent a quite unnecessary expenditure of time and money.

As a current student, we hope that you will feel able to join us in calling for them to be dropped. The more public pressure that is bought to bear, the better. Please write to your local MP opposing the plans: it is your student union.

Alan Wilson - Vice Chancellor
John Rose - General Secretary

The Rupert Hamer fan Club

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to recent letters which have unfairly implied that your column writer, Ruper Hamer, is a bigot.

I am an avid reader of this feature in your otherwise mediocre paper. In fact, it is the first thing I turn to. Hamer's witty style, tight prose and shrewd analysis make him

an alright bloke in my books. For far too long the Politically Correct lobby has dominated the scene. It is about time that some courageous individual spoke up against the masses who seem perfectly contented to jump on to any bandwagon with an -ism attached to it.

I admire your bravery in allowing such forthright opinion to be printed in your paper. I am not alone in my

views. Many people I know do not give two hoots if they offend minority groups - especially Chistians and virgins. These people are big and old enough to look after themselves. Speaking one's mind is the way forward. Hooray for Hamer, the people's champion.

Yours sincerely,
The Rupert Hamer fan club.

THE DIARY

The *Diary* would love to reveal the identity of the sabbatical executive member who predicted that today's Pill demo would be "crap", but then as the remark was off the record, the *Diary* couldn't possibly comment.

To Leeds University Union last Tuesday morning, where a regular informant for the *Diary* spots Elliot Reuben slightly worse for wear. Apparently whilst DJ'ing at Rickys; a nice little earner by all accounts, Elliot had demolished 24 shots of straight Vodka. However, the drink took its revenge the next morning and Elliot was last seen being sick in his wastepaper basket. To which one member of Exec reportedly commented: "Its the best piece of work he has produced all year."

Whilst making another early morning visit to Leeds University Union, the *Diary* couldn't help but notice the amazing resemblance between the executive office and the Marie Celeste. According to a regular *Diary* informant you will rarely see some Exec members before the sun is high in the sky. The worst offenders are apparently Ceri Nursaw and Chris Westwood who you will rarely see before 10, and some days arrive as late as 11.

To LMUSU where a member of executive is spotted in the early hours of Wednesday morning staggering up from Alphabet Street to one of his colleagues' offices. The rather inebriated officer, drowning his sorrows after an earlier defeat in a Rugby Union game, is accompanied by a young lady. The *Diary* has no idea what business could be so important that it couldn't wait until the next morning but at least the exec offices are more discreet than the side of the A1.

Whilst glancing through an issue of *London Student* - for some unknown reason, student newspaper of the year for the last two years - the *Diary* was struck by a rather strange feeling of Deja Vu. A month after *Leeds Student* had revealed that a female student had been forced to drive 500 miles to gain consent for an abortion, *London Student* ran the very same story. Nearly the only thing that had been changed was the name of the reporter. Surely *London Student* cannot be so short of stories that they have to copy other peoples.

Have you got a story for the *Diary*? Malicious gossip or just utter lies - we want to hear from you. All contributions made in the strictest of confidence. Drop us a line or phone us on 0532-434727

The Editor
Leeds Student
Leeds University Union
P.O Box 157
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Letters should be addressed to the Editor and clearly marked for publication. The Editor reserves the right to edit letters, which should be no longer than 300 words. The deadline for letters is the Tuesday preceeding publication.

The end of Joke candidates a threat to democracy?

The end of democracy? This week, Leeds University Exec announced plans to heartlessly axe a major election institution and source of amusement. No - not their election promises, that would be too much to ask.

Instead, the days of comedy candidates standing for Union posts seem to be over. In the past, such distinguished candidates as Stuffed Dog and Candy the

Cat have graced the hustings. However, now Exec have decreed that from this year, students will only be able to vote for 'serious' candidates.

This decision effectively discourages those in the student community with a sense of humour from taking the mick out of the election proceedings. Indeed, the new-look system means that Exec elections will be 100 per cent dull. As a result, students are likely to avoid the ballot paper like the plague - or is that the

SLEEDS STUDENT

OGM?

As the Union is keen to champion minority causes; surely those of a comic disposition deserve some support.

This time Exec may well have shot itself in the foot. The level of student apathy is at an all time high, and one would

have thought that any device to encourage more students to vote would be welcomed.

As it is, come election time, we will be faced by a barrage of CV-hungry no-bodies with about as much pizzazz as Nigel Mansell in boring mode. Nobody seriously expects a Goat to succeed to the post of

General Secretary. The sad thing is that a Goat standing may well improve the quality of Exec decision making.

Having a joke candidate is an effective method of registering a protest vote. By depriving the fun-loving electorate in this way, Exec are out to increase their own vote.

And then of course there's everyone's favourite bloke - RON. Surely a joke candidate if ever there was one. Exec see nothing ridiculous about wasting money running the

fabulous RON against unopposed candidates. So what can be the problem with a bunch of inoffensive Gladiators?

The joke candidate is a long-standing tradition. While some may argue that it ridicules and belittles the election procedure, cynics will say that John Rose and his kind are scared that the Goat may poll more than them. The sad thing is that now he will never get the chance.

Sweet sixteen

SPOTLIGHT

With controversy running high, Alan Gardner investigates the implications of next month's House of Commons vote on lowering the age of gay consent.

Oscar Wilde was the most famous victim of laws against homosexuality in this country. Since 1967 legislation has restricted gay sex to men over 21, and in 1991 alone, over 1000 men were convicted under the criminal law for offences involving sex with under-age men.

The issue is now on the agenda once more, since Edwina Currie MP tabled an amendment to the Criminal Justice and Public Order Bill, which would bring the age of legal gay sex in line with that of heterosexual intercourse.

The passage of the amendment is not assured: Conservative MP Tim Devlin plans to table a separate amendment calling for a reduction in the consent age to 18.

Introducing her amendment, Currie compared the age of consent campaign with that of women's rights in the 1960s. "If we had been offered partial equality then we wouldn't have settled for it. The right to equality under the law is all we are asking for." Her words are echoed by Tim Goodall, Treasurer of LUU Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Society. He said: "The central issue here is the need for equality in law between gay people and straight people. That means the age of homosexual consent has to be

16. A compromise age is completely unacceptable."

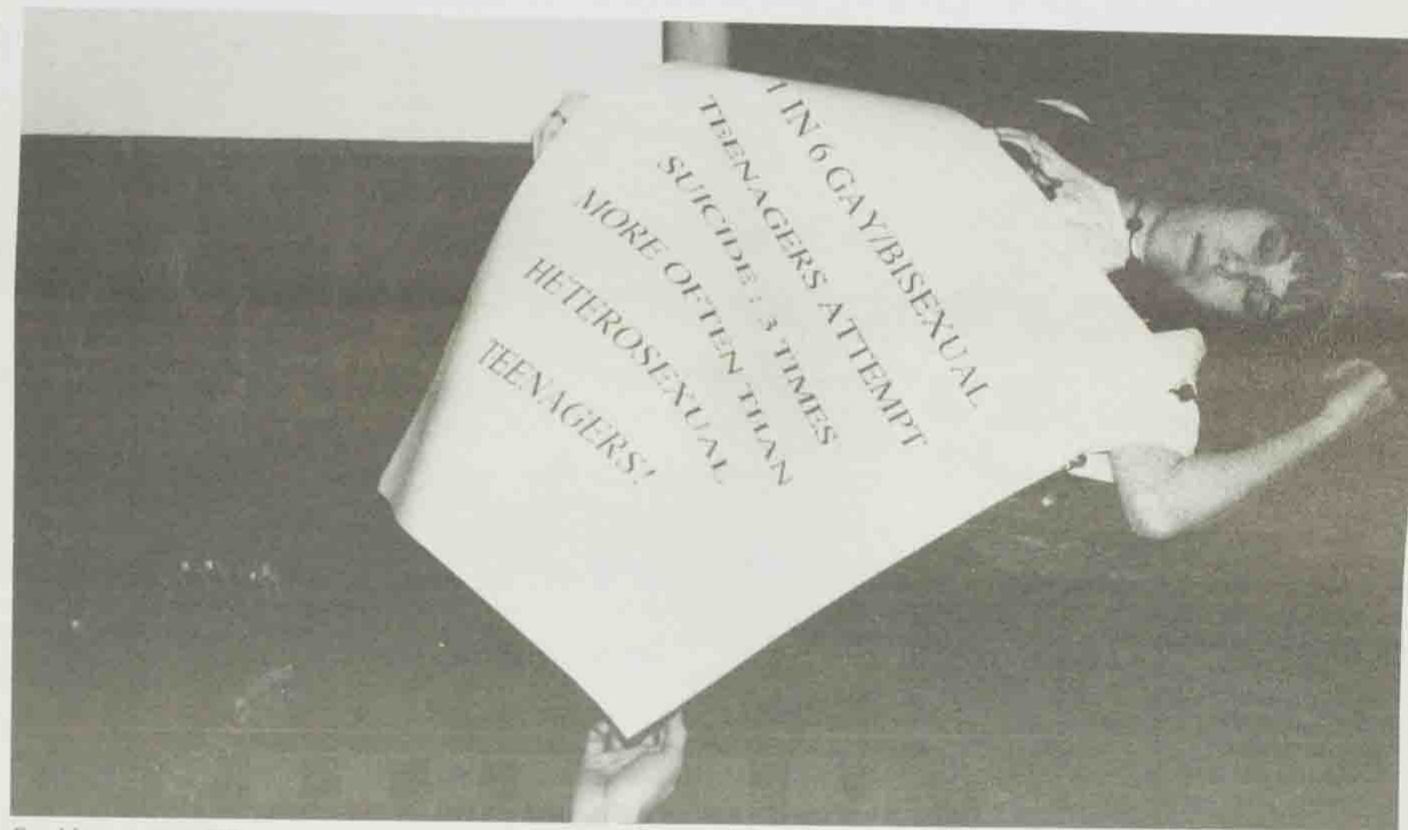
The justification for fixing the age of consent at 21 was to protect younger, impressionable boys from the advances of adult homosexuals.

This argument has been resurrected during the recent debate. Jeffrey Archer, speaking on a recent edition of BBC's Question Time, expressed concern that young men such as his own sons are not emotionally mature enough before 21 to resist the advances of older men.

Elements of the national press have also opposed a change in the law. Simon Heffer, writing in the Daily Mail, said: "I do not regard the homosexual act and the heterosexual act as in any way 'equal' to each other. It is better for boys to grow up before they decide whether they wish to pursue abnormal sexual practices."

The News of the World put the issue more bluntly: "What chance does a 16 year old boy stand against a confident, adult paedophile set on corrupting him? What parent would want to encourage a teenage son, not sure of his own sexuality, to become a homosexual?"

Gay rights groups such as Stonewall have campaigned for years for a change in the consent law. The increasing acceptance of gay men and women as part



Gay rights protestors at LUU

Pic: Ed Crispin

of everyday society has assisted their struggle for what is perceived by many as a civil rights issue. A Stonewall survey has found that nearly four-fifths of gay men have their first sexual experience before they are twenty one, and more than half would still face prosecution if the age of consent were reduced to 18.

One of the main justifications for a change in the law is based on medical grounds. The British Medical Association has recently expressed its support for a lowering of the age of gay consent in order to get across the message of safe sex to young gay men. The biggest increase in HIV infection has occurred amongst the 15-21 age group, while four fifths of homosexual men and women receive no sex

education at all.

Gay rights groups claim that the majority of gay men under 21 have sex with people of a similar age. The 1957 Wolfenden Report, on which the 1967 legislation was based, states: "We find it hard to believe that young men need to be protected from would-be seducers more carefully than a girl does."

When the current legislation was formulated, Britain was ahead of its time as far as gay consent law was concerned.

Now however, other European countries are far more liberal: the gay age of consent in countries such as the Netherlands is as low as 12. Compared to this, some other countries seem repressive. Homosexuality is still

completely illegal in countries such as Cyprus and Romania, while it was only removed from the list of psychiatric disorders by the American Psychiatric Association in 1974. The World Health Organisation only declassified homosexuality as a disease last year.

Many religious groups continue to oppose any liberalisation of gay consent laws, on the basis that homosexuality is unnatural because it is not sanctified by marriage and does not have procreation as its objective. Last November, Christian groups at the University of Leeds spoke out against homosexuality at a Union OGM.

Goodall points out that many young gays are made to feel they are doing something wrong.

However, statistics suggest that the extent of homosexuality in the community is not as widespread as gay groups claim.

A survey in the Independent states that 90.2 per cent of men surveyed claimed exclusively heterosexual experience and attraction, while another survey released this week suggests 70.2 per cent of men strongly disapprove of homosexuality.

Despite intensive lobbying of Parliament by supporters of a change in the law, Stonewall claims only 250 MPs have expressed firm support for Currie's proposal. Only 30 Tory MPs are said to back it, making it by no means certain that the gay community will gain the equality it demands when MPs vote on the issue later this month.

Historical Remains

The Remains of the Day

Odeon Cinema

History is a very delicate thing. If the wrong forces control historical depiction you are likely to get Roman gladiators wearing wristwatches, sword-wielding Scottish lords talking of cannon fire or even Chris Columbus as a benevolent sort of a guy who actually considers the rights of indigenous peoples as equal to those of the Spanish throne.

The Remains of the Day is a historical novel concerned with its own historicity. The story centres on Stevens, the butler of Darlington Hall. The hall has been sold to an American who is prone to unEnglish decisions, giving Stevens a few days off for example. Stevens takes the offer and whilst travelling around rural England reminisces about the days when the hall was a truly great place. During the course of his reminiscence it becomes clear that Lord Darlington was a Nazi collaborator, albeit a somewhat naive one. This revelatory procedure extends to Stevens and his relationships drawing a picture of a man suppressing everything in the name of service to his calling and his country. To capture this on film would seem impossible.

Simply put, the cinematography is wonderful. Tracking shots of the hall, and intimate closeups combine to provide a real sense of the period the film covers. The cast are totally believable, no method school histrionics just simple beautiful portrayals of character; acting in other words. Anthony Hopkins turns in a masterful performance but to pick any of the major players above the rest is impossible. The relationship between Stevens and the housekeeper Miss Kenton is delicately portrayed; just the right mix of professional aloofness and near tenderness that is destined to remain unrequited.

One complaint though, the director feels it necessary to outline the dark truth behind Darlington Hall almost immediately. This spoils the image of Stevens as a less than honest narrator, only letting slip occasional secrets from behind his emotionless facade. This is however a minor point. The film is a treat, whether you're interested in the political debate it raises or you would sooner gape at the scenery and period costumes doesn't matter. After all, to steal a line from Emma Thompson (Miss Kenton) "... it isn't anything so scandalous at all. Simply a sentimental old love story."

Stuart Davies



Anthony Hopkins and Emma Thompson

Malice

Odeon Cinema

Malice is a thriller that actually delivers the thrills that it promises. Nothing is as it seems: the plot revolves around mild-mannered principal Andy (Bill Pullman), and his wife Tracey (Nicole Kidman), who dream of having the money to renovate their Victorian house and fill it with children.

To raise some cash, they take in a lodger, Jed (Alec Baldwin); an old college mate of Andy's who is currently the new wonder surgeon in town, and general all-round smoothy womanizer.

Then, when a brutal rapist begins to stalk girls from Andy's school, the plot begins to tantalisingly unravel, revealing a maze of intrigue and bloody minded morals. The characters are never as clear-cut as they first seem, and as we are drawn deeper into the web of deceit, it becomes harder to judge exactly who to trust.

To this end, *Malice* is an excellent thriller, but some problems remain. Although the plot always stays one jump ahead, this is often due to the fact that the storyline is occasionally disjointed in parts, and that developments in the film often happen in leaps and bounds.

Nevertheless, boredom never sets in, due to the numerous twists in the tale, plus some superb performances, notably from Ms. Kidman, and Anne Bancroft in a cameo role.

If you've got one of those infuriating friends who can correctly predict the ending of

any film before the opening credits have finished rolling, then take them to see *Malice*... I guarantee they'll never guess this one. Although it's not the best of films, *Malice* is still a perfectly entertaining thriller. Go see and enjoy.

Hannah Lawrence

London Survivors Poetry

LMU Studio

Most of us have little idea of what the mental health system in Britain feels like from the inside. "Survivors' Poetry" was an evening which gave us a chance to find out. The "Survivors" have all undergone treatment for mental illness and through their poetry they vividly illustrated their experiences, both painful and humorous. Some chose to relate tales of what goes on in the psychiatrists clinic, whilst others eloquently and bravely conveyed what it feels like to be mentally ill. The despair and helplessness felt by people being treated by electric shock therapy and constant sedation was also touched upon in this uncompromising selection.

Visiting performers included Wayne Tenyue - "black poet, singer and sculptor" and Patience Agbabi - "acclaimed Nigerian British performer", whose sharp practised recitals complemented the more gentle poetry of the Leeds performers. Music from "The Wise Wound" was lively and powerful. One poet needed to take frequent swigs from his can of lager to help him through his performance.

explaining that "Pessimism is my main addiction; alcohol comes second."

The idea behind Survivors' Poetry is "healing through creativity", but this particular type of healing produces something which is both moving and a pleasure to listen to.

Estelle Whitfield

Bed

Park Lane College

Possessing a strangely comforting quality - with the emphasis on "strangely" - Jim Cartwright's *Bed* encapsulates everything you can nearly remember about your own dreams. Performed by the unnervingly talented sixth formers of Park Lane College, it takes you through the night of an unspecified number of insomniac geriatrics. Never quite sure whether the characters are waking or sleeping - not that it matters - the audience is treated to a trawl through the accumulated subconscious of several lifetimes' worth of yens, peccadilloes and disappointments.

As it was performed in, what appeared to be a portacabin, with the audience squished in around the edge of the scenery (one surreally large representation of a bed) there was an intimacy established immediately between audience and performers. This was enhanced by the impression that many of the members of the audience were family, or close friends of the

actors and that what ensued was going to be a sophisticated version of front-room horsing around. However, this did not prepare me for the breadth and depth of this offering.

Equipped with a counterpane which had, by the looks of it, been hand-sewn painstakingly to the exact requirements of the play, the individual performances were disciplined and focussed. The play itself placed heavy demands on the young actresses - for they were all female - requiring both an attention to detail and the ability to be eerily allusive with their physical gestures and expressions, and they rose uncompromisingly to the occasion.

As a piece of ensemble acting, it was faultless. Interrupted by the unpleasant ramblings of a peculiar but rivetting character called "Sermon-Head", whose brightly coloured visage appeared in the blackness of the ceiling to vent his rage at his own inability to slumber and the self-satisfied snoozing of the rest, they maintained the impression of the twilight world of sleep with recourse to only a few of the absurdist devices usually employed to that end: repetition, distortion.

The music, always there as an atmospheric, provided flashes of energy and then faded into the nether as mysteriously as it had arrived. Directed, by Derek Ross, with an acute sensitivity to human frailty, *Bed* is a superb example of how much can be achieved on very little indeed. Watch the listings for their next venture towards the end of this term, as an alternative to less rare pleasures.

Emma Hartley

Private Investigations

Woody Allen, at his best, has always been ambiguous. The lines, the pictures, the plot are all essentially open. What makes them so memorable is that we take them as we understand them - they always seem so personal.

