

# SLEEDS STUDENT

Incorporating blurb magazine

February 3, 1995

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST  
WEEKLY STUDENT  
NEWSPAPER



Starting this week:

## What's in your stars?

SUSAN LEYBOURNE, Britain's only campus white witch predicts the future in blurb pullout

## Yariba!

Samba the night away at  
**CASA LATINA**

see blurb centre spread

Security not told of attack on female for five days

# WARDEN FAILS TO REPORT ASSAULT

By TIM GALLAGHER & IMOGEN RIDGWAY

**UNIVERSITY bosses are under fire for waiting five days before warning first years that one of their fellow residents had been attacked.**

A female student was assaulted near university flats but the delay in notifying others that their safety could be threatened has been criticised as "outrageous."



DANGERPOINT: The path next to Oxley Hall

Although Oxley flats warden Adrian Slater knew of the attack on Friday, he did not contact his superiors until the following Wednesday.

"I did not want to issue a statement until I had contacted the student and got a full report," he explained. "I feel I did what I could."

Now Slater has distributed posters advising people not to use the passage where the student was attacked.

But his slow response has come under fire from LUU Women's Officer Debbie Jones. "It's completely outrageous," she said. "If there's a risk to students' safety then they should be told."

The first year female student was walking along the path between Otley Road and the hall when the attack occurred. She was taken to hospital but later released, and is currently at home recovering from the experience.

Weetwood police have issued a warning to any student considering travelling alone in the area. "If there is a man picking on lone women, then he poses a threat," a spokesman said.

But for five days residents of Oxley were given no warning by the university. Carl Potter, Director of Residential and Commercial Services and responsible for hall security, blamed a "breakdown in communication" for the delay. Within hours of the matter being brought to his notice, the university posted extra security to the hall and

Turn to page 2



FUN IN THE SNOW: Kids playing in the park

Pic: Debashis Singh

## 'EH! IT'S GRIM UP NORTH

SNOW - and lots of it! Last weekend saw Leeds under the thickest blanket of snow for 10 years.

The weather wreaked havoc on students, residents and commuters alike, causing huge tail-backs and cars to be abandoned at the roadside.

However, the snow was a weekend bonus for these youngsters.

Full story: page 5

## Hard time for clubbers

MORE than 5,000 people last week formed a queue stretching back from the Music Factory to McDonald's for the nightclub's 'Hard Times' event, writes Harriet Walker.

Students were joined by clubbers from all over the country as early as 7pm in the wait to see performers Michael Watford and Robert Owens. But many had to be turned away disappointed.

Stephen Raine, promoter of the night,

said: "We were pleased with the police's co-operation and understanding of the situation. The night was run well and our customers behaved perfectly while queuing."

"We obviously have a huge following of loyal fans who travel the length and breadth of the country from as far away as Southampton, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Hull. We feel it is very important to know our members intimately."

## One in five unemployed

GRADUATES suffer high levels of debt, are unprepared for working life, and feel little job satisfaction, a recent Barclays Bank survey shows, writes Oliver Brooks.

The average graduate is £2,233 in the red, with males likely to be £640 more in debt than females, the survey suggests.

Figures also reveal a graduate unemployment rate of 19 per cent, with a further 18 per cent in short-term stop-gap

jobs. Ian Laird, a second year student at LMU, commented: "Nineteen per cent is all right as long as I'm not among them."

Male graduates are more likely to be unemployed, suffering a jobless rate of 24 per cent compared to 16 per cent for female graduates. It was found that women have to make an average of only 22 job applications against the average 33 made by men.

## Warden fails

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE sent out warnings not to go out alone.

"Adrian Slater is a relatively new warden," Potter said, "but all wardens have a responsibility to report incidents like this to me."

Students at Oxley - which contains both flats and a hall of residence - are angry at being kept in the dark for almost a week. Charlotte Bincham saw notices warning students not to go near the path but is concerned that no explanation was provided. "If it's dangerous then we should have been told properly."

The attacker is described as six feet tall, in his mid-20s, with cropped or possibly shaved hair. He had no discernible accent and had a tattoo on his right hand. He was walking his dog at the time of the attack.

Oxley hall is a notorious black spot. Two years ago a female student was attacked on the site.

See Opinion: page 6

## Purgatory

THE future of Christian Student Action - the LUU society which condemns homosexuality as "destructive" - still hangs in the balance after a union committee chose to defer a final decision, writes David Smith.

The society, accused last week of publishing homophobic views in the name of God, had been voted out of existence by an Ordinary General Meeting.

But because the meeting was inquorate - only 30 students attended - the motion to shut down CSA went before Union Council, a student representative committee, for ratification.

Union Council felt it would be unfair to rubber stamp a decision taken without the knowledge of the society's members - the union had not informed CSA the meeting was taking place.

Now the motion to shut down the society will go back before an OGM in a fortnight.

## Family way

DOUBLE graduate success has given one family a reason to celebrate its academic achievements, writes Howard Hockin.

Julia Gibbons and her mother Margaret both received MA degrees from Leeds University at separate ceremonies on 19 December.

Margaret gained an MA in Cultural Studies after studying part-time for two years. Prior to this she attained a BA in English and Philosophy at Leeds, studying over four years, after having left school with no qualifications. As a result of her success, she is now a part-time tutor in the Department of Adult Continuing Education.

Julia gained an MA degree in Communication Studies and is now seeking a job in publishing.

# Fur flies as demo ends in arrests

BY HARRIET WALKER

POLICE arrests broke up an animal rights demonstration this week as eight Leeds students were taken into custody.

The protest, at Granary Wharf outside the shop Dispersion 59, ended with arrests being made for breach of the peace.

Leeds Animal Action, including around 15 students, was demonstrating against Dispersion 59's sale of fur and leather products.

Ellie Clement, who is Administration Secretary at LUU, was among the protesters. "We regularly picket Dispersion 59," she said. "I think the police made arrests to prove to the managers of the shop and of Granary Wharf that they were doing something about us."

"We weren't even waving banners or placards, but the police said: 'Either you move on or we arrest you.'"

### Defended

The manager of Dispersion 59, Gordon Johnston, defended the shop's position on animal rights. "We don't normally sell animal products, but it just so happened that we got in some Russian hats made of rabbit fur two years ago and sold them for £25. All the hats are gone now as someone bought the last 27 wholesale on Monday."

One shopworker alleges the protesters became aggressive during the demo. "There was a girl who pulled down one of the hats and ripped a scarf off a display. She was charged with causing criminal damage."

## PROTEST FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS IS BROKEN UP

The worker added: "They were generally harassing other staff members. I think they are targeting small businesses to achieve maximum publicity."

The latest confrontations come in the wake of a serious incident outside the shop last November when three demonstrators were allegedly left with injuries including a black eye and broken nose.

● ELLIE Clement has confessed her own stance on animal rights is hypocritical: "I'm not as good a vegan as some because I still wear Doc Martin boots. I accept that I personally am a hypocrite, as I think that the fur trade is disgusting and that leather is as bad as fur."



HATS OFF: One of the offending products

Pic: Diana Yule

## Feet first feat Cash rolls in

A NEWLY appointed lecturer in the Department of Civil Engineering is on the run, writes Pennie Cabot.

Susanne Niedrum, an expert in tropical water engineering, has a passion for marathons. Her second place in the women's 1994 World Super-Marathon Cup was based on a series of five races within the year.

Earlier this year, she ran across 140km of the Atlas Mountain foothills in four days, coming first in the race.

Despite having a secure position in Leeds, her feet won't keep still and she is jetting off to Australia for the Super-Marathon in May. One of her students said: "She's full of energy and drive."



Susanne Niedrum

Pic: D Singh

AROUND half a million pounds has already been paid into LUU's rent strike fund as the dispute with the university shows no sign of ending, writes David Smith.

But it is estimated that more than half of the residents in Leeds University owned accommodation have yet to choose between paying their rent bills to the university or joining the strike called last month by the union.

"The response has been bloody excellent so far," said Tim Goodall, LUU Welfare Secretary and leader of the strike campaign. "We're getting about £100,000 a day and will hopefully top one million."

The number of students joining the strike is now approaching a thousand, giving the union a strong political base from which to negotiate for a cut

in hall and flat rents.

Goodall said: "The university is waiting to see how many people join the strike. We're still negotiating with the Vice-Chancellor and hope to get a better offer."

But Carl Potter, Director of Residential and Commercial Services at the university, said: "The best offer that could have been made has been made. It's difficult to see where we can go from here."

"Hopefully the situation can still be resolved in an amicable way."

There is no indication of the university threatening to pressurise students into paying their rent bills. Residents will only be liable to disciplinary action if they fail to pay their fees to either the union or the university."

### LEEDS STUDENT

Leeds Student is an independent newspaper serving students at Leeds University, Leeds Metropolitan University and other colleges in and around Leeds. All our journalists abide by a code of conduct, but if you have any problems, please contact the Editor.

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## THIRD YEAR ATTACKED BY NATIONAL PRESS FOR DEFENDING SOLDIER

# Law student defends jailed paratrooper

## ALL GO-GO FOR NEW LOGO



THE WINNER: Logo designer Andy Green with LUU General Secretary Robin Johns

Pic: Ed Crispin

THE new logo for LUU has been revealed - and it was designed by a student from LMU, writes Chris Evans.

Second year graphic design student Andy Green collected his £100 prize from General Secretary Robin Johns, having beaten other students and a design consultancy in the recent competition.

The design company came up with a number of suggestions, but the Exec were unimpressed and decided to open the competition to students.

Andy was the only LMU student to enter, and spent a day working on his design.

"I chose the idea of interlocking circles to represent

the different areas of Union activity: finance, welfare and the exec."

However, Johns was not so convinced however: "At the end of the day, it's just a logo really. It's very difficult to represent the character and ethos of an institution as large as LUU, but the new logo is certainly a big improvement on the last one."

The old design, a griffin, was felt to be too staid and old fashioned, but will be around for some time yet. The new logo must first be given to a design studio to be tidied up slightly, and will appear on official LUU letters and posters later this year.

BY PENNIE CAROT

A STUDENT lawyer is at the centre of the row surrounding Private Lee Clegg, the paratrooper jailed for the murder of a joyrider in Northern Ireland.

Simon Mackay, a part-time Law student at LMU has come under increasing criticism from the national press for acting in defence of Clegg, who was convicted of killing teenager Karen Reilly in 1990.

But local students have rallied round in support of the 25-year-old. A Leeds Student survey found an overwhelming 98 per cent of students backed Mackay's decision to defend Clegg, despite a recent media reaction against the campaign to free the soldier.

National media opinion has swung away from the movement to quash Clegg's life sentence, claiming the evidence against him is conclusive.

A petition has recently been launched by a Bradford teacher calling for the soldier to be kept behind bars. But Mackay is convinced Clegg is innocent.

"The death of Karen Reilly was a real tragedy, but Private Clegg's initial trial failed to sufficiently consider the forensic evidence," he said.

Students have been quick to express support for Mackay. "Some people might find it morally difficult to defend an individual who appears to be guilty, but Simon Mackay clearly believes otherwise and is willing to do something about it," said Rachel Thomas, a Public Relations student at LMU.

### Dangerous

Experts in law also backed Mackay's decision to defend someone who has been so roundly condemned.

"It's extremely dangerous to presume somebody's guilt," said Clive Walker, a Professor of Law at Leeds University. "At one time what could have been considered worse than having to defend the Birmingham Six?"

Mackay is astonished to find himself embroiled in such a high profile case. "Sometimes I pinch myself to make sure it is me involved in all this."

He originally took up the case three years ago as "a favour to Clegg's parents."

He worked on Clegg's behalf

## CLEGG APPEAL GAINS SUPPORT

without any pay until six months ago when his firm, Bassra's of Bradford, was granted legal aid so that it could prepare an appeal in the House of Lords.

But Mackay still finds time to study, being in the third year of a four-year part-time law degree. "I got a job in a commercial firm of solicitors as a clerk, then decided to go to night school to do my A-levels, and now I'm here."

### Appeal

Clegg is currently in Wakefield prison. He is now considering whether to appeal to the Home Office in the hope of being released.

Mackay, who has attained an impressive reputation in the legal field from his work on the case, is confident that previously unused evidence will provide a more secure basis for his claims.

He is currently preparing a dossier on the case which should be ready within three months.

Mackay hopes that the Northern Ireland Secretary, Sir Patrick Mayhew, will grant Clegg an appeal.

See Rosa Prince: page 7

## NO SHOW TARANTINO

FILM fans took to the streets this week to meet their idol, Quentin Tarantino. Unfortunately, the cult film director pulled out at the last minute, leaving hundreds of buffs fuming, writes Tim Gallagher.

Tarantino had been due to appear at Waterstones book store on Tuesday as part of a whirlwind three-stop tour of the UK. But the author of *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction* had to fly back to Los Angeles at the eleventh hour.

Colin Shone, Waterstones marketing manager, expressed regret at the cancellation. "We're gutted," he said. "Although we put out announcements on the radio, we still had to turn away around two hundred people."

"It's not too bad, considering we were expecting thousands."

This came as little consolation to those who did turn up to meet their idol.

"I can't believe he didn't show up," said first year medic Alex Turner. "I was really looking forward to seeing him."

The cancellation was a particular blow for Nick Young, who had come all the way from Manchester. "I've spent loads of money buying all these things for him to sign," he complained.

● BY way of apology, Waterstones, in conjunction with Leeds Student, is offering two *Pulp Fiction* posters and Tarantino photographs. Simply name the character Tarantino portrays in *Pulp Fiction*. Answers on a postcard before Wednesday to Leeds Student, Leeds University Union, PO Box 157, Leeds, LS1 1UH. First correct answer out of a hat wins.

## Doctor Knopfler

ROCK legend Mark Knopfler will swap crowds and guitars for a cap and gown this summer when he receives an honorary degree, writes David Smith.

The *Dire Straits* star is to return to Leeds University - where he studied English in the mid-1970s - to become a Doctor of Music.

Ed Bicknell, Knopfler's agent, said: "Mark was delighted to be asked and said yes straight away."

Asked about the musician's student years, Bicknell said: "As far as I know, he didn't get anyone pregnant."

## SUTCLIFFE SUFFERS LOSS

CATERING services suffered a loss of thousands of pounds this week, writes Richard Clarke.

Burglars stole four computers from the offices occupied by Sutcliffe Catering at Leeds University on Monday.

Assistant catering services manager Paul Tordoff, told how the thieves broke into the office through a window in the refectory building on Monday night, making off with four Elonex personal computers.

Carl Potter, Director of Residential and Commercial Services, added that the thieves had also made a failed attempt to break into the Cash Office.

"Security has closed-circuit television all over the place," he explained. "But these burglaries are

very difficult to detect."

The burglary follows a spate of recent break-ins to the LUU building. Last month Leeds Student Radio suffered the robbery of its broadcasting equipment and a computer was stolen from the Rag Office.



## off Campus

### Feeling parky

NEW Zealander Moira Poor got trapped in a car park lift for three days and had to tap-dance to keep warm. After managing to escape she was told to pay a fine as her car was 67 hours overdue. "I tried to explain," said Moira, "but the attendant just said I stank."

### Copping off

BULGARIAN bus driver Milosch Pob sent his passengers mad after bunking off from work. Pob, 31, stopped off at a flat for three hours, in the middle of a bus journey, so he could have sex with his girlfriend. Returning drunk, and wearing just his underpants, Pob was stopped by a Sofia policeman. Passengers attacked the unlucky cop for holding up their journey.

### Size matters

SHORT people have better sex lives, a new book claims. They are always out to impress - and that includes between the sheets, says Californian researcher Tom Samaras. "They don't rely on looks and just get on with the job of satisfying their partners," he adds. He also claims that short people live longer, but are less likely to be presidential candidates. The Leeds University basketball team has refused to comment.

### What a kent

NEWSREADER Briony Leyland coolly carried on after she mispronounced Andrew Kent's surname on Radio Solent last week - unfortunately she made it rhyme it with 'hunt.'

### Pow cow

PRIZE cow Icaro has been given the chop by owner Pasquale Vedrucci, because neighbour Vito Chetta said the smell ruined his sex life. "I couldn't think straight, let alone make love to my wife," moaned Vito, from Nociglia, Italy. He took Vedrucci to court, and the judge agreed - smelly Icaro had to go.

### Luck off

FRIDAY the 13th proved unlucky for unemployed Tony Inchpractice. Having saved up and withdrawn £300 to buy a new stereo system, he was robbed of it on the way to the shop. Having chased the mugger, retrieved his money and handed out his own form of retribution, he was arrested for attempted GBH, but never made it to the station - the police car crashed on the way, giving Tony a broken leg.

Compiled by  
Howard Hockin



### Culture culture:

Moji Obebe, an enterprising student who combines studying for a degree in Law, with running a stall selling craft from Kenya and Nigeria in the city's Corn Exchange.

## MOJI'S GIFTS OUT OF AFRICA

AFRICAN culture is the business of fund-raising Leeds student Moji Obebe, write Karen Bartram and Harriet Walker.

Moji combines her studies with a small business promoting cultural exchange at the Corn Exchange, Boar Lane in Leeds city centre.

