

# LEEDS STUDENT

## INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

# HUNT INTENSIFIES FOR MOOR RAPIST

Leeds graduate in Lebanese no-man's land

By Simon Paps

A University of Leeds graduate is one of 415 Palestinians suffering the breeding conditions of no-man's land between Israel and Lebanon after being deported from his homeland.

Dr Omar Farwana, who graduated in 1981 and studied for a PhD in the Department of Physiology, is sleeping rough in sub-zero temperatures with a severe lack of food and water.

The Red Cross is mounting political resistance in its attempts to supply the camp and Dr Farwana eats one meal a day, smuggled across the border from Lebanon.

The Palestinians were taken from their homes in Israel-occupied Gaza in December and left on a mountain side in Israel's self-declared security zone.

All the deportees are Palestinian intellectuals, including 34 doctors, 25 university lecturers and 130 mosque clerics, but Israeli claims they are members of the Hamas and Islamic Jihad resistance groups.

Dr Farwana, a kidney specialist, left Leeds in 1980 to return to Gaza with his wife and five children, two of whom were born in Leeds.

Dr Farwana is leading the camp's medical team and is needed to tend to deportees who are wounded and in urgent need of hospital treatment.

The Yorkshire Committee for Palestinian Deportees has been set up to campaign for the return of the deportees to Gaza. Members have written to MPs and the United Nations to put pressure on Israel which it believes has violated the Geneva Convention.

The Committee is to sell green ribbons as a symbol of the plight of the deportees and has support from lecturers, students and members of the Leeds business and medical communities.

By Sam Greenhill

result of the police to catch him.

Last week, female students marched by a pitch-black Woodhouse Moor carrying burning flares in defiance of the rapist, led by the 43-year-old mother of the teenage victim. On the spot where her daughter was viciously attacked she said she was trying to understand what drives him.

"The power this one man has over a whole area, it's terrifying. He is controlling so many people's lives," she said.

The 16-year-old is still in shock but managed to provide a detailed description of the rapist to the police, who built up a computerised artist's impression.

The man, about 5'10" 9in tall, was wearing a dark nylon jacket and dark trousers at the time of the attack but made no effort to protect his identity.

"I'm disturbed by the fact he left off his jacket," said Det Sgt Bob Taylor. "It may mean it was his first spontaneous attack and could signal a change in his habits."

The first attack took place in October 1990, when a 22-year-old student was innocently assaulted as she took a short cut across the Moor. Since then, the severity of the incidents has worsened, the latest two culminating in rape. Of the seven attacks to date, five of the victims have been students.

In the light of the attacks, Leeds Metropolitan University students will soon be able to buy personal safety alarms supplied by West Yorkshire Police and the



Police issued this photo of the man they want to catch

Leeds Metropolitan University students will soon be able to buy personal safety alarms supplied by West Yorkshire Police and the

police will value them and not abuse them."

Fourty rape alarms page 4  
Victims safety box page 17

### Stop Press

As the paper was going to press on Thursday afternoon, the police announced that they had arrested a 27 year old man, and that he was helping them with their inquiries into the Woodhouse Moor rapes. The man in question is being held at Millgarth police station.

No more details have as yet been released.

A full report will appear in Leeds Student next week

## In Brief

## Inquest after grisly find

An inquest into the death of a mature student from Leeds University is about to be re-opened, reports *Debra Alderson*.

Stephen Kitter, 32, of Beeston, was found dead in his home-filled car near Huddersfield before Christmas.

There were no obvious circumstances, but a spokesman for the Huddersfield Coroner's Office said that when important results have been obtained from the county analysis, further investigation could begin.

## Couch potatoes

A report by a University of Leeds professor has warned that the quality of children's television is in danger of declining, unless the BBC and ITV are criticised.

Professor Jay Rimmer has called for safeguards to avoid a ratings war in the light of the new franchising of ITV companies. According to his paper, *The Future of Children's Television in Britain*, Prof Rimmer reports that half of all children's shows on BBC and ITV are cartoons, compared with less than a third in 1981.

He said the most plausible scenario for the future is "flat of sweeping mean".

## Booze cruise

Less than a month onto the single market and you can take as much booze as you can carry across borders in Europe, but for Britain, getting to grips with the single market is just as hard as before, says *Wendy Jones*.

A survey of European nations in the New Year shows that the Danes, with a combined grant and loan can receive £182 per year and are the wealthiest European students, while in Luxembourg the grant is worth about £2500. The Dutch get a basic grant of £280 a year but also get free interstate travel.

But Britain grants are not supposed to cover the long holidays abroad, since in other EC countries are paid all year round.

By Rosa Prince

A Leeds University scientist is involved in a dash to produce the world's first decaffeinated coffee bean.

Scientists used to think coffee from conventional coffee beans may contain a dangerous carcinogen, as it is more dangerous than the more scarce and unstable high and low grades from overconsumption of coffee.

A coffee bean containing no traces of caffeine does exist, naturally but the coffee it produces is undrinkable.

Dr Susan Saitty, of the University of Leeds, Genetics department, is crossing this bean with a conventional bean using genetic engineering.

The use of natural cross breeding to produce a new coffee bean could take as long as fifty years, but Dr Saitty's work should enable the new bean to be on the market by 1996.

A bold coffee fanatic faced death in order to get the coffee free bean to Dr Saitty. The Malaysian government, where the bean grows wild, have issued a death warrant on anyone stealing seeds from the country, hoping themselves to reap the lucrative profits which coffee free coffee should bring.

The coffee free bean has also proved resistant to a dangerous fungus - the leaf spot disease -



Dr Saitty raised her neck for a rappa death

Picture: Sam Greenhill

which threatens coffee crops, making Dr Saitty's work even more important. Apparently it is this fungus which explains why the British are a nation of tea drinkers. In colonial times, British-held lands

coffee plantations and coffee was a favourite drink. Unfortunately, the deadly fungus wiped out much of the coffee plants and the British were introduced into the joys of tea as an alternative hot drink.

## City nightclub 'awash with drugs'

By John-Patrick Joyce

The Warehouse nightclub faces an uncertain future after a Crown Court judge called for its closure and described it as being "awash with drugs".

The club, a stone's throw from the Westgate police headquarters, has long been a venue for rave bands and is well known by police as a place where soft drugs are easily available.

Judge Michael Lightfoot, speaking at a case before him in which three people were given custodial sentences for drug offences, said of the club, "I don't know why it hasn't been closed down."

Councillor Lena Cohen,

chairman of Leeds City Council's Licensing Committee, has pledged to ensure that The Warehouse's licence is not automatically renewed without a proper examination by the committee.

But Ed Mawes, Leeds University Union General Secretary, described the judge's comments as "sensationalist". He said: "All the management has to do is say that it won't happen again and the licence will be renewed. People take drugs at all clubs, not just this one."

The Warehouse management was unavailable for comment.

## Research at Leeds University is among 'best in the world'

By Helen Crossley

A survey conducted by experts at the Universities Funding Council has revealed that research carried out at Leeds University is among the best in the world.

Of the 172 Higher Education establishments included in the study Leeds University was ranked 17th.

Cambridge University headed the table with 48 international standard research departments while Leeds Metropolitan University, along with other former polytechnics, fared poorly because historically research has been rooted in old universities.

The results, which will help determine how much research grant each institution will receive

next year, show departments rated on a scale of one to five.

Nearly all of Leeds' 56 departments scored at least a three and seven departments were given the highest possible rating of five.

Professor Alan Wilson, the Vice-Chancellor, said: "It is most gratifying that a number of our departments have maintained their five rating and that others have joined them in the top league for research of international competitiveness."

"We are determined to enhance still further the quality of our research."

## Police 'snowed under' with burglaries

By John Ravell

Police were "snowed under" with reports of burglaries in the Leeds & area over the Christmas vacation. It was announced this week.

A statement said: "The number of break-ins have gone through the roof. As soon as the streets get home, the burglars move in."

Some estimates put the level of burglaries as high as 200 over the Christmas period alone.

Daniel Heywood, second year BSc Chemistry student at the University of Leeds was one of the unfortunate victims. She said:

"They smashed through the front door, despite it having a Yale and Chubb lock."

Nicola Cox, a second year English and French student, was also burgled in the Hyde Park area. She said: "We all knew that it was probably going to happen but it was still a shock. My kid quite shot at staff orders."

Leeds Student apologises for any distress caused to Mr Butler by inaccuracies in his interview, printed in the 11 December issue.

He is not a member of the local Conservative ward as stated and did not describe students in some of the terms reported.

Leeds Student accepts that Mr Butler's attitudes towards students and the universities of Leeds, with a minor editorial misinterpretation in the interview.

## News

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# LMU arsonist sent to prison for two years

A Leeds student has been sent to prison for two years after admitting carrying out an arson attack on a student house.

Leeds Crown Court heard how Matthew Weller, 20, who studied Information for Business at Leeds Metropolitan University, drank 14 pints and went recklessly before walking a mile to the house, putting petrol through the letter box and setting light to it.

The court heard how Weller, who lived at Victoria Road, had a grievance against one of the residents of the house.

But the person who Weller had previously had a row with in the

Union bar was not at home during the attack.

Three people were asleep in the house at the time. Alan Ylmas, a LMU student was carried to safety through stifling smoke and flames by his boyfriend after she tripped and poured out.

Both were held overnight at the General Infirmary. Another resident had to jump naked from a first floor window to safety.

Weller was sent to a young offenders' institution for two years after he admitted arson, recklessly endangering lives at the house in Hill Top Street, Beley, and arson of a car.

By Thomas Whisell

Prosecutor Simon Bourne-Allen said Weller had had an argument in the Students Union bar with another student.

Early on 22 May he had taken a can of petrol to where the other student lived and the fire that followed cost £5,200.

Scotching him, Judge Arthur Buchanan QC said Weller had had a chance in the days between the original arson and the arson offence to consider what he was doing but he had gone on that evening, "with his emotions plus

in your mind."

He said that in his opinion Weller had poured petrol through the letterbox and set it on fire "regardless of thoughts of any danger you might have caused to people in that house".

Paul Isaac, defending, said Weller had not found the work challenging during his second year on the Information Systems diploma course.

He had started drinking too much in order to impress his fellow students and, before the fire, had drunk four pints in the afternoon and six in the evening as well as some

## Male sexual harrasment 'on the rise'

By Christine Smith

A shocking new report has announced this week that more male students are admitting to have suffered from some form of sexual harassment.

The latest figures have come at a critical time in Leeds as the local for a sexual rights continues and the campaign for female safety has intensified.

A study at Durham University has revealed that men have complained of being "bumped up against in crowds, touched or grabbed and being the object of sexual remarks or suggestions. A number have even admitted that they were forced to have sexual intercourse - sometimes when unable to protest due to alcohol or drugs."

These conclusions are also reflected by Leeds Student's own survey published last November. This disclosed that a staggering 20 per cent of males questioned had suffered from some form of abuse. It also showed that 75 per cent of the females questioned said they arranged their social and academic lives around the fear of attack.

Some male students at Leeds University have said that they are not surprised by these new findings.

Gregory Staines, a first year Classics student, said: "I was at the bar once having a lovely laddish time when this girl persisted on coming up to me and asking me for a date. I didn't fancy her and she would not leave me alone. But it got rid of her. I just gave in the end. It seemed like the only way."

Paul McDonald said: "I once had my arm pinched in the union. Wakers are supposed to enjoy it but if that had been a girl, it would have been sexual harassment. That is a bit awful isn't it?"

But Ed Mason, LEE General Secretary, has dismissed any claims of an upsurge in male sexual harassment at Leeds. He said: "There may be a small percentage of cases but to my knowledge no serious incidents have taken place and so I am not concerned at the moment."

He also rejected any idea of a men's officer in the present climate and added: "It is an absurd and an absolute waste of time."

"Males are in a far more position than men and men are not liable to harassment. Our resources must be directed to fighting the women's cause."

## Dehydrate thy neighbour

By Mattyn Beauchamp

A group of Leeds students were at the centre of a controversy after they inadvertently cut off the water supply to their 64-year-old neighbour's car.

Mrs Edith Deady, a former employee at Leeds University, and four other neighbours were unable to use the toilet, cook or wash for nearly five days.

The five houses all share the same water supply but the supply, it is in the one occupied by the students, who said they had had no idea about the archaic arrangement.

"We were all going home for Christmas so we turned off the water," said one. "The house lady, when I eventually found it, had no warning or notice on it and our landlord hadn't said anything."

Mrs Deady, of Beckett Avenue, Headingley, said, the students in the house have turned off her water supply three times in the past eight months.

A spokesperson for Yorkshire Water denied responsibility. He said: "Once the water pipes cross the boundaries of properties, it becomes the responsibility of the owners."

## Winner crushed five grand

By Mattyn Beauchamp

For thousand abandon cars from last year's Classical Civilization student, Charlotte Duce, a portable CD stereo system from Leeds University Union, it was announced this week.

Duce staffed 4773 cans, one by one, into the crushing machine in the Union extension last term.

"It took an hour or so each day," she said. "I just wandered round the union picking them up from tables where people had left them."

The right-on recycling competition, run last term, involved a battle to crush the highest number of cans but, according to General Secretary Ed Mason, most students failed to grasp the significance of the task.