This side of Allen's work is at the centre of his new picture, the alliteratively named *Manhattan Murder Mystery*. Set, rather unsurprisingly, in Manhattan - perhaps Allen's first and last love, this tale centres around the possible murderer neighbour of Allen and his wife, Diane Keaton.

It is based on something that actually happened to Allen - returning from an out-of-town gig to his Manhattan apartment in the mid-Seventies, he discovered that his neighbour's wife had suddenly "died" - but it struck Allen that her husband seemed remarkably complacent at the demise of an apparently healthy woman. The inspiration for the plot is taken directly from this spooky event.

Said neighbour, whose wife has "sadly passed away" appears to be acting rather suspiciously to Keaton. Allen, on the other hand, is in traditional "dysfunctional neurotic husband" mode and is hence utterly unprepared to be convinced by his wife's murder mania.

Considering the initial evidence, Allen should have sent his wife to a bonus session at her (mandatory) shrink, but his mid-life crisis has left him weak. Hence, he merely stands idle while Keaton and her (essential) potential lover Alan Alda risk all to get to the bottom of their neighbours actions.

Manhattan Murder Mystery Showcase Cinema



It's all starting to sound a bit predictable (shrinks, sex and suspicion in New York), but what Allen actually delivers is a well crafted and most engaging story. The emotional traumas that all too often swamp Allen's films, are, by accident or design, kept to a minimum, and as a result a really classy STORY is allowed to shine.

As usual, the directing is flawless. Allen has brought the very best out of his actors, who, noticeably, appear to be delivering their lines with a freshness and

vigour - much of it seems exceptionally well improvised. The cinematography is also in this vein. It's free, and sometimes jerky, but equally effective.

The result is that we soon feel like privileged onlookers, the truth unfolding before our eyes. Since he has decided that he doesn't have to be Ingmar Bergman any more, Woody Allen has returned to form with a bang. *Manhattan Murder Mystery* is a mustn't miss

Martin Cole

Conquest of the South Pole West Yorkshire Playhouse

The *Conquest of the South Pole* is the dream of four chronically unemployed friends in the German town of Herne, to stave off their humdrum existence of "pinball and schnapps".

This particular performance was notable for the balance the cast managed to maintain between levity and gravity. On the serious side it investigates the relationship between the friends as they consider ambition and reality. Slupianek, the leader of the gang and protagonist of the expedition, is too single-minded in pursuit of the goal and alienates his other friends who are still trying to lead normal lives.

This gains a "frosty" response from Buscher who, like Jordan Baker in *The Great Gatsby*, is "too wise to carry well forgotten dreams from age to age", and concludes that failure is better because at least you then always have something still to achieve. Reassuring sentiments such as these make the play worth going to see in itself.

The cast were very enthusiastic to bring out the comic elements of the play as they hurled themselves, and each other around the stage. This was particularly effective in the intimate setting of the Courtyard Theatre. I felt Simon Hunt's loutishness as Slupianek was a little too over the top at times but Ashley Artus, resplendently attired in a Def-Leppard tee-shirt, used his face to good mobility and

produced some bizarre expressions. Marisa Jones had a very good annoying voice, just the type that is needed for a stereotypical nagging wife, and Geoff Steer did well as the capitalist that everybody loves to hate.

There were many memorable and funny scenes, force-feeding "The Moose of Herne", ironic on a trip to the South Pole where food is in short supply, and the wholesale mowing-down of Slupianek's pigeons among them. In another the actors ably toyed with the audience's suspended disbelief as they narrated what they were doing and mimed the actions to this. This was a little disturbing but the sexual element of this scene made up for it. This device also produced the classic line "Cover me up again so I don't have to see your pathetic exit".

Indeed the whole play was pervaded with witty insults which make it well worth going to see. You might just stave off that terminal ennui for a couple of hours. Better than "pinball and schnapps"-game of pool, pint in the Union.

Jim Biswell

Private Lives Harrogate Theatre

It's glitzy, it's glamorous - it's everything showbiz should be. With a pink neon palm tree as the centrepiece for the set Harrogate Theatre's production of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* certainly achieves that mood of Coward

comedy kitsch.

Sibyl and Elyot Chase are two 30's hedonists with no sense of reality or of the value of money, who find themselves new spouses and both go on honeymoon to the French Riviera. And whadayaknow - they're all at the same resort at the same time. Of course they realise that they're still very much in love - at least in comparison to what they feel for their present partners, and so run away to Paris for yet another honeymoon.

While the play seems occupied with making fun of the lifestyles of rich overprivileged wankers, there is never an attack upon such egotism. Sibyl and Elyot (Kate Redshaw and Damian Myerslaugh) never stumble across a bag lady or a sick child - for them misery and despair just do not exist. They can hurt no-one; even when confronted by their newly-estranged spouses they just run, with no feelings of guilt. More important than social comment is comedy - at times Sybil and Elyot seem little more than clowns playing around and coming out with comic one-liners. This may seem a little cold and heartless for the charity-minded audience of the 'caring 90's'.

Costumes are well-thought out and add to the visual comedy. Sibyl and Elyot are always dressed in matching suits, even before they realise they are at the same resort. They even match the set with their gorgeous fingerprint design suits - 30's comedy at its best.

Chris Williams

cogito

With the recent re-showing of *Reservoir Dogs* at the Hyde Park Picture House Ian Newman considers what it is that has made this one of the most remarkable films of the past five years.

The blood-spattered movie poster decorates every student's bedroom wall, everyone's seen it at least twice and it often becomes the subject of lively discussion after a few pints. Yes, the words *Dogs* and *Reservoir* should spring to mind. But what is it about this movie, now a year old, that has brought it to cult-status, inspiring critics to pen phrases like "modern classic" against its name?

Reservoir Dogs is one of the most cool and trendy movies you'll see for a long time. When you watch the opening title sequence, as they stroll along in slo-mo to *Little Green Bag*, you know you're in for a corker. With no central women characters, though, it's a male ego-trip movie. Being so macho and sharp, it's probably us blokes who'll go back for countless viewings.

The characters are extremely convincing and impeccably acted. Mr White (Keitel) is an experienced and serious criminal, but he also has that interesting streak of moral substance. Then we have Mr Pink (Buscemi) - smart, panic-stricken, funny. Mr Blonde (Madsen) is quite simply the personification of pure, cool-evil. Such an explosive blend of personalities lends credibility to the scenario, with each character realistic and watchable.

Tarantino writes a screenplay which is both sparkling and fluent. The "I don't tip..." spiel delivered stubbornly by Mr Pink, Mr White discussing tactics with Mr Orange (Roth) in the car - "If you get some customer giving you static...", and the continuous references to contemporary cinema and actors like Charles Bronson and Lee Marvin result in a scintillating script which is frenzied, gripping, funny, and above all, entertaining.

However, this is not a formula film in the true style of cops'n'robbers. There's no blazing shoot-out or the yelling of "Go, go, go!" as the get-away car screeches away. You don't even get to see the robbery. However, momentum and pace is maintained throughout by virtue of the compelling dialogue and the intriguing events at the rendezvous.

Masterfully directed with Tarantino's quirky enthusiasm and energy, an original reworking of the heist is produced, with every clip a fresh idea and stylishly executed. Mr Pink running with the diamonds, Mr White's two-handed shooting display and the final Mexican stand-off in triangulation. Who really cares who shot Nice Guy Eddie?

Reservoir Dogs is a movie for youth. Disturbingly, you want to identify with it. As the movie of today, it will remain imprinted on your memory for an age, until you all go and see the forthcoming Tarantino film *Pulp Fiction* of course.

Tomorrow's World



Underworld

Dubnobasswithmyheadman (Junior Boy's Own)

Oh heavens. This is an absolute masterpiece of a record but it practically defies reviewing. Picture 'The White Album' or 'Screamadelica' and you've got some idea of the problem. Those albums pulled it off bigtime through throwing confidence, bravado and experimentation into the melting pot and not giving a damn. And this is chipped from a neighbouring block.

Comparisons the keen ear might draw could include Kraftwerk, The Beloved, LFO, Durriti Column, Lou Reed, Zion Train, Jah Wobble and probably a few dozen more. The whole record falls handsomely between controlled disorder and an unholy ballistic car crash of ideas.

It's no surprise that Underworld themselves are pretty diverse fellows; one DJ, a singer/guitarist and a studio boffin they've already caused a mini ruckus with 1993's 'Mmm...Skyscraper I Love You' single and a string of remixes featuring the rowdy percussion that's become their trademark. What really puts this in the premier league above most 'dance' albums is the equal attention afforded to both the words (which are shortly to be published in book form) and the music. Lyrically, there's some disturbing stuff going on, try "I've been painting he's like a dead soul inside living flesh" or "I smell unconscious since birth" or even "Here comes Christ on crutches" from Dirty Epic, a suburban nightmare trawl which wouldn't seem too misguided on Lou Reed's 'New York' album. If this sounds offputting, despair not. From the acid immediacy of 'Cowgirl' to the flute fuelled urgency of the next single 'Dark & Long' the tunes are without exception uplifting bass driven monsters. An insane stroke of genius that is neither rock, dance nor dub but a blinding fusion of imagination; go and seek it out.

Johnny Davis

The Orchids

Striving For Lazy Perfection

(Sarah)

There's only so many things one can say about Sarah Records. If you've heard one of their releases, you haven't quite heard them all, but you'll find that a good 90% of the others are pretty much the same. For those of you who haven't heard anything on this label before, they generally deal in acoustic guitars played by sensitive types with wispy voices. Most of their bands have one moment of glory (if they're lucky), then stick to the formula and produce what's known in the business as 'a load of old toss' for the rest of their careers.

The Orchids have very nearly avoided this trap with this album. Half of the tracks here have titles like 'Welcome to My Curious Heart' and feature lots of strumming and sighing, which is all very pretty and nice, but which makes them sound like Deacon Blue on downers. This is not a good thing. On occasion it's almost painful.

Luckily the day is saved by the odd track which dares to be different by having some sort of groove instead of being so twee and insubstantial. 'I've Got to Wake Up To Tell You My Dreams' has a cracking title and also happens to be an almost funky mini classic, and the title track is rather ace too. Some songs even have drum machines (gasp) and sequencers (eek), not something you often find on Sarah releases, and refreshingly different when in amongst all that other crap.

Best of all is 'A Living Ken and Barbie', which initially sounds like a rip-off of 'Little Fluffy Clouds', with it's sampled speech and keyboard pattern. It's only halfway through that the realisation dawns that this is intentional, that this is a pastiche (or even a pisstake? Surely not...) of the Orb fave. This little gem is almost enough to make you, forgive and forget the band's failings. If they only took things a bit more

light-heartedly the rest of the time I'm sure they'd reap the benefits. Maybe next time round they'll produce something which is good throughout instead of this patchy effort.

Joe Williams

Gin Blossoms

New Miserable Experience

(A&M)

I haven't yet come away from listening to this album singing one of the Gin Blossoms' songs. Instead I have been plagued all week by "Into your arms" by the Lemonheads. This is because Mr Dando et al have already cornered the market in toothy-grinned American rock songs, and I'm afraid that there isn't much room left for samey, rip-off bands such as this lot. Admittedly, they are pretty huge on the American college circuit, but it has to be said that our distant cousins across the pond can't really be relied upon on the taste front, can they? Whereas the Lemons have a) credibility and b) a foxy frontman, the Blossoms' music derives too much from the employment of fermented dairy produce and singer Robin Wilson, whilst not ugly, will never adorn the walls of thousands of lusty females.

Perhaps you are thinking that all this comparison with the Lemonheads is unnecessary, but it has to be said that this really has been done before, and not just by Evan Dando, but REM, Tom Petty and a cast of thousands. Which makes the Gin Blossoms nothing more than another one of those boring derivative bands who make money by making crap remakes of what has gone before. "Lost Horizons" kicks off the album, essentially pretty catchy but just a little bit boring, as is "Hey Jealousy" the second song and in fact, the rest of the album. The amusing thing is, Douglas Hopkins, the man behind these two first songs (the only

ones really worth mentioning) has now left the band. What the Gin Blossoms now have left to seduce the public with are the likes of guitarist Jesse Valenzuela whose "Cajun Song" is guilty of the ultimate rock'n'roll sin; using a sodding accordion. Leave it to the Pogues, guys. Honestly.

Nick Moffat

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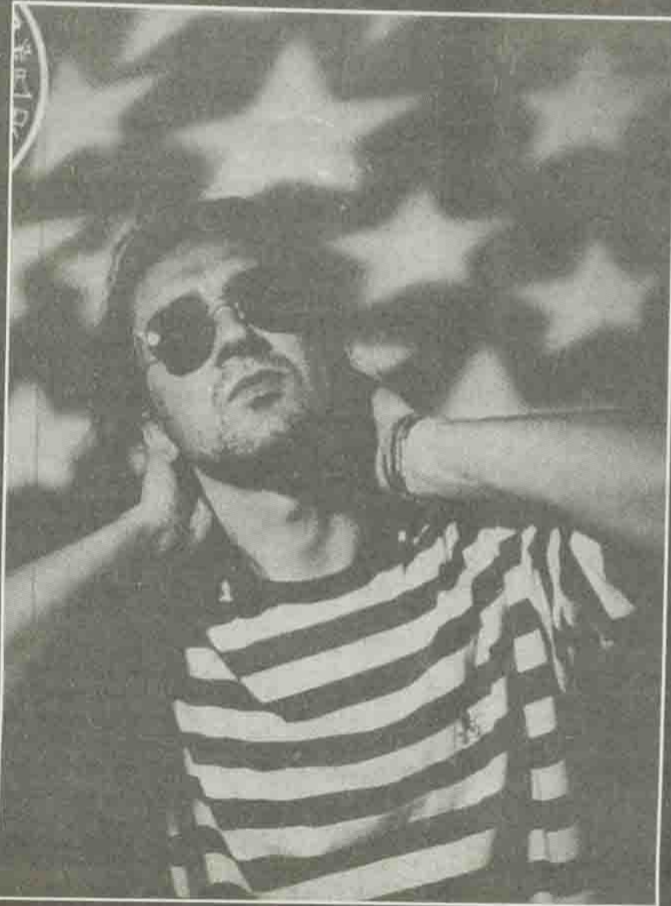
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Shameless Hussey



The Mission Sum and Substance (Vertigo)

Just when you thought The Mission had disappeared forever into the swirling fog of their stage set, back they come, revamped and remixed with a Greatest Hits to perhaps jump start Wayne Hussey's somewhat flagging career. Following swiftly on the heels of The Sisters of Mercy's "Greatest Hits vol.1", "Sum and Substance" is another reminder to us all of the late '80's when The Mission were on the cover of Smash Hits and Goth music had really hit the mainstream. Though it cannot be denied that Wayne looked a tad silly in that hat and make up, who could resist the sheer pompousness of anthems like "Wasteland" and "Deliverance", or the majestic arrogance of "Tower of Strength"?

It's those melodramatic choruses that just make you want to pull all your hair over your face and flail your arms about in a rather Gothic manner. However, times have changed and The Mission have well and truly had their heyday. Wayne Hussey made the fatal error of parodying himself, and now everything written past 1989 on this album either sounds exactly like their other stuff ("Into the Blue") or completely rips off The Cure's naff moments ("Sourpuss").

Listening to "S&S" makes you realise why The Mission were successful, but it also illustrates why they eventually fell out of the top 20. Wayne uttered one too many clichés in his lyrics, and the rumbling bass with twirling guitars have become all too familiar.

If, like me, any Mission records you own have sunk to the bottom of your record collection, then side 1 of "S&S" (the one with all the hits on it) will send you into fits of nostalgia. It's better to ignore side 2 and remember The Mission for what they were best at. Excuse me while I go and fetch some black lace gloves...

Sara McDonnell

Marillion Brave (E.M.I)

Confession time people. I used to quite like Marillion (A credibility draining statement I know, but...) As a wide eyed adolescent, Fish's tap-room romanticism about missed chances and broken hearts, seemed magical compared to my mundane school life. Even then it was the words rather than the music that appealed. When Fish left, so did my interest in Marillion. While their old albums clog up every second hand record shop in the land, Marillion have released "Brave", their third Steve Hogarth fronted album, and despite what the hysterical press release claims: "Exciting Vibrant 90's Music", it's pretty similar to the previous six.

"Brave" is a concept album (Don't laugh yet, so was Lou Reed's "Berlin") about an anonymous girl found wandering around suffering from amnesia. Her confusion and inability to distinguish between her real and imaginary past works as an allegory for modern society's information overload and simulation blasts. For a pop statement on post-modernism, U2 did it better with Zoo TV, while the music seems to belong to a much simpler age, when MTV wasn't even a twinkle in an executive's eye. Marillion still equate epic songs with ten minutes of bombast and more time changes than remotely necessary. Listen guys, listen to Tindersticks' "City Sickness" or REM's "Country Feedback" for stunning and short epic songs.

I suppose credit should be given to Marillion for making an album that attempts to say something worthy about the outside world, thus making the usual

accusations of self indulgence seem hollow. Unfortunately the music still sounds just like Marillion have done since year dot, and that's just not enough to hold my interest these days. Growing up does have it's advantages sometimes.

Martin Futrell

Sleeper Duchess of York

Drone, drone, drone. What are you doing right now? Watching Richard and Judy discuss fashion for fatties? Sitting in an intellectual stupor as a man with a beard examines the I-Ching from a post-structuralist perspective? Maybe you've just had the pleasure of watching Arsenal play "football." If any of the above apply to you, you'll have some idea of the bludgeoning, relentless boredom and sheer pointlessness of watching Sleeper live.

Sleeper play your average English indie dirges: heads-down, charisma-free. But hey, we're all getting back to basics, and what could be more basic than this? The trouble is that they carry it off with all the success of John Major (I wonder what they think about personal morality?).

It really hurts to be so scathing about a new, young band like this, but there so many better alternatives. Witness Medecine, who Sleeper replaced at the last minute. "Aruca" was one of the songs of 1992. It sounded like a studio collapsing, to the accompaniment of crunching beats and banshees howling. It almost single-handedly restored my faith in the guitar. When you come expecting that, and get this, well, that hurts too.

Chris Mooney

Snowboy Something's Coming (Acid Jazz)

It has been two years since Snowboy's last album and the time's been used doing a DJ thing and touring with the James Taylor Quartet. This warrants mentioning only since "Something's Coming" has much in common with the well worn hedonist manifesto of JTQ. They both preform loving and reverential covers of comedy tunes, for every JTQ Starsky and Hutch theme Snowboy has a Flintstones, and both bands are 'good laugh' live experiences that haven't yet been put on record to any acclaim.

Snowboy and the swing kids are of course musically top-draw but there is something knowledgeably smug about their recordings that is absent from the shows. It may have been unwise to cover two songs from West Side Story, there is a lingering danger of turning into a characterless percussion heavy small town school band with the sort of musical competence such and outfit would sell it's uniform for.

The fun that a band like this can be comes across only once in Latin cover of "Anarchy in the UK". A rogue saxophonist goes as free as he wants creating a new take on anarchy sounding nothing like the well worn original and free from the restrictive safety pins and bondage trousers image of a revival tragedy. Without such a track "Something's Coming" would be stumbled on by future generations as the Cult of Cool's take on the old Pop goes Hammond series. Reverential cover versions and slick orchestration are too smooth to ever be thought a product of our times.