She sells sculptures, artefacts, jewellery, art work and other materials, helping to send funds to the craft workers who made them in African villages.

"This was something I always wanted to do, helping people to appreciate African cultures, to promote cultural awareness,"

Moji said.

Moji's parents come from Nigeria but she was born in London and moved to Leeds three years ago.

She took up a Law degree at LMU but still finds time to work with African culture.

Moji, 31, arranges her own import contracts, bringing in materials mainly from Kenya and Nigeria.

She also has plans to expand her business, and hopes to maintain her interest in the law after graduating from LMU at the end of the year.

# Un-fare taxi scam leaves union paying the way

THE selfish actions of a few fare-dodging students have highlighted flaws in LMUSU's policy and have left the union picking up the bill.

The safety taxi scheme, which LMUSU operates in conjunction with Amber Cars is under review after several students failed to pay their way.

The scheme is a safety measure, organised by the union, whereby if students are stranded penniless late at night, Amber will accept the traveller's union card as payment. The student is then expected to come to the union where, on production of the fare, the card is returned. However last week, several journeys were taken that have, as yet, remained unpaid.

Although the debt amounts to just twenty pounds, VP Administration Paul Harris expressed his alarm: "It is the first time we have had such a big loss in a single week," he said. The service is not expected to continue into the third term because it is predicted that it will be abused.

### Review

A review of the service has been ordered by union management.

Harris admits that the system is open to abuse: "At the moment, we rely on the honesty and integrity of our students," he said, "But all it means is losing your union card, which you don't need to get into the sports facilities and only costs one pound to replace.

"If our twenty thousand students realised this, then we'd have a very real problem," he continued.

Students at LMU were angry at

## SAFETY SCHEME UNDER THREAT

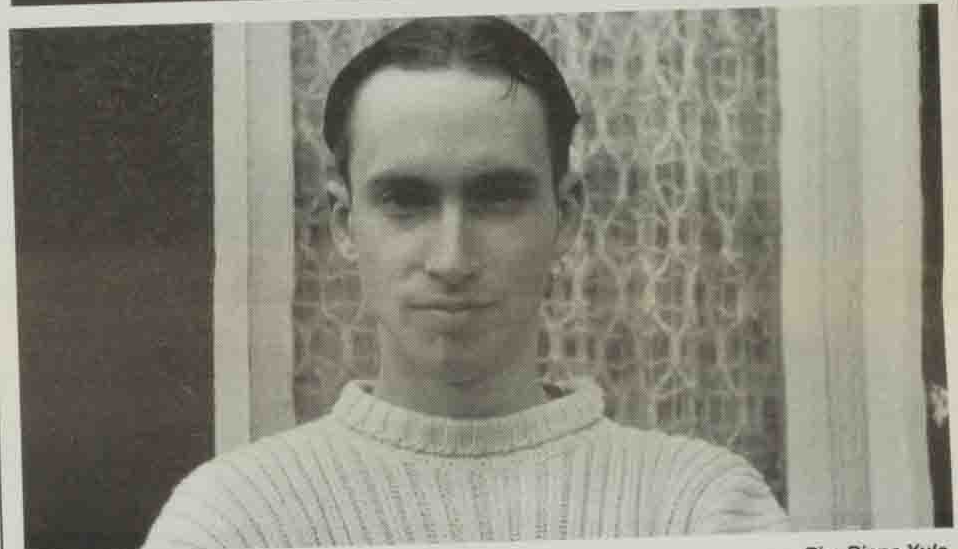
By TIM GALLAGHER

the prospect of losing one of their services: "The union should write off the bad debts. We pay to join the students union," said first year Josie Bryce-Smith, "Maybe those who abuse the union should not be allowed to rejoin it," she continued.

However, LMUSU President Andrew Snowball says he cannot promise the continuation of the service: "If this scenario keeps happening then who knows? It's people taking the piss. We obviously feel for our students which is why we go out of our way to provide the service. But we're not a rich students union."

Billy Escreet, Manager of Amber Cars admitted that the system relied on the goodwill of users: "There's not a lot we can do," he said, "there is no deterrent to stop people abusing the system."

## GRADUATE GETS IN THE SPIRIT



Plc: Diana Yule

### SPOOKED: Graduate Colin Johnston

SPOOKY goings-on and ghostly activity are the occupation keeping one unemployed Leeds graduate awake at night, writes Chris Evans.

Colin Johnston, a Leeds University graduate, is currently doing research for a book on paranormal activity in Leeds, and has even uncovered some spectral stories involving former Leeds students.

The James Baillie flats have apparently been inhabited by ghouls and freaks for years. Residents reported in 1993 that doors banged violently, posters fell off walls and kettles kept turning themselves on and off.

Other phantasmic incidents have supposedly taken place in Lawnswood cemetery.

Meanwhile, students living in Cardigan Road found pennies placed in the corner of their rooms. On removing them, they mysteriously appeared again on several occasions.

Johnston began his research back in December and has now collected 53 such cases. He is aiming for about 100 and hopes to have finished the book by October. Some of his stories came from Leeds Student, while others have been given to him by friends and acquaintances.

He explains that the story tellers are "normal and of all ages, which makes their stories all the more believable." If you have any good stories contact him at 15 Drummond Road, Far Headingley, Leeds.

## Cheers for beers enterprise Stew wouldn't believe it

AN enterprising Leeds graduate has just won a prestigious award for his services to the world of beer. And the businessman is bringing his trade back to the city to celebrate, writes Howard Hockin.

Peter Frost, who left Leeds University in 1992 with a degree in Economic History, has just been named North Yorkshire Businessman of the Year by the Prince's Youth Business Trust. He won the award for his innovative approach to brewing.

Now Peter is returning to Leeds and taking over the Newlands pub, close to where he lived during his time at university. "I had such a great time there as a student that I want to put something back into the area."

The pub is to be renamed 'The Jolly Brewer' and is having a grand opening tomorrow when

Peter's own beers will be served. The whole pub will be restyled and on Saturday there will be music, a buffet, and all pints will be only £1 - anyone who brings a copy of Viz along with them will get a free one.

Peter is aware of the bad reputation the pub has had in the past. "We'll be liaising with the police, and there will be extra lighting and security outside the pub to make the area safer and more attractive to students."

After being on the dole for six months, Peter followed his father's advice and began to produce his own beers. After setting up his own brewery, the Lastingham Brewery Company near his native Pickering, he created three different ales, all with a religious theme: Church Bitter, Curate's Downfall and, the strongest of all, Amen.

RHUBARB, once regarded as the staple dessert of schools and prisons, is now back in vogue as the food of the fashionable. Leeds is at the centre of a 'Rhubarb Triangle' where, according to experts in the field, the best rhubarb in the country is grown, writes Oliver Brooks.

Trendy London restaurants have started to serve the delicacy to its clientele. Harvey's, the renowned restaurant of temperamental Leeds chef Marco-Pierre White, now presents a dish described as "caramelised rhubarb enclosed in

a layer of puff-pastry."

But Leeds seems to be getting ahead of the competition. Mary Budda, catering manager at Leeds Metropolitan University's City Site, said: "Rhubarb crumble is very, very popular, although I didn't realise it was trendy. We also sell rhubarb yoghurts."

Rhubarb's influence is seemingly felt everywhere. "They always have it on a Sunday at Bodington Hall with sloppy custard," said Phillipa, a first year European Studies student at Leeds University.



# Food supplies cut off as city freezes over

WHITE OUT: Scenes from around Leeds 6 last weekend

Pics: Ed Crispin & Debashis Singh

BY RICHARD CLARKE & TAMZIN LEWIS

**SNOW storms brought Leeds to a standstill last week as university canteens were closed and bus services cancelled.**

Bretton Hall College was hardest hit when its canteen was forced to shut for two days due to food and staff shortages. The college, which is affiliated to Leeds University and situated in the tiny village of West Bretton near the Yorkshire Sculpture Park, was cut off by the snow because of its location on a hilltop.

Bretton's students union President, Marc Shoffen, complained that the nearest shop to the college is about four miles away. "We're in the middle of nowhere," he said. "I intend to make a complaint to the catering services."

Tom Griffith, Head of Residential and Catering Services, insisted everything possible had been done to prepare students for the problem. "We contacted all residents and warned them to get provisions in," he said. "The refectory closed at 1.30pm on Thursday and 3pm on Friday but by Saturday it was business as usual."

Leeds University's catering services were also affected. The food bars in the Old Bar, Harvey Milk Bar and Mouat Jones Lounge were forced to close because some staff could not get to work. Carl Potter, Director of Residential and Commercial Services, said: "We had to close some smaller outlets and concentrate our workforce on the larger ones."

Staff shortages also threatened the refectory at Bodington Hall until house staff came to the rescue. "Some of the chefs couldn't get in but the sub-wardens all came and helped out," said Jeff Rayner, president of Clapham House.

Rayner explained that many students were forced to make the four mile trek back to Bodington on foot after

## WORST WINTER FOR TEN YEARS

the unexpected snow crippled bus services from the university.

The unforeseen snow caused a close down of all facilities at LMU early on Wednesday so people could get home. Pete Davis, VP Communications, said: "A lot of students had exams but many conveniently assumed the university would be closed down. Exams were poorly attended or cancelled on Thursday."

LMU shut at 3pm on Friday and the message was conveyed by e-mail and tannoy for staff and students to go home. But the simple journey from City Site to Beckett Park took around two hours due to car crashes. Many students gave up and settled in the pubs for the night rather than trudge home.

Those who did reach Beckett Park were treated to an all-night bar because the manager was unable to get home on Wednesday and Friday nights. The 'Popkid' and 'Stomp' events were open but attended by only 150 people - around a 10th of the usual number. Even academic work suffered as university libraries closed early on Friday, so that staff could get home.

Students union services and transport came to a total standstill. One women's minibus at LUU was out for six hours while another seemed lost after getting stuck in a field in Meanwood.



This week's main event:

Launch of

## THE JOLLY BREWER

(Hyde Park Road)

Sat. 4th February

**EVERYBODY WELCOME**

even:

Kung fu footballers

Ballet dancers for a drink or tutu

Rugby players with odd shaped balls

**Bring Viz for a free drink!**

**All alcoholic drinks £1**

Leeds University Graduate as Licensee

# LEEDS STUDENT OPINION

ADRIAN Slater is in charge of Oxley flats. He is responsible for the safety and welfare of the students who live there. Yet this week, he let them down.

On Friday, an Oxley student was attacked. She was understandably shocked by the incident and returned home to recover. However, Slater did not report the incident to his superiors. As such, no one knew and the university was unable to advise security to take precautionary measures.

Presumably Slater didn't inform his boss Carl Potter because he didn't want to raise alarm in the university. No point getting all those over-anxious students wound up over nothing was

there?

As warden of the flats, Slater must have noticed the police car and ambulance which escorted the victim to a check-up at the hospital. A simple call to the emergency services would have revealed to Slater the police's initial reaction to the incident: that there was a dangerous man on the prowl, a man who had attacked one student and was likely to strike again.

Instead of making contact with the emergency services, Slater attempted to

raise the student at home. He eventually succeeded in his mission - five days after the assault. During this time, the university knew nothing of the situation at Oxley. But more importantly, neither did the residents. Slater jeopardised the safety of every

student living there. Had there been an attack between Friday and Wednesday then Adrian Slater would have been directly responsible. Clearly he was out of his depth. Leeds Student was informed of the incident on Wednesday morning. Within minutes, we had established from the police the facts surrounding the case. When we then rang Security, they had only just themselves been told of Friday's attack by the inept Slater.

We have to ask why these people are allowed to be put in charge of our halls and flats.

Carl Potter's explanation of his Slater's behaviour is that he is "new to the job". What does it take before they have reached the necessary level of experience? A rape? a murder?

Surely some kind of training should exist to ensure that hall wardens know how to act in the event of an emergency.

*The people in whom we trust need to demonstrate some leadership talents, rather than letting the students do their jobs for them.*

## the HACK

A weekly sketch of student politics

EVERYONE is getting high on Es. For some it's Ecstasy, for some, at the moment anyway, it has to be Exams, but for a tiny minority somewhere else the only thing that really thrills is Elections.

Coming soon to both the mothers of student parliaments, this is one of democracy's finest old traditions, designed to eke out the leaders who will best represent the interests of the population. Student politics conforms to the national model with consummate ease. Not many people stand, no sort of debate is held, no policy issues are discussed, and virtually nobody bothers to vote.

If this seems a slight exaggeration, recall that last year only one candidate stood in each of three Exec elections at LMUSU, including that for President, supposedly the union's equivalent of divine monarch appointed by God. Although LUU's offering was hailed as providing a record number of candidates, it's worth noting that most of these were either Socialist Workers or called Robin Johns.

The way Johns ran his campaign, you'd have thought he was going for the White House. He could be spotted in the union foyer encircled by his campaign team, rapping out orders that poor unsuspecting souls should be mobbed by Merry Men sporting flyers, banners and sinisterly large megaphones. You couldn't turn the corner without seeing Johns' youngish, innocently child-like face smiling back at you from a poster, those endearing eyes almost seeming to reach out with the words 'I can make you happy.' It was a campaign ingeniously based on images rather than policies, probably because he didn't have any.

To be fair, that wasn't quite true. Tony Blair might be able to grin his way to power, but even Johns was forced to take a daring political gamble. We discovered the man's true worth when, in brilliant style, he boldly promised radical change in the union: "I would remove the drinks dispensers

and put them by the Kiosk downstairs, enlarge the porters' window..."

Johns nabbed 634 votes to win the election, which implies that around 17,000 students were unimpressed. With the staggering 4 per cent majority still resounding through his CV, he swept to power alongside other Exec members who had received barely more. Democracy scaled its newest depths since Ancient Greece when allegations followed over campaign posters being maliciously obscured: the row could only have been greater if, Berlusconi style, 'Neighbours' had been interrupted on the union TV by Robin Johns' face saying: "New rights for drink dispensers!"

Things were less competitive at LMUSU, where the choice for President was between Andrew Snowball and Andrew Snowball. Like Johns and his expanding porters' window, Snowball is facing growing pressure to keep the promise he made to achieve quoracy at the union's Annual General Meeting: "Run around our bar naked so all the students would run into the Ents hall." But after two years on Exec, the great man, adorned or not, will at last be standing down and won't be seen on the hustings next week.

Instead there is intense speculation over who will wear the emperor's new clothes. The Presidential tussle is actually attracting a little interest this year, possibly due to the rare likelihood of more than one candidate standing. Nominations close today, after which we can expect a series of bespectacled, grey haired sops standing on soap boxes, handsome grey haired draft-dodgers refuting allegations of sexual immorality, or, and this is more likely, hard-up students desperate to escape the dole after graduation.

But don't expect many changes from the elections for Execs at either students union. Whoever gets in will do the roughly as much - or as little - as their predecessors, and will remain completely anonymous as far as the vast majority of the electorate is concerned. In fact, it isn't really worth bothering to cast a vote. Suppose everyone thought like that? Too late: give or take 5 per cent, they already do.

# Dear Editor,

## Free speech?

WE liked your too scandal-mongering headline last week (a competition winner?). Are the two members of CSA worth all these column inches? It was interesting to learn that Leeds Student had in fact solicited the original letter from Christian Student Action which sparked off the whole controversy. Cults may be a fashionable

topic at the moment but we don't think you'll find any brain-washing, body-piercing and gun-running among the CSA.

In our understanding, the union constitution aims to give free speech to all, not just a 'liberal' minority.

Yours sincerely,  
Annabel Kennedy and Rebecca Ryan,  
sexually ambivalent agnostics.



## CSA: YOU LION YOU CHEAT

I'VE just read that Mr. Bate of Christian Student Action says "Just look back at nature and see if you can show me a homosexual lion. Even animals know better than that."

It goes without saying that homophobia is despicable and Christian extremists have often been perpetrating it for the last two millennia. (Did anyone know that the term "faggot" come from an Old English word meaning "firewood"?)

"Show me a lion, a homosexual lion." There aren't many lions in Leeds six, but I'll show you a few stray male dogs doing it in front of the Royal Park of an afternoon.

Surely the bible teaches humility and wisdom, but after witnessing the attack on Tim Goodall during sex week I'm sure we'll all agree that "animals know better than that" MR. BATE!!!

Oh, Mr. Bate, let's all follow your example and have a Combat 18 society, maybe you can help distribute each other's material. I may go down to the Devil's lounge tonight (sorry, Old Bar), and then maybe sacrifice a few chickens, before enjoying a pint of Castle Eden, and hopefully not be harassed by NAZI Christians. If Mr. Bate wants to see a lion I'm sure we can resurrect an old Roman tradition.

Gary Ashe

But I also resent the way Mr. Bate passes his hang-ups onto animals. To set the record straight, homosexuality is common in animals, including the cat family. Oh it gets worse...

Christian Student Action also say "In God's sight, you are spiritually joined with anyone you have sex with." More good news eh? I simply must run around sharing God's word with the downtrodden and oppressed, like victims of rape, for example. Do CSA's arguments work both ways? There is in fact one member of the primate family with a strong tendency towards complete monogamy (gibbons). As for the rest of the animal kingdom, I suppose they all know better than that.