"I feel sorry for the vast majority of people who only crushed twenty or so cans, though of course the competition was obviously a great success from the environmental point of view."

Close second was Scott Rixson, who won a personal stereo. Said Duce, "I thought he would win it but I suppose I was always just one step ahead."



Photo: Ian Hargrave

By John Revell

case," said Rixson. "I grabbed the biggest one and pulled him off. I gave him my wallet but he just knuckled me in the face."

"I'm pretty sure they were students who'd been drinking at the Pavement," said Weaver. "I was

drunked that it happened on campus. It never is now in Hyde Park."

Weaver suffered a black eye, clipped teeth and a severely damaged shoulder. Rixson received a broken nose and jaw. A watch and the wallet were taken.

Campos recently said it was the second reported attack on campus this year.

## Violent assault on University campus

Two students were the subject of a vicious physical attack on campus at the end of last term.

They were both attacked on Friday night at around 11pm, as they were returning home from the Union, by drunk "madmen" and sustained serious injuries.

Dave Weaver, a second year Physics student and James Brown, a

third year Genetics student, both of the University of Leeds were attacked outside the Edward Boyle Library by three men.

"One of them said to me 'I want a word with you, then he just hit me in the face. I was knocked unconscious,'" Brown said.

"They gathered around him and started to kick him, they just didn't

## Off Campus

By Rachel Hanner

### Sniff, sniff

Children's homes in Yorkshire are being targeted by drug dealers and pimps who are enticing youngsters into drug-popping and prostitution.

Drug dealers knock on the front door of the homes to lure youngsters into their web of evil. And pimps help girls escape through - and into - the night-light streets.

### Bang, bang

A woman TV reporter has uncovered a father at a country in Florida about his daughter's suicide which he suddenly pulled a gun and headily shot his ex-wife on camera.

Rupert Lloyd Obit, of the Spanish language Telenovela network programme *Occulto* (A), which means "It happened like this", said she learned from the suicide interview with the man to his ex-wife when she arrived unexpectedly. So he blew her away.

### Wimen and booze'n

Two drinks companies were under fire this week over sexually explicit advertisements.

In the first case, the Advertising Standards Authority said the B&W cider firm was wrong to feature a photograph of a young couple embracing in a *Leeds* San Miguel beer.

In the second case, the ASA received 18 complaints about a poster for Aramis Gold Cider, which featured the torso of a man and woman with fly lines covering their genitals.

### King mail

American Elvis Presley fans are using new commemorative Elvis stamps on letters to non-citizen addresses. They came back marked "Return to London."

# Blessing in disguise

Brian Blessed: big star of Blackadder, big climber of bigger mountains and big rocker of small tea cups, was in Leeds. *Dr Cronshaw* tracked him down to size him up

Brian Blessed is big. And we're not just talking audiotape big, but in the double-side tall too! He's taking chairman. Not only is size the could take first place in a Gullf Cape look-a-like competition but he has that booming actor's voice and an equally resonant personality. He exercises you with his bawdiness and his hearty laugh, which brought startled glances from the fellow inhabitants of the Palm Court lounge at the Queens Hotel, and set up cups a-rattling.

He's well-known as an actor from the part of Edmund's father in *Blackadder I* to Krumpholtz in *Brat's* film version of Henry VI, but he's also a climber who attempted Everest last year taking a BBC film crew with him.

Brian was in Leeds to publicise his new book, *The Dynamic Kid*, so I thought it only polite to begin with that. With the truly professional class of a *Leeds* *Dr Cronshaw* factbook, the interview was delayed for at least five minutes as an ever-growing crowd of people interested in TV and audiotape, and my discipline refused to work. I covered in my chat, turning pit in battles were changed and buttons fingered. I went over-pink when Brian discovered that someone had made the elementary error of leaving the power button on. Me, in fact. Gathering the shreds of my professionalism about me, we got down to business.

Brian has already written a book about his experiences in Everest, called *The Turquoise Mountain*, but this second book is about his childhood and teenage years growing up in Yorkshire. He writes it for his parents, but also because he feels that, "the forties and fifties oval today for adventure and excitement, and history and love. These were our exciting years that have a message for today."

He was his childhood as a time when people had hope for the



future, whereas now "there is almost a fear of going into the twenty-first century, there is a fear generally that people don't know where they're going. People in Britain more and more seem to be losing their freedom. We lack a vision in government. They're frightened of young people. They're frightened and they're jealous of them." I could use that this interview was going to be straightforward, as Brian continued with what I can best describe as verbal lava - volcanic and unstoppable.

Brian argues that freedom and excitement can be rediscovered through adventures and exploration. "Going into the wilderness, you

look so much from it."

Mountain climbing is an integral part of Brian's life. "How acting but I love mountaineering and exploration much more. I've climbed all my life and I've climbed all over the world. When I was offered a film the first thing I would do, besides accepting the part, is look for the nearest mountain. Now I'd never tell the film company that or they'd never employ me!" Through various schemes Brian carries the value of adventure to young people. He has just sent six expeditions to Greenland and three to Kilimanjaro. Future expedition projects include another trip to Everest next year for charity, and

apparently NASA want to put him in space in 1996!

His first glance the twin professions of mountaineering and acting are purely far removed from one another. However Brian agrees that they embrace the same mystique. Acting is still a must for him although the call of exploration is much deeper. He intends to spend much time towards of the year on his climbing projects and the remaining three acting. Surprisingly, despite many acclaimed performances in his career, Brian feels that he has never equalled his performance as *Blackadder* Brian which he was 17. "People was out out soaping, in a terrible state, when I died as *Blackadder*."

He has just finished filming *Mark Kato About Nothing* with Kenneth Branagh in *Toscana*, and there are a number of projects in the pipeline. I asked him if he liked working with Branagh and received an enthusiastic reply. Blessed and Branagh are extremely close. They were a doublet together, and Brian was best man at Branagh's wedding to Emma Thompson. "People say I'm a father figure, I've said, 'No much more son, he's much more father to me, even though he's only 11'." Blessed is 56. Professionally Brian is also a great admirer of Branagh. "I would say that he's a sensational director, the best I've ever come across. He is mouthful, utterly unselfish." However he acknowledges that, "there are times when he [Branagh] is acting when he comments on his acting, that's the trouble, because the director's hat comes into being in some of his performances. But the critics have been so jealous and silly. We must look after our heroes."

The interview was terminated when Brian had to huddle off to a book signing at DeLia. He had carried through the interview with little prompting from me. It was rather like being mowed down by an express train. But a very friendly express train. Richard Brian said to him once: "You're a one-off Brian, there's no-one like you." And I would quite agree.

## Faulty alarms: 'wrong type of gas'

By Ingeborg Rodgway

A blunder by the fire which

America rape alarms has threatened the safety of female students at Leeds University.

A batch of faulty alarms which leaked gas and also failed to work in freezing conditions were handed out to students.

Keith Griffiths, Sales director of Alarmtek Ltd, which make the safety devices, said a number of faulty alarms had gone out from the factory and not all had been recalled.

"We apologise but there was nothing we could do. If anyone has

received a faulty alarm we will be happy to replace them," he said.

The wrong kind of gas had been placed into the alarms but new models had been fitted with the correct gas, he said.

Fiona McGee, LUS Women's Affairs Officer, said that she had received a number of complaints from female students who said their alarms had leaked gas or that the gas had frozen during cold weather.

## German Measles epidemic spreads

By Jon Woodhouse

Over one hundred students at the *Rubella virus - German Measles* - over the Christmas period, and experts expect further parties as the cause of the spread.

Dr Martin Schweiger, a consultant with Leeds Healthcare, said more cases were expected as the symptoms become apparent.

Usually about four incidents of *Rubella* are reported in Leeds in a single week but in the first week of December alone a staggering 48 cases were

observed.

By the week before Christmas the number had gone to 77 and during the first week of the New Year a further 31 cases came to light.

Dr Schweiger warned of the risk to unborn babies and said: "We can't stress too much the importance of young women going to Family Planning or their GP for immunisation advice."



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## Say "No" to censorship

Once again we hear the sound of solid, serious minded, back bone of British types blowing on about press intrusion. With farrowed brows and feigned concern for ordinary working people they explain, drama microphones and tape cameras how the evil hounds of hell from tabloid newspapers have wreaked havoc on England's dirty and overcrowded land.

What these people really mean is that for since the newspapers and television stations which they have so effectively learnt to manipulate have suddenly shown a mind of their own and started telling people facts which could lose them popularity and votes. And when this happens it is simply just not on, old boy.

The establishment of this country want the kind of relationship with the press where photographers take nice pictures of David Mellor MP, "ex-Member of Just" when he is enjoying a sing along with some farmhouses, Woodward and Bernstein would have been locked up for invasion of privacy and the whole Watergate scandal would have remained neatly under wraps.

One of the reasons journalists have to report to understand means to gain information is because members of the British establishment and even just people in general have learned not to be such out and out liars. There was "no impropriety" in Jack Proulx's association with Christine Keeler, Johnny Bryan was "financial adviser" etc etc. If those people really feel that their private lives should cast no shadow on their ability to do their jobs then why are they so ashamed to admit that they are crawling under covers?

As more and more evidence comes to light that the royal family, and Charles and Diana in particular, have each been attempting to manipulate the press for reasons of their own, the hypocrisy of those who accuse the press of being responsible for the break up of the royal family becomes blatantly apparent.

The current fun about the tabloid printing of the transcripts of the Camilla-gate tape is equally ridiculous. Charles is not only the future King, he is also the future head of the Church of England. If a tape revealing him to be having an affair with another man's wife is not in the public interest, then what is? It is the conversation which is told, not the "great" printing of it.

The people have a right, a need and a desire to be kept informed about all aspects of the lives of those who govern them. It is the public's unquenchable curiosity about what is happening around them and journalists' determination to tell them which push democracy to safe hands.

Not the high minded hypocritical values of those who would take the first steps on the road to censorship, an impostor press and freedom only for those in power.

# AN Night



Nightlink's funding runs out in March and faces an uncertain future

(Picture: Mike P)

In the light of recent attacks in Leeds, women have become more safety-conscious than ever when travelling at night. Women now have a choice of three bus services to take them home, yet one is under threat through lack of funding. Passengers are adamant that their safety must come first and that special bus services are the only way of giving them independence in the hours of darkness. Kate Connolly hops on board and finds out more.

"You don't mind speeds, do you?" and I'll wear a bit when these aren't any passengers on the bus. Hold on for this come, because it's a bit of a bad one. "I was going to comment, as we took a sharp bend into St Andrew's Street, dodging through rush hour traffic on the way to Nightlink's first pick-up point on a wet and windy evening. I felt that with Alan Harrison at the wheel, the evening wouldn't be dull.

He has been a driver with Nightlink since the service started on September 4th last year, and is responsible for driving one of the four buses which run between six and eleven each evening. Women of all ages and walks of life take the bus from door-to-door for just a pound.

"I don't think they charge enough really, and you don't mind paying a bit extra, do you?" said passenger Mrs Joyce Barnes, as the bus dropped off at her front door in

Blindfold. She had come from Ainsley, where she had been looking after her grandmother. She has been using the service for two and a half months, and told me that without it, she would have a long trek to the bus station, as well as a walk up a "lonely street" before she reached home. She found this a rather frightening prospect.

KATE  
Robinson, who is the Nightlink liaison officer for the Social Services Department, says that the £1 charge per journey only covers about ten per cent of the running costs. The rest is paid for by Metro and other companies who sponsor them. The funding runs out on March 31st. "We'll have to approach the companies that funded us last year, and often, to gain funding for this year." But at the moment the future of the scheme hangs in the balance, and Alan fears that he may be out of a job

before the end of March. "It's a very important service. I know most of passengers - talk to them all night. It's nice to be friendly with the customers they take it personally at your late, so it makes any job a bit easier, and the women feel safe." Robinson, who studied for

"A high percentage of women take Nightlink Bus have either been attacked or people who have been, so that their's has been heightened.

Ats at the University of Leeds, where she had been studying there for two years, said that a high percentage of women travelling on the Nightlink Bus have either been attacked or attacked people who have been, so that the safety awareness has been heightened. "All the routes are scheduled a book in advance," she says, "but I've never subscribed and never written in

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Photo Editor: Alan Gaudin and Tim Fagan

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# Under

...report than we can provide."  
...and come first served system,  
...are now being advised to  
...ten two days to a week in

Robinson has received several  
...of comment: "The feedback  
...be saying that it is a lifeline -  
...the service didn't exist, many  
...couldn't be able to take up or  
...a shift work or evening  
...She also points out that not  
...by people throughout Leeds  
...is definitely increased since  
...these most assaults.

...was  
...of the rape  
...other that  
...d the new  
...women's  
...service  
...arrived on  
...Elaine  
...VP

...ications at LMIUSU. "The  
...in setting up the bus has  
...a lack of money. I think  
...LMI wouldn't have been  
...them before the rape to sit the  
...up - they weren't so aware of  
...down students have getting  
...the evenings. The rape  
...not just cause, yet could say."

The LMI service consists of  
...one running from Beckers  
...the site from City side and  
...It has been running since  
...the bus. Like LCU's service, it  
...derivation from passengers to  
...not come.