Alex Sanders



Nick Moffat sifts the musical chaff from the wheat.

THE CHARLATANS Can't Get Out Of Bed (Beggars Banquet)

The Charlies' latest effort sees floppy-fringed Tim Burgess and his chums mixing their organ-fuelled sound with mid-seventies Stones geetar (sort of). Blinking catchy once you come to terms with the "new direction". Also worth hearing is the vintage Charlatans style instrumental "Out" on the B-side, dedicated to a certain keyboard player who's just got out of jail. Let's hope the baggy revival gets going soon!



THE BOO RADLEYS Barney (...and me) (Creation)

These self styled pop cutesters have been drowning in critical acclaim since the release of the "Giant Steps" LP. This single has it all: singalong guitar and vocals, Beatlesy brass section, obligatory 'freaky bits' a la George Martin and even a Beach Boys capella break, straight from "Pet Sounds". Not a spark of originality in sight, but still pretty darn good.

SULTANS OF PING F.C. Wake Up And Scratch Me (Sony)

It has to be said that this really does sound like Kingmaker. Bizzare, eh? What's also bizzare is that The Sultans of Ping, like Kingmaker, are really quite terrible. At least Loz Hardy looks like Elvis Costello; this lot are just appalling from start to finish, a fact to which this new release bears testament.

ELASTICA Line Up (Deceptive)

"Line Up" is the second single from these current indie darlings. It's a bit of a quirky number, featuring drummer Justin's charismatic retching (as seen on The Word) in the background. This is a venomous attack on groupies- collectively lumped under the title "drivel head"- and staggers drunkenly through the verse before breaking into a superbly beved-up chorus and collapsing in a heap at the end. Not in the same classic punk vein as "Stutter", but jolly fab.

LOOP GURU Sus-an-tics 5-10 (Nation)

What with its samples of Asian vocalists, the effect of this record was (unfortunately) less reminiscent of MARRS' "Pump Up The Volume" and more like one of those half-baked Enigma efforts. Not dancey enough to get the punters grooving, but not really ambient enough to chill them out on the comedown at home. Oh yeah, it's boring as well.

A little Verdi told me...

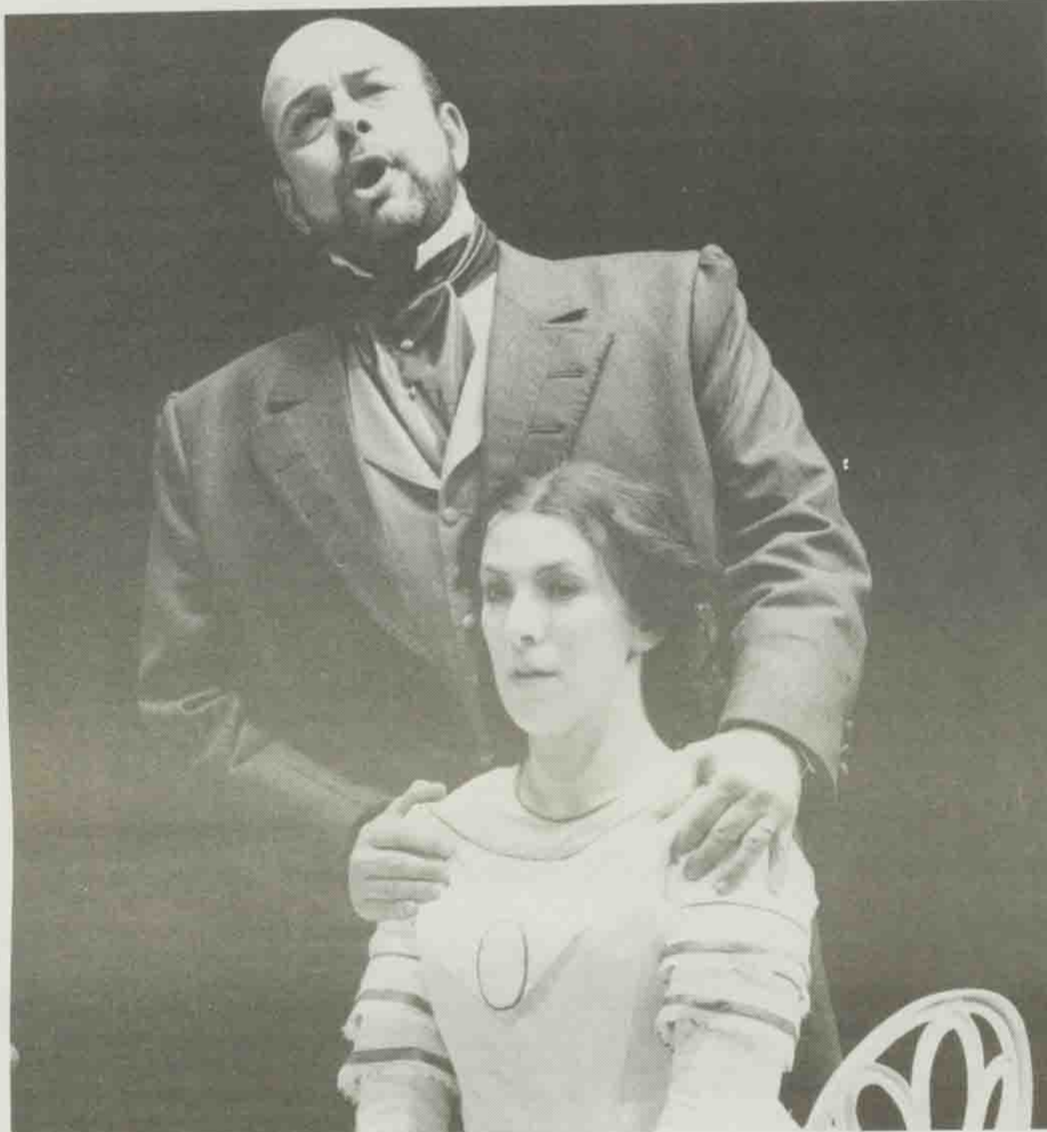
La Traviata Leeds Grand Theatre

In the eyes of all but the most perverse critics, Opera North can do very little wrong these days. All of the productions in their current winter season (which, unfortunately, are on the verge of trundling triumphantly off to the Nottingham Theatre Royal) were received favourably, occasionally even rapturously, by the musical press, not least 'La Traviata'. Which means that either I caught the folks in Verdi's "most personal" opera on a slightly lame night or I reflexively equipped myself with perversity-tinted goggles amid the 'oohs', 'aahs' and grunts of approval regularly audible towards the rear of the stalls last Tuesday night.

There is nevertheless a great deal to recommend in this production. Karen Rabinowitz's choreography, adventurous in the scope of its marvellously subtle complexities, neither threatens to overwhelm vocal projection nor acting space. Her lavish attention to detail ensures a feast of visually elegant entertainment, right down to Gastone's purposeful tossing down of the gamblers' playing cards, one by one, to punctuate the choral intensity of Act Two, Scene 2.

The set designs, most of them sumptuous by Opera North's standards, speak a vivid language of their own which, it must be noted, made itself most plainly and poignantly heard in the final scene when only the last few dwindling remnants of pomp survive. While pale ghostly figures are glimpsed drifting mockingly past through a doorway onto a great black expanse, broken only by an eerie pool of blue light, Violetta is being crushed by the huge gaping intensity of the partitioning wall in the foreground.

But despite the aforementioned merits the production failed to find particularly sturdy feet, principally on account of the two most vital components of all, the acting and the singing. Losing David Maxwell Anderson (Alfredo) to illness was very unfortunate, especially when his replacement, Alan Oke, was declared unwell after the interval - although fit enough to continue, he deteriorated noticeably in the second half. This hiccup was compensated



Giorgio Germont (Peter Sidhom) gives Violetta (Michal Shamir) the bad news

for to some degree by Michal Shamir (Violetta) who sang with both a piercingly beautiful sensitivity and a violently evocative passion (though at the top end of the dynamic range she was occasionally a little shrill). Peter Sidhom, though not brimming with as much testosterone as some Giorgio Germonts, was as impressive in his domineeringly patriarchal stage presence as his consistently rich and powerful vocal impact. Yet Susan Lees (Flora Bervoix)

consistently failed to make her mark, as did many of the other minor characters and, at times, the stature of the chorus.

However, as a little birdie told me later that had nestled within eye-shot of a chain-smoking Alan Oke in the Wrens after the performance, Alfredo had clearly taken (and was still taking) the punishment that night. Or was it all 'jug jug' to dirty ears?

Mark Funnell

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra Leeds Town Hall

For those of you into "Dr Zhivago", excessive artistic emotion and all the other aspects of Russian romanticism, you would have been truly awash with tears of passion and sorrow at this concert. The potential for epic film soundtracks was limitless.

I'd never seen the CBSO before, so it was a mild disappointment not to get a view of the wunderkind himself, Simon Rattle. Nevertheless, Otaka proved himself ably in the curly-haired one's absence - a true man of the people in fact. There was no red carpet treatment for him (well, this is Leeds, for God's sake). After the performance he simply walked

out of the building and climbed into his Toyota. Charming! Even more so was his constant smiling. He even managed to coax a few in reply from the jaded-looking cello section.

Anyway, our rendez-vous with the psyche of the oft-betrayed Russian peasant had to wait while the orchestra warmed themselves up with Weber's overture, Der Freischutz. It was very nice; lots of long notes with deep, symphonic harmonies - the sort of thing about which your granny would say "Ooh, that's lovely dear". The horn section gave out a bit of a gurgle at first, but they quickly had that rectified and started producing the sort of purity of sound that everyone tells you the CBSO are capable of. But it's easy to play this sort of thing; let's get on with the meaty stuff. Grannies please leave the room.

Thus with our ears nicely oiled, out onto the stage trotted a veritable mummy's boy of a violin soloist. He wasn't any old "I can busk

the Bach Double" sort of violinist; oh no. Just to show us what a clever git he is, he was going to play Bruch's famous First Violin Concerto without getting any of the notes wrong. And that was exactly what Mark Kaplan did. It was incredible.

The pureness of sound was mesmerising and his fingers scampered up and down the fingerboard like trained mice. Of course, he had a head start because everyone loves the Bruch. But in keeping with this prodigal-type image, he was totally incapable of giving his performance any real musical balls. In other words, he didn't get quiet or loud very much. The CBSO were faithful to his every note, accompanying beautifully, allowing him to show off, while we all got knotted up with Bruch's emotion. After predictably rapturous applause, he snootily lifted his nose to the air and did a little encore of some technically near-impossible Paganini solo.



Beethoven: Symphonies 3, 7 & 8
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
Paul Van Kempen
(Philips 438 533-2)

Listening to the music on this twin CD release is an extraordinary experience. In almost every respect it sounds every bit its forty years in age - every respect, that is, except for the fact that listening to what was originally committed to 78's all that time ago sounds, minus the crackles and with glorious plastic sheen, distinctly anachronistic, distinctly... odd. The sound engineering must be superb to erase almost every trace of hiss, but I was left feeling strangely cheated by the absence of this kind of authentic flavouring.

Van Kempen is said to have transformed the BPO into one of Germany's leading orchestras. His approach to all three symphonies is quite unlike any I have heard before, injecting a peculiarly potent mixture of dramatic intensity and wildly fluctuating rhythms into the music when, as the sleeve notes instruct me, I have been "brought up on the metronome-like monotony of the post-Toscanini school." I like my Karajans fine if it's all the same to you.

Yet these interpretations are indeed violently dramatic. The opening chords to 'Eroica' explode like great claps of thunder, and the Funeral March, rather than plodding along with a solemn intensity, begins to resemble a runaway juggernaut about halfway through.

Although this makes for excitement and variety, the delivery can err on the side of near vulgar heavy-handedness. No 7, "the apotheosis of the dance" as it was famously dubbed by Wagner, doesn't so much swing with a lilt as with a drunken swagger in the buoyant opening movement, and the Allegretto lacks the subtler dimensions of pathos necessary for a rounded reading. Yet the cheeky, self-parodying spirit of No 8 is fully realised, and the volatile energies that crave eruption throughout this set of recordings often appeal.

Mark Funnell

Having drowned my jealousy in alcohol at the interval, I was ready for my journey into Russia, on the wings of Rachmaninov's First Symphony. Poor guy! If only he'd had a psychotherapist. So grave was the "Grave" that we were soon all baring our souls for divine judgement. It carried on like this until the militaristic final movement blew us out of our chairs with a trumpet voluntary so loud I thought the Russians were attacking.

The problem for me, however, was that my yardstick for Rachmaninov is the Second Piano Concerto, and this couldn't really compete. It was all symphonic colour, but without any structure, and it ended up blowing itself out. It was an epic experience though, and the aged crowd that is Leeds' concert-going public left looking considerably less baggy-eyed for having got it all out of their system.

Josh Berle

Self's the Man

My Idea of Fun

Will Self (Bloomsbury £15.99)

Never judge a book by its cover? Bollocks. If the cover of the book you happen to be judging has "Will Self" inscribed on it then I suggest you drop it and lock yourself in the toilet until it's had sufficient time to decompose. Will Self is a genius and like all geniuses should be regarded with respect, admiration and more than average caution. I mean it. This prose could seriously damage your psyche.

This is Will Self's first novel. It fulfils the terrifying prospects that his other books threatened... and then some. *My Idea of Fun* is an account of the adolescent formation of a psychotic personality. Ian Wharton is a normal eleven year old. Okay, his father has left home and the lad has eidetic ability - a kind of extended photographic memory - but except for using this technique to prowl the corridors of the local girl's grammar school, nothing points to his imminent elevation to "devil's disciple".

In the off season a certain Mr. Broadhurst arrives at the Wharton's caravan park. This seemingly innocuous man then takes Ian in hand and begins his education. A series of magical experiences spring from their relationship and Mr. Broadhurst reveals himself to be The Fat Controller, a sinister, murderous figure who shrouds himself in secrecy.

Self voyages into the territory of the psychotic mind and draws a starkly convincing portrait. That his psycho is so definitely British is a testament to his prose

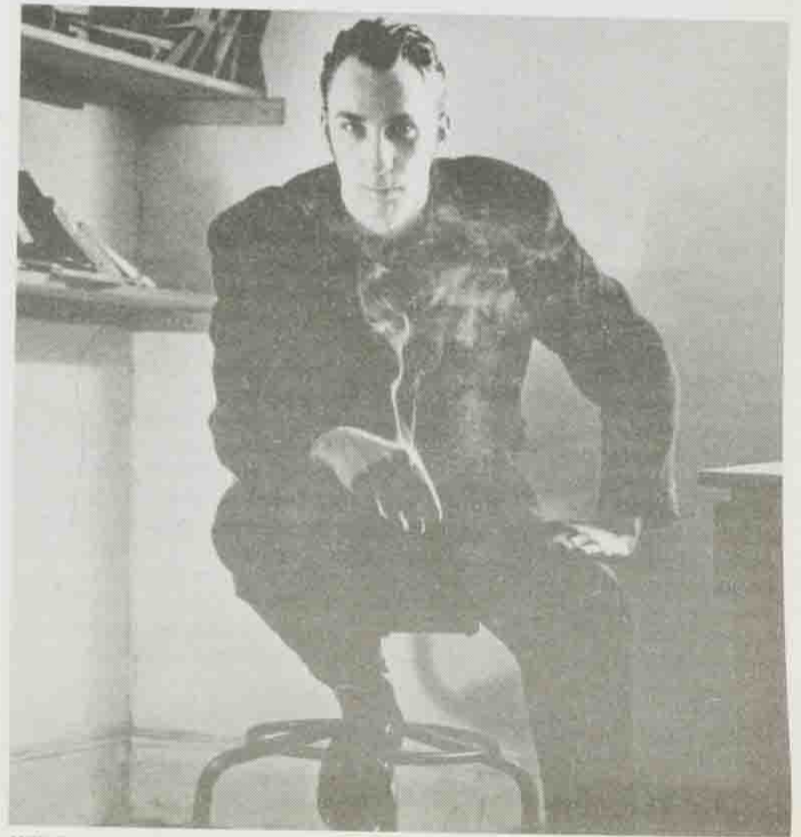
and to the particular interpretation he places on childhood. Just how terrifying do you find children's jokes?

The graphic description of the violence which Wharton increasingly commits could be seen as gratuitous, but Self is dealing with the nature of portrayal. He questions our notion of reality, and indeed our sense of it. For Self, the image is as vital as the reality because perception is so changeable and subjective. His style and structure invite the reader to question the text. Can we trust the narrator? Should we trust the author?

This main theme is underpinned by cinematic reference and even a filmic structure, including intermissions. Touches like this serve to do more than just make a point. The whole text is filled with the darkest humour and again we are forced to question not only the book, but the extent of our subjectivity.

In a sea of postmodernism many novels are self-critical, but only a few attack the reader's suspension of disbelief as successfully as this. If you are of a weak disposition I suggest you ignore the "red triangle" and plunge into a book that will force you upside down and steal the change as it falls from your pockets. This is a *must buy* book precisely because it will offend your finer sensibilities rather than allow you a comfortable journey through magic realism.

Stuart Davies



Will Self - Mark Lamarr meets Bret Easton Ellis?

Elvis, Jesus, and Coca-Cola

Kinky Friedman (Faber £4.99)

I felt an initial confusion about this book. The cover sports a photograph of a moustachio'd, cigar-smoking man in a hat. The narrator appears to be the same Kinky Friedman: Texan-Jewish cowboy and part-time detective. The pages are densely packed with this character's internal monologue, like some b-movie voice-over. The book eavesdrops on a man writing and revising his masculinity in a scenario of death, sex and male bonding.

The points of reference are widely scattered. Holmes and Watson provide archetypes with which Friedman maps out the inter-relations of the book's odd characters. One person's Holmes is another's Watson. Apart from this rather obvious intertextual strategy the murder mystery unfolds with exciting side-glances to Dr. Seuss, H.D. Thoreau, the Armenian and Jewish Holocausts, Kennedy's assassination, conspiracy theory, snuff movies and God's autism. One cannot help sympathising with Kinky's cat (the captive audience for much of this stuff): she vomits in his pipe.

There are only two kinds of books: a) those you read and b) those you don't. Their respective subcategories include books you re-read and those you part-read (but you're kidding no-one). The occupational hazard of a reviewer is that s/he may find books which ought to remain in the second category being forced into the first. Considering that we've only got time to read about 7000 books in a lifetime, this could be quite problematic. Will I never read *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* because Leeds Student asked me to review Ed Jones's crappy *Come Again?*

On a cold January Saturday morning

after a night when I'd been up too late and drunk too much coffee *Elvis, Jesus and Coca-Cola* cut through my sloth. Despite being too tired to move, it made me laugh aloud. I didn't care about the murder plot, but I liked Friedman's cool wit. Sometimes I felt guilty laughing at this male fantasy while tobogganing children are mortared in Bosnia, but if I can remember some of the one-liners at parties maybe I'll get myself a little casual sex; a perfect cure for a bleeding heart.

Mark Tranter

L.A. Lore

Stephen Brooke (Picador £5.99)

Think of Los Angeles and what comes to mind? Beverly Hills. Tofu. Palm trees. Earthquakes. Freeways, freeloading and free enterprise. Luminaries, legends and lore. The stuff that dreams are made of.