Anonymous, for fear of being firebombed.

# Uni a rip off

YOUR University is ripping you off! A while ago I had my union card stolen in the Tartan Bar, so recently I toddled up to the fees office and explained that it had been stolen and I wanted to buy a new one. The person in the fees office asked me if it was lost or stolen, and I confirmed that it was stolen. I was told that it would cost £15 to replace.

So...after finding out that you can borrow £15 from the Union without needing your Union Card, to pay for your duplicate Union card, to get your grant, to repay the £15... I went back to the fees office. The girl in front of me in the queue was explaining how her Mum had complained to the University about having to give her daughter money for a new card, and had been told that if she wrote to Dr. Brookes she could obtain a free one. This was the case if it had

been stolen, but the University didn't tend to publicise this fact. When I suggested that they were deliberately not telling people, so they could get the extra £15, they argued that it was extra paperwork for them. I was told that I should know about this because it's in the Taught Courses Handbook. I've looked - it isn't. I was also asked to stop informing people coming into the office how they could obtain a free card.

So, here it is now:

- 1) Write to Dr. Brooks (Senior Assistant Registrar)
  - 2) Quote police crime number from when you reported your card stolen.
  - 3) Wait for your free replacement Union Card.
- Leeds University purposefully witholds this information.

Emmi Hall

# Past it, Prince

SO, at the tender age of "twenty-something", Rosa Prince thinks she's all grown up - even to the point of being "ancient", "boring", and "middle aged". Well, Rosa dear, it may be true that you are no longer the care free raver of your teens, but please, less of the comments about being over-the-hill and past it - whatever "it" is. You sound like an all too familiar birthday card. Ageism is not only as bad as any other "ism" you care to mention, it also rather self-derogatory seeing as one day Rosa, although you will never be male, black, or a lesbian(?) you will almost certainly be categorised as "elderly". Whether or not this is a bad thing is partly up to you, and partly up to the values society places on being "old". The elderly in our Western spheres are continually being depicted as rapidly deteriorating bundles of feebleness, suffering from unimaginable physical and mental horrors. Wake up! This is a myth. Most people under seventy five are in

good health, are mentally all there, and leading active lives. The biggest problem after retirement is often money - partly exacerbated by the low status of pensioners. Are you afraid of aging Rosa, or your eventual demise into the ground? The words "old" and "death" are so intertwined in our culture that the elderly have become marginalised and rejected as if they were courageous. You will be part of this elderly group, Rosa. Will you see this as a problem or a challenge? Looking to the more immediate future - hasn't anyone told you that women reach their sexual peak at thirty? All is not lost! Chronological age is not positively correlated with boredom. Ageing is about growing - spiritually, intellectually, emotionally. You may feel "grown up" but you certainly don't know it all. I respect your apology for January grumpiness, but please refrain from digs about getting old which are tiresome and boring.

Rachel

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Letters should be no longer than 300 words long and are subject to editing.

# Rosa Prince

Dear Simon Mackay,



**HEAR on the grapevine (well on page three of Leeds Student) that you're involved in the campaign to free Private Lee Clegg. Bit of a coup isn't it for someone who's yet to finish his law degree?**

You're obviously a man committed to his legal studies. And I'm glad to see that you've already lost all those nasty moral scruples about defending the un-defendable. You're bound to go far.

There are just a few things that worry me about the Clegg case though. Like how on earth you could consider letting the man out of prison.

After all, no one is denying that it was the bullets from Private Clegg's gun that killed Karen Reilly. Or that the victim was an innocent passenger in a car driven not by an IRA

terrorist, but by a teenage joyrider. A jury of 12 of his peers have found Clegg guilty. A court of appeal upheld that decision. You'll know more about this than me, Simon, seeing as you're a legal hot shot and all, but doesn't that pretty much stuff Clegg as far as the law is concerned.

Thankfully for you however, we have that late twentieth century phenomenon - trial by media. Screaming headlines calling for Clegg's release were splashed all over the news stands this week. Not to mention anguished interviews from Clegg's grieving parents. Hence your campaign.

We've even had trial by Richard and Judy. Yes, *This Morning's* dynamic duo reached a new high in impartial journalism last week when they invited viewers to ring a special hotline if they thought that Clegg should be let out. No hotline existed for those who thought Clegg should stay right where he was, thank you very much. Of course, Richard knows all about miscarriages of justice - remember the infamous case of the bottle of wine in the shopping bag.

You must be pretty chuffed at having the weight of the media on your side. It's done wonders for your cause. Home Secretary Michael Howard has already announced that he is considering creating a new offence, somewhere in between murder and manslaughter, for the police and army. But Howard's insinuation is that murder committed by a policeman or soldier is less serious than that committed by Joe Bloggs is ridiculous. Because if anything, the opposite is true.

When you get a 'bad apple' in a profession such as the police or the armed forces, it's a serious issue. If the bad apple is allowed to get away with the crime, then it represents a very real threat to the rule of the law and to democracy itself.

When a policeman or member of the security forces tells you what to do, you respond, because at that moment they are the human embodiment of the law. If these people themselves do not respect the law, can they really expect us to continue to obey them?

For example, last year, I paid the price for living in the road next to Chestnut Avenue - "The Most Burgled Street in Britain." Yup, like many Leeds 6 dwellers, I was burgled. But while I was mighty

pissed off at the thirteen-year-old scally who committed this heinous crime, if it had been a copper who had broken in, it would have indicated a total breakdown in the law. We could all sod it then and move to South America.

To free Clegg would be to state bluntly that contrary to popular belief, we are not all equal before the law. Steal a car in England and you might get a couple of months community service. If you're from Northern Ireland, however, the sentence is death.

**W**hen an individual decides to become a soldier, he commits himself to British citizens and to uphold the law. He therefore has a duty to the population as to how the law should operate. Private Lee Clegg failed in both these respects.

This week, two other public figures also failed in their duty. The media has been quick to bay for the heads of Eric Cantona and the *Gladiator* "Shadow" for violence against a fan by the former, and drug use by the latter.

So why is Private Lee Clegg - a man who let down not a television show or sport but democracy itself - different? Perhaps because the

**To free Clegg would be to state bluntly that contrary to popular belief, we are not all equal before the law**

prejudices of Clegg were those of the Establishment?

It's well known that shortly after the shooting of Karen Riley and her companion, a model Astra was hung in the mess hall of Clegg's army division. A sign by the car read: "Vauxhall Astra. Made by robots, driven by joyriders. Stopped by A Company." What clearer indication could there be that soldiers in the division had ceased to consider as real people the public they were supposed to be protecting.

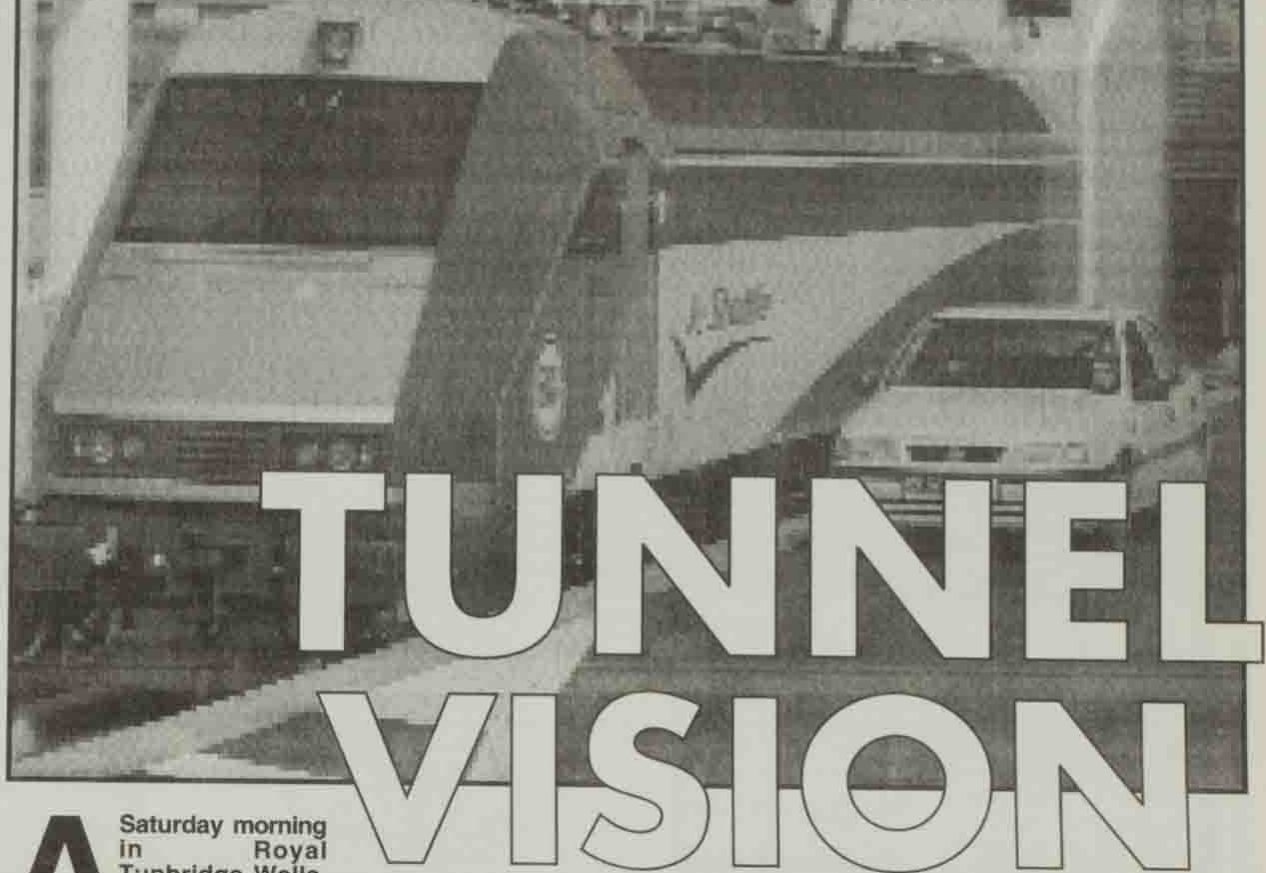
But while the sign was sick, the reaction was a natural one in an environment where trained killers were placed among a hostile population. Joyriding is a problem on many inner city estates. But, in other parts of the country, armed soldiers are brought in to deal with petty criminal acts.

By allowing the army to get involved in civilian life in this manner, the Government exposed its lack of respect for the civil rights of the population of Northern Ireland. It is perhaps inevitable that the men with guns would do the same thing.

So Simon, why not drop this campaign to free a man fairly and rightly convicted of murder. If you remain interested in miscarriages of justice, why not direct yourself towards a real crime - that of the Government's policy on Northern Ireland.

**The Channel Tunnel was always meant to be a good idea but do we really need it?**

**JONATHAN GIBBS investigates.**



# TUNNEL VISION

**A** Saturday morning in Royal Tunbridge Wells. Tarquin puts on the coffee percolator, hops into his Peugeot 205 and nips down the M20, through the Channel Tunnel, and into his local Patisserie for a couple of steaming hot croissants. After all, what else are we supposed to use the damn thing for?

You mean it's only three hours from Trafalgar Square to Eurodisney? Ooh-ah! And don't forget your *brosse-a-dents*.

The Channel Tunnel was always meant to be a good idea, it would bring us closer to our foreign cousins, stimulate trade and generally facilitate a pan-continental fraternity of happy-go-lucky, ecu-spending Euro-citizens. But do we really want this?

The government certainly doesn't think so. After having watched £8.9 billion pounds being poured down what is beginning to look like a bottomless pit, they now seem to be physically dragging the white cliffs of Dover inch by inch further from the coast of France. Seems like a severe case of cold feet. Unlike the tens of thousands of punters making a bee-line for those big, bad hypermarkets, to stack up the boots of their estate cars with crates of cheap, crap Belgian beer in pissy little quarter-litre bottles.

I've been there. I was one of the unlucky few travelling train-ferry-train on the last crossing before Christmas. The queue for the duty-free stretched via the bridge to the engine room and the second-class cabins. Not that anyone needed any more booze. They were all already laden down, outside and in, with wine, beer and bottles of bizarre regional liqueurs that taste like cough medicine without the paracetamol. And all on £1-a-trip day tickets from tabloids that spend every other page of their rag slugging off the frogs. Half of Kent is still

littered with derelict coaches, their suspension bugged by the sheer weight of alcohol.

These people are going to love the tunnel. Assuming the trains can take the strain, and they don't mind sharing their carriage with any number of dangerous terrorists, all being helped with their baggage by scores of smartly dressed Railtrack porters. It used to be rabies that got the English scared, but now it's bombs. Ever since bored journalists with nothing better to do have taken to waltzing on board the Euro-tunnel trains clutching large black spheres with fizzing fuses, it has come to the public's - and even the government's - attention that this just might be the biggest security border risk we've ever known; it's not just the lives of a train-load of passengers that are on the line, but think of all the investment.

Which is all very well for the Brits, but I can't help wondering why exactly the French would want to use the tunnel. After all, it's not as if the Marks and Sparks' Megastores on the outskirts of Canterbury are going to give them any unmissable bargains - pre-packed, crustless cucumber-and-salmon sandwiches for £3.09, anyone? Or what about tourism? Apparently there's a very interesting EuroTunnel Information Centre with many interesting facts and figures, most of them unfortunately about how Napoleon III thought that a tunnel would be a good means of invading England way back in the 1880s.

Or maybe they are looking to go further than that. After all, a super-smart TGV (*Train de Grande Vitesse*) can get you from Lyons, slap-bang in the centre of the country, to Paris in a couple of hours, and from there to the coast in another thirty minutes, so they

should be in Yorkshire in time for afternoon tea with scones and fake whipped cream, shouldn't they? I think not.

I can just see the hi-tech wheels grinding to a sudden halt somewhere up the top of the white cliffs, decelerating from some 250 miles per hour to a stunted crawl, as they come to terms with the huge amount of leaves piled up on the British tracks. I bet not even the pinnacle of European transport technology can deal with that.

Sure it's a good idea, but I know I'm not alone in hoping that by the time these through-trains from Berlin and Brussels are arriving on the last leg of their overnight journey to Bristol and Barnsley, we still have a rail network for them to use.

Indeed, it seems mightily ironic that a government dead set on driving people away from trains and in utter confusion over its attitude to European integration should have put its weight behind such a project at all.

John Major's attitude to rail privatisation seems akin to that of the Run Away Train Went Down the Hill. Flying directly in the face of public opinion, he obviously sees the whole issue as nothing more than a means of financing the next General Election campaign. Latest news is a set of guidelines intended to define the *minimum* service required by the privatised regional rail companies: the least possible number of trains per day, earliest and latest services, exactly how much overcrowding will be stood for. In other words, this is our government telling the people they are selling our trains to, precisely what they can get away with.

It will be interesting to see whether they get around to setting the minimum permissible wage increase for the company directors, post-sell off. Not less than 75%, now y'hear. We don't want to see you limiting yourselves to a mere £200,000 extra.

Communication Cord. Pull in the case of Emergency. Penalty for improper use: another four years.

**You mean it's only three hours from Trafalgar Square to Eurodisney? Ooh-ah! And don't forget your *brosse-a-dents***

## AZ of pop

**E** is for E.M.F. whose only contribution to the pop world these days seems to be the backing tune to Grandstand's Ryan Giggs montages. "Unbelievable" cry our boys as Ryan displays his silky skills once more. Then Des Lynham beams at us and all is right with the world. You will remember EMF (like Smash Hits) as "ver Mef." Once badly miscast as the English answer to New Kids on the Block, they made it onto every teenager's wall for at least an hour before most people decided that they were far too silly.

For they jumped about a lot on Top of the Pops, wore shorts in winter and baseball caps turned sideways. The nation cried out for something altogether more sensible and got Take That's buttocks. Oh well.

**F** is for fights. Oasis love them, Axl Rose looks for them, and Eric Cantona... Our favourite pop stars are well known for being short of a fuse or ten, but really Axl, the guy was only taking a photo. Young man, its time for some anger management classes. As for Oasis, they fight their fans and each other, probably to prove to Blur that even if they don't win a Brit Award, they could still 'ave 'em in a fight.

I'm not so sure. "Legend" has it that a favourite Blur drinking game was to punch each other until one fell unconscious. Obviously "they laarve a bit of it" (sorry, I couldn't resist). Whatever, the Stone Roses set the example by dousing the offices of their avowed enemies in paint instead of getting violent. How creative.

Ben East

# Daydream believer

**It's all got a bit Tricky. The Massive Attack rapper crosses the Avon but as AKIN OJUMU discovers, he doesn't want anything to do with the Bristol scene.**

**I**ve been trying to avoid certain interviews, well I mean not do any at all but sometimes I get caught" reflects Tricky ruefully. After two days of frantic phonecalls to arrange the interview, I can see what he means, but then again Tricky is certainly the man of the moment

He released one of the best singles of last year, the claustrophobic yet enchanting "Aftermath" which he claims was about the end of the world and his mother, half-torch song, half-trip hop and totally mind blowing. Now he is on the brink of releasing his debut solo album "Maxine Que", featuring Martina's woman-child vocals, and already the music media hype machine has jerked itself into life heaping praise on the elusive Bristolian, predicting imminent greatness for Tricky in '95 alongside Elastica, Gene and Menswear.