I travelled home on it with  
...seven students on it, 6.10 was  
...ing, and was impressed most  
...the short time it took to take  
...to their doors. Colleen  
...a 2nd year physiotherapy

...student was  
...travelling on the  
...bus for the second  
...time, and couldn't  
...it quite  
...enough. "I never  
...thought they'd do  
...like this - it's a good idea  
...it's been happening. It means  
...time in the library till late and  
...you can't depend on public

The bus took us from City  
...offshore, Hyde Park Cinema,  
...malls, and Richmond Avenue,  
...dropped me, as the final  
...at my doorstep safe and

sounded by 8.30pm.

The LMI scheme started  
...about twelve years ago, according to  
...Fiona McGee, LMI Women's Officer,  
...when the Yorkshire Ripper, Peter  
...Sutcliffe, was on the loose, and  
...became a model for the recent LMI  
...and Nightlink services. "One of our  
...students got murdered," says McGee,  
..."and we had to do something to  
...improve women's safety."

The service has increased  
...since then to become "the best and  
...most comprehensive service of any SU  
...in the country", with three buses

...running every night,  
...every twenty  
...minutes from the  
...Union steps. From  
...3pm until half an  
...hour after the last  
...Union bar shuts.  
...Because of the  
...service's popularity,

...passengers have to book to use the  
...minibus, which is something that LMI  
...might consider doing in their review of  
...the service in three weeks' time. Like  
...Robinson, McGee says that since the  
...first rape, there has been "a noticeable  
...increase in the number of women using  
...the pick-up part of the service. We've  
...never had as many before."

The passengers I spoke to on  
...the Nightlink service included a  
...woman from the personnel department at  
...Yorkshire Television, who chatted to  
...Alan the driver as soon as she got in  
...the bus. "Have you found a new  
...secretary yet," he asked Stephanie  
...Rae who was being taken to her home  
...in Beeston. A taxi ride would cost her  
...£1.50 to £4.00, and she doesn't drive -  
..."I don't want to put myself at risk by  
...walking," she said. "The time it do that  
...will be worth something however." She  
...was concerned because one of her  
...colleagues was sexually attacked whilst  
...walking home, and pointed out: "It can  
...happen to people you know. Men don't  
...realise the way we have to plan the  
...way we do things and how we get  
...home." Alan made sure that she got to  
...her front door in a street which was  
...bushy lit and overshadowed by trees.

Alan, looking pleased that  
...everything was going well, stopped off  
...at his Uncle Eric's for a cup of tea,  
...and to plan the next stage of the  
...journey. "I have to take you to Leeds 4  
...Leeds 9 and back in 25 minutes." I  
...was glad of the break - a combination  
...of the fast queue at the bus between



At risk: a woman alone on the streets at night

Picture: Mike Page

pick-up points, and making notes at  
...the same time, had made me feel  
...queasy. "I told you so," was all Alan  
...had to say.

Leaving his Uncle's with  
...plenty of time to spare we arrived five  
...minutes early at the house of Pat  
...Souderton in Longroyd Avenue. "It  
...always runs up dead on time," she  
...says. "It's ever so good." She  
...confirmed Robinson's claim that many  
...women rely on the service to do shift  
...work. She said that if it wasn't for the  
...service, she wouldn't be able to work  
...as a clinical technician at Brooker  
...Clinic near Leeds General Infirmary,  
...because taking public transport is "too  
...much of a risk" as she has to walk

along badly lit streets. "I can't afford to  
...lose this job, I've got a mortgage."

We picked up Catherine  
...Lawman and Amanda Bennett, who  
...had brought their two toddlers with  
...them. Catherine said that she uses the  
...bus once a week - her only night out.  
..."It gets dark early and to get a taxi  
...costs a lot as I'm not working," she  
...said. "If they stopped the service, I  
...wouldn't go out," added Amanda.  
..."They then don't want to wait until  
...something happens before they bring it  
...back - our safety should come first -  
...after all, that's what they call haven't  
...caught him, have they?"

Sarah Wilmans says that if the  
...termination of the Nightlink Service is

imminent, she will start a petition. "It's  
...important to have a service like this,  
...because otherwise women wouldn't be  
...able to go out, take evening classes,  
...work, visit friends - their whole life  
...would be affected." Sarah is a teacher  
...at various educational institutes around  
...Leeds, including East Leeds High  
...where she was picked up, and she uses  
...the service at least three times a week.  
..."If you were going under your own  
...steam it would take at least twice as  
...long." After safety, the most important  
...thing is the independence the bus gives  
...her, "I mean you don't have to rely  
...on male friends to collect you, and  
...basically it is a safe and cheap  
...compromise between a bus and a taxi."

# 8 Correspondence

## Tracking down the truth

Dear Editor,

As a resident of Hyde Park Road all year, not just in term time, I would like to point out that Ms. Mattoo was not solely responsible for the "teasing of the pig" for the cycle track. I, and many of my neighbours, also protested - not against the provision of a cycle track - but to its location.

Many local residents use the park for dog walking, playing with children, and all the other pleasures associated with open spaces. The constant use of the park by cyclists illegally is a hazard to all of us. We are all in favour of a cycle track, but around

- not through - the park.

We are also concerned about the number of cyclists that would be leaving the park opposite the junction of Hyde Park Road and Beckett Road which is already an accident blackspot, with more than one young person having been knocked down and injured or killed at that point.

As permanent residents, our objection was to the planned route. A cycle track would be of great advantage to all of us, but not in the proposed location.

I Bar  
LSU: Soc. Pol Adm 3

## Casual abuse

Dear Editor,

As a student of African/Caribbean descent, I found Martin Cate's casual reference to an apparent culture in his review of 'Buddha's Own Way' very offensive. He obviously does not know anything about living as a black man in a white, male, middle-class, racist society such as the Leeds Metropolitan University. If he did, he would know why I find the remarks distasteful.

Perhaps he could regard what he means by calling "Malcolm X" black. If he thinks that using the word black in this way is a clever pun, I'm afraid

it's not. He is making references to something he knows nothing about.

To me, black is my culture, heritage, way of life and my awareness, consciousness, and reformed thinking and education. I'm afraid I can't take it as a pun or a casual remark.

I'm sick of people who need to be re-educated in the world around them spouting off trendy remarks without thinking and without awareness.

Wesley Zepherin, 2nd year  
Playwork

**All correspondence should be addressed to:**

**The Editor, Leeds Student Newspaper,  
Leeds University Union,  
PO Box 157, Leeds LS1 1UH**

## Behind Closed Doors

Dear Editor,

As a member of the LMSU Executive, I feel it is one of my duties to speak in favour of the union and its policies. It is therefore with regret that I raise the following issue.

At the last Executive meeting, and others of LMSU, a number of agenda items have appeared under the heading known as "In Camera". Decisions taken as "In Camera" are those that are considered to be confidential and are therefore kept locked away from this newspaper and our student members. I appreciate this should apply when matters relating to individual staff members of the union are being discussed.

However, these have been decisions taken under the title "In Camera", that I believe clearly need not. As you will understand, I am unable to comment upon or list these items.

Our union is and should be an open and democratic organisation and executive decisions should be accountable to our members. I believe there has been a blatant abuse of the term "In Camera". This may be maintained as those members covering their own backs, unopen to question.

What are we trying to hide?

I will therefore be proposing a working definition to us to clarify the term "In Camera", ensuring we fulfil our true and proper role as a student union.

Regards,  
Richard Cross,  
LMSU Publicity Secretary (in a personal capacity)

## The Opposing View

Dear Editor,

Why did the anti-rage demonstration against MMSU become so specifically exclude men? I am a woman who objects to the portrayal of all men as potential rapists.

I went to a "No Means No" meeting last year where a conference was being organised about rape. There I was invited to read a lengthy and horrifying account of a woman who was orally raped, despite having "consented" to say "No". "Thelma & Louise" was discussed - because it includes a rape scene - despite the fact that it is only rape which motivates the heroines to embark on their adventures. There was also discussion about other conferences; each member of the "No Means No" group regularly attended conferences on rape. I was disgusted and sickened by the flippancy with which they treated their subject, taking an almost jovial interest in the victims suffered by victims. The reason I attended the meeting was because I

believed it would be about self-confidence; reassuring women that it was their right to say "No" without feeling guilty - enabling women to realise that a victim they are not at fault. Women know that "No Means No" - they need the courage to say it.

Persuading women that all men are potential rapists casts all women as potential victims. What sort of equality is that? It can do nothing for women's self-confidence - it can only undermine solidarity. I am not arguing that any woman is completely safe - particularly with a rapist at large. I am arguing against making the collective fear of women and the actions of an individual a weapon in a sex war.

It is important to include men in the fight against sexual violence as this will increase understanding and dialogue between the sexes. Feminism should be a fight for individualism - not the alienation of the other sex.

Anna Cook  
Third Year History

## Mirror Images

Dear Editor,

While recently on the campaign trail in America, I was struck by the amazing similarity between the new President of the United States, Bill Clinton, and our own bisexual affairs secretary Tim Hopkins.

I wonder if anyone else noticed the similarity?

I wonder if by chance they are somehow related.

Yours sincerely  
Walter Raul Capatzen  
East Chorus

**Please ensure that all letters are typed or at least clearly written.**

**Leeds Student takes no responsibility for mistakes on the letters page stemming from illegible correspondence.**

## THE BLACK

As a new year and a new term, all over the city happy young students scamper gleefully from lecture to lecture with a scumge from the library scattered over wound that was Christmas.

It's a time of joy, of class, of fresh faces and fluffy white tails. A time when young persons suddenly seem to have the politeness thoughts turn to lies, double dealing and campaigning, since the Hack has the unpleasant task of informing you that you have only a few weeks left in which to get out of here before the shadows fall at night, offering deals to union powerblacks, discussing possible oppression, planning union campaigns (the nuts and bolts of political activism) as they try to secretly advance their cause to the days before having to finally come out

rattling his hands with glee at the thought of the mayhem which will ensue when the highly trained police forces of the LCU and the MetroPOLT are given Carte Blanche to cheat, bribe and loose manifestos in a desperate attempt to clear their way out of office.

Despite the fact that official nominations for most of the big posts are still weeks away, the Hack has already spotted figures holding meetings in the shadows late at night, offering deals to union powerblacks, discussing possible oppression, planning union campaigns (the nuts and bolts of political activism) as they try to secretly advance their cause to the days before having to finally come out

of the closet and announce to all and sundry that they are sad enough to stand for election.

The Hack predicts much kissing of babies, much speech making (The Hack thanks all that he holds dear - admittedly not much - that Teddie Jacobs can't stand again, a fair share of fibbing (read some of last year's predictions if you want a lesson in the art of Falsion. Hal Metcalfe's is a particular gem; it's obviously only in Feedback that his writing shows a spark of invention) and much weeping.

The percentage vote out for Kamille got nowhere is only slightly less than the loss to our elections in Leeds, but only slightly. Out of the 40 thousand students at the uni last year only about 1500 could be troubled to vote (and who can blame them when Ed Mason's only opposition last year came from a small inanimate object with a silly name,

and Candy the Cat).

Personally the Hack can't help but feel that the election process should be revamped slightly. They could for instance adopt the curious attitude to democracy espoused by the next video ballot ball test item.

In this wonderful piece of political chicnity, the admittedly ridiculous vote was determined by the simple expedient of counting every vote not cast as a 'No' vote. Thus 780 'No' votes were defined by 100 'Yes' votes cast and countless thousands prompted not to have been cast.

With this precedent now firmly established, the Hack would like to suggest that the principle of 'No-Vote = No vote' be extended to all university elections. Imagine a future generation of wannabe politicians who are asked towards the path of red tide by the simple expedient of being resoundingly defeated in every election that they

are foolishly enough to stand for by the massive number of 'No' Votes that they'll automatically earn themselves from the apathetic masses.

Join the Hack in dreaming of the day when this becomes reality. May it be soon.

On a completely different tack, the Hack would in closing like to express our gratitude to the individual who managed to write all one of the MetroPOLT union's newly launched Women's safety buses within two days of the service starting.

The Hack is unclear on all of the details but the incident allegedly involved a small fire, another car and a red light where she had right of way. He is pleased to see that the MetroPOLT does not discriminate against visually challenged women's decisions when they are going to allow to drive their minibuses.

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## LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION

Notice is hereby given of the elections to the  
following posts...

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE 1993/94  
Sabbatical Officers

ADMINISTRATION SECRETARY  
EDUCATION SECRETARY  
FINANCIAL AFFAIRS SECRETARY  
GENERAL SECRETARY  
WELFARE SECRETARY  
WOMEN'S OFFICER

*Nominations Open Friday 29th January 10.00a.m.*

*Nominations Close Friday 3th February 5.00p.m.*

*Elections will be held Monday 15th & Tuesday 16th February  
10.00a.m. - 5.00p.m.*

*Any further details from Mark Dignam, Administration  
Secretary, in the Exec. office.*

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Ceri Thomas on (0532) 314 251 for  
more details

## 10

## Classifieds

## Personals

**Personals cost 5p per word and must be submitted by 12 noon on the Wednesday preceding publication**

**Nightline** - Every night of term 8pm to 5am. Ring for information or just for a chat. We are on your back. Totally confidential. 442622

**Icebreakers**. Feeling confined about your sexuality? Need someone to talk to? Icebreakers is a confidential phone line which is always there to listen to you. Phone Nightline for details.