What emerges most interestingly from Stephen Brooke's intelligent observations of America's greatest 'urban omelette' is the apparent lack of difference between lore and law. In a city famous for its natural disasters, the violent beatings of a black man accused of driving too fast rapidly attain the status of legend. This is the place where Daryl Gates, the chief of police during the Rodney King trials, quickly became a radio talk show host, and the officers caught by chance on a local's camcorder in the act of beating King, were, primarily, acquitted. Life threatening events, of legal or natural status, all make up part of a story more used to dealing with fiction than fact.

The home of architectural overstatement and eternal life in one convenient package also houses the Huntingdon library. The Huntingdon library is unusual in LA in that it was a bequest to the city fathers that they

were magnanimous enough to accept. It houses Caxton's Chaucer, more early editions of Shakespeare than any other library and the eleventh century Gundulf bible.

It is one of the strengths of the book that Brooke relates facts like these as easily and with as little judgement as he tells of his escapades as a student travelling in an LA where he could wander at leisure around Zsa Zsa Gabor's house. This was, of course, in the pre-Manson days. It would be hard to find a perspective from which to draw coherent conclusions as the documentor of a city so palpably full of contradictions as L.A.

A good travel writer makes it seem as if chance meetings with bizarre characters are an inevitable part of the everyday experience: it not only makes you want to travel, it also makes you feel like you already have. This is just such a book. He is not as funny as Bill Bryson nor as politically inclined as Alistair Cooke, but he fills a gap they leave, a portrait that speaks for itself with dry eloquence of a city with an unintentional sense of ridiculousness.

Liz Ekstein

What's Wrong with America

Scott Bradfield (Picador £14.99)

This is a wonderful book. Short, expensive, but wonderful. Emma O'Hallahan, a "seventy-year-old moronic female" according to her husband Marvin, has killed her spouse and a nosy neighbour, and buried them in the garden alongside her life-savings. There is also another grave in the backyard but she can't remember who is in that one. In order to sort out the inheritance of her money, and to give an account to her family of the reasons for her actions, she has taken to writing a secret

journal which is to be read only after she is dead. But the dead don't stay dead in this book; they hang around, decomposing, trying to reason with, and annoy, the living.

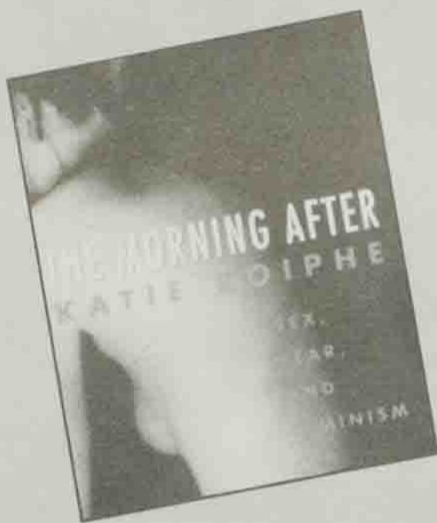
The humour, the insane quirkiness of this wonderfully confident piece of writing, is balanced by the seriousness of its intentions. Within this novel/journal there are three attempts to explain "what's wrong with America". The deceased Marvin had been busy in his study composing various "think-pieces", one of which listed ten problems with America. The first nine all blamed the Russians, while the tenth grouped together "The Coloreds and the Jews". In response Emma makes her own list, including a number seven which accuses "people who still blame everything on the poor Russians". Such list-making is part of the search for forms of insane enlightenment which runs right through this family.

Surviving one's birth as part of the O'Hallahan family is like being an American: one must survive transformation into some sort of fiction. Any secure sense of truth, identity - sanity even - are distant. What remains is a journal like Emma's, epitomising all other characters' varied and insane attempts to take hold of their realities by turning their lives into unreal, fantastical expressions of all that they lack.

The final attempt at defining "what's wrong with America", made by Emma's well-meaning Grandson Teddy, comes at the expense of the integrity of Emma's authorship of her journal. His knowledge of her writing, his usurpation of it, throws it into question as a reliable text. It is left to us to piece together the verity of the book's events, facts and relationships, just as Emma thought she had done in becoming, at the very least, the posthumous author of her own life. Recommended.

Ian Copestake

Sex, Fear & Feminism



Contrary to popular opinion, this is not a treatise on date-rape and its spurious existence but, as its title suggests, a brave attempt to break open the systems of fear and victimisation that underpin the contemporary American feminist movement.

It includes discussions of security problems on campus, night marches, sexual harassment, rape, pornography and 'dating', which broaden out into an incisive analysis of sexual politics and the impenetrability of political correctness. Roiphe's remarks are delivered in a fresh, unpretentious, lucid style, drawing examples from her own experience and her close observations of friends and acquaintances.

However her all-American college-girl persona will probably make you cringe and wonder whether her tales bear any political weight. Do her arguments speak for a generation of women outside the ivory tower of American academia?

Surprisingly, I think that they do. Like fellow feminist Naomi Wolf, she makes the telling point that women tend to wallow in their downtrodden state, inadvertently embracing and therefore increasing their victimisation. She heralds a new era of female power and responsibility, by urging women not to trace all their problems back to male oppression. She argues that feminism aligns the 90's woman with the 'delicate' restrained Edwardian woman who cannot withstand sexual coercion nor speak her own mind, that our screams of 'Rape!' and 'Harassment!' testify to our appropriation of this negative role-model.

Most radical, especially in the wake of the Angus Diggle/Austen Donellan date-rape trials, is her push for a new definition of rape. As she maintains, 'rape becomes a catch-all expression, a word used to define everything that is unpleasant and disturbing about relations between the sexes', that a feeling of violation or vague memories of a drunken one-night stand should not contribute to statistics and then used to scare students away from men. Remember Diana on Brookside - did she make it sufficiently clear that she didn't want sex, or did she just cast Peter as a scapegoat for her own guilt?

What Roiphe criticises is the way women seem to choose to live their lives by fear. With the onslaught of Aids we know that sex is dangerous but we still indulge; similarly men continue to rape, harass and oppress women but we should not expect constant attack from all quarters. We do not have the license to condemn all men. I admire this woman's honesty. For too long, feminism, like the notion of political correctness now in decline, has survived behind a protective film that excludes criticism. Its existence as a pressure group that fosters fear rather than working to reduce it needs this sort of readjustment.

Eager to put her back in her place, outraged women retort, 'You've obviously never been raped/harassed/badly victimised, Katie. Her bland optimism, her advice 'shrug it all off, girls' trivialises the indescribable trauma that does attend these occurrences. She runs the risk of apologising for male violence, which could be construed as an act of betrayal. But the idea that female solidarity can only be achieved through shared trauma, mass victimisation is what Roiphe rails against. I find it very disturbing that women could wish rape onto another woman (as expressed in her hate-mail), almost as if this is the only way to be admitted into the ranks of feminism.

Katie Roiphe - the voice of a new generation or obscene betrayer of women? You decide.

Hot America

It's the book that has shocked America, outraged date rape. Katie Roiphe, the controversial author in Britain for the last two weeks busily promoting *Sex, Fear and Feminism*. Richard Fletcher popped down to London for an interview and Emma Liggins takes a look at the book.

For a woman who has shocked American students, outraged feminists and provoked one of the most scathing attacks that I have ever read in the 'quality press', Katie Roiphe is amazingly bland.

The book itself is an interesting and well written account of the state of feminism in the politically correct nineties. But half-way through the interview I couldn't help but wonder what all the fuss was really about.

Roiphe is very intelligent, and to a certain extent mildly interesting. The daughter of upper-middle-class America - her Mother was also a feminist author - you would expect her to be able to hold her own in most situations. Yet despite months of media exposure she's not particularly good at interviews, seems unable to give a decent 'soundbite', and at the start of our chat seemed distinctly nervous. This, combined with her rather soft voice and diminutive figure, makes it hard to reconcile the 'real' Katie Roiphe with the Katie Roiphe who has provoked such outrage with the publication of *Sex, Fear and Feminism*. Among the sackfuls of hate mail she has received, a number of letters have expressed the hope that she herself would be raped - or killed.

It was in fact, the reaction to an earlier article - comparing date rape pamphlets with Victorian guides to conduct - in the *New York Times* that made her sit down and write the book.

"Graduate students wouldn't look at me, a petition was circulated, and the English Department had to hold a special meeting to discuss the conflicts created by me having written such a terrible thing. I felt the need to clarify what I was saying.

"But when I wrote it, it wasn't as important as my PhD," she says. "I don't see this as a first in a series of books on feminism. This is all I plan to say on the subject."

Roiphe, like many American students of her age, is paying an obligatory visit to Britain for a couple

of weeks. But Katie is different. She has no money whatsoever - her 'minder' pays for everything - the only people she really speaks to are journalists, and the only sights she has seen are various bookshops and the very exclusive Hotel in Notting Hill where we sit and discuss her book. The book has certainly

changed her life. Before its publication she had planned an academic career, teaching and writing. Yet reaction to the book in America and the fame it has brought

her would seem to have put those plans on ice.

"I heard about a feminist group on the internet, and there was an organised discussion about how to ruin my academic career. Certainly what I have written will not help my career, but I am hoping it won't be the big issue," she says.

However, Roiphe is unlikely to be welcomed back into the close knit world of academia in the near future.

In *Sex, Fear and Feminism* she argues that the feminist 'hysteria' surrounding sexual harassment on campus is actually having a negative,

rather than positive effect, on female students. "Male professors often keep female students at a distance because of the present climate. I see things becoming more academically rigid and more hierarchical. It's hard to measure, but I have certainly had male professors tell me that they don't become as friendly with their female students. I would say that it is definitely true, it's a sort of chilling effect."

But it was Roiphe's criticism of the 'date rape' orthodoxy that aroused the most controversy. Her definition of rape is simple: "The use of physical force, the threat of physical force or sex with someone who is incapacitated. Incapacitated is not drunk, it is someone who has passed out," she says.

The definition on American campuses, however, is less straightforward. According to the Antioch College Sexual Offence Policy, sex with anyone who is under the influence of alcohol or drugs is rape and verbal consent must also be obtained for each specific act on each separate occasion.

Roiphe believes that these rules are a change in direction for the women's movement.

"I think that feminism is playing into the stereotypes of Victorian times and the early 1950s, when men were seen as pushing and women as resisting. There is something incredibly reassuring about these stereotypes because they are so familiar. In a very confusing sexual climate we are reaching for what is familiar; there is a definite desire for rules, whether it be the Antioch codes, or rules against leering. All of this stems from the belief that we really want someone to tell us how to do it.

"You and I can say, 'how can you have rules like this about sex,' but a

surprising number of people say that rules like these are a good idea. To me the idea of these regulations is inherently creepy and distressing. We're telling men that there are certain ways that you are

not allowed to think about sex. It's not just about regulating and legislating sex - it's about how you think about it."

"In America, and probably here too, we are thinking about sexuality in terms of control - losing control and having control. This is especially true of women. The idea of losing control becomes incredibly attractive. These are some of the things that I am trying to discuss in the book: why is it appealing, what is it about passivity and about the idea of being swept up?"

"I admit in the [last] chapter how appealing it is personally. But I think it is very important, especially politically, to say that we are responsible for our actions.

"It's not men that are getting us

"Rape is the use of physical force, the threat of physical force, or sex with someone who is incapacitated"

"Sex with anyone who is under the influence of alcohol or drugs is rape ... unless verbal consent is obtained for each specific act it is rape"

Woman Feminist

Angry feminists and questioned the existence of
 author of *Sex, Fear and Feminism* has been in
 promoting the British publication of the book .
 for a chat with the hot American feminist
 which has caused such outrage in the states.

drunk, and it's important to say that women do want sex, that we admit we want sex and that we are clear about wanting sex."

Rophie wishes to see a return to the feminism of the 1960s, when women were encouraged to enjoy their sexuality. She believes that in the current hysteria surrounding rape statistics, women are portrayed as victims, whose only sexual experience is as a victim.

In many ways Roiphe has been swept along by the controversy surrounding the book. Not only does she seem out of her depth at times, but you also wonder whether she sometimes wishes she had never even written the book. Although she dismisses the idea of any long term regrets, she admits that she never expected the reaction that has surrounded the book's publication.

"I knew that the book would make people angry, but I thought people would be interested. I certainly didn't realise how it was going to change my life. Some days I really think - God what have I done? I didn't realise the anger that would be aimed personally at me; not at my ideas but at me. It's a very strange way to live.

"The truth is - and I am being incredibly straightforward here - when I first thought of writing this book people thought it was a crazy idea. Nobody thought it was going to get a lot of attention. The reason it did has nothing to do with me or the book, but with timing.

"At a particular moment, people in America were suddenly willing to question certain things that had not been questioned. We had a million articles on 'sexual harassment - the hidden crisis' and not 'sexual harassment - has it gone too far?'. Then suddenly *Sex, Fear and Feminism* became the book that was needed as a vehicle, so Newsweek could write its article on 'sexual correctness - has it gone too far?'

"I came along at the right moment, and I had no way of predicting that."

But being in the right place at the right time has certainly put Roiphe in the spotlight.



Katie Roiphe: "Sometimes you need to fight your friends"

"You're suddenly turned into the cartoon version of yourself and people are constantly characterising you as saying something that you aren't really saying. When they say things like Katie Roiphe says rape doesn't exist, it's out of your control. Anyone can take certain lines of the book twist them in a different context."

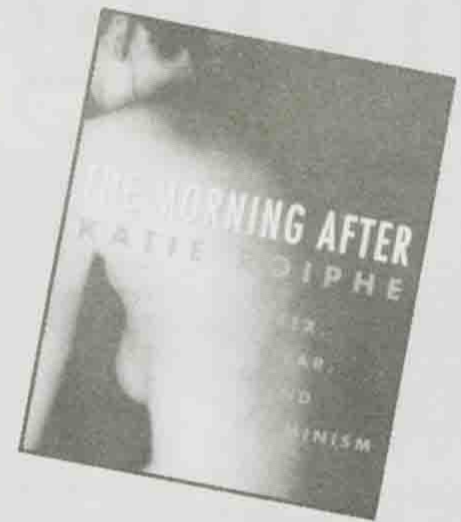
Rophie herself sees her work as continuing, rather than halting, the

tradition of feminist thought. She wishes to liberate women from an image of passive rape victim to one of an equal partner in a consenting sexual act.

Despite all the controversy, Katie Roiphe is undoubtedly a feminist. The book concludes

"Sometimes you need to fight your friends"

The things they've said



"It's not so much that I think *The Morning After* is a weakly argued, inaccurate and muddled book which should have remained a provoking Op Ed piece in the *New York Times*, where it began, more that it has very little to with Britain Katie Roiphe was born and bred in New York, so she's still harping on about how feminists think all women are innocent and oppressed and men are all rapists"

Ruth Picardie, British Feminist,
 The Independent 13th of January 1994

"Katie Roiphe and I agree that what I call 'victim feminism' has prevailed. But her book trivialises the harm that women experience every day. I think you [Roiphe] have to take responsibility for some of the things that you wrote in your book that are factually untrue. It is the things that are untrue that have been embraced warmly by the male-dominated press because your arguments let men off the hook.

"What you say is effectively is: 'The rape crisis epidemic is a figment of women's imagination'. Well I checked with the FBI and it says there is a rape epidemic. In fact one in eight of us will be raped in our lifetime. We have to get back to the reality of everyday women's experiences. I challenge the idea that there are hysterical feminists saying: 'Oh my god. I had bad sex and it's rape.'"

Naomi Wolf, bestselling author of *The Beauty Myth* and *Fire with Fire*. Speaking at a *Sunday Times* debate on *Sex, Fear and Feminism*. Naomi Wolf's performance was described as masterful
 "Within minutes Katie Roiphe was watching her book being kicked all over the stage, there was blood and guts everywhere."

Giving Good Hedonism

Rugby - the 1832 invention of a boys' public school where, "with a fine disregard for the rulers of football, William Webb Ellis took the ball in his arms and ran with it" - since then it has become covered in mud and glory. John Godber's new play tackles women in the field. *Liz Ekstein* spoke to **Susan Cookson**, appearing in *Up N'Under 2*.

Why is it that there are no professional equivalents of football, rugby, snooker, or motor racing for women that receive the same kind of publicity as the male versions? These are, you'll notice, all sports which attract large sponsorship deals. Could it possibly be that, for women, breaking into a sports field presents the same kind of problem as breaking into any other kind of field that is surrounded by image? (Surely not. Aren't women specialists in image?) Is surmounting the preconceptions of what it is "to be female" stopping TV cameras coming to cover the unquestionably huge amount of, for example, women's rugby in Leeds alone, in anything other than a pure context of sport? Possibly we need to attract the big sponsorship deals first. But how? It is more than likely that the naturally problematic answer lies indeed in image.

John Godber's latest play *Up N'Under 2* is not about women's rugby union nor rugby league but what it does do is address the problems of a woman taking part in a world, where she does at least have an established presence, which otherwise consists exclusively of men. The play is the sequel to *Up N'Under 1* in which Hazel, a gym owner, is recruited by trainer of The Wheatsheaf, Arthur. The name is that of the local pub who have been challenged by rivals The Cobblers. Arthur hopes that Hazel will do some extra coaching for a team whose hopes of winning are somewhat limited. The twist of the first piece is that Hazel ends up playing in the match. In the second part, the bet is back on and Hazel is set to play in the re-match from the outset.

When Godber came to re-write the second half, which had lurked untouched in a drawer for several years, he was appalled at the quality of it. He also found he had made a fundamental mistake in cutting the character of Hazel. In the re-write, she became central, a paradoxical catalyst. He said he was 'unable to examine the sweaty minutiae of male intimacy without the corresponding female perspective'. But what exactly is that perspective?

Hazel finds she becomes an intruder amongst friends. Susan says: "She got emotionally involved with these blokes because in heart of hearts they were all really good blokes. They are genuine but they've lost their drive. She really believes in them." But that four out of the five male characters fancy her naturally creates problems, and, as the match approaches instead of feeling increased solidarity and confidence they become disparate as rivals. Yet because this game is one that Hazel can't take part in from anything approaching their perspective, she is left on the margins from where only she can pull the team together in time for the match.

The play opens at a training session where Hazel is cracking jokes along with her team mates, and the effect is largely that the men see this as Hazel getting to know their way of doing things: she is learning to play their game, in a spirit of wisecracks that seems to be such an integral part of any sport-bonding frenzy. In the rumbustiousness that is male rugby, it is initially hard to see how Hazel reconciles being the only woman in a male world with being the centre of

morale. Did Susan find that the joke-telling is part of the attempt to marry those two sides?

"It could be interpreted that Hazel is trying to be one of the lads but you should bear in mind that she's a gym owner and she works with men all the time so probably hears rude jokes all the time. There's a scene in the play which is a kind of party - the lads are having a night in the clubhouse with videos. Steve, one of the team members, is quite perturbed that Hazel will be there, and Phil, another team member responds "You'll be able to run around without your clothes on if you want: I'm sure Hazel's seen it all before." There is a fine line with this in that she does work in a man's world, and it's difficult for me to find a

"There's such a fine line between convincing people you can play rugby and being able to turn all these blokes on"

way of being able to cope wholeheartedly with men but also to keep a female sexuality. It's hard to retain that."