"I'm surprised that everyone likes the album as much as they do, because some of what the press is saying about it is ridiculous, I just want to move on to the next thing." Ridiculous? Well, Select magazine recently awarded the as yet unreleased album its first five star review of the year, and Time-Out are somewhat prematurely have tipped the LP as a favourite for this years "Mercury Award", so he must be doing something right.

But then, all this praise is not surprising when you consider Tricky's pedigree. He appeared and co-wrote on three of the tracks on Massive Attack's seminal debut album "Blue Lines", including the breathtaking

single "Daydreaming". Interestingly, Portishead's maestro Geoff Barrow worked as an engineer on the same album, a fact that gives more credibility to the widespread belief that there is a Bristol music mafia bed-hopping rather than trip-hopping their way into more discerning record collections.

Surely, given the musical differences between the Bristol triumvirate; Massive Attack's enticing mixture of dub and slowed down dance beats are far removed from Portishead's sparse hip-hop beats, looped organ sounds and haunting vocals. Tricky's darker side of armchair dance music, differs from both of the above so, he must be a bit peeved by critics who are unable to mention his name without a comparison to his erstwhile colleagues. Tricky hopes that "Maxine Que" will dispel all these tiresome theories; "Yeah, that's why I'll be glad when the LP comes out, people will realise that I'm nothing like Massive Attack or Portishead, we're just different people." To this end the next

single after "Overcome", will be a cover version of Public Enemy's ferocious "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" not a song that sits easily within the niche of the Bristol's ambient bass merchants. Tricky is determined to escape from the pigeon-hole to which he believes he has been condemned. He mentions that he may form a punk band later this year and during the spring he will be touring with PJ Harvey as her support act. Not the most likely collaboration, I venture to him; he agrees "I wanted to go out with someone completely different, with all the coverage of Portishead and Massive Attack it would have been pointless touring with them, it would be too close for comfort."

Tricky talks excitedly about his recent work with Bjork in her Iceland studio. The six tracks he recorded with her will be released without fanfare this summer for "no particular reason." The future certainly looks bright for Tricky Kid, it seems that the Massive Attack aftermath will not spell the end of the world for him but a new post Bristol beginning.

**"people will realise that I'm nothing like Massive Attack or Portishead"**

# Hands Off

**MARTYN BEAUCHAMP samples the latest offering from the man who made the Hammond organ go pop. But success for JTQ now seems like a Mission Impossible**

**33 James Taylor Quartet  
In the Hand Of the Inevitable  
(Acid Jazz)**

**A**fter hearing Gilles Petersen play records like Eddie Jefferson's 'Psychedelic Sally' and Gene Ammons' 'Lady Man' James Taylor ditched the Prisoners, a 60s psychedelic beat band that the media mistook for mods, and set about kicking up a frenetic live groove. But what's happened to the man? Is looking like Simon Groom finally starting to get to him?

"In the hand of the inevitable" is the quartet's first album back on Acid Jazz, the follow-up to the critically-acclaimed *Supernatural Feeling* with Noel McKoy and, to be frank, unequivocally JTQ's most uninspiring project to date. The essence of the album is captured immediately in the lyrics of the very first track, 'Love will keep us together'. 'Love will keep us together/Nothing could tear us apart/ And I will never leave you/I'll always keep you in my heart.' Nasty business - the entire album epitomises a blandness that Tony Blair would be hard pressed to match.

Alison Limerick replaces McKoy with whom, so it is rumoured, JTQ are unlikely ever to work again; this is a pity, since McKoy's pitbull vocals tended to counter Taylor's occasional tendency to slide into Hammond mediocrity. Limerick's contributions characterise the slick but empty feel of what is basically a totally pointless and thoroughly disappointing album.

There remain pockets of innovation here, but not much. 'Haitian Breakdown' surfs on a wave of throbbing percussion and the sort of guitar riff that you wouldn't bring home to meet your Mum and Dad. Even Taylor decides to dig in, and you begin to wonder why it has taken him so long. But then it's back to blandville with 'Let's get together', a Pleasure/Chic-influenced track that makes an unstriking call for peace, unity and a half-decent lyricist.

Suddenly the album temporarily re-invents itself, for



one song at least. 'Whole Lotta Love' covers an old Led Zeppelin number and dies completely. It is almost as though the album begins to panic at its humiliating reluctance to experiment, and turns in completely the opposite direction.

"In the hand of the inevitable" is clearly a waste of Acid Jazz studio time that plenty of more iconoclastic bands would die for. It looks as if The Incredible Jimmy "The Cat" Smith, the greatest Hammond player of them all, was right when I asked him for his opinion on James Taylor and he replied: "Who?"

**LIVE Funky Mule's DJ  
Extravaganza  
The Cockpit**

**T**he posters screamed "PORTISHEAD" but closer inspection revealed the link was extremely tenuous. Just who was this Andy Smith, the DJ headlining Funky Mule's monthly residency at The Cockpit? The credits on *Dummy* left no clues and his mentions in the recent spate of interviews with the Bristol collective totalled zilch. Like December's Mo' Wax extravaganza, the dingy confines of Leeds' strangely hip venue were transformed into a sound system for the more avant-garde excursions into hip-hop. Dress codes mean little here, though Puffa jackets, big trousers, and the inevitable pair of Adidas seem almost de rigueur. The snow, at a guess, meant that the place wasn't crammed to capacity, so the more serious issue of dancing could happen with plenty of space to throw the right shapes.

The relative anonymity of the DJs in this field, be they big or small names, means that the focus is solely on the music. So if it was Manchester's aptly-named Nodding Head Society or Andy Smith spinning the discs the beat remained the same. The diversity of artists played and the genres covered, from Run DMC's 'Pied Piper' and Autechre's 'Lowride' to the relatively mixed up but commercial strains of Ini Kamoze's current offering, only hint at the DJs' eclecticism.

Beer promotions and a blissed out ambience can only strengthen the club's nationally renowned reputation, and where else can you go to hear early '80s electro played next to Mo' Wax DJs Krush and Shadow? Perhaps Portishead really will grace us with their presence in the future, but for the meantime these nights are, and let's hope they stay this way, strictly turntablized.





## SINGLES

By Sara McDonnell

### SINGLE OF THE WEEK

#### Suede - New Generation

Single of the week, but only by default. This is one of the weaker tracks of Dog Man Star, and by Suede single standards, it ranks below most of the others. It starts off all excited and rip roaring and then slides into a pleasant enough Bowie-esque ramble. However, the B-sides are little short of awesome. Both cowritten by newboy Richard Oakes, they are far better than the single itself and bring hope to a band whose career is not so much in a nose dive, as a slowly reclining chair.



#### Adam Ant - Wonderful

"Meaningful" (so I'm told) and ultimately forgettable little ditty by some old bloke whose career should have ended after Prince Charming. Why do these early eighties heroes ruin any cred they gained while we were young and impressionable by coming back to haunt us, I wonder? Shame, really.

#### Sheryl Crow - Strong Enough

This follow-up is inevitably not as good as 'All I Wanna Do'; inevitably, it's a slow ballad with a high smoochability factor, and it'll probably sell millions. Inevitably.

#### Whiteout - Jackie's Racing

Despite a tres cool cover, this song is a sub-country and western type thing and is frankly not very good. Note well; Whiteout are NOT a trendy mod band; they sound nothing like Blur, they are sad 60's kids who can't escape their Neil Young albums. I'm very disappointed, considering the grovelling press they've been receiving lately.

#### Angelique Kidjo - A Golo

This very nearly gained the dizzy heights of being single of the week simply by virtue of not being an inoffensive, acoustic C'n'W sawng. But sadly, this is not very good either, despite some pretty impressive mixes by MK, Tricky and Howie. The 7" radio friendly edit is far inferior to the four remixed versions, which just goes to show that the DJ has more power over the quality of dance records than the artist.

#### Del Amitri - Here and Now

I can now proudly declare to the world my ultimate claim to fame: I once sat next to the lead singer of Del Amitri on a bus in Camden. You can sing the tune of Tom Petty's 'I Won't Back Down' to this. Almost exactly. It's difficult to say anything more about this apart from that it's Del Amitri being Del Amitri / Travelling Wilburies / etcetera. By the way, not only have their momentous sideburns actually grown in size (no mean feat by anyone's standards) but, judging by the front sleeve, one of them has sprouted a handlebar moustache. Have they no shame?

#### FZ - You Never Cross the Same River Twice

#### DEUS - Hotel Lounge (Be the Death Of Me)

#### 18TH DYE - Play W/ You

There is a clear and distinct theme developing through this week's singles: they are all (bar about three) Americanised country rock, and they all think they're Neil Young. These three shining examples are no exception. FZ sounds like a very nice chap who my grandmother would like me to take home to meet him, and no doubt delivers a message we can all learn from. Deus present us with a Velvets-y guitar twang with some cool understated feedback, and 18th Dye knock out some guitar experimentation; what it lacks in tune it certainly makes up for in squalling amp overdrive. Does anyone fancy teaching these guys another instrument?

#### Apache Indian and Tim Dog - Make Way for the Indian

In a week of largely dismal releases, Apache Indian provides hope and a spark of originality in this ragga/hip hop amalgam. This is more hardcore, and indeed, better than last year's 'Boom Shackalack' which probably means he gets more respect from his posseeee but won't shift half as many records. This is a travesty.

# Rock in a Hard Place

## 33 VanHalen Balance (Warner)

It's probably wise for me to admit at this point that I parted company with bands like Van Halen a long, long time ago. OK, so I might once have had a brief fling with such outfits when I was (very) young and impressionable, but all that's in the past now: bands fronted by vocalists with crap hair, who write crass, juvenile songs about sex and who play to vast U.S. stadia full of Michael Bolton lookalikes in tight jeans and sneakers; I'm afraid such things hold no appeal.

Having said that, I decided to forget all such stereotypes and listen without prejudice to *Balance*, the latest effort from a band who have been hugely successful in recent years. I'd approach Van Halen with an open mind, and see what they had to offer. Would all my preconceptions be shattered? Unfortunately not. In fact, this album actually managed to strengthen most of them. Airwaves-orientated rock such as this is utterly bland and devoid of any originality whatsoever. It's the musical equivalent of Neighbours. Some of the lyrics made me cringe: take the track called 'Amsterdam', for instance; 'Looking good through the window, shinin' red and blue light, a little thick in the bottom, but still lookin' alright, YEAH!' wails vocalist Sammy Hagar as he describes what was evidently a somewhat dubious sexual encounter.

There is of course the obligatory ballad, in this case a meaningless attempt to weld piano with the crisp VH guitar sound. I expected to be a little more impressed by the semi-legendary Edward Van Halen (Eddie to his mates) on guitar, but it appears he only turned up at the studio to record the last track, since everywhere else the guitar work is non-descript. Occasionally this album comes close to something like half decent rock music, but overall it simply fails to impress. Maybe I was right about the crap hair, crass songs and tight jeans.

Alan Gardner

## 33 Extreme Waiting for the punchline (A&M)

As their last album sank without trace, it was obvious that the kids who had been buying Extreme albums were now too into Nirvana to be bothered with their hoary old 'rawk' concept albums. With Nirvana gone, the corporate bigwigs have worked out that if the kids still want grunge, they'll have to buy Extreme again to get it. And here it is. Oh yes, all the signs are here: bleak industrial cityscape on the cover, moody black and white photos of the band, 'gritty' typewritten lyrics, and teen angst song titles like "There is no God", "Cynical Fuck", and "Leave me Alone". There's even a hidden last track, for Kurt's sake.

To be fair, most bands are manipulated by their record company. So what lies beneath the surface? Unfortunately, it's the same old crap. Don't get me wrong - if mindless riffing, widdlywiddly solos and all the spontaneity of a Jean-Michel Jarre concert are your cup of tea, drink up, for Extreme have made significant progress. The guitarist has some new little boxes to delight your ears, the drummer has at least two new cymbals, whilst the singer can now make his voice go 'swosh' at the touch of a button.

The dearth of ideas that typifies 'funk metal' is manifest on this cliché-ridden calamity, bursting with all the raw funk of the Nolan sisters themselves. There are the familiar bits ripped off the Beatles ('Hip Today'), but now Extreme have taken to ripping off Led Zep, The Who, and on the last track even plagiarise themselves to an extent that would land them in court if it were anyone else.

You've heard it all before. These boys are outstanding musicians but if that's what made the difference, Steve Vai would be number one, and no-one would listen to dance music.

Rafael Bloom

**It's job-hunting season again. With thousands of final-year students wading their way through reams of applications forms, GARETH HUGHES spoke to three students that have recently made that difficult transition from student to employee.**

# The C

**Johannah Hogg, 22, works in the personnel department at Leeds University. She graduated with a 2:2 in European Administration from Hull Polytechnic**

I hardly spent any time looking for a job whilst I was at university. I went to a couple of the milk rounds, but at the time I was so busy that I just didn't feel I had time. If you start thinking about your future career you just start worrying about it and it just puts you off. And it is possible to get a lot of help from the university even after you leave. They are always writing you letters, asking how you are getting on, wanting to know what you are doing, and asking whether you want to join the Careers Advisory Service, which I did. They send you immediate vacancy bulletins every month, which are very useful.

Having said that, I did have a lot of trouble finding a job after I left Hull. I think if you're up north it is harder than if you go to London. There is a lot more opportunity down there.

The job market is completely overrun by graduates at the moment. People going for the worst jobs in the world are graduates. It must be very hard for people that haven't got a degree, because they need to have a lot of experience to carry them through. Tempting agencies have got scores of graduates on their books.

Last July I also joined a temping agency. That's often what you have to do when you are getting started, to keep you going until you find the kind of job that you are really looking for. It's alright, but can be boring and in the end I just got sick of the crap money.

The job I'm currently doing is far better, but is still not really the kind of job I was hoping for before leaving university. I had wanted to go abroad and work in Europe. I've had a few interviews for things like the European Commission and got right to the final few candidates. At the end of the day, however, it's those that have got experience on working on projects that usually win the good jobs.

I miss Hull very much, although I miss my friends more than I miss university. I don't really miss being a student, because you can still live the life if you really want to. But socially life is so much better at college than in the working environment. You get to meet so many people. When you go



to a new place and you find you're not meeting people as easily as you were, it can get a bit depressing. You tend to meet people from work and get on with people that are a lot older than you, and you get a lot more tolerant of older people. It just shows you are becoming more mature.

I think I have changed since graduating. I've become much more responsible, I don't find it hard getting up for nine o'clock every day. I tend not to go out in the week that much, but the weekends are definitely a bit of an event.

When you're not a student and you realise that you've got no work in the evenings, it can be very strange. All you have to do is sit there and watch telly or go out. If you don't take your work home with you you've got nothing to do. It's a lot better, because your life's a lot more structured.

One of the most disappointing things is that I still don't have that much more spending money, even though I

am earning a salary. I've got a lot of outgoings now, since I have to pay out on things like rent. If I lived at home I'd be the richest girl ever, but I do have a bit more cash than I used to. It's just a bit of a shock going from a being a student that everybody's looking after, with my parents giving me money, dentist fees paid etc, to being out there on your own.

My student debt hangs over my head like an anchor. It's very frightening when the bank says that they're turning your overdraft into a student loan, because you realise that you've to start paying it back. The banks have been very tolerant, I have to admit, but all that 'free' money you could take out when you were a student, it's just not there any more.

I don't really wish I'd worked harder at university. I never worked very much, but in the end I did. I think that if I'd done all the work before it would have just made the Finals a bit easier, a bit less stressful, but I got

through in the end.

I use the things I learnt on my course in my job to a certain extent, but not the specifics. I did an IT course, which has come in useful, although I don't use my languages.

I'm not as motivated as I should be, as I don't feel that I've really begun my career. My last job I didn't care about it at all.

When I get a career job, it'll be something that really interests me and I know that I'll get really into it. Given five years I know I will be where I want to go - it just takes time.

**At college you get to meet so many people. When you go to a new place and you find you're not meeting people as easily as you were, it can get a bit depressing**

**Jon Phillips, 23, graduated from Sheffield Polytechnic with a 2:1 BSc in Estate Management seven months ago in July 94 Bsc Hons he is now working for an the Leeds branch of an international company**

Prior to graduating I had already arranged a job with the company I am with now. It is an international firm of property advisers for commercial and industry property. My starting salary is £10,000, which is OK compared to similar companies, although the profession I'm in doesn't pay as well as accountants or bankers. They often start of £16-£20,000. The property business has been hit hard by the recession. Thirty people on my course have thus far not entered the careers for which they had been studying.

Between January and February last year I sent off between ten and fifteen applications to different companies. I was often up against up to 1000 other candidates, and there were usually around only 20 graduate places, so competition was very tough. I got rejected straight away from a couple and then rejected from other ones after interview, therefore was extremely relieved when I learnt I had got this job in Leeds.