We'll be having you, at Eskaton Avenue.

To the delightful young lady who relieved me of my last cigarette in the Tarnar Bar last Saturday and returned to apologise, would you please meet me for tea and cakes at the cafe in the Corn Exchange at 4pm on Monday? I'll wait...

Back to the music - HOGG is a sty;  
Back to the bedroom - HADDOCK, is a tank

Spanna, we will work and concentrate in lectures this term, won't we... NO!!

There's a about girl out to C. Black.

**Amsterdam Hike** - Don't miss out, sign up now at the Rag Stall, 12pm to 2pm every day.

**THE SHARK is back!** Tonight, 12.50.

We know a song that doesn't take long, all those who aren't going to the Poly Jap tomorrow are EASYBOTS!

Richard - you lazy, fucking idiot! You'd better be in next week, love from Sam and Rupert p.s. Good Luck

Geography Society Ball, March 12th, Queen's Hotel. Special limited ticket offer - only £12.

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Tickets on sale in Geography Fryer on Wednesday January 22th from 1pm with low price beer offer. Be there!!

Happy 14 day Marc, get that fucking mood on - it's about time.

You know if you play a card, then quickly change your mind before the next person plays their card, do you reckon that's OK?

If you see the special limited offer (see above), Geography Society Ball tickets £24 available from Jan 28th, 1-2pm, Union extension.

**Haggarman reunion, Poly Jap tomorrow.**

**Amsterdam Hike** - Don't miss out, sign up NOW at the Rag Stall, 12pm to 2pm every day.

GI! "Miss BT" Warrens, I'm willing to sell my shares at a price. As big as your platform.

**THE SHARK is back!** Tonight 12.50.

Paul needs a slug and a social life, 340499.

Would you in YOUR children be friends with her?

Happy 14 day hope the horse wins.

I walk with you, Through the cold whispering night.

to be warmed by your kindness, understanding and love  
For each stride I take, along life's twisting road.

I hope will be me more with you.

Handy playing tip: never play Snop with the blue pack with anyone less than four feet tall.

Bruce Harrison - what a man, what a model, LLU! Working club - best salooners around or

what?

Lu C - Surprise, Surprise!!!!

**Austria '93**, reunion, Poly Jap tomorrow.

John - Shadwell - ye stoole

**Irish Society Hike** - 80's, India, - Irish music, Monday 28th January, 8pm, R.I.H.E runs Lounge. Drinks please! Guitars & Murphy's 99p a can. Jameson £1 a double, £1.80 members, £1.50 non-members.

Alastair Fraser - Hallowell's agrees with me! That's a free you owe me, you Scots girl!

**THE SHARK is back!** Tonight, 12.50.

Women against sexual violence, Sunday 2pm, Civic Hall.

Take 24 hours. Take off for sleep, two for food, six for drinking and six and a half for going up and down in lifts.

He's still the loveliest man in the world.

Whee, we?

Ye slaps, Ye stoole, Ye mosh - Great Girl Tiel - ye stoole!

Chicken pie - having a marvellous birthday can be a bit tricky, so out the crap - I'll keep your woadies fluffy anyway! I love you, C.

"Lion's back", Ritz's, Monday night, £1.50.

Talking in your sleep is a sign of...

Economics Society Paradise Ball, Sunday 16th Feb, Leeds Hilton International Hotel.

Take half a bottle of Southern Comfort. Take one shot for me, one for you and a shot for everyone else in the compartment. Then pour the

rest down kindly weirdy's neck.

See Thursday - that's your birthday that is - oh, I am a spunk, I mean Friday - Emma.

**Ye Ar Kung Stool!**

Soaring is a sign of...

**Amsterdam Hike** - Don't miss out, sign up NOW at the Rag Stall, 12pm to 2pm every day.

**THE SHARK is back!** Tonight, 12.50.

**Vicky Hatfield and Dae Timley** - New Year's Eve and the Lord Romney. What's the connection?

A wise man once said: never sit in the bath

**Emma** - You will be seeing me sooner than you think, possibly as you read this, London here I come.

**The HEARSE is back!**

Kathryn - at last, After 20 years the letter from a long lost relative you only ever read about in novels, that how embarrassing: you got more and more nervous the further down the colourful pages you got. What fun I had. However, still unsure as I am to who the hell you exactly are, let's meet! You say when, I'll be there...

**O.G.M. Tuesday, 1pm Ritz** Smith - music on women's safety.

**Have you got your ticket to Paradise?**

Antal Hotel 1721 Ye stoole.

Dicky Finch - see you next week if you manage to survive the exams! - all the best, Ceri

Vic & Dae - rocking all over the Raceway!

Are you concerned about

women's safety? Then come to the Ritz Smith 1pm Tuesday. Bring your union card.

**Economics Society Paradise Ball**, Tickets: Union Extension, lunchtimes, £25/£25.

**Channel anger into action**, Civic Hall, 2pm Saturday. Women only.

Nicola Jones - Why didn't you meet me in the union at the end of last term?

**Personal safety alarms free to all women from Flora in Exer**, Civic Hall, 2pm Saturday. A sign of what thought? Answers on a postcard...

**To the woman in the Earls Court tube station - Keep playing cards in the phone box!**

**THE SHARK is back!** Tonight, 12.50

Heads not many personals this week. Still leaves more space for me to fill I suppose. Thanks to John Mc (one too many meals at Jumbo's I think, Kate (swell), Sam (TV station awaits), Rupert (biggie!) Hester, Simon (rockabeat) Kate in the late night crew), Kate (who'll never take another bus again as long as the Euro, Steve and Louise (paulie city), Lu C (Surprise, surprise!) and a belated happy birthday, Neil C (see you when you escape from the land of assessed essays and job applications), Alex and Tim, Mark (keep playing with your worst mates, Richard (exam-mania?), Lu E (the pulling the TV pages out of the fire again), the entire LCU (French team (exam finish here we come!), Debbie (Amthorough and Emma. See you all in next week's bang filled extravaganza. Be careful out there.

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## Sport

11

# Best of the Punch

## Karate

Karate club tournament report

In the last few weeks before Christmas the Metropolitan University Karate club was kept very busy.

On Saturday 14th November, the club entered the Northern Karate Association Championships and came away with no less than seven medals, including women's Kata champion, won by Karen Blackledge and men's junior kata champion, won by Oliver Richardson.

Other titles included K.Blackledge - second women's kumite; O.Richardson - second men's junior kumite; C.Y.O - third men's junior kumite and C.Y.O - third men's junior kata.

The men's kumite team, also put up a strong fight to be beaten into second place by a very prestigious team from Arnhem, which included the former British Heavyweight Champion and two former F.E.K.O champions.

The 11 strong team, competed extremely well, especially as many of the competitors were in their first tournament, including Jo Mills, who came fourth in women's kumite and David Mitchell and Andy Finney, who competed in the junior men's kata category.

Team spirit kept the University team cheering for its members, despite having sustained several injuries, such as a dislocated shoulder to Marc

Greenwood and a cut eye for Christina Lewis.

After finding success at a local level, the club headed for bigger things by entering the BSAF National Championships at Nottingham University.

The competition lasted two days (28th/29th November). All team events took place on the Saturday, where we had two teams entered for the team kata section. Both teams put up good performances in the first round with the "A" team making it through to the final.

A men's kumite team also competed and fought through to the third round, where they were beaten by the eventual champions, East London, who's team captain was the current British lightweight Champion.

Sunday brought the individual sections where the club had entries in every section of the competition. Standards were high as would be expected at National level and the team experienced a fair amount of success.

In the women's kata categories, we achieved third place and fifth place in the junior section by Sonia Watson and Jo Mills, respectively. While Karen Blackledge was unlucky not to make it to the final in the senior women's section.

Men's junior kata brought more success as John MacInnes made it into the finals and finished 4th overall. Men's senior kata heralded an entry of over 50 competitors and we with officials continuously racing against time, they shortened the

competition and only took 8 competitors through into the final and although all of our three entries had good scores, they were not lucky enough to make it through to the last eight.

The kumite sections were split into three weight categories: light, middle and heavy weight.

In the ladies division our entries faced stiff competition from more experienced fighters. Jo Mills was unfortunate to meet the eventual winner of her section in the first round, while Sonia Watson survived to get through to the third round of the event in her section.

The men's kumite gave the club the most success of the day. Sanjay Vaidya fought well in the lightweight section, to make it through to the final; Justin Drew got through to the third round of the middleweight section and Solomon Walker also made it through to the quarter finals in the heavyweight division.

Having waited 8 hours to fight in the middleweight category, Immanuel Kumbek gave his all and produced some fine techniques to go all the way to the semi-finals, sustaining several facial and bodily injuries in the process.

In the semi he met the eventual winner and came away with a bronze medal for his efforts.

All team members performed well and showed a good level of sportsmanship and tolerance, as there was a fair deal of heavy contact resulting in injuries. He referring was, however, of a higher standard



than last year and the club is proud of the achievements by all its members.

If this success has inspired anyone to join the club, we train Monday and Thursday, 7.9 at Reckitt's park, in Gym 2.

We welcome any level of skill, from beginner to black belt, so please come along and see how great it will be pleased to give you any further information you require. Come and see if you think karate is for you.

Leeds Student presents

## A NIGHT IN THE PUB

Starring

EVERYONE WHO WRITES FOR THE PAPER,

Venue: LUU Old Bar

Time: 7.30pm

Date: Thursday, 23rd January

Be there, and the editor will let you buy him a drink

# SPORT STUDENT

## INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

### Slip Sliding Away



#### Skiing

British Universities' Skiing Championships

This is the Universities' major skiing competition held each year in the French Alps, this year in Les Houches. The university team approached the championships with some worries. The 4 teams, 2 men's and 2 women's were made up mostly of first years whom it was feared lacked experience.

This year the Scottish universities were non eligible to

compete in the competition and arrived with rumours of their excellence in all disciplines preceding them. There were mixed fear when Edinburgh entered a Great Britain team skier in the men's B team events, but this was where Matt Bree, men's B captain excelled. He finished 9th out of a field of 150 bringing a team result of 17th out of 26 teams. Unfortunately later on the slopes, Matt had a collision with the crash mats and badly sprained his ankle and had to retire from the competition.

The men's A team did well

considering the competition, but the pressure hit captain Will Beckett who fell in all the races putting pressure on the next runners to get a coach. Nick Boyton and Nick Ryan-Baxter, a first year new to racing, both skied fast, sensible runs making team results possible, but still a great weight of responsibility lay upon Julian Ashby who had to ski on a warm course, which he did with a competitive time. This gave the team results of 29th in the giant slalom and 28-41 in the slaloms, which is very respectable for a relatively inexperienced team.

Sarah Cartwright, who led the women's team, was stricken by the same problems as affected Will in the slalom, but the rest of the team skied sensibly, with impressive performances by the newcomers, Vanessa Haines and Helen Cochrane to come 17-28. In the giant slalom, the ladies all skied clean, with the exception of Jo Bevan, who did better with 16-25.

Fears about the abilities of the Scottish universities were founded since Edinburgh came 1st, 2nd and 3rd in all of the events, much to the amazement of the other teams.

back Dean Walker made 3 mistakes for 37 yards.

The defensive unit had an average game by their own high standards, but they still managed to completely shut out Hull and held them to only 64 yards from 32 corners and 53 passing yards. Chris Dale gained the defensive MVP for a fantastic recovery, one of two however, the other fumble recovery coming from Ben Fellows.



Liverpool's recent two wins, defeat by Bolton along with their early exit from both the Coca Cola and European cup winners cups have raised serious questions concerning Graeme Souness competence as a manager.

The main accusation levelled at him concerns his ineptitude in the transfer market. Since becoming manager, he has sold numerous quality players such as Brindley, Houghton, and Saunders all of whom have excelled at their new clubs.

Whilst these players have left, the likes of Walters, Thomas, and Stewart who Souness has bought have fallen way short of the traditional high Liverpool standard. His other major mistake was to make too many changes too quickly. It is well known that most good sides are built on a core, yet whilst some changes were needed at Anfield, he has made so many that there is a delicate lack of cohesion and understanding in the team.

Souness also frequently complains about the poor attitude of many of his players yet surely the manager should be largely responsible for ensuring that his players get into games with the right attitude. His confrontational style of management has also been detrimental to Liverpool as he off with Mark Wright in reaching in a quality defender being kept out of one of the weakest defences in the league.

At a club which has come to expect football of the highest standard, and to regard winning trophies as almost inevitable, the days of Souness would appear to be numbered.

William Jessop

#### American Football

Hull Sharks v Leeds Cheetahs 14

Leeds Cheetahs continued their 100% record last Sunday with a win against the Hull Sharks. Although it wasn't a performance up to their usual standards, they still retain a 4 and 4 record and it has now been 2 1/4 hours of playtime since anybody scored against them.

By Van Whyborne

Although a generally poor game, there were some good points with a number of good individual performances in offensive and defence.