"The jokes she tells are bad. In rehearsals John (Godber, who directs as well as writes) was worried that at one point I was behaving in too much of a masculine way: that I was being too much one-of-the-boys, which is one of the hazards of working with five men. I didn't want to appear as if 'I'm a woman therefore I get upset easily' when I took some quite harsh criticism from him for that so I become strong as a person as opposed to the character."

"I started to feel like I was taking on a lot more with this role because I was working with all men and I did find I was becoming one of the boys. That worried John because in the play there has to be a sexuality about Hazel. In the first part she helps to smooth over any problems between men, she'll stick up for whoever requires it. But she's not very good at telling jokes."

Clearly there would be a parallel between the rehearsal room and the stage. Had anything developed in rehearsal that took a bearing on performances?

"There's a bit in act two where Hazel is impatient that they're not getting on with the training session and she says, "Another pathetic training session, then, Arthur? and he says, "Yeah, it is, pathetic and fractured." Then he has a real go at her which is part of Arthur's frustration with his feelings towards Hazel."

"There have been times in rehearsals where John has snapped and its like getting a smack in the face because it's not necessary to phrase it so it hurts. Hazel has to stand her ground to Arthur because he hurts her. What I've decided to do with that is that Hazel gets very annoyed with the way she's spoken to because she's there for the benefit of the team and he has a go at her when she tries to get him to do some work."

"John gave us notes for one performance and criticised me for not really behaving like a woman any more - I'd become so much like one of the men that if I didn't look physically different there would be no difference at all. He's told me that I can be a bit fierce. I think that he's got an idea of 'woman', and obviously he's got an idea of what Hazel is like so you find an actress that will fit that particular image. Maybe I wasn't fitting all his ideas of what Hazel is like."

"But I explained to him that he had to

understand it from my point of view - that having worked for 5 weeks with 7 men you do lose your sexuality because you don't want to feel all girlified or as if you're being treated in any way that's different from the others. The other thing is that the play's about rugby and so you've got to be able to hold yourself physically."

"Everyday you go into rehearsals and you've got training gear on. Then one night John took us all out for a meal and I wore a dress. They all acted shocked that I've got legs - it was very similar to that scene in the clubhouse. I didn't want to be treated any differently from the way I am in rehearsal. It's still the same person, and it's the same for Hazel. There's such a fine line between holding your own well enough to convince people that you can play a game of rugby but you are still a woman and you can turn all these blokes on. John wanted to be able to see that Hazel is sexy in more than just that one scene - even when they are training he wanted an element that they all quite fancy Hazel. From John's point of view I was being too physically male."

Does one's ability as a woman to play in a mixed game and succeed rely on sexuality? Is it going to be a case of giving good hedonism or facing its opposite - GGH or GBH? Hazel's not trying to be sexy but the men react to her in that way. If there's a conflict between being thought attractive and being a rugby player, doesn't this come back to image?

"From the dress sense, a woman in training gear takes away your shape and a dress reveals it and there is a vulnerability to that as a woman. From a male perspective you're trying to make a statement about the fact that you're a woman and I find that odd. Hazel wants to look nice in that scene and John wanted to her surprise at their reactions to be genuine ignorance, not coy. She doesn't realise what she's done to these blokes. It doesn't actually help to be wearing baggy sports gear when you're supposed to

"The subject is a little out of place, a woman in an all male team"

behaving in a sexual way."

Despite the conflicts that the play highlights, why do you think it was that Godber found Hazel such an integral character in the re-writes?

"The way this is written is such that the audience gets to know and care for the characters. In *Up N'Under 1* they're like kids but here, with the touch of femininity there's almost a mothering which is a nice contrast

"Frank, for example, has been shrugged off by his wife and there's a reluctance to show feelings. But there's a contrast with Hazel and because of her you get to know that there is a soft side to Frank, who used to be the hard one of the team. It would have been tricky to develop the characters if it had been all men again. Frank's confession that he went to see his wife and she refused to let him see the kids comes about because of a disastrous dinner with Hazel and he's hopeless when it comes to women. So he's forced to look at himself. When men are together who don't know each other they won't confess to deep emotions but you put a woman in there and somehow it helps to bring that out."

At the West Yorkshire Playhouse

until 12 February



The cast: l. to r. (Front row) Daniel O'Brien (Phil), Nicholas Lane (Steve), Susan Cookson (Hazel), Nigel Betts (Arthur) Back row: David Teller (Frank), Adrian Hood (Spud)



Susan Cookson as Hazel



Try wearing a dress in the middle of this..

D:Ream Come True

Music

D:Ream

Leeds Metropolitan University

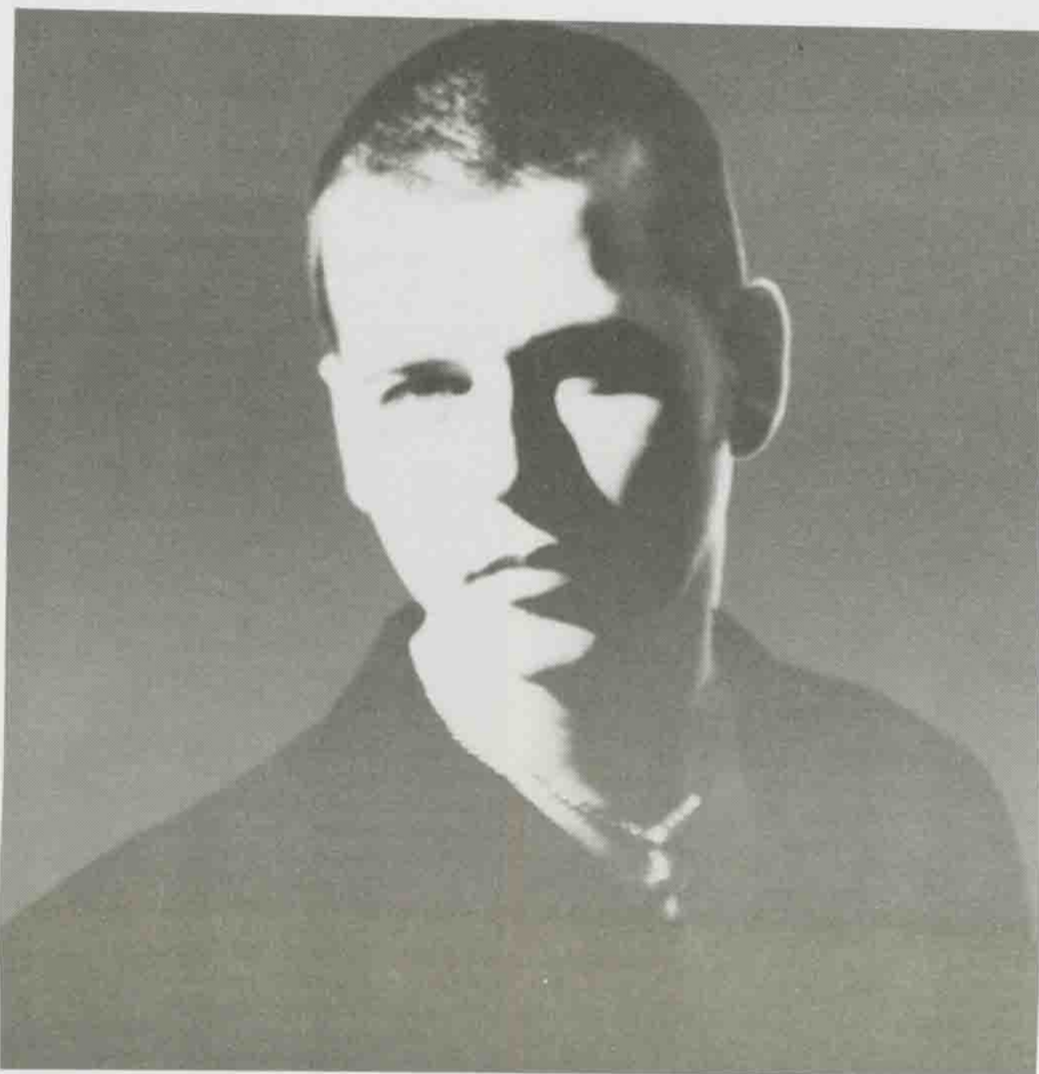
Things can't get much better than this! Top Of The Pops comes to Leeds Metropolitan University this week as D:Ream pay us a visit, riding high on the success of their number one single. Not that we're talking about a one hit wonder here, far from it. Three other top thirty tunes await to tantalise your feet, plus more excellent material from the recently released debut album, "D:Ream On".

D:ream, or Peter as he's known to his mates, or "that nice Mr. Cunnah" as he's known to the bank manager, has been writing and performing music for the best part of eleven years. Not that he set out to be a club superstar. Originally, he was playing Flying V Electric guitar for a rock band in Ireland, and it was only thanks to a fortuitous meeting with DJ Al at the Brain Club in London that he was saved from practising the riff to 'Stairway To Heaven' unto eternity.

After a couple of remixes together, the DJ / singer partnership took off, and D:Ream was born; a brilliant combination of ultra-hip dance sounds and basic songwriting talent. As Peter says, "If you took away the dance beats, you could play the songs on a guitar or piano (and they would) stand up in their own right".

"U R The Best Thing", their first single, was Pete Tong's "Essential Tune of '92", and on re-release in April '93, it shot straight into the club charts at no.1. First time out, "Things Can Only Get Better" did likewise, and we all know what has happened to the new re-mix... Two other Top 30 hits, "Unforgiven" and "Star / I Like It", confirmed D:Ream as a force to be reckoned with.

Not content with producing a string of their own hits, the D:Reamixes of EMF's



Your D:Ream date...

"They're Here" and Deborah Harry's "I Can See Clearly" have also set feet twitching in clubs both sides of the Atlantic.

These guys are in the process of making it very big...o you can say you saw

them in those early days of stardom, get your tickets for the gig on Wednesday 2nd Feb pronto - £6 is a small price to pay, and you get special guests & guest DJs into the bargain!

Previews In Brief

Miles & Milner, Alhambra Studio, Friday 4th February, 8pm.

Bradford's comedy season continues apace with these two "bellicose, bawdy and brilliant" comedians, if you happen to take the word of The Independent. Student tickets cost just £3. Now that's what I call cheap laughs.

Dialogue with John Godber, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Thursday 3rd February, 5.30pm.

John Godber faces a hostile audience who would dearly love to know how he can justify writing a play so damn popular as 'Up 'N' Under', and then have the cheek to write a sequel! Should be an interesting discussion about "popular theatre", a concept clearly alien to certain thespians. Tickets for the big scumdown cost just £2 or £1 if you bring your own TCP and bandages.

'She Knows You Know', City Varieties, Thursday 3rd February, 7.30pm.

A profile of Hylda Baker, whoever she might be, starring Jean Fergusson. And before you apply the same comment to her, she is the burning star of sexuality in BBC TV's "Last Of The Summer Wine", playing as she does the bicycle-riding, man-hunting Marina. Look, I only know this 'cos my parents strapped me to my chair and made me watch it, okay? I promise I didn't laugh.

The Barron Knights, City Varieties, Friday 4th February, 7.30pm.

Five blokes who still think that giving the thumbs up signal is cool. And not one of them is Paul McCartney. Fortunately. Yes, it's the band we all thought were highly amusing and really risqué when we were 11 years old, but now realise they're a bit sad. For nostalgia freaks only, who can still remember all the words to the Smurf Song. Tickets start at £6.50, and you'll doubtless be conned into wearing one of the T-shirts as well.

Legs Bisto, The Duchess, Sunday 30th January.

Not a macabre brand of gravy, but a lively Leeds-based combo, who describe their music as "a psycho-cajun punk folk roots frenzy". So whatever you wear, you'll fit in. As well as their own material, they also do unusual versions of Beefheart, Hendrix and Stones tunes, and the emphasis is on fun.

Talking Pictures present 'Aliens', Theatre In The Mill, Fri & Sat, 28th & 29th January, 7.30, £5 / £3.

"So how long would you survive as a foreigner?" runs the catch line. This is a funny & moving piece of theatre about what it's like to be different... and they should know, having performed in France, Scotland, Ukraine, Sweden and Spain. In the play, two strangers attempt to learn all the correct phrases, the rules of cricket, and how to behave in a pub. Sounds like a riot.

Allegrì String Quartet, Clothworker's Concert Hall, 7.30pm, Wednesday 2nd Feb. Beethoven Cycle Concert No. 3, featuring three string quartets played by four people riding bicycles. Oh ho ho. Comedy meets high culture. Tickets cost just £3 for students. Look out for another two later this term.

Beethoven Bonanza!

Music

Orchestra of St John's Smith Square
St George's Concert Hall
Medea String Quartet
BBC Philharmonic Orchestra
University Of York

Pin back your ears and prepare yourself for some serious aural excitement this week, for if you have any leaning towards classical music, you're about to topple rapidly in that direction. That is, if you go to one of these three great concerts. Traditional classics, string quartets, and 20th century challenges make up the extremely varied menu.

One of life's great twists of fate was that Ludwig Van Beethoven went deaf. A bit of a body-blow, you may think, but not one that stopped the man continuing to write great music. His genius is celebrated on Sunday (30th) night in St George's Concert Hall, with a

visit from the Orchestra Of St John's Smith Square under the baton of John Lubbock.

The programme consists of an Overture - Leonora No.1, a Piano Concerto (No.3) with Joanna MacGregor as guest soloist, and one of his greatest symphonies, No.3 'Eroica'. This last work is a "titanic" masterpiece, and is the first of Beethoven's symphonies to show him in full command of his compositional powers.

This promises to be a rousing evening, and with tickets starting at £5, its a value-for-money introduction to one of the most well-known & well-loved composers.

If you're prepared to travel slightly further for your music, the University Of York has an enviable programme of concerts lined up for this term. This week sees a visit by the Medea String Quartet, who will be performing work by Ravel, William Mathias, and, surprise surprise, Beethoven, in the Sir Jack Lyons Concert Hall on Weds 2nd Feb at 8pm. Tickets are just £3.20 for students. Then on Friday 4th at 7.30pm, the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra will be gracing the Central Hall, and performing



John Lubbock

Shostakovich's Violin Concerto No.1, and Stravinsky's 'Petrouchka' Suite. The music of these two modern masters will set you back just £5.50; well worth the trip!



FRIDAY

Clubs

UP YER 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.
V2 at THE GALLERY - Dance night, 9pm to 3am. £5.
SEX CASINO at ARCADIA.
DENIM & DANCE at MISTER CRAIG'S
STOMP at LMU - Indie, grunge.
INCARCERATED at SCRUMPIES - Indie night - £2.50 / £3.
TIME TUNNEL at RIFFS - 60's night, £2.50 / £3.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE tel: 442 111
QUARRY THEATRE
 'Gypsy' - 7.30pm, from £5.50
COURTYARD THEATRE
 'Up 'N' Under 2' by John Godber - 7.45pm, from £4.00
GRAND THEATRE tel: 459351 / 440971
 Opera North present 'L'Etoile' - 7.15pm, from £6.50
CIVIC THEATRE tel: 476 962/455 505
 'Romeo & Juliet' - 7.30pm, £4 / £3.
STUDIO THEATRE LMU
 Theatre Alibi present 'Birthday' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.
RAVEN THEATRE LUU
 LUU Theatre Group present 'Other Places', a triple bill of plays by Harold Pinter - 7.00pm, £2.50 / £2.
ALHAMBRA tel: 0274 752 000
 'Cinderella' starring Paul Nicholas - 7.30pm, from £5.00.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 'Kiss Me Kate' - 7.15pm, from £6.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 Woody Bop Muddy - 8pm, £3.
THEATRE IN THE MILL tel: 0274 383 185
 Talking Pictures present 'Aliens' - 7.30pm, £5 / £3.
HARROGATE THEATRE tel: 0423 502116
 'Private Lives' - 7.45pm, from £5.50.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
 'Canterbury Tales' - 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 'Cinderella' - 7.00pm.
BRADFORD PLAYHOUSE
 'Lead Me A Tenor' - 7.30pm, from £4.

Music

THE DUCHESS
 Bagman plus guests
THE DRUM
 Bluebound
THE GROVE INN
 Folk Club present Jon Harvison

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 tel: 0274 732277
 True Romance - 5.45pm
 American Heart - 8.15pm
LUU SCIENCE FICTION SOC.
 Barbarella - Rupert Beckett Lecture Theatre, 7pm.

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 - 12-4pm, 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
 'Gypsy' - 3.00pm & 8.00pm, from £5.50 Last perf.
COURTYARD THEATRE
 'Up 'N' Under 2' - 3pm & 7.45pm, from £4.
GRAND THEATRE
 Opera North present 'La Traviata' - 7.15pm, from £6.50.
CIVIC THEATRE as Friday
RAVEN THEATRE LUU as Friday
THEATRE IN THE MILL as Friday, plus 'Music & Mayhem & Sin' - workshop from 11am to 5pm
ALHAMBRA
 'Cinderella' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 'Kiss Me Kate' - 2.15pm & 7.15pm.
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 'Cinderella' - 2.00pm & 7.00pm.
BRADFORD PLAYHOUSE as Friday

Music

THE DUCHESS
 The Rye & Rites Of Man
THE DRUM
 Orange
THE HADDON HALL
 58 Piece Orchestra
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
 Halle Orchestra & Sheffield City Chorus perform Bach's Mass In B Minor - 7.00pm.

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
 True Romance - 5.45pm
 American Heart - 8.15pm
IMAX
 Rolling Stones 'At The Max' - 8.00pm

Telly

'Arena : In Search Of Oz' (BBC2, 9.05pm) - New series returns with a look at the history of The Wizard Of Oz. Cutting edge stuff
 'NYPD Blue' (C4, 9.00pm) - Bit dull really.

SUNDAY

Stage

GRAND THEATRE
 'In The Mood - A Tribute To Glenn Miller' - 3pm & 7.30pm, from £7.50.
ALHAMBRA
 'Cinderella' - 1.00pm & 4.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 Cinderella - 3.00pm.

Music

THE DUCHESS
 Legs Bisto
THE DUCK & DRAKE
 Seismic Ring
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 Orchestra Of St John's Smith Square play a selection of Beethoven's music - 7.30pm, from £6.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 Family concert - Percussion Extravaganza - 3.00pm, £2.50.
GRANARY WHARFE
 The F.O.S. Brothers

Film

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

COTTAGE ROAD CINEMA
 Cottage Road, Far Headingley. Tel. 751606
 Heaven & Earth - 5.30pm & 8.20pm, except on Sundays at 5.00pm & 7.50pm.
 Late show on Fri & Sat at 11pm - Naked
LOUNGE CINEMA
 North Lane, Headingley. Tel. 751061
 Mrs Doubtfire - 5.50pm & 8.20pm, except on Sundays at 5.20pm & 7.50pm. Also, matinee showings on Sat at 2pm and Sun at 3pm.

HYDE PARK PICTURE HOUSE
 Brudenell Road, Leeds 6. Tel. 752045
 Farewell My Concubine - 8.00pm, plus showings at 2pm & 5pm on Sat & Sun.
 Late Show :-
 Fri 28th - Reservoir Dogs - 11pm
 Sat 29th - Leolo - 11pm.