I settled in quite well to my job. I had already had a sandwich year so I had a pretty good idea of what was coming. I found things fairly easy to grasp, and I benefited from my course, which was totally vocational. The work isn't all desk-based, so I get out of the office quite a lot. Everyone in the office is friendly, and it is a pretty sociable profession. There are about 30 people in the office, and quite a few are in their twenties, which is quite good for me.

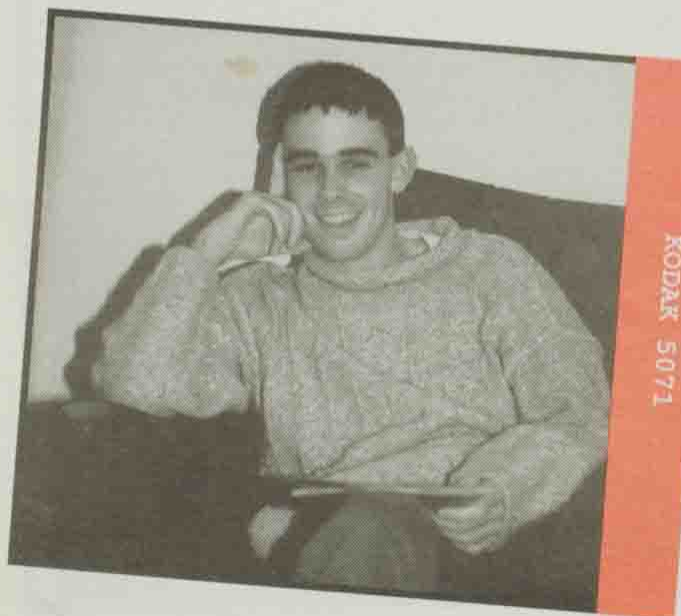
I've had no regrets so far about my chosen profession, although the salary could be better. During the boom of the eighties companies were paying more but they were also hiring more. I could easily still be looking for work and being on the does.

My life has changed in some ways, but not in others. You think tend to think that when you start a job you will have lots of ready cash. Even £10,000 is a comparatively large amount of money when compared with a student grant. But really the financial situation is very much the same. I'm earning more, but servicing debts leaves me with little at the end of the day. Banks are also suggesting that even though the economy reached the depths of the recession 18 months ago, there is now another downward curve.

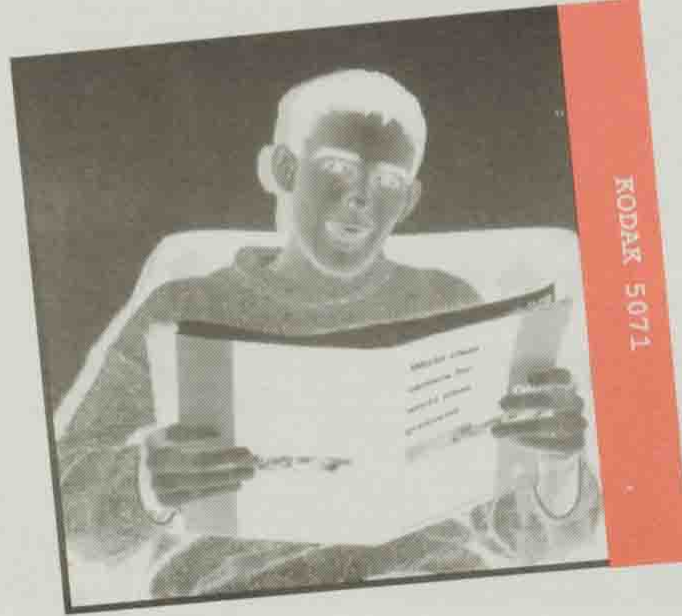
At work you have to be disciplined, you have to get up each morning at eight. It can get monotonous, unless the work is



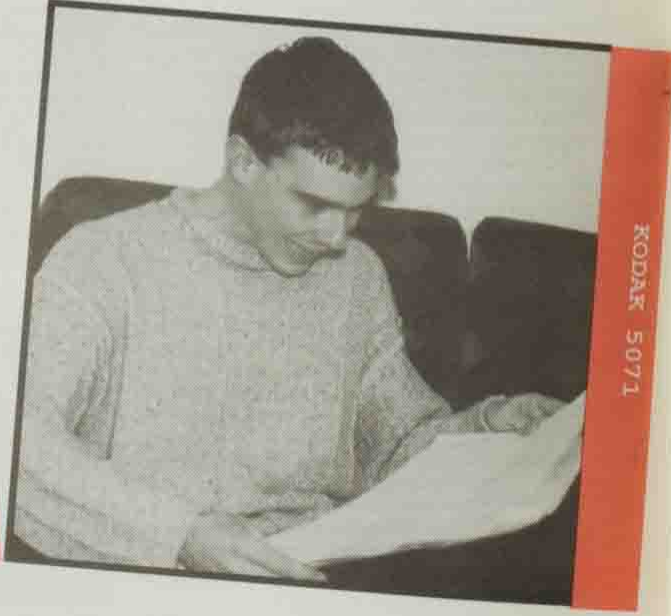
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# Graduates



enjoyable. At university I liked the fact that to a large extent you could run your own timetable. You get up when you want, do what you like. These days I can't just come home and decide to go on a big beer-drinking session with my mates. Now I have to consider the implications afterwards - and the last thing I want to do is to make a bad impression at the start of my career. Now I tend to live for the weekends a bit more.

I think in a way I'd already started making the transition from education to work when I left school. Over a three or four year period you learn that your circle of friend changes, but that you'll always keep in contact with your best mates. I still meet up regularly with a lot. I was on a big course, we all went out regularly together. The nature of my job does mean that you do get to meet some good people. That's one of the best things for me, because I like meeting people.

I'm currently living with friends of mine from college, in Leeds. We are all doing the same career, having graduated

from the same course. We live a bit far out at the moment, but might moving to Headingley later in the year. I like it there, it is fairly bustling. Just because I've got a job it doesn't mean that I don't want to live in lively areas. It's not all work, work, work, you know! 9 to 5 day doesn't mean you don't go out at all, you just take things on a different scale. You have more free time in the evening and don't have college work, but can't get smashed.

I'd suggest to anybody wanting to start work in September to start applying now. In some cases it may already be too late. As far as interviews go, everybody has their own style - and that applies for both the interviewer and the interviewee. I would say that it is a good idea to tell the truth. Nine out of ten times an interviewer will catch you out.

**and to think you start a job with lots of ready earning more, debts leaves at the end of day**

My first interview was quite intimidating. I spent a lot of time preparing for it, but the rest of them were fairly straightforward. There are a lot of standard questions.

I'd also say that money really isn't everything. If I was getting paid a fat lot of cash for something I wasn't interested in, without a doubt I'd revert back to this career. I feel happy in it, comfortable with my colleagues. Money is only a factor to a certain extent.

I'm one of the lucky ones. I have got friends graduated, in a worse state than myself, but others doing better. I'll stay with this company till qualified. I had a good time at college but I think I was ready for a bit of a change. Everybody has to grow up someday.

**Cester Jackson, 21, is a civil servant working in Worcester. He failed his degree in Classics and History in 1994 but still managed to find employment less than a month after leaving.**



I'm a civil servant at the moment, working in Worcester. I take home £125 a week, which isn't too bad since I only pay £15 rent to my mum, including food. At first it was a real struggle. I wasn't used to getting up and I still find it hard. But you do get into it to a certain extent, you get into a routine.

In my job you don't really use your brain. I just seem to have to run around the office and be there, rather than actually doing anything of substance. I wouldn't have gone for the job if I hadn't failed my degree. The fact I failed it made me very anxious about getting any job, I went for the first interview that came along. They accepted me and I was in retrospect very lucky that they did.

It's a school-leavers job rather than a graduate job. The people I work with for the most part have not gone to university.

Although there is a promotion ladder the salary levels increase rather slowly. I'm don't mean to sound snobbish or anything, but I do feel that the work is below me. I know I could have done a lot better and it is frustrating. You don't use your brain.

I am annoyed that I failed my degree, even though I've got a job that earns fairly decent money. I didn't really enjoy the subject. I'd done it all for A-level, and then when I got to university it really didn't interest me anymore. Doing a totally different subject, or even a different discipline would have given me more of an impetus to get on with it, got to university and it didn't interest me.

Another factor was that I doing a degree which had few lectures, and wasn't even obliged to go to them. I didn't have exams for two years and then they all came at once. I wasn't prepared. And to be honest I'm also a lazy twat, and didn't do any work.

The advice that I would give to students not working hard enough, is to get their act together and get motivated. You don't have to do that much, but if stress sets in it can be fatal. You spend more time worrying about your college work and about looking for a job than actually doing it. I'm pissed off about it, cos I was capable of doing really well. As soon as I started not

doing any work I got into a vicious circle. I got bogged down in reading.

I'm retaking me degree this year as well as doing my job. It's hard and sometimes quite demoralizing because I know that I can only get a pass, no matter how well I do.

I have to keep working, because I've got a large student debt - a £1200 overdraft which I pay off at the rate of £100 a month. I've got £2000 student loans as well. But if things go out of your bank account automatically every month you don't really notice it. It's like paying off a car or something. It would be nice to not have a student debt, but I certainly enjoyed myself while I was there, put it that way.

As soon as I get my degree I intend to get a graduate job. It is hard, though, because like a lot of other students and ex-students I have not got a career plan. All I know is that I don't want to be a civil servant for the rest of my life.

My brother dropped out of Bradford University. He messed about for three months, but then got a job and did insurance exams. Now he's earning a

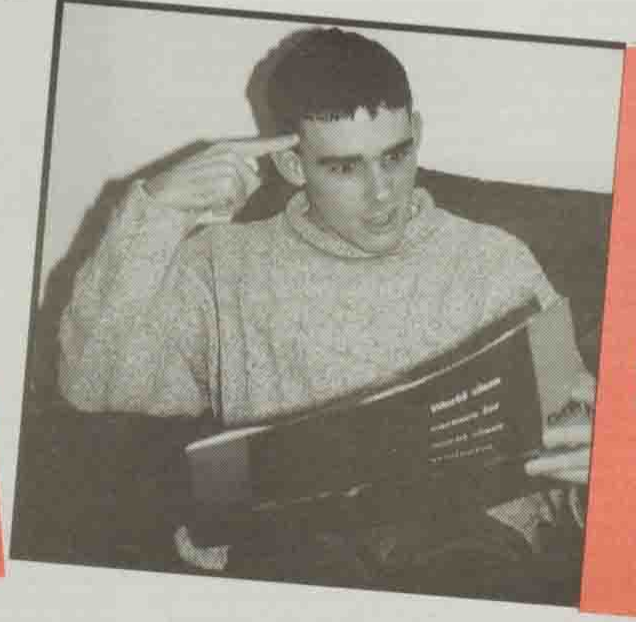
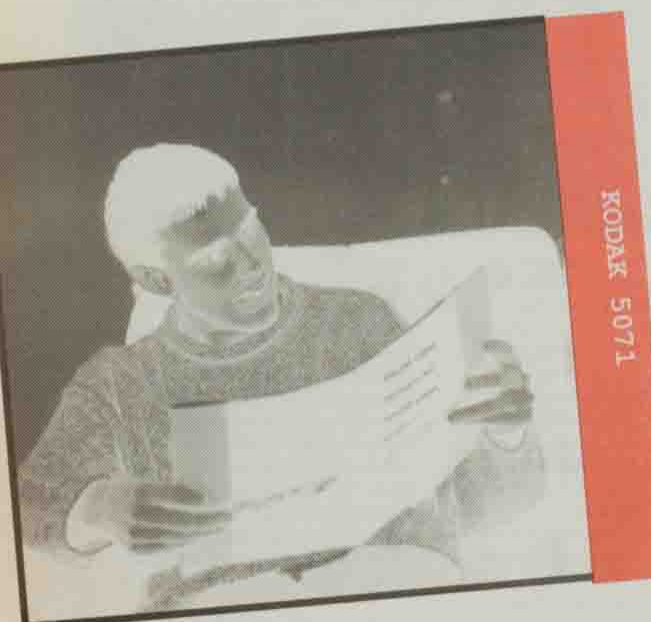
decent wage. He's moved down to London and loves it. He was getting pissed off at first, since he thought he was cleverer than graduates he worked with that went straight up the ladder. But eventually he realised that a lot has to do with personality rather than attitude as well as a piece of paper. Nevertheless, a degree under your belt undoubtedly does you a lot of good.

As far as the short term goes, in the end I count myself lucky. I can't handle getting bored, sitting at home. At least I'm not working a factory or something, and a lot of students have to do that. I couldn't go on the dole, with £40 a week plus having to pay rent on top of that. A lot of my mates back home all finished and haven't got jobs. Even people with 2:1s find it hard.

In five years time, if I don't move into a graduate job, I think I'll try and get into the antique business. You need capital to start, but can get financial assistance. If I did go into that business I wouldn't do it in England. I'd go to a better market like America.

It is possible, contrary to what you are conditioned to believe, to make a lot of money without a graduate job. In certain careers, it is invaluable, in others essential, but at the end of the day it is those with initiative that are the winners. I intend to be a winner. I've had a setback in failing my degree, but I'm not going to let that affect my whole life. I think that if you believe in yourself, then you are already half-way there to making a success of your life.

**I don't mean to sound snobbish or anything, but I do feel that the work I do is below me. I know I could have done a lot better and it is frustrating**



**ART** Art Unlimited  
Leeds Metropolitan  
University Studio Gallery

What is art? That's always been the big question. Back in the swinging sixties a group of artists decided that it was not a selection of elitist works only accessible to the upper echelons of society. Instead they created 'the multiple' in an attempt to bring art to a wider public. Thus the brillo pad as art form took off. The idea behind the multiple was the use of everyday materials which allowed potentially limitless original editions to be produced at affordable prices. The exhibition currently at the Studio gallery at LMU includes original artworks from the 1960s and pieces commissioned by the Arts Council specially for this exhibition. The work of today's artists emphasises the knowledge that conceptualist works are not easy to market and try to comment more on social and political issues.

Original multiple art is a good deal commoner than you think. One of the most famous and widespread images is of Roy Lichtenstein's pop pyramid painted yellow with black dots. Kago Shima's 'stopped liquid' is also available in a high street bastardisation involving inverted ketchup bottles balancing on the spilled sauce from within. Surprisingly one of the most widely sold items of the first multiples phase was Joseph Beuy's 1968 creation 'Intuition instead of a cookbook,' which is a small wooden box about the size you would keep knives and forks in - an extreme example of art's revolution against elitism taken to the heights of ridiculousness and lapped up by eager art punters. The multiple movement went on to provide some stranger efforts of its new vision such as a gilded birdcage on a stand containing a pulsating hairy wig. Gunter Wescher's vision was lost on me but the political intonations of the 'Loaf of Prague' by Wolf Vostell 1968 were clearly recognised.

Modern multiples artists have deduced that while the style is trying to make a statement, a lamb in formaldehyde or a Virgin Mary statue shrouded in a condom (which must be changed every three days!) does not look very good on your coffee table. Their work reflects this and added elements to give a personal touch or a more political statement like Jeff Daniel's 'Dowel and Wire' which is an exact size replica of the arming device for an IRA bomb, possession of which is considered proof of planting and as such grounds for arrest.

More lighthearted works include Lucia Noguera's unwearable earrings made from mercury, a snip at £200. Many of the recent works are for sale and some seem reasonably priced as they are indeed strange and different to look at, even if they do seem like a concoction of circuit boards, plastic bags, burnt metal or lace. However some works are still harking back to the question of 'what is art?' A ping pong ball in a glass of water and a set of instructions on how this set up can change your love life had a very nice box but it is doubtful whether it would catch on as a popular ornament. Perhaps I should nominate my own coffee table too as an entrant to the more accessible art world, specifically 'Pint Glass with Fag End' or something similar as a thoughtful representation of the excesses of student living. The question of what constitutes art is indefinable and while some examples in this exhibition are pretentious tripe, other exhibits have much wider connotations derived from changes in the world and society. I advise you to make up your own mind and have a look.

Liz Wright



# A Winter's Tale

Directed by thinking woman's crumpet, Alan Rickman, *The Winter Guest* is the new play at the West Yorkshire Playhouse. CIE SANGSTER braved the snow to find out more.

**T**he *Winter Guest*, tells the story of four couples in a seaside town on the West coast of Scotland. Frances, a widow, and her mother struggle to communicate, but somehow never manage to connect. A couple of truanting schoolboys muck about on the beach, a teenage couple tentatively begin a relationship, and two old biddies sit on a bench waiting for the next funeral of one of their friends to come along. And that's it.

Funny in parts, sad in others, the story presents more of a "slice of life" than a plot with a beginning, a middle and an end. Phyllida Law (famous for being Emma Thomson's mum) played the mother convincingly, pulling her fur coat around her and arguing with her daughter, sometimes losing her thread, but usually imposing and regal.

The conversation between Tom and Sam, the two boys, about whether rubbing Deep Heat on your willy really would make it grow was far and away the funniest part; in fact, the performances of David Evans and John-Ross Morland (who actually are Scottish schoolboys) were the most persuasive and energetic of all. Their scenes together were

characterised by an authenticity which was sometimes lacking in those of the adult performers. Another distraction was the variety of accents used by the cast, few of which approached West Scottish - Phyllida Law spoke in refined Edinburgh tones, while Sian Thomas (playing Frances) veered from BBC English to a sort of drama-school approximation of general Scottishness.