Gary Beattie had a good game in Quarterback, passing 7 out of 22 attempts for 118 yards and 1 TD, and completing a 1 yard

quarterback sneak. Throwing himself the offensive MVP award. There were also good performances from running backs and receivers. Simon Tordella carried 11 times for 71 yards the best run of the day, unfortunately called back for a penalty, would have scored a touchdown. Karl Bowser carried 7 times for 44 yards and had one 30 yard reception for a touchdown.

In the receiving area, the





**Exit says**

**"Welcome to the Year of the Cockerel"**

Centre Page feature on the Leeds Waterfront  
Chinese Festival which starts today

## MOVING PICTURE



Charlie Chaplin as Robert Downey Jr.

## Chaplin

Showcase Cinema

**"Y**ou know what comedy is? It's what you are and where you came from. And it's got to be perfect."

Thus spoke John Thew as Kameo, Chaplin's impresario and ticket to America. And thus also (though it's impossible not to think some lines are added in films for the benefit of reviewers) is the central premise of Richard Attenborough's film anchored firmly into place. The opposing idea is soon articulated by Robert Downey Jr. as Chaplin, when he tells his fictitious biographer, played by Anthony Hopkins, "You want to know who I am? Watch my films." The next turn around these two spirals is what makes up the substance of the film.

Details are carefully placed, class swind and woeen, about what manner of man Charles Chaplin may have been. Knotted in front of our eyes a complex web of information emerges. Grinding poverty leads to the asylum for his mother and Vaudeville for Charlie and his brother; a fetish for lip-synge, displacement (geographical and psychological), fame of mind bending proportions. "Bigger side your ar!" says Kevin Kline as Douglas Fairbanks, at one point. And women. Lots of whom are distressingly similar.

But if the picture resembles a web

in its structure then it is one without a living center, because it is Chaplin's own version of things which triumphs as the film goes on. We see events unfold without the aid of a narrative voice, as if being asked to provide objectivity. "A man is judged on what he does not on what he doesn't do," Chaplin responds to Hopkins' repeated urgings to insert passages about personal motivation into his autobiography.

And so the surprising blank eyes whose gaze we are drawn into, and the mere shades and reflections of himself that Chaplin experiences at moments of supreme sadness, lead me to believe that the "blank" quality, which I initially felt to be a lack, was in fact deliberate.

Filmed with inevitable fluency of the canon of British film makers (Loos, Merchant-Ivory) any decision we may arrive at about liking the film or not is informed mainly by aesthetic taste; and since we are British, by good taste (naturally). Bland, well acted, with a fine script and an interesting central performance (albeit with bad makeup), it's a hard film to dislike. However, if drawn into making a judgement of it on Chaplin's own terms, it is worth remembering that most of his best films were both silent and made in black and white.

Emma Hartley

Man Trouble  
Showcase Cinema

This film is so bad, there's only one word to describe it - but that would be too rude for a respectable newspaper like *Leeds Star*.

Long and boring, a pathetic storyline, dire acting and flimsy dialogue are just a few of the criticisms designed to discourage anyone from travelling to see this trash. Some movies are so awful they can sometimes be worth watching just for the length (Madison's *Body of Evidence* appears to be a case in point). Not so with *Man Trouble*.

I cannot understand why two very good actors like Jack Nicholson and Ellen Barkin could waste their talents so miserably. Neither of them acted with any conviction and plodded happily from one scene to the next in a featureless search for humor and a plot.

What exactly was the plot? Difficult

to make out, but it went something like this: Joan's house is burgled. She moves into her sister's place and hires a guard dog from Harry to protect her. She fails to love (with Harry) on the dogs, the sister is abducted by a shady ex-lover who she threatens to expose in the next novel. Harry and Joan try to rescue her. She decides she doesn't want rescuing. Harry and Joan fall out. Joan is pursued by a psychotic sex pest. Harry goes hot. They live happily ever after. Lots of loose ends and unpleasant doses. A romantic black comedy? Wrong - a big box office flop.

The film's only redeeming feature was Duke the dog - a fuzzy Alsatian with an excellent knowledge of German commands. But even this was relegated to a secondary role.

If I can't persuade you not to see this film, try talking to any of the seven other people with me in the cinema. One fell asleep and two walked out. That just about sums it up.

John-Pierre Joyce

Deep Cover  
Canon Cinema

There appear to be so many undercover cops peddling crack on the L.A. streets these days, that the real dealers must be queuing up for idle instead of dope. One of the former is super-cold but hotly named John Hall (Larry Fishburne), who makes such a good bad guy that he soon finds which side he's on, and looks up with the designer to flyen inspiring new ones from Colombia.

He teams up with a white-collar lawyer (Jeff Goldblum) with the equally unimpeachable name of David Jones, and together they shoot and kick their way up the pipeline towards the bigger fish and bigger dollars.

The vets get slicker, the cars get quicker, and soon even the money is wearing shades. But, does Hall still remember he's a cop? He has been seduced by the depravity and hedonism of big time crime? Or will he

finally come good at the very end? Or will something even remotely unexpected happen?

What was the search for a father figure, the fatherly care for a Puerto Rican orphan, getting the obligatory girl, a religious angle, a safe super-dog scheme, a Private Detective cover and a conspiracy theory, this film covers so many bases that it becomes ridiculous, with Goldblum's usual mixture of witlessness and perplexed with the only constant.

The gripping hyper pop-vizual stylizations of the first half soon melt into the formulaic mould of the New York crew, preaching an empty anti-dog message, while relying on the glamour and violence they bring for most of its thrills.

Looks very good, but feels all wrong in the post-designer Nineties. Still, with David Jones in it, a treat for all *Only Fools and Horses* fans.

Jonathan Gibbs

# Going the Distance

## ALTER EGO



**Midnight Sting**  
Odeon Cinema

**M** is together 'The Sting', 'Rocky', and the 'Hard To... ' movie of your choice. Add a dash of 'Twins' (just to give it a harder edge) then bake well in a preferred cliché. When done, garnish liberally with James Woods, Lou Gossett Jr and Bruce Dern, and serve in a packed cinema on a Saturday night.

The result? Well, it won't keep academics up well into the night debating its artistic, stylistic or aesthetic merits, but I've got to admit that I enjoyed it.

High class cinema. Gabriel Byrne (Woods) gambles with crooked betting promoter John Gilson (Dern), getting on a bit now but still one of the all time great

screen poppets. Caine bets that his boxer, the grizzled old 'Blonky' Ray Palmer (played by the grizzled old Gossett), can take on and beat any top fighter, that Gilson can find in the space of a single day. If Caine wins, then he gets close to a million dollars off Gilson. If he loses, then the mobsters that he borrowed stable money off will send him to feed the fishes at the bottom of the river in a pair of concrete writhes.

Woods, as always, is sharp, cynical and snappy, but accidentally compelling on screen. A snake of a man, but a likeable snake. How can you possibly dislike someone with a smile as crooked as his?

Distract him? Yes - I'd like him? Never.

Teaming him with the big solid Gossett was an inspired move. He's the perfect straight man, neatly balancing out Woods' frenetic, on-edge, machine-gun delivery with his own slow, measured style.

In the final analysis, it's all complete nonsense, but at least it's enjoyable complete nonsense. A smooth, slick entertaining piece of above average banals, which you could do worse than see. And that includes going to see 'Blame Alice 2' - which is just as predictable, but less than half as funny and at least a dozen times more violent.

**Ceri Thomas**

ex-CIA man turned bodyguard who's hired to look after a pop star turned actress (Whitney Houston basically playing herself). Kevin has to protect Whitney from a crazed fan. This is the plot apart from a screamingly obvious twist at the end, which is given heavy-handed hints throughout. And guess what, they end up hating each other, right? No of course not. They fall in love.

This is a formula film with only average performances from the stars. Whitney Houston seems to be aware if she should act or just be herself: a difficult part as it is so similar to her real life, and she usually needed more direction. Connor cruises through it efficiently with minimum effort. However there are real swingers of taste

stomach suspense towards the end, and the film is helped by the string of glamorous superstar lifestyle. By the end you are rooting for the couple to get it together, although some of the scenes are a bit twee. For example their night of passion is signified by Connor's vocal slipped through Whitney's lacy knickers.

Although formulaic 'The Bodyguard' is a thoroughly enjoyable film which doesn't make you think but keeps you entertained. One quibble though. In the final scene a priest utters a prayer which seems to equate Connor with God. Hollywood deity maybe. Kew, but don't take yourself too seriously.

**Liz Crawshaw**

**B**ack in Leeds after the festive season, I contemplated what I had been left with to commemorate the time of goodwill, food and the traditional Christmas lunch family halo-cent. The hangover has long since receded. Desperate visions of arseholes are at last doing little to construct the fab, but I can't really write an Alter Ego on my opinion and perhaps efforts to eradicate it, can I? No, after the last turkey sandwich has been eaten and your stomach has had a heart attack over the small, pasty striped patches on the walls where you sat leaping the final, you are left with your presents. Christmas may be the season of giving, but what you are lumbered with is what you received. And what great law of the universe has decreed that Christmas presents after the age of twelve are always a let-down?

There are two main ways to go about it. Either you are the sort of family who make meticulous lists weeks in advance complete with prices and stockists. Or, like my family, with the misbegotten intention of putting back the spontaneity into Christmas, you take pot luck. And end up with miserably unimpressive gifts which are endured over the thirty seconds and then discreetly checked into the back of the wardrobe.

Familiar seems to be the last people to know what you want. One family I know keep all their receipts and then have a jolly, suitable time of taking everything back on Boxing Day and getting what they really wanted.

The really useless presents are those that have that Christmas motif. Socks with mittens, pajamas with Santa on. You can only really wear those with any justification on the day in question and feel very silly for the rest of the year.

A quick pull of the Leeds Student office came up with these award-winning cheap rubbish presents of 1992: three gift wrapped long-life lightbulbs, a plastic ball snatcher, a green plastic machine gun water pistol and a... spectacles soap-on-a-rope! I mention the usual socks/soap-on-a-rope! shepherds' hook that you're read before.

And of course nothing gets about that feeling of suspended time when you see everything you've bought back in the January sales for a fraction of the price. Personally I can't bear the January sales. After shopping round shops full of hot sweaty individuals in December who repeat the experience, to what? And why do so if you're just received lots of presents anyway? How many more consumer desires do you need? And people who buy their Christmas presents in the sales and then keep them, wrapped up on top of the wardrobe for the entire year, are merely sad.

As individuals as the entire present-giving ritual is, it is desired to stay that way. There is something soul-deeply about merely giving money and giving no gifts at all is just right. So don't forget Christmas jumper and wear those day-glo earrings. And smug yourself by spotting everyone else's Christmas mistakes.

**Liz Crawshaw**

## The Bodyguard

Cannon Cinema

**I** wasn't keen on seeing this film. Not only that it has passed by a number of people, but I had serious worries that if I had to hear that song by Whitney Houston once more I would go insane. Or (more realistically) struggle the person in front of me. Or both. Luckily for me (and the person in front of me) it isn't actually that bad. Not bad at all.

For those of you who've been living in an isolation tank for the past month and don't know what this totally ripped film is about, Kevin Costner plays Frank Farmer,

# listen, listen to the auctioneer



Edsel Auctioneer are likely Leeds lads releasing their debut LP "Simmer" despite being in the 5th year of their existence, and rather good it is too. Johnny Davis gets the lowdown...

"John Paul thinks we're ace!" beams Aiden Whitehouse, self-effacing singer and frontman of Leeds' own Edsel Auctioneer following a raucous and enthusiastic show at The Duchess. "We said he was sitting backstage at the Reading Festival and coming up the back that really mattered to him, he came up with Edsel and we were one of them." Add this to recent praise from none other than E. Markey of *Demon* II, and it tells you something about the Edsels: "You might not have heard them, but those who have, are those who know, and those who know, like those. Emerging at the same time as Ride, The Pale Saints (who they shared band members with for a long time) and all those other pretty, arty bands the

Edsels seemed to be dead ones for the infancy (they were much featured in the press, played with the Lemonheads, Ballisto Tom, the Wedding Present et al, but were suddenly, um, left behind.)

"We never really went into it as a career kind of thing, we did it because we had a laugh. We were all in a situation where we could die."

But hang on, there must be more to it than that, they must surely feel they've got something to offer, or that they could MATTER. (As seen as you do grand rehearsals and give you think love, THIS is why we bother. We want our music to be quite serious, not to overdo, kind of nice with the audience, other hands aren't so human,

they've got loads of production between them and the audience, if it's in your face so much as we as you have to be imaginative to keep attention.

Despite the early promise, their second deal was nullified and status, slowing down their careers and pushing them away from their stated aims. "They've been rubbish. We were going to release our album a year ago but they thought they had to build our profile up like Jason Donovan or something. In our indie market works or that if you release an album it will eventually find its own niche."

Like John Paul they seem hard pressed to give a list of British bands who really matter but seem agreed on Teenage Fanclub, Dinosaur, and The Poodles, bands who would seem to share a common manifesto of making music purely for the love of it. "And to be able to do it, to have a number of people turn up to your gigs, in these couple of weeks where you can play better and better. It's not a lot to ask, is it?"