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 American Heart - 5.45pm
 True Romance - 8.15pm
BFTI
 Roselyne and the Lions - 7.30pm

MGM MOVIE HOUSE
 Vicar Lane, LS1. Tel. 451031
 1. Heaven & Earth - 1.30, 5.05, 8.00
 2. Undercover Blues - 1.10, 3.30, 5.00
 2. Carlito's Way - 8.00
 3. A Perfect World - 1.15, 5.15, 8.10
 3. Sat & Sun only - Addam's Family Values - 1pm & 3pm.
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
COURTYARD THEATRE - as Friday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday

Music

THE DUCHESS
 The Blueflies plus Citrus
BELUSHI'S
 West Martini

Film

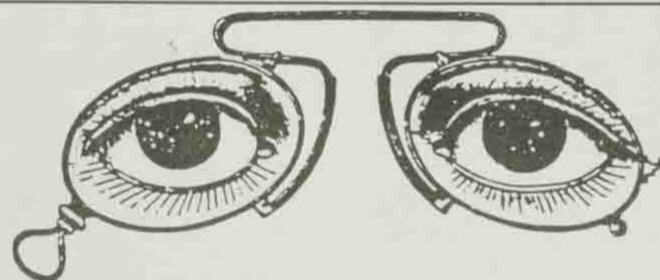
For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, Cottage Road Cinema and Hyde Park Picture House, see Sunday.
PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 American Heart - 5.45pm
 The Living End - 8.15pm

BFTI
 Mensonge (The Lie) - 6.00pm & 8.15pm.

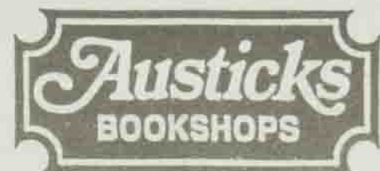
ODEON
 The Headrow. Tel. 430031
 1. Mrs Doubtfire - 1.40, 5.05, 8.05, 10.45
 2. Remains Of The Day - 1.30, 4.40, 7.50
 2. Reservoir Dogs - 10.45
 3. Tombstone - 1.45, 5.05, 8.00, 10.40
 4. Aladdin - 1.20, 3.40, 6.00
 4. Malice - 8.15, 10.35
 5. Son-In-Law - 1.30, 3.50, 6.10
 5. Another Stakeout - 8.20
 5. Cliffhanger - 10.50

Telly

Quick look at Sunday. Lovely, isn't it.
 'The Empress' (C4, 8.00pm) - First of three new TV operas is set in a matriarchal society, and stars Amanda Dean, and rather bizarrely, The Flying Pickets. Remember the bald one who dressed up as a snowman? What a career move that was.
 'Super Bowl 28' (C4, 10.45pm) - Blob out on the sofa with the 40-pack of Bud, the 14 inch dial-a-pizza, and a large pillow in case anyone tries to explain what's going on. This should last until 3.30am. The 9o'clock on Monday's looking dodgy, isn't it...
 Monday rears it's ugly head...
 'Homicide : Life On The Street' (C4, 10.00pm) - Felton's terminally-ill friend plans to commit suicide. Which is what I'll do unless they take this crap off and restore Northern Exposure to its rightful place.
 'Super Bowl 28' (C4, 5.00pm) - Unless they had to go into overtime, this should be the highlights. Otherwise, they'll still be playing from last night.
 'The Great British Quiz' (BBC1, 1.50pm) -Janice Long lives.



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 Books for Students, Practitioners and the layman.



To all students involved in cottaging and voyeurism in university toilets. Be warned toilets are now being patrolled and disciplinary action may be taken.

An advert supported by Leeds Metropolitan University Student Union and Leeds University Union.

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.
HELL RAISER at THE OBSERVATORY - Rock night, 8-12.
BUG at THE GALLERY / RICKY'S - £2, £1 a pint. 10pm to 2am.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
 COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
GRAND THEATRE
 The BFG: Big Friendly Giant - 2pm & 7pm, from £5.
ALHAMBRA
 'Cinderella' - 7.30pm.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 'The Snowman' - 5pm, from £5.50.
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 Tribute To The Bines Brothers - 7.45pm.

Music

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

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
 American Heart

BFI
 Mensonge (The Lie) - 6.00 & 8.15pm.

Telly

'Holiday' (BBC1, 7.00pm) - Jill Dando gets sent down the River Zambesi, which should have happened years ago, the Spanish Costas have to put up with Eamonn Holmes, and Sheryl Simms draws the extremely short straw and goes caravanning in Berwick-upon-Tweed.
 '40 Minutes' (BBC2, 9.50pm) - Squeegies. Small, alien beings who have evolved around large collections of traffic lights, and uncontrollably leap out and clean windscreens for unsuspecting motorists.
 'In Suspicious Circumstances' (ITV, 9.00pm) - Theatrical tragedy in 1910 - Joan Collins' stage debut. Very suspicious.
 'Grow Your Greens' (C4, 8.00pm) - Programme for people who care for vegetables.
 'Undercover Britain - Retirement Homes' (C4, 9.00pm) - Programme about people who don't care for vegetables.
 'Kojak' (ITV, 12.40am) - No comments about stiff acting.
 'Network First' (ITV, 10.40pm) - Alan Whicker joins the inaugural run of the Orient Express along the Malay peninsula, but unfortunately doesn't get murdered on the way.
 'Gamesmaster' (C4, 6.30pm) - Anorak City.

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.
MENAGERIE at RICKY'S - £2.00 entry, £1 a pint, hip-hopping rocking grunge-core. 10pm to 2am.
70'S NIGHT at YEL.
NEW ROMANTICS at THE EXCHANGE - Free, ends 12am.
POGO-A-GO-GO at SCRUMPIES - Punk / 70's, £2.
ALPHABET STREET at LEEDS METROPOLITAN UNI - 80's music, 9pm-2am, £2 but free B4 10pm. 90p pint.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE tel. 442111
 COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
GRAND THEATRE as Tuesday
CIVIC THEATRE
 Leeds Youth Opera present 'The Elixir Of Love' - 7.30pm, from £3.
CITY VARIETIES
 Charlie Chuck - 8pm
ALHAMBRA
 'Cinderella' - 2pm & 7.30pm.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 'The Snowman' - 1pm & 5pm
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
 'Canterbury Tales' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM - as Tuesday

Music

THE DUCHESS
 The Mekons
BELUSHI'S
 Price Of Ivory
THE GALLERY
 DIG! - Descarga Del Norte (Latin Jazz) - 10pm, £3 / £3.50.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 Take 4 (Quartet) lunchtime recital - 1.05pm, free.
CITY OF LEEDS COLLEGE OF MUSIC
 CLCM Big Band - 7.30pm. CLCM Recital Room, £3 / £1.50.
UNIVERSITY OF YORK tel. 0904 432439
 Medea String Quartet play Ravel & Beethoven - 8pm, from £3.
LEEDS METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY
 D:Ream - 8pm, £6.50.

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
 TBA
BFI
 Mensonge (The Lie) - 6.00 & 8.15pm

Telly

'Middemarch' (BBC2, 9.30pm) - No, it's the end of January! Ah ha ha ha ha!
 'Short & Curly's' (C4, 9.45pm) - Oh look, just call them pubic hairs.
 'Travelog' (C4, 8.30pm) - Andy Kershaw travels to Rumania and tries to get them to listen to his records.

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.
DECADENCE at SCRUMPIES - Gothic / Alternative.
STUDENT NIGHT at STOGGY'S - Free before 11pm, £1 after, 10pm to 2am.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
 COURTYARD THEATRE - as Friday
GRAND THEATRE as Tuesday
CIVIC THEATRE - as Wednesday
CITY VARIETIES
 'She Knows You Know' - 7.30pm
STUDIO THEATRE LMU
 Ouch Dance present 'Nowt So Queer As Folk' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.
ALHAMBRA as Wednesday
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL as Wednesday
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM as Tuesday

Music

THE DUCHESS
 Instant Karma - Lennon Tribute
CLOTHWORKER'S CONCERT HALL
 Holywell Trio play Corelli & Bach - 1.10pm, free entry.

Film

For full programme details for The Odeon, MGM Movie House, Showcase Cinema, Lounge Cinema, and Cottage Road Cinema, see Sunday.
PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 TBA
IMAX
 Grand Canyon / Flyers - 8.00pm

Telly

'Jonathan Ross Presents' (BBC1, 11.30pm) - Interviews Emma Thompson in the remaining half hour of the day.
 'Sex Talk' (C4, 11.45pm) - Well, it's nearly spring, my dear little readers, and soon Valentine's Day will be thrusting itself upon us, so here's a few tips about sexual desire. 1. Stick to your own species. 2. Don't put black sheets on your bed. 3. Never rule out the use of additional equipment. My personal favourite is broccoli. You'd be amazed how much fun you can have...
 'Big Science' (BBC2, 8.00pm) - ... or SCIENCE Video this, so you can fast-forward through the patronising pauses and appalling 'comedy' sections. Listen, science isn't funny, and anyone who thinks it is is welcome up to my lab at any time - just try and laugh there, matey.
 'Secret History' (C4, 9.00pm) - The real story of the 1943 Dambusters raid. Instead of that daft one about the German goalkeeper drinking Carling Black Label.
 'Absolutely Fabulous' (BBC1, 9.30pm) - How could I? I almost forgot to mention this, and I'm in love with Julie Sarvalaha.

TV FILMS

Friday 28th January :-
 'Murder In New Hampshire' (BBC1, 10.20pm) - True story of schoolteacher and her student lover who were arrested and accused of plotting the murder of her husband. Charming stuff.
 'Girls! Girls! Girls!' (C4, 12.10am) - More Elvis, more songs (inc. 'Return To Sender'), and a bit of singing in Chinese. He's a fisherman in this one, although that's neither here nor there really.
 'Valley Of The Dolls' (ITV, 3.00am) - Late night sleaze in this camp sixties film about three young actresses and the compromises they have to make on the way to stardom.

Saturday 29th January :-
 'Arachnophobia' (ITV, 9.05pm) - Invasion of the deadly Venezuelan spiders sets Jeff Daniels twitching in his trousers. Great blend of horror and tongue-in-cheek humour, but then you probably already knew that.

'The Prime Of Miss Jean Brodie' (C4, 10.00pm) - As I type, it's Burns' Night tonight, so I'll be whipping out my nosegay and trying to avoid the stench of burning haggis from our kitchen; oh, the film? Excellent. Stars Maggie Smith. Ay de noo.

Sunday 30th January :-
 'The Wizard Of Oz' (BBC2, 2.50pm) - Subversive smash-the-state messages cleverly disguised as happy-go-lucky tornado drama.

'Raising Arizona' (C4, 9.00pm) - Nicolas (enigmatic lack of 'h') Cage and Holly Hunter in energetic slapstick with a magical ending.

Tuesday 1st February :-
 'Riff-Raff' (C4, 10.00pm) - Ken Loach's building site hard-edged comedy, with plenty of bad language for Graham-Taylor-alikes.

'Some Kind Of Wonderful' (BBC1, 10.50pm) - The one about diamond earrings and a tom boy who plays the drums and fancy the pants off a bloke. Gripping social drama by John Hughes, in a similar vein to ... well, most of the rest of his films.

Wednesday 2nd February :-
 'The Miracle Woman' (C4, 2.00pm) - Don't do sport if you're a Frank Capra fan. Searing exposure of how religion can be turned into show-business.

Thursday 3rd February :-
 'How To Get Ahead In Advertising' (C4, 10.00pm) - Richard E Grant grows a rather nasty boil.

'Whatever Happened To Aunt Alice?' (BBC1, 12.00 midnight) - Geraldine Page has a habit of murdering her housekeepers. Until Ruth Gordon turns up for the job.

LEGENDARY SATURDAY DISCO

LEEDS METRO UNI CITY
 VERY HAPPY HOUR 9pm - 10pm
 BITTER, LAGER, CIDER 90P A PINT
 AND ALL OTHER PRODUCTS AT OUR REDUCED WEDNESDAY NIGHT PRICES
 Admission £2 NUS / £4 GUESTS. 9pm - 2am

SHAKE YER WIG

A KALEIDOSCOPE OF SOUND THRO' 3 DECADES
 FEATURING D. JACK & 2 TALL HAPPY HOUR
 8.30 - 9.30. BITTER, LAGER & CIDER 90P A PINT
 AT BECKETT PARK LMUSU. EVERY FRIDAY 9.00 - 12.30
 ADMISSION £1.50 WITH SU CARD. B.In.B4 10.

Potent Potion



Stage

The Elixir Of Love
Civic Theatre
The BFG
Grand Theatre

Love is in the air at the Civic Theatre this week, but only if you've got the bottle. Aphrodisiacs abound, as the critically acclaimed Leeds Youth Opera present Gaetano Donizetti's 'The Elixir Of Love', or 'L'Elisir d'Amour' if you get turned on by a foreign accent. Yes, my lovely little fluffy readers, life is sweet, full of goodwill and optimism should you choose to partake of the elixir, assuming the customs men don't seize it first.

If the thought of going to an opera makes your head throb, then this looks like an ideal introduction into the world of gallivanting Italians. 'The Elixir Of Love' is a comic masterpiece full of wit and sentiment, and provided Donizetti with his first major success, establishing him as the rightful heir to the crown worn by Mr. 'William Tell' himself, Rossini.

Libretto and score combine to produce a show of "scintillating effervescence ... one of the greatest opera buffas ever written" according to the press release, and taken with the pedigree of Leeds Youth Opera (who last year excelled themselves by putting on Phillip Glass's

Egyptian opera 'Akhnaten'), you should be guaranteed a riotous ride. Tickets for a tote of the potent potion start at £4, with a £1 concession at all prices, and an amazing offer of two tickets for the price of one on Wednesday night only. 'The Elixir Of Love' runs from Weds 2nd to Sat 5th February, and each performance starts at 7.30pm.

However, if you'd prefer something altogether bigger and friendlier, then you'd be better off heading towards the Grand Theatre next week. From Tuesday 1st to Saturday 5th February, they'll have Roald Dahl's 'BFG - Big Friendly Giant' in residence, and he'll be waiting to entertain kids of all ages...

"A wickedly inventive book, a superb film, and now whizzpoppingly live on stage" runs the hype, and this production certainly seems to justify its superlatives. Rave reviews have followed its progress around the country, including "joyous, exuberant and refreshingly un-pantomime" from The Independent.

The story, if you can follow the plot through the thicket of fictitious words, runs like this; Sophie has been whisked to Giant Country by the BFG - a lucky break, considering the alternatives included being gobbled by Fleshlumpeater or Gizzardgulper. There, he takes her in search of dreams, until she hears that Bonecrusher and Childchewer are off to England to eat 'human beans'. Naturally, she decides they must be stopped!

'BFG' takes you on a "whizzcracking adventure through a magical world of



"Hi, they call me Randy..."

delumptious colour, gloriumptious action, and buzzy-hum music", so buy yourself a ticket, otherwise they'll all be whiffswiddled up before you can say rack jobinson. Oh, the spell-checker's going to love me. Prices start at £5, shows at 2pm & 7.30pm Tuesday to Friday. Book now!

Walking On Air



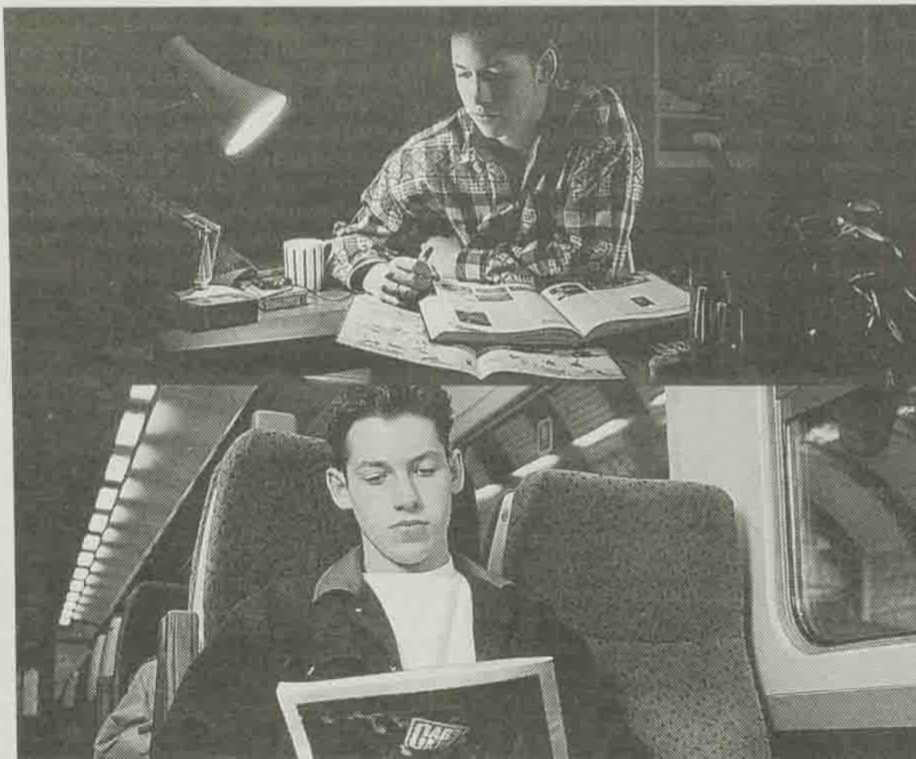
Stage

The Snowman
St George's Concert Hall
Nowt So Queer As Folk
Studio Theatre LMU

Two little theatrical gems sparkle this week - the first is the stage adaptation of Raymond Briggs' classic story of trust and friendship, 'The Snowman'. Channel 4's standard 30 minutes of Christmas Day sentimentality is now being performed live at St George's Concert Hall, Bradford, from Tues 1st to Thurs 3rd Feb, and in case you're wondering, yes, that song is included... Get a tight grip of yourself, and go down for a sing-a-long at 5pm every night.

The other jewel this week is brought to the Studio Theatre on Thursday 3rd by Ouch Dance, a Leeds-based company. 'Nowt So Queer As Folk' is their dance & musical tribute to Northerners, which looks at contemporary life as well as delving into the Yorkshire past in search of the cloth-capped whippet owners. Entertaining and warm hearted, this should show you what living up here is really all about. Show starts at 7.30pm, and tickets cost £4.50 / £3.

IF YOU NEED A BREAK FROM YOUR TIMETABLE, STUDY OURS.



You know what they say about all work and no play.

So, if you want a day out or to shoot off home or see friends for the weekend, you'll be pleased to know we've got a busy timetable too.

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*TransPennine Express services

REGIONAL RAILWAYS

Movie Madness

video

Mad Dog and Glory - Juliette Garside
Lucky Luke - John McLeod
Map of the Human Heart - Emma Hartley
Pepe, Luci, Bom - Juliette Garside

review

Scorsese's *Mad Dog and Glory* is perhaps the last word in a long tradition of films about the now near mythical rivalry of New York cop and gangster cultures.

What was once a tradition of violence has become a gentlemanly battle between De Niro's *Mad Dog*, an ill-named, nerdy police coroner with a passion for photographing dead bodies, and Bill Murray's *Frank Milo*, a gangster who fancies himself a stand-up comic and wants nothing more than to please his therapist. When *Mad Dog* inadvertently saves *Milo's* life, the gangster, in a warped fairy godmother gesture of thanks, 'gives' him *Glory* (Uma Thurman). The ensuing skirmishes are courteous and thoroughly entertaining, a lighthearted comedy in which nobody gets really hurt. The only dark shadow is cast by the opening scene, in which a crack addict with a big gun goes out of control, a bloody reminder of the new era. If you're a Bill Murray fan, don't miss it, and if for some unfathomable reason you're not, prepare to be converted.