Tension between members of the cast, particularly Frances and her mother, and also Alex and Nita (the teenage lovers) was indicated by sudden eruption into irrational shouting at each other, or dissolving into tears. The play also featured some rather heavy-handed symbolism; the continuing presence and influence of Frances' dead husband was shown through the none-too-subtle device of several photographs of him all over the house, which were turned to face the wall, thrown to the ground or stared at adoringly, depending on which particular emotion or sentiment was required.

Comic relief was provided in the form of the two elderly ladies, waiting for the bus which will take them to the next funeral. They combined morbid bathos with some rather Alan Bennettish conversations about meringues that they had eaten at a teashop in 1957. They were wryly and effectively portrayed by Sandra Voe and Sheila Reid.

The play was enjoyable, but a little disappointing. The combination of Sharman Macdonald's award-winning writing and Alan Rickman's direction had led me to expect something exceptional.

**FILM** Trapped in Paradise (PG)  
Showcase Cinema

Dir: George Gallo  
Stars: Nicolas Cage, Dana Carvey, Jon Lovitz.

**A**fter the recent spate of films featuring bank jobs gone wrong, it is refreshing to see one where the thieves pull off an overwhelmingly well executed heist. The twist in *Trapped In Paradise* is that having made off with the loot, our trio of bank robbing brothers, Bill, Alvin and Dave Fripo (played by Nicholas Cage, Dana Carvey and Jon Lovitz) get stuck on Christmas Eve in the eponymous American small town of Paradise, Pennsylvania, where the bank in question is located. It being the season of goodwill to all men, they are on the receiving end of a sickening amount of local hospitality, when the residents realise the tourists can't leave because of the snow.

If this is too much novel thinking to stomach in one go, then take heart, because the rest of the film is a retreat over more familiar territory. The prime

sources of inspiration for writer-director George Gallo appear to be two of Bill Murray's better vehicles; *Quick Change* - heist aftermath hi-jinks - and *Groundhog Day* - amusing small town mores - as well as the comic thriller classic, *Midnight Run*, which Gallo previously scripted. Many of the set pieces which worked to such good effect in the Robert De Niro film are redeployed less successfully in *Trapped In Paradise* as the three brothers lead the authorities through a cavalcade of inept policework which makes the Keystone Cops look like an efficient crime-fighting force.

Cage, who is the anchorman of the piece, has seen his career sadly derailed by a succession of mediocre comic outings (*It Could Happen To You*, *Guarding Tess*) and this latest piece does little to stop the rot. While he clearly has a talent for these old fashioned

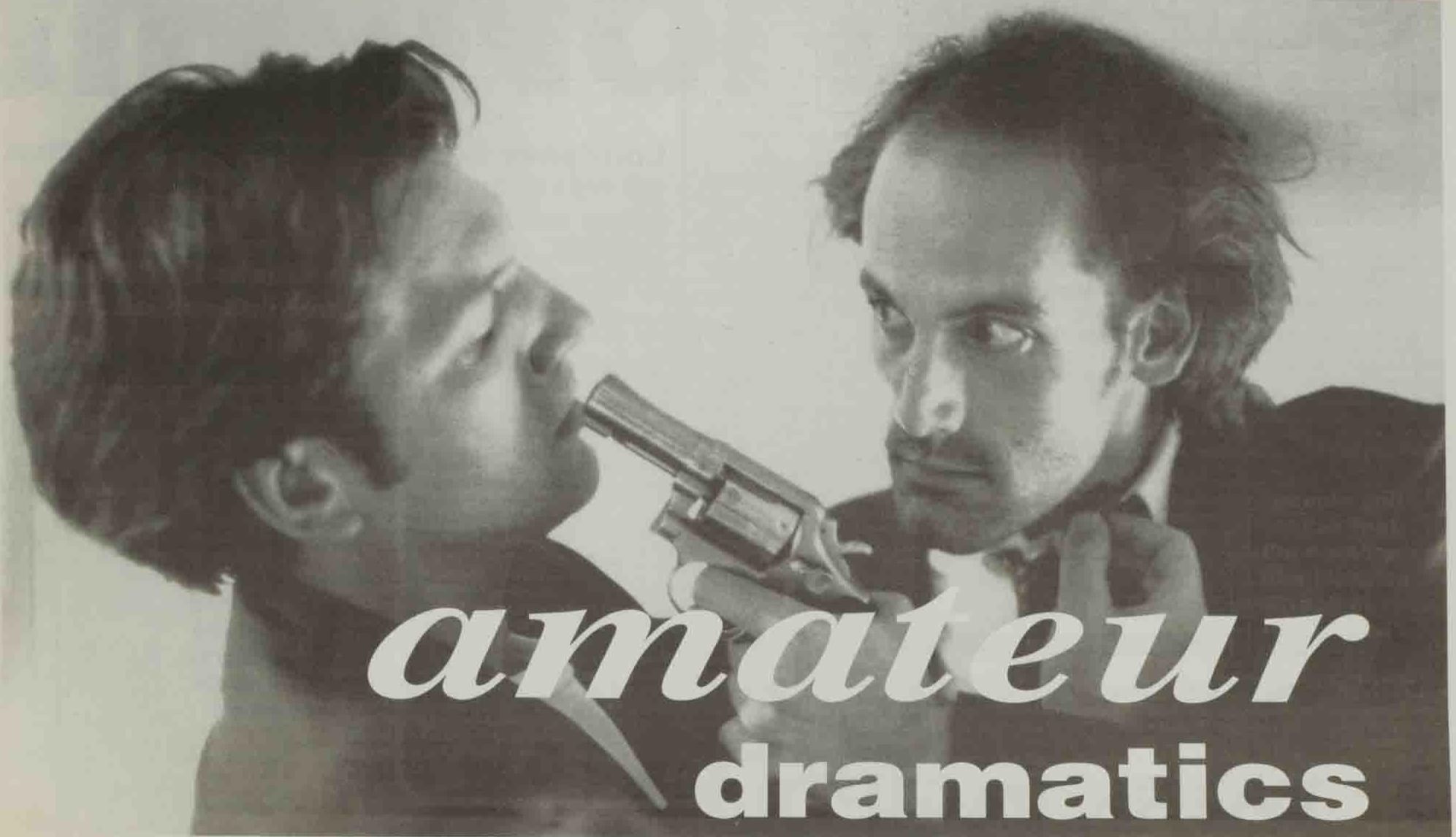


comedies - his world weary, exasperated persona is well suited to the medium - he should get back to the more off-beat material which made his name. The surrounding players, in contrast, never rise above the merely adequate. Madchen Amick, as the love interest, succeeds at doing what she does best, namely looking preposterously beautiful and Dana Carvey (Garth in *Wayne's World*) is content to mug for the lens more shamelessly than a street thug caught on security

camera.

*Trapped* lacks the depth which raised *Midnight Run* above the level of lame-brained action fodder. The people of Paradise are far from perfect, being no more than paper thin cut-outs; it is surprising that the decent characterisation which made *Run* so great, is so lacking here. What was a more than workable formula for an amusing comic actioner has been diluted into a seasonal, frolicking mess.

Matthew Goodman



**JONATHON GIBBS auditions *Amateur*, the new thriller from independent director Hal Hartley.**

**A** man wakes up to find himself lying in a back street of New York. He knows neither where he is, nor who he is. He walks into the nearest cafe, where a woman is sitting writing bad pornography. She is an ex-nun and a nymphomaniac. Thomas, meet Isabelle. Isabelle,

meet Thomas. Viewer, meet *Amateur*.

With a beginning like this, you just know that the film you're watching is either going to be very good, or very, very bad indeed. That it proclaims itself as a Hal Hartley film is as close as you can get to a money-back guarantee that it's the former.

Hartley is undisputed king of the young American independents. Maybe this is just because the Coen brothers and Tarantino have gone onto bigger (budget) things, but that doesn't make him second rate. He's less hip, but more stylish; less showy, but more accomplished; less wacky, but a hell of a lot stranger. *Amateur* is a thriller, if only because things happen in it that normally happen in

thrillers. There's a man with a mysterious past, and a femme fatale; a million dollars' ransom, some stolen floppy disks and a porn star on the run for her life. There's even a new take on the warehouse torture scene. There are cars and guns, but no car chases or shoot-outs; not much swearing or sex, and very little blood.

What there is is a hell of a lot of irony. Hartley's got irony by the bucketload. He doesn't give us mildly sarcastic characters raising the odd mocking eyebrow. He gives us wide-eyed innocents stranded in big, bad world, with no sense of their own ridiculousness. They're way out of their depth, and we can only watch them go down.

It's a tragedy, but a gentle, painless tragedy, and the anaesthetic is an equally gentle humour: Isabelle's not a very good nymphomaniac, as she's still a virgin - 'I'm

choosy" - nor a very good pornographer - "Well, frankly, Isabelle, it's quite bad... it's poetry and don't you deny it!". Plus, you get the usual hilarious Hartley bit parts - a couple of yuppie hoods, a porn-reading schoolboy played by a female actress, and an over-emotional cop. Overall, the acting is exemplary, with regulars Martin Donovan, Damian Young and the numbingly beautiful Elina Lowensohn being joined by French star Isabelle Huppert.

If you've seen any Hal Hartley films before, then you probably won't even have read this far, you'll already be on your way to the Hyde Park Cinema; and if you haven't, then no review can prepare you for the differentness of *Amateur*, nor for the flush of recognition you'll get when you realise that this is the kind of cinema you've always been waiting for. J14

**FILM** Only You (PG)  
Odeon Cinema  
Dir: Norman Jewison  
Stars: Marisa Tomei,  
Robert Downey Jr.

**I**f you're looking for a romantic escape from the exam-gloom infecting Leeds at the moment, *Only You* offers syrupy helpings of true 'lurve' and the essential 'feel good' factor.

Marisa Tomei stars as the obscenely cute, ever-hopeful romantic, Faith; a girl with an incurable belief in destiny. At the wide-eyed age of eleven, Faith asks her Ouija board to spell out the name of her true soul mate; the answer: Damon Bradley. Days before her sensible marriage to a dull chiropidist, Dwayne, she receives a phone call from her fiancé's old school friend, on his way to Venice. The name of this gentleman caller? You'll never guess... Damon Bradley. What else can a girl do but drop everything and

dash off to the land of love, trailing yards of frothy wedding dress and the essential best-mate Kate (Bonnie Hunt), in pursuit of Mr Right.

Whilst dashing around the gorgeous streets of Venice, Faith chances to stumble across the charmingly perfect Mr Wright (note the subtle play on words!), who is so smitten that he claims to be the elusive Mr Bradley. Robert Downey Jr is endearingly cute and adorable as a thoroughly New Man, spending the main part of the film trying to convince Faith that he is her Mr Right, despite having the wrong name. Some girls are so picky, aren't they?

The will-she-won't-she situation which ensues between Tomei and Downey Jr, is predictable in the extreme. Of course she bloody well loves him, so why can't the two of them just get on with it, please? Just in case you were in any doubt, the film closes as Tomei dashes onto her lover's departing plane, they snog, everyone claps and they jet off into the blistering red sunset. aahhh.

The Shirley Valentine-type subplot is

provided by Kate, who has a 'liberating' encounter with the chino and Gucci-loafer clad Giovanni (Joaquim de Almeida), and not surprisingly after all this Italian loving she regains her senses and returns home to patch up her previously troubled marriage.

The saving grace of the film is the beautiful scenery, marred only slightly by the odd gondala, complete with the Cornetto ditty in the background, and the sneaking feeling that at times you're watching clippings from the Italian Tourist Boards latest promotional video. Oh...and of course no 'Love story' written in the stars' is complete without a bit of a song from the king of love himself: Michael Bolton.

For the light of heart and the extremely sweet of tooth this is a well orchestrated, pleasant enough jaunt into the cinematic world of true love, and to the rest of us old cynics I'm afraid it's just plain corny.

**Caroline Banks**





# Cult Corner

**L**ike Beckett and his compatriot Eugene Ionesco, Cioran was an important figure around Paris in the forties. Although his earlier works were scribbled down on the brink of mental collapse, *A Short History of Decay*, a product of his middle-age, is not a betrayal of his youthful obsessions, but a more refined, ironic expression of them.

As both stylist and philosopher, Cioran is a direct literary descendant of Nietzsche - yet more measured and aloof than he - writing under his credo that life and the very act of thinking must involve a risk, an experiment.

Cioran abhors 'every indifferent idea' of pale academics and professional philosophers: 'the man who thinks when he wants to has nothing to tell us.' In contrast, he himself is an unwilling nocturne, writing only when in the grip of insomnia. Reflecting this, his style is aphoristic, fragmented - his thoughts endure only as long as the moods which give rise to them. *A Short History of Decay* refuses to be squeezed in to a straitjacket, a metaphysical system.

Morbidly introspective, Cioran writes, as he admits, a kind of 'abstract autobiography'

## A Short History of Decay

by E. M. Cioran

seeking the universal within the personal and reflecting the

contradictions of life so well 'that ashamed of duplication, it would disappear.'

Nietzsche said that we learn more about ourselves from our illnesses than our health - that man is the sick animal. Cioran goes further in his diagnosis: life itself is a sickness of

epidemic proportions, and philosophy merely another symptom. History is a process of decay, of gradual cultural exhaustion and the decline of the intellect into neurosis, preyed upon by the vampirism of reason and religion.

Yet although he swings from rage to resignation in a single gasp, he does not succumb to bitterness and pessimism, never registering surprise that life is

disappointing. Indeed, what else could it be? And having claimed that it is, paradoxically, the very possibility of suicide which has kept him alive, he has elsewhere described life as a temptation, as a 'habit I do not despair of acquiring'. Condemned to life, he holds up abdication as the impossible ideal, as the path to convalescence.

Greg Moore

“Of all that was attempted this side of nothingness, is anything more pathetic than this world, except for the idea which conceived it?”

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# Hit

**Londoner Charles Jennings says that all Northerners wear flat-caps and keep whippets. So, asks JONATHAN GIBBS, does this mean that all Southerners are smarmy, cynical gits?**

**C**harles Jennings is not a popular guy. His new book, describing his *Travels North of the Watford Gap* has been catching flak from public figures from Blackpool to Grimsby, angry at the book's portrayal of their home towns. Blackpool, for instance, "is the first place I've been to where the whole town has halitosis." Cleethorpes, on the other hand, gets away with being a "small, ineffably sad seaside town where the clock stopped in about 1962." It's a bit of a contentious issue, isn't it, this North/South divide, as much a part of English life as "the Pennines, super-market chains and television" as the author rightly states.

But hey. What exactly is the problem? Who cares if a self-proclaimed Southern jessie takes it upon himself to confront his in-built web of prejudices in this heroic, journalistic manner? Heck, it's only the sensibilities and self-esteem of half the country he's assasinating! And after all, he is a Londoner.

*Up North* is one of the new breed of travel book, closer in conception and style to Bill Bryson than to Paul Theroux, a light-hearted romp through a 'foreign country of the imagination', more intent on patronising the natives than on colonising them. The very fact that Jennings' concept of 'north' starts at

Birmingham shows where he's coming from. However, he is not unaware of the irony of this, nor of the unpalatableness of much of what he says, and seems to spend as many pages of the book apologising for his opinions as he does stating them. Cleverly, he gets most of the really obnoxious stuff (the "violence, extreme urban bleakness... comical regional accents, dreadful architecture" bit) out of the way in the first, introductory chapter, tempered with admissions that his "bigotry is a clear but baseless mixture of clichés and reach-me-down cultural assumptions", thereby rubbing even the most open-minded of readers up the wrong way. Then he hits Birmingham, only to find that the so-called "Arsehole of the North" (that from local George Melly) is both "intoxicating and envy-provoking."

And so it goes on. Fifty pages into the book, I started to find a pattern emerging. Each new chapter heralded a new destination, a new set of commonly held truths that everyone *knows* to be wrong, and a brief, contract-filling resumé of local history and a rundown of home-grown celebrities. Then we get a catalogue of pleasant surprises as the author sees his assumptions blasted away by the reality of the place. For instance, Manchester is "a place of pronounced, even noble characteristics."

And the six-million dollar question: what about Leeds? Well, teasingly, Jennings leaves the county of Yorkshire until last, and Leeds itself to the last twenty pages of the book. Itching for outrage, I was, I must admit, a little disappointed to read that "perhaps here was the happy combination of qualities for which I had been searching for so long", but that this very fact made Leeds a bit boring, "just too neat."

So, Leeds, the city that sums up Yorkshire,



**I**n my capacity as a bookshop sales assistant, I was once asked by an unassuming customer if I could recommend a good wholesome detective story. Recalling a conversation with a friend, I suggested Paul Auster's *The New York Trilogy* which, although I had not read myself at that point, I had been told was "kind of weird, but pretty good". Having since read the book, I now

realise what a horrible mistake I had made. As anyone who has read it will know, *The New York Trilogy* is as close to being a body-in-the-parlour detective novel as I am to being Agatha Christie. With *Mr. Vertigo*, Paul Auster's latest offering, I once again have that unsettling feeling of having read something that is not quite what it appears to be.