Despite what seems to be an 'indie attitude' in terms of modest, relatively immediate goals, The Edsel Auctioneer agree that they would sign to a major record company purely because "We need more people", but more willing to achieve greater independence. "It's an old for older independent labels allowing you to be more free because they make you aim at a particular market, so they can stay alive. It becomes about like being Conservative, you're stuck with your sound and might". A major label, they insist "won't mind what you do because they're so big. They're quite happy to let, for example, Sonic Youth do what they want because they're selling bucket loads of some other stuff."

"One of our ambitions was to have our singles in the bargain bin", deadpans beavis Phil. A hard tone independent for the indie music tag? Whatever, it's clear that they are happy to exist on their own terms, free from any other nations which might get in the way of what people in groups are supposed to do, play their music. Despite this, fans seem almost unrelenting: "We had a clue in the NME Christmas Crossover", they quip. "Mark Astington, an manager of Leeds, I'd like one of that!"

The Edsel Auctioneer, the freestling, most down to earth bunch of musicians you could ever hope to meet. Clicking out an upcoming *Paul Simon* and following others to find not just why they matter and what all the clack off fans is all about.

## Edsel Auctioneer Simmer (Dacry)

In 1989, I saw a scruffy bunch of lads making one hell of a beautiful racket on stage at the T+C Backing Boston's Lemonheads. Looking out 3 minute rushes like "Stinkback" and "Our New Skin" the Edsel Auctioneer were an indie phenomenon in embryonic stages, or so I thought, they had all the ingredients: innocent, tart, busy and busy with more like those Alan McGee has a knack of signing but just cannot write to save his life.

1990 brings the Edsels debut LP. It's shambling, powerful, occasionally special and rough as sandpaper. They're mellowed out and muddled in, much less urgent in places than their early tunes suggested but tougher and less compromising in others. I guess they're pretty pleased with it cause it's very raw. Edsels, the one word you couldn't use with the Edsels is complete, cause they're never been all there, but in comparison with those who have made it through it's a far record with some confident moments.

"Stinkback" is superb, riffs and catches, it comes on like Rich Mullins covering The Stone Roses "Sally Cinnamon" with Neil Young at the control panel, while "Underline" is a laid back Small Faces tribute with more than a soulful boom or two to keep it buoyant, and if anything was critical in 1992, it was the absence of these two from our esteemed Indie Chart. Along with "Starfish", these are the pop moments on the LP.

"Stomachful" recalls the headrushes of old, just up and urgent with hints of guitar noise, whilst "Ballad of Richard Hall" is disappointing, drawn out and messy, and whereas tracks like "Mosses" and "Ballad" are lovely, ragged and full of character, this is the blander side of the Edsels coming through.

The Edsels love and enjoy their music, and "Simmer" has some great moments, but their insistence on being human and teachable, maybe a little less, means they fall a little shorter than they could, but in these days they're an injection of talent in a sadly more music world, and the fact that they are from Leeds makes us all the happier to have them.

Tim Vigon

## Sugar Leeds Metropolitan

There are no pretensions of a performance here tonight, no stage set, a lone light show and a huge minimum of audience contact. It's a straight down the line delivery of perfectly crafted anthems, barked relentlessly out from the stage without the need for visual support.

After the opening track of "The Art

We AUSA Good Man/Changes", "Copper River" is relegated to the a back-up role. Choosing instead to preview material from the capricious-sounding follow up "Blonde" may not get the whole crowd going as much, but it teasingly promises great things to come. The whole Sugar live experience is much harder than it may seem. Bob Mould's controlled face and pensive shrill-like vocals add a new raw edge to "I Can't Change Your Mind".

Despite the cries of Hedder Du from the more animated members of the crowd,

Mould doesn't need to rely on the punk nostalgia of his past career. Regardless of the maturity of his years and his rapidly moving baritone, he still opts not the words with any underlying contempt towards the audience and throws his bleeding guitar to within an inch of its life. Barely ever pausing for breath between the individual outcries, the only respite comes when he alternates the vocal duties with bass player, Dave Barbe, who in turn grows his jaw through the soon-to-be-pipe "True Commercial".

Through so the climactic instrumental ending to the set, an unrelenting wall of white noise, Mould seems to be extending years of inherent post-punk frustration, punishing the crowd equally for every bit of appreciation. With the final chorus of "Man On The Moon" they exit leaving behind a crowd battered, bruised and well and truly suggest.

David Atkinson

# shakespeare's blister

Elvis Costello  
and the Brodsky Quartet  
The Juliet Letters (Warner Bros.)

Costello's music has so far been so perfect as anyone could reasonably hope for. He's been hip, "important," a cult, and a pop star before settling into his current self-imposed ghetto. For the devotee of Bob Dylan, Lou Reed or Neil Young, despair and disbelief at the dullness of their heroes' developments have become, over the years, almost part of the appeal. Costello fans have been equally out of over 150 songs that he's written there aren't many that are lost forgotten. In the same amount of time that Dylan could manage to attract and then alienate about five different lots of fans, Costello's aim has been (almost) true.

So what about this, then? A collaborative "song sequence for strings and voice" with the Irish Brodsky Quartet, it keeps you wondering if he's left in some Late Show culture dead-end. You couldn't call it unexpected after hearing him last year picking a pop-free Desert Island Discs but it's a collection that shows off Costello's new passion for classical music. It sounds like nothing else he (or anyone else) has ever done, but far from being interestingly idiosyncratic, it comes across as boring and pretentious. It just doesn't make any sense to me.

Maybe I've just got a 3-minute pop type attention span but over an hour of this music just isn't a fair proposition. You can admire the audacity of the melodies and see merit in the clever arrangements but you'll also be repelled by the tight, monotonous sterility of this soulless experimental exercise. Worst of all are the lyrics which are random free associations based around the delicious theme of different kinds of letters.

Ever since he broke up The Attractions in "Blood and Chocolate" his primal beast of garage R&B, his music has been gripped by the qualities of craftsmanship and production techniques. The results could be stimulating or they could be stifling. I'm tempted to say that he should just get back to making blippy and biting pop but really it wouldn't be right, he's not the same person he was. I don't even feel let down that he's left it behind, at least he's still being a difficult bastard; no-one could call this stuff easy listening. Even if it's not actually very enjoyable, it's better than regurgitating the same old mannerisms and chord progressions. It's a little bit of a risk and I hope he'll make more exciting music to come. I just hope that this kind of maturity doesn't turn into staid stolidity.

Steve Lowe



## The Disposable Heroes of the Disposal LUU Riley Smith

Hiphoppy are the crude-friendly face of Britpop rap. Not too much listening, not 100% rap, no "Ho's", "Tiebs", "Niggas", or "Taps", and they don't wear South African gold. They're safe to like. Good thing too, because they sound great, look fabulous, and read like a stream of disjointed politics and self respect.

Taught with a few hand along with the clattering chain loops and surreal samples, the legacy of former industrial band, the Beatings, seems to be fading like the industrial legacy of mid-eighties Britain, in favour of more measured and hyper-hip and snarling hyped jazz influences. However, the clattering chains and metal gratings occupy for tracks like "Television" and "Hippocry", but in beginning to look a little like idiosyncrasy.

They look hilarious on stage, see foot Michael Pinner and his day side kick Rono Tio, a double act which is a perfect foil to the occasionally too-fancied political correctness.

However, they aren't P.C. because

they need university dates, Pinner really does look bewildered and angry over racism about his mother's background and he looked damn grateful to tell us his AIDS test was cool and inspires us to use a condom.

There's a place for age and a place for racism, like T and C are on one hand and Hiphoppy and Attitude Disorder on the other. Like your own says, "You vote with no today, I'll run with you tomorrow."

Dan Norris

## Cud Town and Country

The guitarist is posturing on stage like Ian Dury. But this is not Lou Reed. The drummer does solos, but this is not Cream. This is the legendary Cud band, a loud bunch who you probably haven't heard but still hate anyway.

Allow me to set you straight; any criticisms are unfounded and the detaching journalists are wrong, very wrong indeed. The very musical roots of the angry public may

crave such bands, but Cud's music transcends that of the thousands of three-chord trans-pendents found on MTV.

New songs pour out and none are more wonderful than the first, "Six Feet", showing that Cud have lost none of their tenable wit and charm since the last album. Throughout the gig Cud tease the audience with his ever-expanding body, but the grand display of Euboea is quite the opposite to the nature of the music—late, powerful and above all, exciting this helping put it none of these.

This was a Christmas gig it seems like years ago and the start of the season of great excitement, not least filled by the word accurately brilliant festive single EVER. Unfortunately the club at the Festival counter was in times worse than that at the front of the gig, but the single is a masterpiece and if it had been released, would have been Whitney in the top spot. As an indicator of doubt in my mind anyway. "Sons, Sons, Sons, you're so weird, with your big top nose and your dirty white beard. Sons, Sons, Sons, why are you so weird?" Yes, a masterpiece.

Stephen Dick

## SINGLES

Tina Turner pokes through  
the gloom and doom.

BELLY  
Tired The Tree (4ad)

The split in the creative talents of Boston's incredibly constant (or should that be consistently interesting) Throwing Muses was a potential disaster that turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Heros Tampa Donnelly's Belly with a seemingly creative biological hybrid of Toni Mitchell, Maria McKee and the Perennials, standing heavily from Ray Davies' "Lola" with hooks, lines and a flicker of a guitar riff that sticks to the back of your brain like chewing gum to human hair. This should push her and her motley crew all the way to the Top 10 alongside the Pogues and the Frank and Walters and Whitney, please!

CORNERSHOP  
To the Days of Ford Carter (Wiggy)

HUGGY BEAR  
Kiss Carl (EP) (Wiggy)

As current music press darling, due to the ability to manipulate old contextual music journals (the Huggy's) and the ability to take some form of political stance in the days of the Black Generation (Cornershop), these two have much to be desired. Both have some modulus of wit. Cornershop being 3 astute and a "bitchy honky" playing white-boy guitar noise and both attempt the kind of unconvincing agit-prop anger that Chambersaurus at all have made careers from.

But the kids are buying it. To me though, it's all too 3D, this anyone can play business (or these bands can't be so new precise) 3D DVD, with weird little drawings and beautiful moments in all very Sarah records, and the Mark Street Frack's spotted similar political manifestos on how way to the land of Axl and Slash. It's been done before, and although bands with intentions that at least border on real change are surely better than those who are not "get the girl and kill the babies" - I can't help feeling that all this talk of Kids Like Guerrillas, and "Fuck the Museum" is a little sixth form.

The music 7 Show

CHEERS TO  
GRAMMY RECORDS  
WHO SUPPLY THE  
SINGLES EACH  
WEEK

# Smitten with Britten

**Billy Budd**  
**Benjamin Britten**  
**Opera North**  
Leeds Grand Theatre

**O**pera North opened its winter season in Leeds with a chilling staging of Benjamin Britten's grand opera *Billy Budd*.

It was perhaps inevitable that Britten and his librettist E.M. Forster (inspired by Eric Crozier's close Herman Melville's tale as a subject for operatic treatment. His account of cruelty and repression on board a British man-of-war during the French wars of 1797 allowed Britten to explore themes already broached in *Peter Grimes*, and later developed in *The Turn of the Screw* and *Death in Venice* - the corruption of innocence, the poignancy of age, and the concept of human salvation. For both men there was also the opportunity to portray profound relationships between men without being sexually explicit.

Graham Vick directed this co-production with Scottish Opera, emphasising the violence which pervades the parable of a handsome Feroepagan sacrificed to the hatred of the Master-at-Arms and his Captain's adherence to the code of law.

Nigel Ransom gave a convincing performance as the tormented Captain Vere, whose odd doppleganger (Michael Derington) looks on in despair. Although nicely capable, Jason Smith wasn't a very fresh-faced "Budd" - his marvellous posing seemed better suited to the night's scene than the HMS Indomitable. John Tomlinson's Claggart justifiably drew the most applause. Dark-voiced and utterly evil, he brilliantly penetrated the psychological confusion of one of opera's most sinister - yet fascinating - characters.

The scenery was fairly static and looked more like the inside of a boiler room than the deck of an 18th century gun ship. Imaginative lighting provided most of the visual variation, together with some vigorous



Captain Vere pulls his leg gun into action

stage action - although it did make the set wobble a few times.

The all-male chorus sang with real power and conviction and was supported by fine orchestral playing under the direction of

Elgar Howarth. His exploration of the score's shifting subtleties was quite a revelation. Definitely a production worth seeing.

**John-Pierre Joyce**

suggested that his baby-like fingers have scamped a little too far over the proverbial ball to make much of this sort of work nowadays.

Tchaikovsky's mighty *Peterburg* was a bit on the patchy side too. The challenging range of dynamics which the first and last movements demand were accentuated by the Halle to an extent that betrayed them at the subtlest end of the scale. Nevertheless, they seemed on the whole to fare better without Wilde. Calabrese more played with commendable skill. The Second Movement was faultlessly magnificent, and the Third Movement fiercely and grandly eloquent.

But, this performance wasn't as good as it might have been, all things considered, more evidence than full-baked, it suffered on with the masses with a bitter taste in my mouth and mental colic.

**Mark Funnell**

## Take note

It may have slipped some of your Christmas resolutions out there, but Leeds and Bradford boast some exceptionally fine events in their annual calendars for classical, opera and jazz enthusiasts.