Made in the early eighties, *Pepe, Luci, Bom* is a rampant, low-budget sex comedy from Pedro Almodovar which amply demonstrates that even at this early stage he was the undisputed king of camp. It's a little more controversial than his more recent films, but if you can handle the sight of a sixteen year old girl urinating on another woman as she gives a knitting lesson, or that of a few young men lining up for a biggest appendage competition, all of which is handled "in the best possible taste", then the story of *Luci*, a repressed wife who leaves her husband for the sadistic charms of the young *Bom* and an underworld of rent-boys, dilettantes and drag queens will have you squealing with laughter and grinning naughtily for days.

Alas, the same cannot be said about *Lucky Luke*. Potentially the most meaningless film since *Carry On Columbus*, this frightening attempt to cross *Airplane!* with *Young Guns* will pickle your senses in the briny wash of tears of desperation. Fearing the wrath of the *Guide's* stern sub-editors, I literally had to hide my remote control to stop switching off this

tribute to triteness.

Narrated by a horse (I'm not kidding), the video concerns the early days in the life of *Daisytown*, a small frontier post marooned in the midwest. We watch the brave pioneers building the town with their bare hands in slapstick scenes which would have Harold Lloyd twirling in his grave. Soon trouble comes into town in two forms, with the arrival of a group of showgirls, and a troupe of ardent gunfighters. To whom can the *Daisytowners* turn in their hour and twenty-eight minutes of lawlessness? To *Lucky Luke*, of course! With his trusty steed carrying his cowboy through the day (and the rest of us through the film in a voice that sounds suspiciously like Billy Ray Cyrus), justice survives. Unfortunately, the humour doesn't. Nor does your attention. You have been warned.

Albertine and *Avik* are half-breeds, *Avik* half eskimo, *Albertine* half American-Indian. Both are half white and dislocated from their environments by their own differences from it. *Map of the Human Heart* is their story.

The plot is chaotic in the extreme involving much to-ing and fro-ing between the Arctic, Montreal, England and the continent. But it is not the plot which is the most interesting thing about this film. It has themes: themes like air travel, the fragility of personal identity and Western cultural Imperialism(!). And there is a piece of music which resurfaces repeatedly and serves as a tentative link



between the various far-flung locations. But beyond this the film is, at its essence, a visual piece.

From sex on top of a billowing barrage-balloon, to glaciers bobbing in the ice-flow, to the bombing of Dresden and the glinting of light off a myriad of shiny surfaces, this film cries out to be watched in a widescreen format. But failing that you could do worse than pop down to Village Video, turn the lights out and sit up close.

Videos courtesy of Village Video, Cardigan Road, Headingley

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ITV

CH 4

FRIDAY

6.00 News and Weather
6.30 Look North
7.00 Home Truths Adam Faith is an Archers fanatic, Gillian Taylforth did suck that guy's cock.
7.30 Tomorrow's World Technology takes Howard Stableford by the throat and throws him through a plate glass window.
8.00 Only Fools and Horses Crap repeat.
8.50 Drive ooh, whose going tell you when it's too late..
9.00 News and Weather
9.30 Love Hurts and so does obsession, ask Monica Seles.
10.20 Murder in New Hampshire oral sex on the A52
11.50 Power
1.35 Weather

6.00 Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons
6.25 The Man from U.N.C.L.E.
7.15 The Living Soap
7.45 What the Papers Say or more accurately, what the people who do the voiceovers for Points of View say.
8.00 Public Eye
8.30 The Great British Garden Show Scary veg.
9.00 Red Dwarf Good repeat.
9.30 Further Abroad
10.00 Blackadder Miranda Richardson doing more for Queen Vic's image than a thousand memorial statues.
10.30 Newsnight
11.15 Fantasy Football League Failed attempt to conjure entertainment from the odd embarrassing clip and lots of jokes about Pak Du Ik.
11.45 The Ferguson Theory

6.00 Calendar
6.30 Superchamps 1994 I wonder who...?
7.00 Celebrity Squares Trafalgar, Berkeley, Times, Albert.
7.30 Coronation Street
8.00 The Bill Prossies and Rozzers, yawn.
8.30 Surgical Spirit With tennis ace Gabriella Sabatini or something.
9.00 The Chief This week, Sitting Bull.
10.00 News and Weather
10.40 Street Legal
11.35 Making Contact Neil Ruddock's sensitive approach.
1.05 Whale On Fuck Off.
2.05 The Big E the flick, the elbow, the push, the sack
3.00 Valley of the Dolls

5.00 Cutting Edge Graham Taylor - The Impossible Job If you missed it on Monday, watch this.
6.00 Blossom Big Dogs Cock.
6.30 Happy Days
7.00 News and Weather
7.50 First Reaction
8.00 Citizen 2000
8.30 Brookside Possibly a nature show looking at life on the edge of a babbling brook.
9.00 Nature Perfected
9.30 Cheers Crap repeat.
10.00 Nurses
10.30 The Unpleasant World of Penn and Teller
11.05 The Word Now if I remember correctly "Huffy" used to be a little road safety squirrel.
12.10 Girls, Girls, Girls Elvis Presley dead go away.

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

SATURDAY

5.30 The New Adventures of Superman
6.15 Noel's House Party Gillian Taylforth gets a Gotcha, maybe.
7.15 Big Break
7.45 Birds of a Feather Essex? Ha!
8.15 Casualty The truth takes another nosedive as the Conservative party outlines its manifesto.
9.05 That's Life Wendy Richards picks some of the more bizzare news stories to highlight and lose the friendship of one of her colleagues.
9.45 News and Sport
10.05 Match of the Day: The Road to Wembley...stops off at Old Trafford and no mistake.
11.20 Staying Alive Hopes of remaining in the Premiership are waning for Oldham, Swindon and Blackburn.

6.20 Late Again The F.A.'s decision on Venables will come out this week, honest.
7.05 Scrutiny
7.35 News and Weather
7.50 Personal Ambitions Mine is to see Manchester City slowly slip out of the league and into the Vauxhall conference
8.40 Unplugged: Crowded House
9.05 Arena: In Search of Oz Australia has gone missing and the Arena are determined to find it again
10.05 Between the Lines and behind your ears.
10.55 Night Sun Night Dad.
12.45 Later with Jolls Holland with Fishbone funkmeisters supreme of the Heavy/Indie scene.

6.00 Blind Date
7.00 Barrymore
8.00 Murder, She Wrote Of course Post Structuralism would suggest that the reader defines the text and the author role is possibly redundant or something.
8.50 News and Weather
9.05 Arachnophobia Not nearly as terrifying as Anoraknophobia a fear of train spotters.
11.05 The Big Fight Pugilistic bollocks from Cardiff
11.50 Gideon Oliver: Tongs I bet he does but nowhere near as well as Dear Gillian.
1.35 Tour of Duty Leeds six, the Vietnam experience for freshers.
2.30 BPM

5.05 Brookside Omnibus edition, of Brookside not Omnibus.
6.30 Right to Reply But on our show at an allocated time so it better not be too controversial.
7.00 A Week in Politics Read my lips, no new taxes ... yeah right.
8.00 Kingdoms in Conflict
9.00 NYPD Blue
10.00 The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie about girls and stuff, uurrgh.
12.05 Broadway Stories Narrated by Mike Mcshane whose quite broad isn't he.
12.40 Thank you Mr. Moto Thriller? I think not
1.55 Herman's Head Remarkably similar to a strip in the Beano some years ago.

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

SUNDAY

6.15 News and weather
6.25 Songs of Praise Featuring the miracle of the socks into sugar.
7.00 As Time Goes By Gillian Taylforth may just start to be able to pay off the £500,000 she owes.
7.30 The House of Elliot
8.25 So Haunt Me
8.55 News and weather
9.10 Headhunters Starring James Fox, any relation to Basil Brush?
10.00 Smith and Jones
10.30 Heart of the Matter
11.05 Steven Spielberg's Amazing Stories Look I put a pint of milk in the fridge last night and now it's disappeared. Amazing or what.
11.30 Villa Rides! But where is Paul McGrath?
1.25 Weather

5.10 Rugby Special
6.10 Nomads of the Wind Gonads of the Hurricane.
7.00 The Money Programme
7.40 The Lost Steptoes Gonads of the rag and bone trade.
8.10 Moving Pictures I find as long as you're careful with the frames the whole process is remarkably easy
9.00 Comic Asides This week Dave Basset's Comedy "A" team
9.30 Auction
10.00 The Menendez Trial This is what documentary making is all about.
11.05 The Leopard ... of Lime Street?

5.50 Calendar
6.20 News and weather
6.30 Spies Like Us Crap, crap, crap, crap movie.
8.15 A Touch of Frost
10.15 Michael Winner's True Crimes Facile reconstructions in the form of simplistic whodunnits
10.45 News and weather
11.00 The Big Fight Special
12.00 Urban Angel
12.55 Quiz Night Is it me or is Stuart Hall a big acid head?
1.25 The Beat

5.15 High Interest
6.00 Moviewatch A little bit like a Mickey Mouse watch but without too many references to mice or Mickey.
6.30 The Cosby Show M-I-C-K-E-Y-M-O-U-S-E, well I like Mickey.
7.00 Time Team This week they synchronisethey're Mickey Mouse watches.
8.00 The Empress
9.00 Raising Arizona A bit like self-raising flour but many times funnier and with Nicolas Cage.
10.45 Super Bowl XXVIII I'm sure the American's will see this as secondary to the World Cup later this year and I'm sure Gillian Taylforth didn't suck that guy's cock.

Reviewed by Stuart Davies



CROSSWORD

Across :-

- 7. Stem from a pedigree chest. (4-5)
- 8. (&14D) Holiday enlivened by spirits - past, present and future, in fact! (5,9)
- 10. East to score mess with wood preservez. (8)
- 11. About to deposit jumble, but out of time. (6)
- 12. Dear Ian gives me an operatic melody. (4)
- 13. Stop this wrath or place in peril. (8)
- 15. Man at one place got loaf of unleavened bread. (7)
- 17. See 6D
- 20. Round the M25, for example. (8)
- 22. Shrub produces hard drug and half a popular drink. (4)
- 25. Drugged to death?(6)
- 26. Ruined tights getting drunk and losing head. (8)
- 27. Windy; full of hot air, perhaps? (5)

- 28. Tiny is in a mess with his donkey-like behaviour. (9)

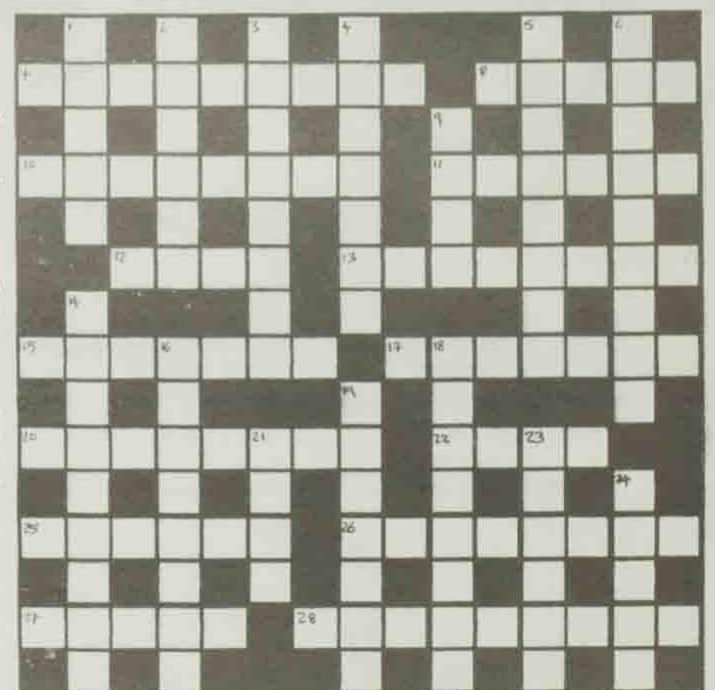
Down :-

- 1. Strong about religious education, my brother. (5)
- 2. You, say, are in Dover, and swallow greedily. (6)
- 3. One of Jason's sailing companions must tug an oar to get moving. (8)
- 4. Went on stage and put his name down. (7)
- 5. Those who differ from Norm? (8)
- 6. (&17A) Inexperienced; spotted huge one and aroused jealousy. (5-4-7)
- 9. Stumpy person's potato. (4)
- 14. See 8A
- 16. Select bouquet of wine and have a good rummage. (4,4)
- 18. The West have nothing to replace a mishap. (8)

- 19. Innocent loses head and is also lacking upper limbs. (7)
- 21. Board game to play with loud. (4)
- 23. Makes large profit if up at the end, else takes dirt away. (6)
- 24. Pier is a blackish colour. (5)

Last Week's Answers :-

- Across :- 1. Reeds 4. Compelled 11. (&9A) Kindred Spirits 12. Uric 13. Fanny 14. Mess 17. Competitively 19. Learner driver 21. Post 22. Carat 23. Crib 26. Protest 27. Sabrina 28. Preferred 29. Dined
- Down :- 1. Resources 2. Elitism 3. Soil 5. Making inroads 6. Edna 7. Larceny 8. Dudes 10. Station master 15. Begat 16. Beard 18. Cardboard 19. Lissome 20. Version 21. Pop-up 24. Mere 25. Abed
- Winner :-

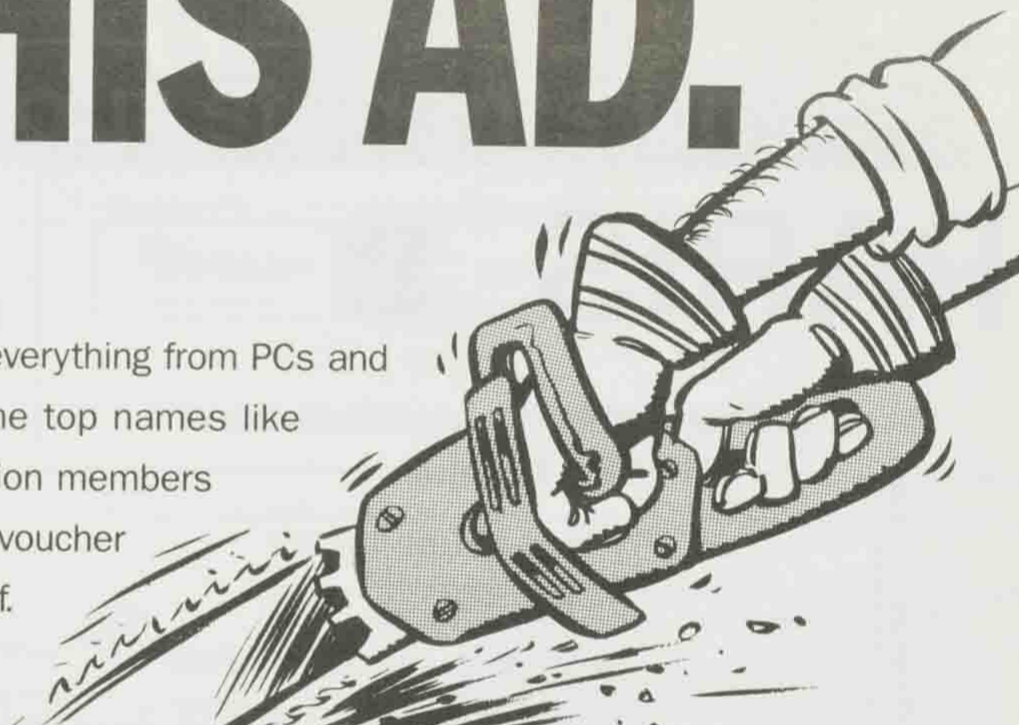


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The Romanian experience

Free food, free accommodation, free sun but... no free time. Teaching English on a Romanian summer camp is hard work and tiring but, as Sam Greenhill discovered, it is also full of surprises and rewarding.

The first day was a nightmare. The six of us had gathered in the big stony courtyard with 100 hyper-active Romanian school children to sort out classes. We had only met the children an hour ago and all I knew about the other five students was what we talked about on the plane from England.

The others were better organised than me and arranged tidy little groups of about 15 for themselves. Mine was the class of the left-overs and before I had worked out what was happening I was sitting on the grass surrounded by 25 children. That was fine until I realised they were waiting for me to start the class.

In theory, it was a golden opportunity. For them, it was a chance to come face to face with genuine English flesh and blood, hear us talk and listen to real-life stories about the English way of life. And for us, what better introduction to Romania and its people could there be than to spend three sunny weeks in the gorgeous Romanian mountains on a freebie holiday? We only paid the air-fare.

In practice, I was still sat on the grass trying to think of something to say and the eager kids, aged between 10 and 17, were waiting patiently for me to say it. Recalling French classes at school I decided to say 'Hello. My name is Sam' and invite them to introduce themselves. That was silly. I would have been better off never asking than trying to remember more than a small handful of their names.

The scheme was devised by an organisation called British Romanian Connections and it brought 50 of us to Romania to be split between seven camps around the country. In Camp Cozia the six of us held informal sessions with the children every morning, from nine till 12, by the woods and supervised sporting activities in the afternoons. The small but functional

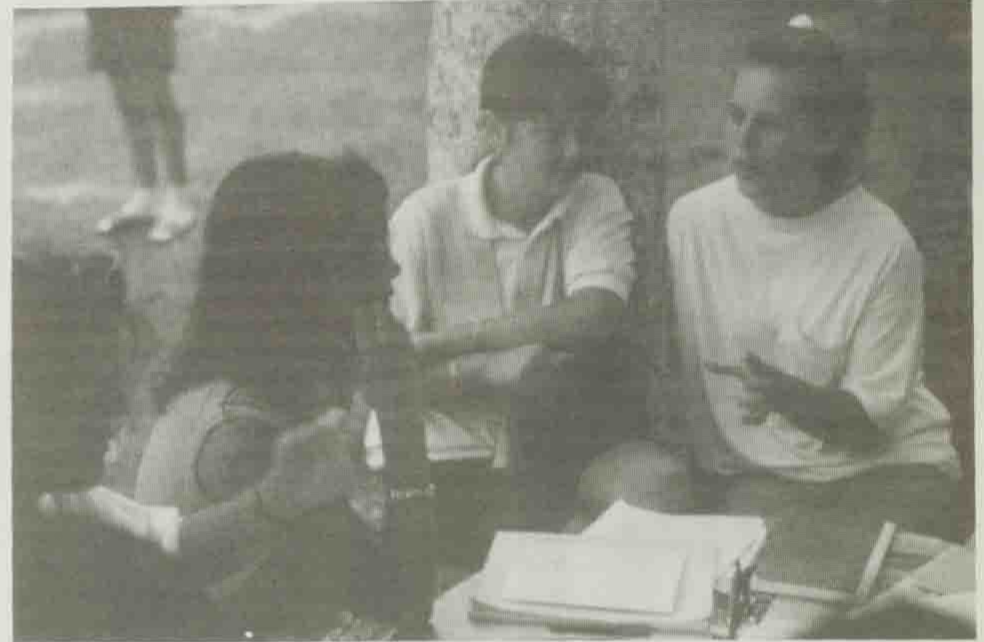
camp was situated on the hillside by the river and flanked by tall pine trees on every side.