On the most immediate level, *Mr. Vertigo* is the bizarre tale of Walter Rawley's life, told by Walter himself. The story begins in the 1920s with Walt as a nine year-old orphan hustling for money on the streets of St. Louis. When approached one night by a mysterious stranger, Master Yehudi, Walt is quick to abandon his life of misery by accepting the Master's

# the North?

## The Djinn in The Nightingale's Eye

by A.S. Byatt  
Chatto and Windus £9.99

North itself, is "as dull as ditchwater"? And the people of Yorkshire? Jennings asks himself if maybe they're just boring, too, the proof of this being that there aren't any decent eccentrics from Leeds.

Right, then. My journalistic integrity was pricking my conscience. Would I let this insult stand? I reached for the phone...

While we're waiting for the man to answer, I'll point out that I'm an Essex lad myself (through upbringing, not choice) and that I wouldn't do anything so presumptuous as to defend the North as if it were my home. I just happen to like it here.

I introduce myself and, at the mere mention of the word Leeds, I hear a groan coming down the line:

"Every time I pick up the phone, it's some bloke with a Northern accent saying 'What's all this you've written about us, then?'"

Do I sense a feeling of remorse?  
Well, no. It just seems as though poor Mr Jennings is sick to the back teeth of defending himself. Shouldn't he have thought about that earlier, I wonder?

"Well, I thought that I could be rude about the North, because they can take care of themselves, they're not some repressed minority - I knew they wouldn't take rubbish from anyone."

So it seems. How then, does he view the opinions of the likes of the Mayor of Grimsby ("Disgusting"), the Mayor of Scunthorpe ("Lacking in good manners and taste") and Miss Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph ("A male chauvinist")?

"All the people who complained about the book either hadn't read it all the way through, or they're completely devoid of a sense of humour", said Jennings. "These people making shirty public pronouncements are showing some kind of Northern pomposity... but then, if you're a mayor or a councillor, it's your job to get shirty when someone attacks your town."

Just as it's a author's job to write best-sellers, presumably, and I doubt that a thoroughly nice



book about the North would sell quite as well.

Furthermore, his claim that the book is "not meant to be authoritative" is less contentious than his claim that he was trying to be both "truthful and funny." However, I guess not everyone has the same sense of humour, and not everyone has the same sense of truth.

The book is often funny: funny to make you laugh out loud, but you still feel that it's unkind laughter. Take the piss out of someone, and if they take umbrage, call them a humourless bastard. We've all done it, and it leaves a bad

taste in the mouth.

Finally, I offered Jennings the opportunity to apologise, via *Leeds Student*, to all Northerners for his indiscretions:

"What have I got to apologise about? It's a free country and I was only trying to be truthful".

End of interview.

**Up North is published by Little, Brown priced £15.99**

When Scheherazade sat down with her husband the Sultan on the first of those 1001 Nights, she knew that if her tales were to enthrall, they must move her listener to pleasure, to laughter or to tears; if they failed to do so, he would no longer want to listen, and the threatened death sentence would be carried out. What are now thought of as fairy stories, contain within them the memory of their oral origin. They long to please, to enchant, and it is this element of a precise narrative mode that the title story of *The Djinn in the Nightingale's Eye* seeks to celebrate.

It does so in a way that duplicates much of the complex, involved self-referentiality that hallmarks *Possession*. Gillian Perholt is an academic, a narratologist who travels the globe to tell and hear stories of all kinds. On arrival in Ankara for a conference on 'Stories of Women's Lives', she finds herself subjected to the *modus operandi* of fairy tales, to the common axis of magical transformations which characterise them. Gillian goes to the market, buys a piece of glass, polishes it; it produces a genie and the genie produces three wishes. But first, he has a story to tell.

Here we have a story inside a story and, in one way or another, each is a re-telling. From Chaucer's *Patient Griselda* to *Aladdin* and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, all are presented in such a way that the attempt to establish credible boundaries between fictive persons in the stories of real persons *themselves* in the stories of fictive persons becomes an enormous exercise in mental agility.

Byatt's particular flavour of meta-fictionality seals each Chinese box inside a final wrapping of morality. Perholt's last wish becomes a choice between doing a selfish thing and doing a generous thing: a simple moral dilemma, because for Byatt story-telling itself serves an ethical function. Gillian gives up her last wish to the genie; virtue is its own reward, girls and boys, so this story's moral is, if you don't learn that particular lesson, no more stories for you.

It is a disheartening conclusion to reach. Magic ceases to be magic when you know how it works, and becomes instead a plotted conjuring trick. This technique works to disenchant. It pinpoints the fairy story as some kind of *Aesop's Fable*, a conclusion which flies in the face of tales whose telling depends on their ability to metamorphose. Undoubtedly, tales of sticking-to-paths-for-fear-of-wolves may have had a literal meaning in 17th century France, but a merely metaphorical one in 19th century England. Equally, however, they are sites of resistance, playing out Utopias and dreaming possibilities.

The remaining four stories do indeed display what Walter Benjamin called "cunning and high spirits" in their heroes' and heroines' endeavours. Two of them first appeared in *Possession*, and owe their second incarnation to their popularity as self-contained events. 'Dragon's Breath' and 'The Story of the Eldest Princess', written because Byatt had "always been worried about being the eldest of three sisters" do not moralize, but rather hold out the promise of creative enchantment, as much for new story-tellers as for the characters held within their plot-lines.

**Liz Ekstein**

## Mr. Vertigo

by Paul Auster

Faber & Faber £5.99

astonishing promise: that Walt will be flying unaided by his thirteenth birthday. As a result, he embarks on a dramatic life of success and failure, of happiness and tragedy, his flying skills taking him from the world of show business to gangland Chicago, to the Second World War and beyond.

The opening line of *Mr. Vertigo* ("I was twelve years old the first time I walked on water") is enough to set those alarm bells ringing, to tell you that this is no ordinary life story. Indeed, part of the fun to be had from this novel is in figuring out exactly what the hell is going on. The water-tight prose carries the story along at a satisfying pace, and Auster's

excellent story-telling ability soon has you immersed in Walt's adventures. Yet every now and then, Auster insists on throwing a spanner in the works, on breaking the continuity with an unusual or surreal image. Witness, for example, Walt's uncontrollable bouts of flatulence when travelling at high speeds, or the Master's flying training program which has Walt buried alive for a whole day.

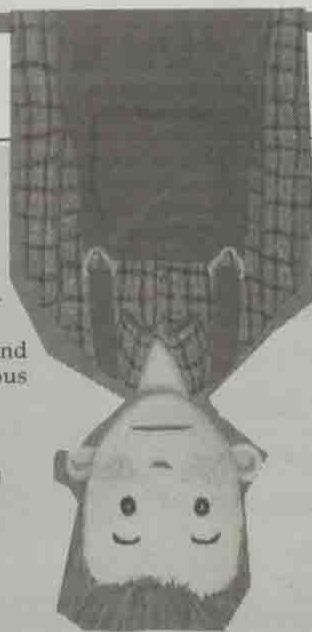
Despite the overall strength and ingenuity of *Mr. Vertigo*, it is impossible to avoid the fact that as a reader you are part of a literary game. The mere mention of the word 'postmodern' has many running screaming in the opposite direction. But fear not. Thankfully, there is ample room here for the

reader alongside the author's intellectual concerns. Indeed, the success of *Mr. Vertigo* lies in its ability to weave Auster's interests in the mechanics of fiction into the fabric of a meticulously well constructed, and above all, entertaining story. Auster cunningly tests our willingness to believe, to become lost in the fictional reality of Walt's American Dream - to participate in the whole mysterious enterprise.

*Mr. Vertigo* works on many levels. All the clues are there for the literary train spotters, but no matter what your interests are, an ability to believe and to appreciate the art of story-telling is all that is required. If ever I find myself

acting as Personal Literary Advisor again, I would be happy to recommend this curious novel.

**Mark Ralph**



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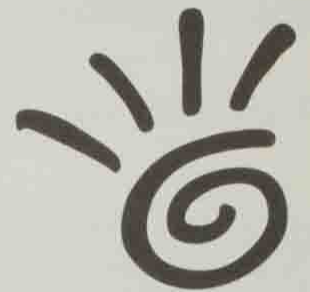
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Ges and Richard. Thanks for all your help last Wed. We couldn't have done it without you. Love L.U. Dance Band.

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What a blow for Priestly girls! Love you sweetie! Can't wait to feel your thighs around mine soon.

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LOUISE - it's over! No more religion, childhood, sexuality, Gothic, displacement, artifice etc etc. Hope by the time you read this the SNOG has happened. Ems - have fun --skiing? Janey, you've been a paragon of serenity during these exams, well done your Royal calmness. Louis, clean my spatula; what a shame you and Dan - you

missed the homage to THE GREAT ONE, will your lives ever be the same again? Mike - cheers for the St Etienne, it kept me sane in those last minute essential revising hours. Timothy-Tim - hope Aristotle's Poetics was fun, we'll have to go out next week.

Gazza - cheers for the orange smiley plate face, it kept me happy. Ed, I don't want to go to your smelly party in your smelly house in your smelly road - the worst in Leeds 6. Debs - where are you? see you in Ritzy's sometime.

Matt - we managed without you, and finished early - but it just wasn't the same somehow! Tim - how many songs do we have? I'm losing count, Di's a dog and Shazza's a babe. Rosa - hope you get rid of your lurgy. Dave - it doesn't have to go in bold at all, you're just being obstreperous (or something like that?) Paul - no more annoying the office with quotes and revising tips, for a while at least. Moggy - get your kit off baby.

Melanie I miss you and I wish you would wrap your legs around me every night.

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286 Reinwood Road, HUDDERSFIELD, HD3 4DS. H. letter soon I promise ISOBEL COMAN - Welcome Back - love Garethxx Looking forward to more rendezvous in the basement of Whetton!

Jo, Ces, John. Thanks a million. Thanks to that Tarantino bastard. I would have had two blank pages if it wasn't for you. Sorry the feature was so crap. I never liked Reservoir Dogs anyway (and I've thrown away the soundtrack and ripped down the posters from my wall). And Pulp Fiction is a pile of horse manure.

OONA BANNON - HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!! Sorry I wasn't there. Love you lots. Gareth xxx Kate, Julie - where are you?!? OONA BANNON - HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!! Sorry I wasn't there. Love you lots. Gareth xxx MRMUSCLE. MR MUSCLE MR MUSCLE.

Jenny, would you like to go out for a drink sometime? "I don't think so"

Whoops! Pigger - love you. Love Pigger the Second. Barbie, I love ya heaps even tho' you cannot talk properly.

Gimme a C Gimme a O Gimme a L Gimme a I Gimme a N

What've you got? TWAT Nikki D. Give us a ring. Love No 3. To all the crew. It never ceases to amaze me just how smart you all are. My life would end without you. News folks - what's it like to have an old hand back? Arts, Music, Books - record time, top marks and go to the front of the class. Imogen - big hand news reporter extraordinaire. A big mention to JONATHAN GIBBS, cos you've got your name on every other bloody page, you tart. Rosa - stunning column, I'll see you in court. Gareth, it's good to see you're still here at 3am to keep me company. Large

shout going out to Richie Coope. There - I gave you a mention. Best of British for all those sitting exams, ha-de-ha. Matt - I managed to lay out a splash without that Roper je ne sais quoi. Come back all is forgiven. Good stuff all. Oh, and Happy Birthday Mum.

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## SPOTLIGHT ON LMU'S QUEST FOR VOLLEYBALL GLORY

## California dreaming

If the mention of volleyball merely conjures up images of bronzed beach-bums frolicking barefoot in the sun, then you'd best think again.

Volleyball may seem more akin to Bondi Beach and Bali than Blackpool or Brighton, but it is one of Britain's fastest-growing and most fiercely competitive sports. What's more, LMU currently boast one of the finest men's volleyball teams of any university the length and breadth of Britain.

Last year, the LMU team crowned an excellent season by finishing third in the UAU (now BUSA) finals in London and reaching the semi-finals of the Hilton International Student Cup. The latter competition, which is staged annually in Leeds, attracted over 120 student volleyball sides.

Unbeaten in all competitions this season to date, LMU are hoping to go at least one better in

both trophies. The first hurdle is a trip to Crewe on Wednesday for a second round BUSA knock out tie. Having qualified from a group which included LUU and disposed of Lancaster, victory at Crewe would leave them only two games from the finals which will be held in Strathclyde early next month.

Jeff Breckon, secretary of LMU's volleyball club and a key team member, is quietly confident of emulating and perhaps surpassing last year's BUSA success. "We will certainly rank among the favourites," he confirmed, "particularly as we have almost exactly the same team as the one which finished third last time around."

Continuity could provide the key to LMU's designs on the BUSA trophy. Five of their starting six have played together for three seasons, and the one departure from last year's squad has been offset by the arrival of two players with national league experience.

The outstanding individual in the LMU ranks is John Middleton. A former Junior England international, Middleton was recently selected for the British student volleyball squad which is preparing to tour France. He also plays for national league second division leaders Klea Leeds, who share LMU's Beckett Park home and whose coach, Jim Wright, is also involved in the set-up at LMU.

Wright - who studied at LUU from 1980-84 and starred in the 1982 UAU winning volleyball team - harbours high hopes for

Middleton. He firmly believes that the youngster has all the attributes to make his mark at senior international level in the near future.

The steady improvement in the performances of England's national side reflects the growing stature of volleyball in this country. Although a huge gulf still exists in comparison to the likes of America, Australia and Italy, England's inaugural victory over Australia last year is an indication that things are moving in the right direction.

Wright, who worked for five years as a full-time coach in the United States, is mystified as to why British volleyball has remained amateur and in a permanent state of neglect whilst players in Italy, for example, are earning millions of pounds from the game.

"I can't understand why people want to play football and rugby in this weather," he said. "The trouble is that we suffer from an island mentality. We stick to traditional sports like football, rugby and cricket and leave volleyball to 'the foreigners', which is why we can't compete with the rest of the world right now."

Wright lays the blame at the feet of those responsible for making decisions related to sport at governmental level. He claims their almost exclusively public school background makes them inclined to overlook minority sports and is pressing for volleyball to be incorporated into the national sports curriculum at a young age.

Money must also be pumped into the game to stem the exodus of Britain's best players and coaches to Europe and further afield. "At the moment there is no financial incentive to remain in England," Wright complains. "That's why



HANGING LOOSE: Jeff Breckon prepares to smash

volleyball needs an ambitious and enlightened sponsor, and more television coverage to make the game part of our culture."

Breckon is in total agreement but feels ever-growing student interest in volleyball will lay the foundations for a brighter future. "Volleyball is a new generation sport," he said, "and England are currently lagging 10-15 years behind the rest of the world. But believe me, that will change."

The Sports and Exercise Studies student is banking on another important change, too, as he prepared for Wednesday's BUSA tie and the Hilton competition at the end of this month: that LMU's volleyball team, so often the bridesmaids last year, can finally experience the joys of the bride.



ALL SMILES: LMU's successful 1994 squad

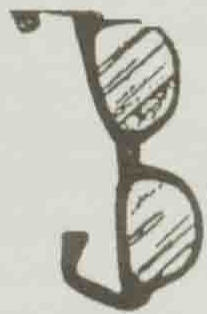
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DISCUSSION of finances seems a near daily pastime in the modern footballing world. Recent topics include bribery

scandals, high transfer prices, and Manchester United's use (or abuse) of their supporters to raise money by bringing out a succession of new kits.

However, one money-related saga stands above the rest, namely the possibility of Arsenal manager George Graham having made money on the side. The allegations centre around a £285,000 payment to Graham as part of the transfer which took John Jenson from Danish club Brondby to Highbury. Graham's explanation is that the money was an unsolicited gift from the agent involved in the deal and that he has subsequently handed it back to Arsenal. What a fantastic mate to give such a generous gift. I obviously have the wrong sort of friends!



GEORGE GRAHAM: £285,000 gift

Whether any decisive action will be taken remains to be seen. A Premier League commission is due to report shortly on the question of corrupt transfer dealings after 15 months' deliberation. But creaming money from transfer deals has to be stopped,

On the ball with:

Andrew Horton & Jamie Stewart

especially when match ticket prices continue to rise. Many might argue that Arsenal's style of play is in itself grounds for prosecution.

Other big names who have also been implicated in financial irregularities include England boss Terry Venables and former Nottingham Forest manager Brian Clough. Clough faces allegations of wrong-doings relating to Teddy Sheringham's £2.1 million transfer from Forest to Spurs, but perhaps the pair's reputation for producing entertaining teams should earn them more lenient treatment that anything which may be meted out to Graham.

The mystery surrounding transfer deals has become such a burning issue that MP Kate Hoey this week raised questions about Graham, Venables, Clough and Ron Atkinson in the House of Commons in an attempt to establish whether they are guilty or not. However, her call for a full-scale investigation into corruption in football in the guise of an independent public inquiry was rejected by Minister for Sport Ian Sproat.