**Not to be missed this term:**

**22nd Jan. Prague Symphony Orchestra**  
(inc. Smetana, Dvorak and Janacek)  
Leeds Town Hall

**23rd, 27th and 29th Jan. Opera North**  
(Don Carlos, Verdi)  
The Grand Theatre and Opera House  
26th, 28th and 30th Jan. Opera North  
Yorke and Huddersfield (Tchaikovsky)  
The Grand Theatre and Opera House

**12th Feb. Halle Orchestra**  
(all Mozart programmes - Peter Donohoe)  
St. George's Hall, Bradford

**20th Feb. National Symphony Orchestra of Ireland**  
(inc. Liszt and Bruckner)  
Leeds Town Hall

**21st Feb. Ronnie Scott Quintet**  
West Yorkshire Playhouse

**12th March St. Petersburg Symphony Orchestra**  
(inc. Shostakovich and Rachmaninov)  
St. George's Hall, Bradford

## Lunchtime Recital

### Schumann and Schubert

**Matthew Barley** (cello)  
**Mark Troop** (piano)  
Leeds Arts Gallery

**A**s most of our headmaster/headmistresses might once have concluded at the end of a school report, rather a mixed bag of results. There was no doubt that for young men in question were there to enjoy themselves regardless of the venue's dismal ambience and of the customarily dominant method school, and this made for a result that was anything but bleak.

Yet Barley's input was really in the extreme, and deficiencies in his technical skill were manifest. Double string crescendos in Schubert's *Adagio* Gracioso fell foul of an understated confidence and much of the higher position playing was inaccurately defined.

But the pair's leading quality was accurate. Even with Arka's wavy hairdo and voluminous silk shirt, rarely put a digit wrong. In the more delicately wrought, slower pieces, the duo displayed an impressive sensitivity in their impassioned interaction. Barley's well-rehearsed vibrato and Troop's an all-sufficing responsiveness.

I took my leave of the Gallery with a few sheets of penmanship moaning upon my forehead, all a quiver with a thrill of sheer exhilaration.

**Mark Funnell**

**Halle Orchestra**  
**Andrew Wilde**  
Rachmaninov  
Piano Concerto No.2  
Tchaikovsky  
Symphony No.6  
Leeds Town Hall

There was no disputing that Wilde strove to inject a bold measure of exotic spice into this most heartily hackneyed of piano concertos, but he never truly showed any signs of pulling it off successfully. His support with the orchestra lacked all nature of effortless spontaneity and stable cohesion. Indeed, he occasionally threw an arrogantly censorious glance at some section or another of the orchestra, as if to say "You'll have to do better than that (if you have any pretensions of playing with my standard of panache)".

The space-slubby *Adagio Sostenuto* Movement came together impressively and with some novel flare, but its C minor counterpart was all too often marred by ineptly handled technicalities, perhaps occasioned by the fusion spirit employed. In fact, this was often the fault of the soloist: a few instances of very sloppy execution in the extravagantly virtuosic passages even

**B**eyond the two principal ingredients of one of the finest pianists in the circuit and one of the country's top orchestras, add two fine favourites from the romantic 'handkerchief saturation' repertoire, then garnish with a vibrant, full-throated atmosphere, and what do you get? A defined overall effect, today in the middle and rather busy at the edges.

# A Knight at the Movies

Sir Richard Attenborough came to the Showcase last week for the regional premier of his new film 'Chaplin', being held to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Group.

Ceri Thomas donned his bowler, twirled his cane and headed off to the great man's press conference

They tell me they might be saying that one of the important things to remember when interviewing someone is to ask short questions and get long answers. If this was the only criteria necessary for a successful interview then Sir Richard Attenborough would be the world number one interviewer, because the man hardly ever shuts up.

Ed seen him at the Academy Awards ceremony when he picked up the best film and best director Oscars for 'Gandhi', and had been a little taken aback by the effusive pushing-shoulder-of-a-speech that he recited out on that occasion. But I assumed that he must just have been carried away by the excitement of the moment, that he couldn't possibly be like that all the time. Certainly that he wouldn't be like that when faced with a small gaggle of regional press people on a snowy winter night at the Leeds Showcase, at one of the regional premieres organised for the twin purpose of celebrating 'Chaplin' and raising money for Dickie's favourite charity, muscular dystrophy.

How wrong I was. In response to the first question asked, "Why do you make film biographies of the famous?" or some such crap line designed to get the great man warmed up, Attenborough launched into an avalanche of anecdotal asides, covering everything from how 'Chaplin is one of the best in the concept of cinema (which he believes Chaplin changed), and through the racial aspects of film making (socially Charles is one of the masters to make political and social statements in films like 'Modern Times' and 'The Great Dictator') and back to his ultimate desire to avoid making a telegraphic publicity film glowing over Chaplin's lifetime, and finally wrapping the whole thing up with "And I think that if you mention my love of biography, my love of the movies, my love of people who change our attitudes, and so on, and someone or me who has been a companion, the subject matter

becomes irresistible. There you are."

Indeed, there we were. Faced with a man who can answer a question lasting all of 30 seconds with a 10 minute speech. Absolutely incredible. By the end of the hour or so I spent in his company, I'd been forced to accept that this was a man who would probably answer an inquiry as to the time of day with a discourse on the concept of chronology, the nature of the day as defined by the films of the early seventies and his personal avocation for the creation of the planet in general.

Physically, Attenborough resembled nothing so much as a stout, cheerfully eager, twinkled grinner, his familiar chubby, undrilled face lent slightly more dignity than would be the addition of the bushy white beard grown for his role in Spengler's 'Tomb Raider' (Attenborough hadn't acted for almost twenty years before taking on the role of an eccentric billionaire who sets up a desolate home park with real dinosaurs, but how could he resist the chance to work with Spielberg - 'Lovely man... the genius of his generation').

As he sat there, snuggled up in a warm cocoon of his own verbosity, gesturing vigorously with his hands as he tried to elucidate some particularly tricky point about the creation of 'Chaplin', a couple of things struck me. The first, perhaps, is just how immensely likeable he is in person. He radiates an almost childlike charm, coupled with an incredible enthusiasm for the life he leads, the life of a 'Movie-maker'. He shows no reticence to 'vacillate', never flinches. Even his 'Tee-hee, dearie' mode of speech is neatly punctuated by 'Spitting Spangli' (doesn't really offend, but what if the talker about how lucky

he was to get 'Karin, Isabella Thun, Jimmy Woods' among others to appear in 'Chaplin'? You never get the sense that he needs the time out of any sort of permission or gratitude. It's just his way of speaking. Some people have



Attenborough with a Muscular Dystrophy sufferer

regional accents, others have speech impediments. Dickie is merely charmingly too. It's not a crime and once you get over the initial shock of a real human being talking like this, the whole effect is rather endearing.

But despite this soft edged image Attenborough is obviously a fairly intelligent and determined man, with a suitably profound knowledge of the medium in which he works. To hear him talk about the opening sequence of the film where the silhouette of the tramp figure cunts in black and white... oh before a more and clearly notices his make-up, and how the film slowly fades into colour, and the way in which it symbolises the shift from the black and white fiction of Chaplin's films to the coloured complexity of the man and his life, is to hear a master explain his work. You don't doubt for a minute that Dickie is fully in control of everything that happens up there on the screen. His films are not so dense in layered imagery and cinematic style by accident.

Also he seems curiously able to juggle a contradictory view that cinema is an artform (entirely true, but an unworkable, with an acceptance that it is also a business. The life of Chaplin is a massive subject, and Attenborough was consequently unable to cover all of it within the limitations of random film-making.

"One of the great problems about making movies, which do not fall into normal pigeon-holed commercially useful product, like 'Learners 2 at Home Alone 24, or whatever it is... is that you may not find a movie for more than 150 minutes, 115 minutes, plus taxes, permits you two performers in it, or even, if a movie goes out that length then you are really getting the recognition of your

involvement at risk. And therefore, much as I would have liked to have gone into more areas of his first discovery work, of the work at creating those early movies and so on, I am constrained to two and a quarter hours."

He refers to the reasons of losing his movies money. For Chaplin came from America, France, Italy, Japan and France... No money from the United Kingdom, as he rather pointedly remarked, and there is some doubt that his long cherished desire to make a film about the life of the philosopher Thomas Paine (who was involved in both the American revolution and the French revolution) will come to nothing because of the sheer cost of the project.

However, even though he may not like the Hollywood game, there can be no doubt that he is an extremely good player. A self-made producer and director who fought against all the odds for years to make 'Gandhi' (Hollywood didn't think that anyone would want to go and see a film about a small brown man in a lion's skin), and followed it up by carving out a niche for himself as one of the few high budget movie makers left whose films aren't just plain basic action epics. He is surely the only director/producer from the UK able to wield any sort of power in Hollywood. Certainly no other British movie maker could have got the 'Chaplin' project off the ground, nor are there many who would have been able to set up his next movie, a film version of the play 'Shakespeare', with his Anthony 'Tony' Hopkins playing the role of US Lewis.

Chaplin's best work was done while he was a young man. Attenborough is now well along the way to a busy past, but his best 'movies' may be still to come.

# 恭賀新禧

## Festival highlights

The Leeds Waterfront Chinese Festival features a plethora of Chinese cultural activity which should leave us literally spell for choice.

Things begin on Sunday January 24th with a Sea & Unicorn dance procession through the city centre. The procession starts at the Vicar Lane National Car Park, and culminates in a special performance at Granary Wharf's Chinese Festival Market.

If, like me, eating matters to you, then there is much activity at the festival to cater for your tastes during the Chinese Food Fair. This will be held throughout next week at Leeds Markets. Local Chinese restaurants and a selection of chefs from the Yue East specialty provided by Holiday Inn will be cooking up the best in Chinese cuisine, and should provide all the secrets necessary for you to prepare those stir-frys without recourse to a Colman's jacket or Homepride cook-in-sauce. From noon on Friday 29th and Saturday 30th, the Holiday Inn's chef's team up with those from the West Yorkshire Playhouse in the Theatre restaurant. Admission is free, but arrive early as this event is likely to be popular.

If your head with your tank top and regulation stringer University scarf, then the festival offers a host of fresh fashions for immediate display at the Poly Bag. Students from Jacob Kramer College, inspired by a collection of silks from Hangzhou, have been busy designing a range of clothes with a Chinese flavour, to be premiered on Friday 29th at the Corn Exchange. The Lynae Kelly Model Agency will be helping out. On the subject of silk, the Qing textiles from the University's Silkweaver's Collection will be on display most of the week in the Oriental Gallery at Lotherton Hall. These silk tapestries date from the eighteenth century, and are visually remarkable. From Tuesday 26th until April, a display of Chinese costumes is on display at the Leeds City Museum.

Alternatively, you could grab a paintbrush and head for the Yorkshire Post Building, which hosts a display of Chinese art. Artist Fu Hsu mounts an exhibition of his work there from January 25th. Also on display is a collection of work from Francesca Ting. Feeling duly inspired, you can now race to the Victoria Quarter and learn to spell your name in Chinese and have a go at some silk paintings.

Music lovers will no doubt gravitate to the Civic Theatre on Tuesday 26th for a performance of 'The Blue Emperor and Madam Wai' by The 800 Chinese Opera Company. At a concessional price of £2.50 this too should prove popular. Those who prefer their culture in the quiet side can contemplate Photographer Tim Sedgwick's exhibition 'The Magic Eye: Chinese Life in Leeds', at the West Yorkshire Gallery until February 27th.

No Chinese Festival would be complete

without some display of martial arts. The Yorkshire Dance Centre will be running lunchtime classes of Tai Chi Chuan, a combination of meditation and self-defence, allowing you an

opportunity to release the harmony between your mind and body. The Chinacraft exhibition in the Victoria Quarter (Monday-Tuesday) and The Corn Exchange (Wednesday-Friday) will also include displays of Tai Chi and other martial arts.

If you have children, then the Festival offers some excellent activities for the under-12's. The intriguingly titled Wypsets Workshop, involving the making and flying of kites, is organised at the West Yorkshire Playhouse on Saturday 30th. Also at the playhouse between Tuesday 26th-Friday 29th is a Magic Boat Education Workshop for schoolchildren to learn how a Magic Boat is built while Chinese music is performed in the background (in other words, here is an opportunity to dump the kids and head for the bar for half an hour).

The event that the publicity staff involved in the festival are getting really excited about is the Royal Mail Dragon Boat Races at the Embankment/Ards Waterfront. These involve 15 teams drawn from the Chinese business community, who shall compete in China's oldest waterport (Dragon Boat racing dates back to 2368 B.C.).

Each boat features a drummer who beats time to regulate the rapidity of the team's strokes - the sight is well worth enjoying! The final takes place on Sunday 30th, just prior to the Grand Finale at Granary Wharf which will close an exhausting week.

And there are just the highlights. For eight days, Leeds will be host to one of the most exciting cultural festivals in the North in recent years. It seems a shame not to join in.







Ever wondered what (or indeed, when?) Chinese New Year was? Well, wallow in ignorance no longer because the answers to all these questions and more will be available to one and all as Leeds stylishly ushers in the Year of the Cockerel with a festival of Chinese culture, food, fireworks and music down on the Leeds Waterfront.