It got easier as time went on, although it was amazing the things people do under pressure. Stuck for anything to say one morning I somehow got myself into teaching my class *The Twelve Days of Christmas*. If you'd ever heard me try to sing you'd understand how muddled and desperate I must have been.

In the evenings there was always an 80's music disco. This was irritating because I can't dance. The Romanian children - and, reluctantly, us - played a little game, whereby everyone dances in a big circle except for one, who dances in the middle for a while, before strutting up to a member of the opposite sex with a coin in one clenched fist. Pick the hand with the coin and it's your turn to take centre stage. I hated this because the children always picked one of us and, since I was the only male, I was picked 50 per cent of the time. All I could do was secretly keep a spare coin in my other hand to ensure I never had to go twice.

In our agora sessions every morning we contrasted life in Romania with Britain, ironing out misconceptions in the process. I learnt that Romanian children are not all orphans and that their favourite pastime was watching satellite TV. They learnt that not all Britons drop everything at 5pm for a cuppa and Big Ben isn't obscured by thick, yellow smog. A cursory glance at their English phrasebooks was revealing: with phrases like 'I say waiter, is this table engaged?' no wonder they had some vintage ideas.

One morning I debated the role of women with my class and asked them why Romanian women do all the shopping. 'Because they are women' came the reply. 'But I can shop too' I said. 'How do you know what to buy if you don't do the cooking?' 'But I do do



Skepticism: the English student is trying to convince the Romanians that London is clean Photo: Sam Greenhill

the cooking, it's easy. You just peel lots of stuff, slam in the lamb and hey presto.' They looked at me in a funny way, perhaps unsurprisingly, so I turned to the girls: 'Wouldn't you prefer to let a man do the housework?' 'Of course,' they said 'but where will we find such a man?' 'In the future' I replied.

The children, from schools in the district, were crammed into tiny bedrooms but we had three rooms in a motel between us. The camp was run by a slimy Danny Devito look-alike - a crooked commie who cooked the books better than a hot meal and took bribes off the children for better facilities.

My classes were pretty informal but it was a bit embarrassing when, after three weeks, I still wasn't

really sure which kids were in it, let alone remember their names. I would say: 'Er, you there, what's-your-name, tell us what you know about London.' Clearly, anyone can do this. You don't have to know anything about teaching to talk to a class for three hours a day, you can run sporting activities all afternoon without being remotely fit or having any idea about the rules and you even learn to dance in front of 100 people, some of whom even clap politely. Go on, give it a try!

For more information, write to: British Romanian Connections, 586 New Chester Rd, Bromborough, Wirral, L62 2AZ.

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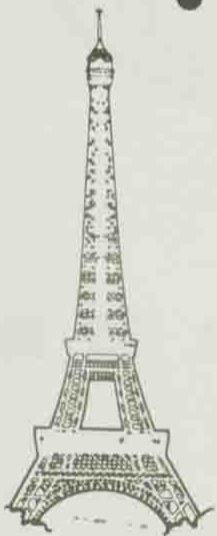
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Hull Tuesday

Will Daryl ever leave his desk??

Where's your carburettor gone Mel

Roll up and come on down to the Textile Society Fairground Attraction Charity Ball 19th February 1994, Queens Hotel. Live band, novelty attractions and disco included. Tickets on sale MM7 Foyer, Textile Industries building or Union 1-2pm.

Julliette sorry about the video,

Ceri - It's crap! - David

Graham - welcome back to the land of eternal tomato rice

Has anyone seen my bedroom doorkey - I need it for Thursday night!

Bouff!

A-BAAAAAAAAAYTH!

Marc, sorry about the car. Do you want it back?? Andy

Swailes for England

Boke at Maestro on the 24th. I accidentally wrote the wrong number on the £10 note - 737609. Reena from Bradford.

Dustbin - Glad the celebrations went well on Wed night. Gladder I didn't discover this until Thursday night, unlike last time.

F.A.R. present "Real Time" at the Packhorse, Sunday 30th January at 8pm. Good live music or what??

"My" body took the book back in good "time". "I" would like - if like is something "I" can "do" - to thank you for getting it out for me (ooh, er) Did you "know" that "I" am not actually alive?

Claire, ya daft currant, man!!!

From Burgers to T-Bone steaks, Veggie Lasagne to 3 Bean Stroganoff - eat out in Strawberryfields.

Bouff!!

Dan - you'll just have to accept that you're old now and Graham's younger.

You're not supposed to injure your own players Swas

Room for Let. 6 Claremont Ave.

Been a bit quiet lately. Get locked in a loo or something.

Michelle Dale (and Gareth), Judy King (Lord Lucan), Gwyneth Fuxon (Saddam Hussein), Alice Clegg (haircut), Love ya gallons, see you in twelve months Ace Man.

Midger. Still taller and deadlier. But midger missing since last week. Whatchabeenupt?

Question - What was the best thing before sliced bread??

Lello Noj! This one's definitely for you. Guess who??

Sorry about not stopping Celestial. Next time we'll let you in though you'd be letting yourself in really... for some Spanish style inquisition!

Marsha: go gettinn.

Do you consume high quantities of

artificial sweetener in drinks or food? If so I am conducting a nutritional study and would appreciate your help. If interested please collect a questionnaire from the Psychology Department foyer in the box marked - NUTRITIONAL STUDY (QUESTIONNAIRES FOR COMPLETION). Alternatively contact me - Emma Hogg - through the Psychology Department pigeon holes leaving your name and form of contact. Thanks.

Sam Clark STOP been trying to contact you STOP Mistake on essay question form STOP Now all essays are to be 5,000 words STOP there's only days left till the deadline STOP whatever you do don't STOP.

256 is the Beer Cellar

Barry White - I (We?) will get you after the exams - xx the pink octopus xx

Bottle of Pils Lager £1 all evening in Strawbs Wine Bar

CFMc bbbbbbouff!!!!

At last you've got it. Now keep it handy in case you need to use it.

H. The library awaits!

That wasn't for you.

I think we need a larger duvet

Its definately your turn to make the Sunday breakfast.

The hours pass, Orient and YCG await and Fletch looks all confused!!

To L & G of Ebor Mount you are the sexiest things on two legs from the back room boys N & R

Warp speed, you're so fast you've finished before I've even begun...(!?!?)

Rovers back to winning ways.

Driven to guilt. Not over the Pictures, though?

Got any white cigars Spring?

Stuart, did he really walk back from Osley Hall??

Yes I did you fucking ****. I will get my revenge I promise

Here's the deal. I'll stand in for you in your conversations with your pals about "EastEnders" if you can find somebody to have similar discussions about the news.

Its a long way to Torquay Chris.

What did you say about Caroline, Matt?

No not the one from my house!

Make it up then!

Gillian Taylforth with poor evidence - couldn't make it stand up in court!!

Maft - did you really feel like Chicken Tonight?

We will win that pub quiz one Sunday Jon!!!

Make sure you come up loads'n'loads Zapties

Get better soon Sarah!

To the girl of my dreams we must meet up in the library again sometime.

Firstly and most importantly a big sorry to the Big Chief, I was well out of order. I'm really sorry, I didn't mean a word of it. Thanks to Tim and David for another week of outstanding devotion. Matt, Rosa and Helen for the very late shift, John Mc & Stuart, Liz and the gruesome twosome Alex & Johnny. Steve of course, Mark Funnell a nice bit of Verdi mate, Andy & Julie for driving me everywhere and finally the two bitter old hacks Rupert and Sam. Finally a big hello to Alison it will be brilliant to see you this weekend, even though your'e partly responsible for the fact that I'm sitting here at 5.40 am with another 12 sleepless hours stretching out in front of me. Best of luck to everyone with exams, you'll be alright mate/ darlin. Ethics whats that, the place North of London where they wear white socks.

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SLEEDSST STUDENT

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Don't miss the Valentine Personal's in our February the 11th issue.

Messages must be handed in by Wednesday the 9th of February.

The most original Valentine message will win a pair of tickets to see *Something Beautiful* at the West Yorkshire Playhouse.

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You owe me £10 FOR GROCERIES, HAL

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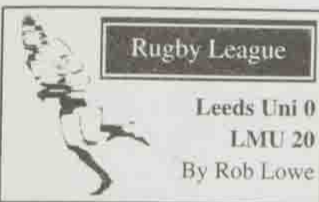
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Demolition derby



Rugby League

Leeds Uni 0
LMU 20
By Rob Lowe

Leeds University took on Leeds Metropolitan University in optimistic mood after their excellent performance before Christmas

And the close match earlier in the season, but LMU kept their unbeaten record as they run out winners 20-0.

Hammell

It was LUU who had the first chance to put points on the board but Hammell put his penalty wide. LMU opened the scoring on their first visit to the LUU 20 yard area, as Ince picked up a loose pass and spotted the gap on the outside to cross in the corner.

Advantage

Although behind LUU had the territorial advantage for long periods but could not crack the well organised LMU defence. Towards the end of the half LMU began to assume control and were rewarded with a fine 50 yard try by



Leeds University and LMU battle it out

wingman Dave Parry.

Another break led to a penalty for obstruction right on half time and Snape kicked the goal leaving the interval score 10-0.

Early try

Leeds University needed an early try if they were to get back into the game but they

were on the receiving end as LMU added to their total. A high up 'n' under was allowed to bounce and LMU kept the ball alive for Lumb to score. Snape added the conversion.

Both sides had half chances to score but LMU sealed the win with a late try by Edgar after good passing down the left.

In the end it was the speed, both in thought and action, of LMU's play which gave them a deserved victory.

All of the LUU players gave 100% but could not quite match the pace of LMU and will rue not taking full advantage of some powerful breaks from Owen Hollyman.

Leeds Uni rock the boat

Amsterdam hosted the 1st European Team Cup last weekend where Leeds University Boat club's ergometer team of Patrick Stanton, Michael Terry, Richard Tozer and Steve Lawrence represented Great Britain.

A large, partisan Dutch crowd in the Apolbhal, Amsterdam watched the top ten European teams, many containing Olympic oarsmen, raced over boom in the first

indoor competition held under the auspices of Fisa, the world rowing governing body.

The Leeds team improved on their previous best by over a second to beat Belgium, France, Switzerland and Estonia narrowly missing the final, in sixth place. The other British team, including Olympic champions Steve Redgrave and Mathew Pinsent beat the Dutch, the crowd and the world record to take the Gold.

Soccer challenge

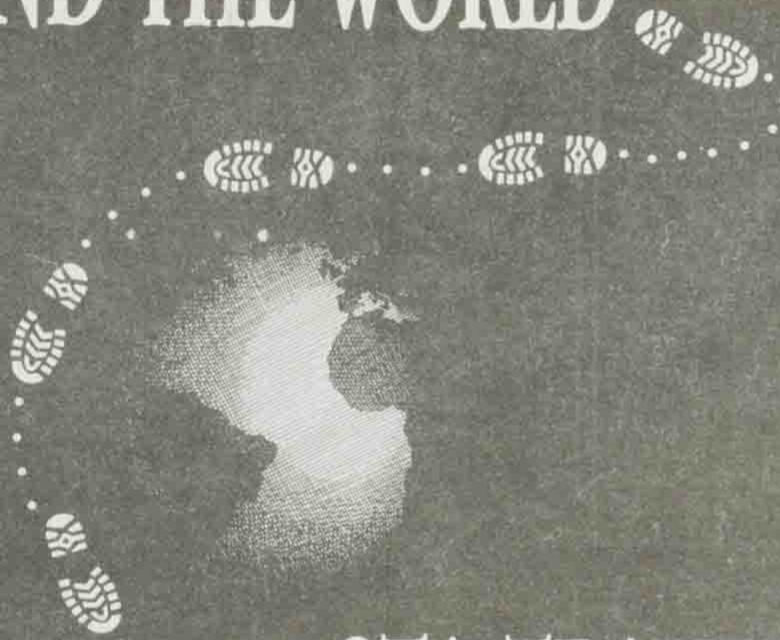
The Beckett Park Soccer Challenge 1993 was launched in conjunction with LMUSU and UK soccer academies on the last Saturday of last term. Based at the Carnegie site, this tournament was open to any course team within the University.

It proved to be an overwhelming success with seven teams entering: BED secondary years 1 and 3, Bed Primary year 4, human movement Studies year 2, HND Leisure studies Year 2, a European Languages with Business side and a mature

students team.

The tournament was played in tremendous spirit with some excellent skills on show. Players who were particularly impressive were Brian Gove, Rob Pearson, Alan Davis, Adam Higgins and Steve Lanchham. The tournament was eventually won by Human Movement studies year 2, captained by Chris Vizzard, who went unbeaten throughout the competition. Many congratulations to everyone who took part and it is hoped that teams will re-enter for the forth coming summer tournament.

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SPORT STUDENT

Down hill struggle

Whilst most of us were eating too much turkey or worrying about our exams, L.U.S.T. were out on the piste...

It's Thursday 16th December and its snowing heavily in Tignes. Rumours are circulating in the resort that a couple of the coaches are stuck halfway up the mountain in snow drifts...some hours later the Leeds contingent arrive on planet chaos and the fun begins.

This is the British University Ski Championships run this year by London University. Over 40 universities are in attendance and with 1300 students in one resort a memorable weekend is guaranteed.

Races kick off with team events in slalom and giant slalom. Good solid runs from Nick Boyes-Hunter, Pete McDevitte, Ian McHardy and Adrian Simpson put the mens 'A'-team in 11th place in the giant Slalom. Meanwhile the women's 'A'-team are unlucky

with only Helen May and Vanesa Haines completing the Slalom course they don't get a placing. In the 13 races a 5th place time for Emily Goodfellow secures 8th position for the women's team and some solid ski-ing from the men's team puts them 10th

The following day Leeds have drawn first, an every experience. Everyone at the top of the course has looked at your bib and said rather you than me mate. The Timekeeper says 'go' and you leave the starting gate unsure of whether you'll get to the bottom on skis or on a stretcher (the previous day had seen six injuries on the course). The top of the course relatively flat and the turns are wide but then the piste veers off to the left and suddenly drops away and you're going somewhat faster than you'd bargained for. Questions like

"Will my legs hold?" and "Why did I enter the beer race last night?" spring to mind. But then its all over and you're through the finish gate and you haven't screwed up like yesterday! Helen Cochrane improve on their previous performances giving the team 13th place.

The mens 'A'-team come 11th and the 'B'-team come 12th. The star of Leeds University, Ian McHardy, again impresses the rest of the team with 10th place in individual slalom and giant slalom and 6th in the individual parallel slalom race.

The beauty of this event is that it is also open to non racers who can learn to ski or brush up on technique but also get an idea of what racing is about from their racing friends which may encourage them to have a go at future championships.

This is a student run event with a new committee voted in each year at the BUSC dry competition. Next year Sheffield will be running it but



A Leeds Uni student skis to success

the following year, hopefully, Leeds may be in the driving seat. We have until November to get our bid together. Watch this space

● LMU Ski Club fielded a skeleton team of varied ability

at the King's Ski Races at Pendre on Sunday.

A string of good performances by all concerned resulted in a 4th placeout of 15 after a race off with a full strength Leeds University team.



THE FINAL WHISTLE

That Godfather of the modern game, Bill Shankly, was once asked what he thought of Manchester United's long-serving manager, Matt Busby. "I do not think Matt was the greatest football manager," he replied, "he simply was the greatest football manager."

Very rarely, football is graced with a figure who cuts across parochial club loyalties. The respect with which Sir Matt Busby was held extended far beyond the Warwick Road. Responsible for pioneering English clubs in Europe, and the creator of three successful teams, Busby helped set the standards of post-war English football.

Never afraid to take risks, Busby invested United's turnstile takings in building football teams which combined artistry and skill with organisation and team spirit. Tommy Taylor, Duncan Edwards, Dennis Law, George Best - these players not only knew how to play, but how to play for their team. That Busby could harness the hedonistic talents of Crerand and Best, demanding their discipline and responsibility, was an achievement in itself.

Busby loved attacking football. Mindful of the difference that decent wingers could make to a game, he promoted a style of play which accentuated both width and speed. An attacking Busby team could stretch a defence to breaking point. His determination to play an attractive game never floundered, even in the face of F.A. Cup defeats, or the first stuttering European Cup runs.

Sometimes you can judge a football team by its fans. At Old Trafford last week, 44,000 reds sang Busby's name in verses first chanted by those who shivered on the Stretford End back in the 1950's. It is a legacy to his greatness that, forty years later, we are still singing his name.

John McLeod

Volleyball's absence explained

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



Letters for the Sports pages should be addressed to the Sports Editor and clearly marked for publication. The deadline for letters is the Monday preceeding publication.

Dear Editor,

With reference to last weeks article on Leeds University Volleyball team absence from the student cup L.U.U.V.C would like to say that they have always and will continue to consider this event as one of, if not the most prestigious student volleyball competitions; and would have dearly loved to have participated. Its importance warrants a fair and accurate report.

James Wright's article of the 21st January 1994 on the student cup ran to over 20 column inches of which 4" described the Student Cup itself, 2" were in praise of L.M.U.V.C and the rest was a vitriol and ill-judged diatribe against L.U.U.V.C. What a pity he failed to report on the event itself in more detail. For those interested the Men's and Women's were London and Birmingham respectively.

Before going into print with such an article any

unbiased person would have confirmed their facts and at least interviewed the L.U.U.V.C committee members who he maligns in the article, he and fellow students should know the following.

The student cup is organised by the English Volleyball Association (EVA). They decided to hold this event on 15th/16th Jan 1994. This is outside the LUU term dates with obvious consequent difficulties. This is outside the LUU term dates with obvious consequent difficulties. This date also clashes with National League fixtures, which by the EVA's own rules, takes precedence over the Student Cup.

The EVA booked and paid for the four sports halls used for the tournament, so J.Wright's phrase such as 'the hosts', 'co-hosts', 'own event' etc were without foundation.

J.Wright also claims that the entry fee for L.U.U.V.C Men's and Women's teams total £120 was paid in Oct 1993.

The Club and Sports Union have no record of such payments. The EVA were contacted four days before the event and were told they could enter if they paid entry fees on the day. The EVA have now re-confirmed no payments were received.

The whole of this unfortunate incident revolves around whether L.U.U.V.C were aware of the time of the event. The EVA claim that the information and entry forms were sent to a Leeds address.

The current volleyball committee first knew of the Student Cup arrangements from a casual remark made to one member in a Middlesbrough pub one week before the event.

A frantic week of long

distance telephone calls ensued, but despite their best efforts they were only able to raise 4 men and 5 women. The remaining team players could not be contacted as it was out of term time and many of them are overseas students.

Both L.U.U.V.C and Sports Union feel that J.Wright's personal opinions including those about club funding, of which the club is directly responsible to GAC, should not have been published as he seems to be unaware of financial systems within LUU and the damage he may have done to the sport.

L.U.U.V.C would like to extend their welcome by inviting new members to join us at training on Monday Wednesday evenings 7-10pm.

Yours Sincerely

L.U.U.V.C
Committee Members