The role of agents certainly needs to be addressed. Because agents receive healthy chunks of transfer dosh, they are constantly encouraging players to move clubs. Although the obvious suggestion is to outlaw the existence of agents altogether, one must bear in mind that players need help for reasons of financial security.

The damage inflicted by agents was shown in a recent incident involving Crystal Palace's £4 million rated striker Chris Armstrong, who was quoted as saying he would "love to play for Newcastle".

The Palace manager Alan Smith (as opposed to the lanky Arsenal striker) was not surprisingly upset about the speculation which was prompted by his player's comments. He attributed the problems to 'pimp' agents who are desperately searching for a share of big transfer deals. The affair no doubt upset Armstrong's form and contributed to the goal drought he suffered.

In today's game the cliché "money makes the world go round" has a worryingly appropriate ring to it. Only time will tell if greed can be stopped when vast sums of money are constantly changing hands. In the meantime, let us hope that Arsenal start to play proper football. That way they might score a little more frequently and finally shed the tag "Boring, Boring Arsenal".

# JON BRODKIN'S IDEAL PENALTY FOR CANTONA

## Joining the banned wagon

"**B**OOT Him Out For Good," screamed *The Sun* after Eric Cantona's inexcusable two-footed assault on a Crystal Palace supporter last Wednesday. For once, I find myself in total agreement with the sentiments of Britain's most sensationalist tabloid.

The ban imposed by Manchester United which prevents Cantona from playing competitive football until the end of the season is insufficient punishment for a brutal crime which confirms Cantona is the most flawed of geniuses. English football must no longer tolerate the Frenchman's volatile mix of beauty and recklessness. The time has come to bid him adieu.

Cantona's sublime talents would be sorely missed, not least by Manchester United, who he has inspired to successive league championships and an FA Cup triumph. But his spectacular and brief career in England has been punctuated and violence and misconduct for which he must be banned.

Cantona and controversy seem inseparable. Though he spoken of his Rimbaud-inspired belief in the spontaneity of child, his behaviour is more akin to that of Rambo.

Cantona's disciplinary record since he announced his arrival as a 17-year-old protege by hospitalizing four of the seven opponents who attacked him, has been appalling. The lengthy list of transgressions includes punching the Auxerre goalkeeper, throwing his boots into the face of a team-mate, hurling the ball at a referee, and four sendings-off in the space of 16 months in England. His self-imposed retirement from French football in 1992 followed a two month suspension for attacking an opponent.

That ignores the crimes which have passed unnoticed. The raised boot which goaded Sheffield United's Charlie Hartfield into a retaliatory swipe that earned him a red card in a recent FA Cup tie is a case in point. At Norwich last season he appeared to kick John Polston.

The enfant terrible has experienced run-ins with the crowd before, and was fined £1,000 for spitting at a Leeds supporter on his return to Elland Road. He even left his mark on a US World Cup in which he was not playing when expelled from the Rose Bowl press box for throwing a punch at an official.

Manchester United have a duty to expel Cantona not least because of the dreadful example which his behaviour is setting for the thousands of youngsters who idolise him. But since United are probably too concerned with profit and success to sack him, the onus rests with the FA. Humiliated by Tottenham, Graham Kelly and Co must show some muscle and rid English football of the fungus that is Cantona.

If he can learn to control his temperament Cantona should be afforded an opportunity to parade his considerable footballing talents abroad. But there is no place for his indiscipline and dirty tricks in English sport.

Nor is there room for the diabolical tirade of abuse to which Cantona was subjected by Palace fan Matthew Simmons. Verbal attacks can no longer be dismissed as 'part and parcel' of the



game. Black sportsmen have had to bear the brunt of racism far worse than that to which Cantona was subjected, but there has been a concerted effort to rid football of such filth.

The behaviour of Simmons, who rushed down to the touchline from his seat in the 11th row of the main stand at Selhurst Park, must be recognised as every bit as moronic and diabolical as the kung-fu kick it elicited from Cantona.

Simmons, a reformed neo-fascist who once attacked a petrol station attendant with a spanner, should be banned from all English football grounds. Screaming racist abuse is unacceptable in a supposedly civilised society.

Cantona has said in the past: "I cannot leave, because I cannot live without Manchester United." Having dragged United's name through the dirt and tarnished the image of football in this country, he must be shown that English football and Manchester United can live happily without him.



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# TOTAL SUPERSTARS

**TERRY Venables is pondering over his next England team, so this week the referee gives his tips for a Total Football top team.**

With over half of the season over and the teams taking a break from league action, our statisticians have been poring over the scores and came up with a theoretical Total Football side Johann Cruyff side would be proud of.

Sticking to the £27 million budget, and the limit of two players from any Premiership side, the result is the wonder-team shown on the right.

The team would be leading the Midland Bank League by a mile, scoring an incredible 428 points and beating current leader Doug Yarker and his team Viva Bungalow by over 30 points.

The referee is so confident of the invincibility of his team that he is issuing a challenge to all you budding Stattos out there. If you can come up with a better team, using last week's scores and keeping within the rules, you will win yourself a bottle of bubbly.

All you have to do is write down your team on a piece of paper and hand it in to either of our offices next week. The winner will be announced in the next issue.

Led by the flying Ukrainian, Andrei "Captain Courageous" Kanchelskis, the ref's team "Oo-ah Leeds Student," holds true to those Total Football traditions, proving attack is the best form of defence.

Indeed Terry might be tempted to use a 1-0-0-10 formation. Up front the prolific partnership of SAF (Sutton and Fowler) matches power with deadly finishing. Fowler seems to be the buy of

**Right: the top team, with 428 points proving attack is the best form of defence.**

## The referee names his top team

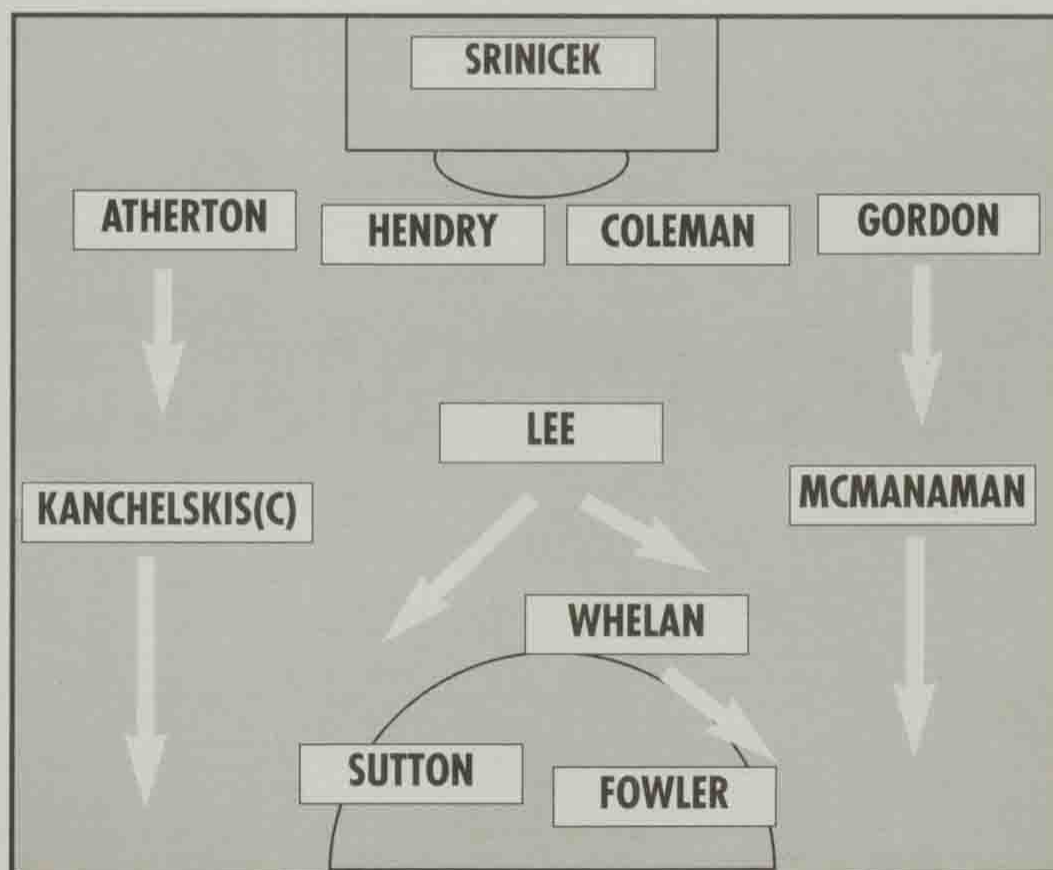
THE REFEREE

the season, scoring a stunning 81 points so far. And unlike £7 million Andy Cole, Sutton seems to be justifying his £5m price tag.

Midfield is also packed full of golden boots. Lee, McManaman, Whelan and Capt. Kanchelskis have all been scoring freely. However, it should be noted recently all have been out of form and favour and pressure is coming from Watson and Wilcox on the bench.

Finally a word on bad buy Eric Cantona. The enfant terrible seems to be the season's biggest flop, these days kicking his heels on the training field, rather than kicking butt on - or off - the pitch. Au revoir Cantona, the unsung heroes in defence Atherton, Gordon and Coleman have proved better buys than the Kung Fu king. They are the true stars of this Total Football team.

It just proves it's a funny old game.



A TRIP to Sunderland in the second round of the BUSA national championships proved easy pickings for the men's squash 2nd team from LUU, who won 4-1.

Although Andy Fotherby was defeated 3-1, Mark Dolman (3-2), Richard Bobo (3-2), John Food (3-0) and James Rotherham (3-0) beat their opponents to book a place

in the next round of the competition.

• Team captains are requested to phone in results to *Leeds Student* on a weekly basis on 434727.

# OUT OF LUCK



THE FINAL WHISTLE



ON THE CHARGE: LUU's 1st XV rugby side travel to Keele

## Teams preparing for cup challenge

NEXT Wednesday promises to be a busy day for Leeds sport as the majority of teams from LMU and LUU which have qualified for the second round of the BUSA competition play crucial knock out ties.

Leeds' two universities still boast an impressive 44 representatives in the championship following the group qualifying matches and the first round.

And LUU's male squash team became the first to book their place in the stage by defeating Sunderland on Monday.

The clubs almost all face local rivals from the north of England, but survivors will face longer journeys as the competition progresses through three more rounds to the finals in March.

LUU's 2nd XV rugby team can afford to relax as cup fever grips Leeds next week. They successfully negotiated the initial stages but have received a bye to the third round.

There is disappointment for LMU's male table tennis players, however. They have been forced to withdraw from the competition because of a lack of entries.

Among the most attractive ties at LUU are the 1st XV rugby team's trip to Keele and the women's hockey 2nd XI's visit to Durham.

One of LUU's most fancied sides - the women's squash outfit - travel to Lancaster, while the women's tennis VI which reached the semi-finals last year play host to Manchester on February 15.

At LMU, the impressive 2nd XI football team visit Edge Hill and the men's volleyball team begin their quest to repeat last year's run to the finals with a game at Crewe and Alsager.

LMU's netball and women's football teams are also likely to progress. They face TASC (a) and York Ripon St John the following week.

By Murray Withers  
LUU 0 DURHAM 1  
2nd XI Football

**DESPITE dominating the second half and creating a number of chances in the first, Leeds conspired to lose to a solid, professional Durham team.**

Ironically the only goal of the game came in amateurish circumstances from a free kick conceded in the Durham half which earned the Leeds midfielder a caution. The ball was pumped upfield to a Durham forward who made the most of some slack defending to score.

This strike was the main incident of a first half in which the green and white hoops of Leeds had held their own after some early scares that required goal-line saves from a defender and the keeper.

LUU generally prospered when they reverted from the tactic of feeding their strikers with hopeful long passes. Their first truly creative move on 20 minutes wreaked havoc in the visitors' defence and brought a flying save from the Durham goalkeeper. Leeds tried to force a breakthrough from the resulting corner which unfortunately came to nothing.

Despite this promise, Durham's goal on 35 minutes, backed up by a promising move down the left flank shortly

## Goal touch deserts Leeds

afterwards, ensured the away team's ascendancy before the interval.

Hopes of an equaliser grew after the half-time pep-talk. The home team got to grips with the midfield, started exploiting the space on both flanks and generally looked far more constructive and creative than in the first half.

Accordingly, the defence snuffed out most Durham attacks, although a long through ball on 55 minutes caused danger and reminded Leeds of the quality of the opposition.

The niggly atmosphere that produced the earlier caution flared up every so often - ensuring that the voice of the referee was the loudest. Leeds could not produce the telling shot or through ball that would have drawn them level - most attacks running out of ideas in the final third of the bumpy Weetwood pitch.

Their best chance came on 75 minutes when the No.10 made space for himself on the left, the resulting shot striking the bar only to rebound to a Durham shirt. The away team then dealt convincingly with the last Leeds rallies to ensure a creditable away win; Leeds on the other hand can take encouragement from their dominance of play while rueing their inability to make the chances count.



## Championship hopes dashed

By Graham Webb  
LUU 2 DURHAM 5  
1st XI Football

LUU's championship aspirations were finally destroyed by near rivals Durham at Weetwood on Wednesday as Leeds floundered in the last ten minutes. Having twice been led, LUU's floodgates opened conceding three goals and leaving a scoreline which did not truly reflect the balance of play.

Often their own worst enemies, Leeds' attractive tactic of passing from defence led to problems as they repeatedly failed to clear dangerous attacks.

However, Durham were unable to

convert any of their early chances and fell behind midway through the first half. A harmless free-kick was floated across the penalty area, but as no one managed to get a touch, it drifted into the corner.

Spurred on by the goal Leeds grew in confidence and pinned the visitors back until a frenetic five minutes shortly before the break. Capitalising on poorly cleared corner, Durham equalised with a drilled shot past a helpless Chris Kirkham. Immediately, Durham seized the initiative and created two excellent chances in the space of a minute, from which they ought to have taken the lead.

Instead, LUU broke and regained the lead when Paulo Mullino drove a

low shot into the corner. On the half time whistle, Durham equalised for the second time, again from a corner, this time through an unchallenged header.

The second half was something of an anti-climax as few chances were created and a series of fine saves and bad misses kept the scoreline the same until the last ten minutes.

Durham broke upfield and 'keeper Kirkham's indecision in clearing kept the attack alive. Finally, after an unclear cross, the away team took the lead courtesy of an open goal.

Within minutes they broke again and converted a penalty after a blatant trip, and Durham wrapped up the game with a fifth, disputed goal which LUU defenders claimed had not crossed the

line. Added to this, the referee turned down two valid appeals for penalties from the visitors during the game.

An evenly-matched game had become a rout, largely because of defensive indecision and inability to deal with crosses.

Chris Kirkham admitted afterwards "it was crap" and he certainly did not have the most distinguished of games despite some good stops. He must work more on his presence in the penalty area if he is to fulfil his potential.

Out of the cup and the hunt for the Northern league title, LUU have little left to fight for this year other than to regain some of the pride lost on Wednesday.

TWO weeks ago, weather spoilt the quality of the Ireland versus England Five Nations opener - the match ended up as a dour defensive battle for the former, with the latter deprived of showing the real potential of their new fluid passing game.

Luckily all this can be forgotten if the prospects for England versus France are fulfilled tomorrow; with the Welsh being cruelly alienated by a horrific injury count and the Scots seemingly happy just to recapture the Calcutta Cup - if you believe Jason Leonard and a few other English opinions - it's already been set up as the Championship decider and a useful guide for the onlooking Aussies, All Blacks and South Africans as the World Cup beckons.

Nick Farr-Jones is just one legend from southern hemisphere Rugby who has been a more-than-interested onlooker of the proceedings up North.

Despite all the hype, England against France should fulfil its promise if both teams maximise new elements of their tactical game. The French under Berbizier have been busy expelling their traditional achilles heels - namely bad discipline and over confidence (which brought them down at Cardiff Arms a year ago); the sight of Roumat, Benazzi, Merle and co firing on all cylinders should turn a few Twickenham stomachs, whilst also eliminating any facile football-rugby comparisons with that other French enfant terrible, Monsieur Cantona.

Jack Rowell's Englishmen meanwhile will be keen to get their new gain-line game involving Andrew, Bracken and Carling in full swing as early as possible.

### Impeccable

If you add the impeccable Rodber and the evergreen Richards creating as much space as usual just in front of them, we could see the French outplayed in too many departments to make an impression in the vital final third of the pitch. Although knowing my judgement, expect Lacroix's kicking and the guile of Sella and Saint-Andre to make me eat my words come Saturday afternoon. Whatever, there are some fascinating battles in store for the fanatical English fans to feast on.

Add the desperate French need for victory on their opponents home patch, and both teams' need to consolidate on cohesive yet unconvincing first victories - and you have all the ingredients for a classic Rugby Union encounter, hopefully setting a precedent for the rest of the year to follow, when the cream of the Five Nations will be keen to wrestle the World Cup from Australia.

Let's hope south-west London is saved from the harsh climes that played havoc with Landsdowne Road and the Parc Des Princes a fortnight ago.

MURRAY WITHERS