On this page, *John McLeod* takes a look at the background to the festival, while on the facing page he highlights the best bits and pieces of a fortnight of oriental fun and frolic.

On the windy morning of January 26th 1841, just off the Chinese coast, Captain Edward Belcher led a small detachment from his ship, the *Sulphur*, and landed on the desolate island of Hong Kong.

Soon, amongst much rivalry and discharge of musketry, the Union Jack was raised.

The possession of Hong Kong marked a turning point in the First Opium War, as at last the British had acquired a port from which to conduct its trading interests away from the strict legislation of the Chinese, desperate to stop the flow of Opium into China.

True to form, the British chose imperialism before respect, financial value before moral worth, in building links between itself and another culture. Captain Charles Elliot, the commander of the British Navy in China at the time, was recalled in disgrace by Palmerston, as he dared to seek a negotiated settlement with the Chinese.

His attitude regarding British trading interests, rather than mount a full scale military assault, earned Belcher was awarded a knighthood. The event was one of the most successful, and most odious, examples of British colonialism in the nineteenth century.

Few then would consider that the First Opium War would have consequences far beyond the immediate need to secure for the West a safe trading port to Asia. The possession of Hong Kong

allowed for many in the West access to one of the most insular cultures in the world. But it also ultimately equipped several million Chinese with British passports, and equally a point of access to the West. Since the colonial conflicts of China and Britain all those years ago, many British and Chinese have migrated in opposite directions to find life in a new world often against their will - just ask Chris Patten. Hong Kong, Macao and the New Territories are a legacy of the meeting between two empires, imperial and colonial. But, then again, so are London and Manchester. And now Leeds. Why? For is any major city, you are quite likely to find a Chinatown at its heart. Frankly, however, the Chinese community here in Leeds will effectively take control of the city's Waterfront (and most of the city centre) as the celebrations of Chinese New Year come alive at the beginning of the Leeds Waterfront Chinese Festival (January 24th - 31st).

Although a city such as Manchester regularly holds appropriate festivities, this year is the first that Leeds has held an event of this nature. And just to prove that relations between the British and Chinese can take a different form than one followed by Belcher and his cronies, it is fitting that the festivities mark both the coming of the Chinese New Year of the Cockerel, and the beginning of Leeds' Centenary Celebrations. This undoubtedly reflects the particularly strong links between twin towns Leeds and Hangzhou, in China, and gives the lie to cynics who feel the festival is another attempt for Leeds to pretend that it is a significant city by copying Birmingham and Manchester. The festival has taken 18 months preparation, and has involved input from all corners of the Chinese community in West Yorkshire, from the Wah Kowing - the Leeds Chinese Business Community representatives - to the University's very own Chinese Society (one of the largest in Europe). It is a remarkable achievement.

The Good Life pages have a full diary of events. Hopefully, the festival will make some realise that Chinese culture is not just all Chinese take-aways and sinister extortion racket run by the Triads. With the repatriation of Hong Kong only a few years away, it is perhaps urgent that many are given the chance to explore a vast culture which has resisted the onslaught of British imperialism, and - more recently - the waves of Chinese communism and its 'cultural revolution.' Leeds Waterfront's Chinese Festival may offer every a superb, but hopefully not a unique, chance.



恭賀新禧

WATERFRONT FESTIVAL

# Holidays In Hell

## Purrfect!

### The Llama Parlour

Kathy Lette (Picador)

## Impossible Vacation

Spalding Gray (Picador)

**B**reeder North is a man with too much imagination. He has no idea what he wants, but seems to have a lot of it. The 'Impossible Vacation' of Gray's insatiable traveler begins in childhood, when he receives a monkey mask from a relative in Bali. This location, conventionally origami, becomes his Utopia. Here, though he travels from Ladbroke, at the top of the world, to the bottom of it at the Grand Canyon - via Delhi, Amsterdam, New York and Las Vegas - he can never be fully disappointed. In some tales rife of his imagination, Bali waits for him, almost like mother, if it is that somewhere like the sunless back.

Though personally wracked with existential angst, North does not sit in his room attempting to purge out life. One of his most striking features is the way he can see potential meaning in almost anything: watching and acting in porn films, the silence of the Thorton hills, an afternoon as a beggar, a shot in jail... (Remember North is so hopelessly naive, in fact, that one of his recurring obsessions is to "learn how to love out".)

There are clichés here — hippies, travel, free love, drugs — but Gray falls into none of them. His novel has, first, a frenetic pace, combined with an unerring urgency. Somehow its moments really do take you to Kashmir, Amsterdam, Santa Cruz and Las Vegas. Second, there is an unusual openness. North makes no apologies, no judgments, and has an almost childlike lack of self-consciousness. You sense a very unarmoured man and, then, but no trace at all. By comparison with Martin Amis & Julian Barnes this is splendidly refreshing. Only an American, perhaps, could have written it.

Hunter S. Thompson wrote something similar in "Four and London in Las Vegas," yet the sound and fury of his book was more a satire of the American Dream. In this, it is a reaction to the whole of life itself; North is never in fact fleeing to anywhere, rather from the reality of death, "the terrifying consciousness of nothing – the constant mind-boggling awareness of how we come from nothing and return to nothing." Somehow, the story alone conveys this. Through its immediacy and power one feels what Riverside North felt – the terror of death, the knowledge that he would die, and that he would die as he lived. North's travel observations, indeed, perhaps none if you had to pick one, were his response to life – to existence, so that he drove with one eye on the road and the other on his next life.

**Impossible Vacation**, similarly, threads an extraordinary tightrope between the profound and the everyday, to say nothing of the useful, yet never succumbs to creakings. Don't worry, incidentally, if you can't afford the hardback - this won't go out of date.

Richard Sugg



'Splendidly reflecting' - Spoofing Gray's first novel

### Another Part of the Woods

Beryl Bainbridge (Penguin)

There are two valid reactions to this interesting tale. First, one is struck along in the previously discussed inaccuracies, egos and misuses of the characters, recognising as encompassing with a quality here, an action there, glad to discover the hidden largely which a fair's quite from the Lovers helpfully informs us said eventually more. Second, one is forced to ask 'Who the hell are this bunch of nature?' What are they doing together in the middle of a forest? Their characters are virtually lists of mental and physical musings. Are they individuals at all, or just one biotype?

The novel is set in England in the late Series. George owns some hay in the woods. He invites some friends to stay for a few days and get back to nature. The friends gradually arrive and display the qualities that make them interesting to read. The activity that takes place is only of any interest in that it provides stimulus for the characters to react. That is not to say that there's no plot, just that the analysis of the guests is of such depth that you notice nothing else until things are moving far too fast, so often that Barthelme expounds characteristically to prove how and why so often.

experience oblique references to his early sexual abuse with adults. Two couples, Lionel and Mary (unhappily married), and Joseph and Doty (obviously epornic and hopelessly overweight respectively) provide for an unconventional analysis of relationships, while Ralston (sated and sun-starved) and George (tall, fit, and responsible) are single men. Roland, young and cheerful son of Joseph, combines the joking,

The style is witty, direct, often funny and you will enjoy reading these characters, as well as about them. There are also a few well chosen social comments: a beautiful description of the natural woodland is followed by a list of the 50 most chemicals George uses to keep it looking natural. So, join Reryl! (Cambridge) in her woodland human laboratory, for irony, analysis, a creeping sense of dread which makes no sense until it suddenly blooms like flowers, and a dislike of camping in woods which will never leave you. Not a book for some, then.

Phil Weinberg

## The Campaign

Carlos Fuentes (Picador)

**B**altasar Bustos is a child of the Enlightenment, devoted to the writings of Rousseau, an atheist, a revolutionary and a romantic. He hopes to secure the freedom of Argentina, Peru and Mexico from Spanish and Catholic subjugation. His two friends, Xavier Doregas and Manuel Varela, stay in Buenos Aires while Baltasar spends his years gathering

skating, fishing and writing.

The letters that he writes to Yarela are turned by him into the narrative that is this book. Yarela tells us of Balazar's journey's, friendships, fears, injuries and moments in a third person narrative which has all the power and insight of a first person narrator.

The driving force behind Balhazar's journey is his love of Ofelia Solamano, the wife of the judge the Marquis de Cabral. In a spirit of philosophical puerility, Balhazar had swapped Ofelia's baby for that of a black mulatto who had been fogged. But a break in fate, the black baby in the palace, leaving Balhazar guilty and in love with the far away object that is Ofelia.

Baltasar loves Oldia from a distance and demands this distance for ten years. His unrequited passion and his bravery - one leading the other - become the subjects of street songs and ballads.

But nothing is as it would appear – the identity of the baby, the songs, the philosophical post, the nation – as everything comes under the magical scrutiny of Fuentes' prose. This book is the first of a trilogy of novels dealing with Spanish America's fight for independence, and while it does this it is also much more than a history. It is a romance, a philosophy, a testament to the power of words, to the importance of the heroic.

This reel contains prostitution pornography, murder, burglary, general carnage, cracking comedy and some watergate writing — and that's just in the first chapter. Kathy Little's new novel is one of its wildest and entertaining books about America's dream machine, Hollywood, to be published recently. Her skewed eye and effortless ability to deliver hilarious one-liners make for a book which is both illuminating and disarming. Little's great strength is her capacity to make a rather depressing account of Los Angeles life remarkably readable without cutting back on complexity. And she can also make you laugh out loud on nearly every page.

Karina Kennedy is in L.A. to appear in *Dusk*, a top-wog-opita about young and untidily (shoebly) income, no kids! She has secured her place by winning a competition on a magazine tied to her native Australia. Gossamerly installed amongst the binary case - a memorable array of shoulder pads, silicone and bleached roots - Kat sets out to secure her lifelong dream to fall in love, and to become American. But the novel is at pains to show that the two are incompatible in a society which places so much value on the cosmetic.

Kat falls for fellow co-star Pierce Scahill, whose obsession with cars, drugs and his own personality same-shatters Kat's idealism. Pierce is a troubled figure, whose depression is fuelled by the legions of his fans which make jagged cuts of his publicity photographs and send him intimate letters which he detests. Kat endures Pierce's problems, and almost succeeds in prying him from his flame: sisterly grip to clasp with him. But disaster awaits on the road to Las Vegas.

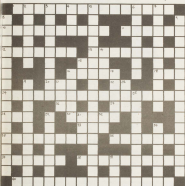
Thompson of this novel is in many ways Kat's best friend. Her whirlwind lifestyle, precocious sexual appetite and delightful physicality act as a superb counter to Kat's romanticism. But Tash's candor also leads her dangerously in touch with pornography and prostitution, and we soon realize that both Kat & Tash are searching for the same thing from contrary directions. Tash's story arc slowly takes a deep turn, by using her body to derive power in L.A., she is sucked into its vicious anomaly. Her presence highlights the absurdity of Kat's phobic vision of America.

There's a lot of great stuff on this single page, from without a ship's nose to neatly observed facts. There's a wonderful moment when Kate takes Perry, a vench vegetarian, to an absurdly exclusive restaurant and orders some meat dishes as starters. "No fashies," explains Perry. "I never eat anything that's had a face." This is the funniest novel I've read for a while, but it still left me feeling uneasy about the kind of culture TV has created. And it reaches the same conclusions as *East Is East* and *Lass*. Then Zeno does actually the opposite: puts his wife and son through *Broken Hills* when she reveals that L.A.'s problems lie in the fact that there "people are afraid to change." Indeed, the novel is full of fear and of place among the likes of Ellis, McElroy and Janowitz. Reach for some Xanax buds, folks, and give yourself a

John McLeod

# Prize Crossword

The first correct answer picked out of a hat after the closing date will win a £10 book token.



## ACROSS CLUES

1. Euro YP and abolition mixed up with fans over wrong hypothesis. (5,10)
2. Making fun of the answer. (10)
3. In his night in tea, and you, say, are the best filer. (3,3)
4. Most Indian pear isn't red herring! (7)
5. Puffin for a washing machine. (9)
6. Sounds like the user is saying yes. (3)
7. Dry moment... (3)
8. Just especially short. (3)
9. 29 short of huge record. (12)
10. I realise Tim 'n' Peter's sadly inaccurate language usage. (17)
11. Came, all faithful ones. (2)
12. A less average bird is dumpy. (3)
13. I wish I'd never smelt the shawl! (3)
14. Ends in between the peaks. (5)
15. Great lack of artists to recruit. (3)
16. Particular space at the fence exhibition. (5,6)
17. Little French saint will pecker up and count. (4,3)
18. Took grass! (6)
19. Excessive happiness, but without money, is just one of life's ups and downs. (3)
20. Lacking the balls to win? (3,6)

## DOWN CLUES

21. Notes fluid note in the take away. (6)
22. Understandably, the female is fed up. (4,2,3)
23. Everyone heard the howling itself! (3)
24. Flexible after the start of the week over a thousand distractions in extra pages. (6,11)
25. Respond to stimulus with rising debt theory. (7)
26. Arrange party to solve an anagram. (8,2)
27. Flexible after the start of the week over a thousand distractions in extra pages. (6,11)
28. Age goes crazy in a poem. (3)
29. Whilst in a train we find a three foot shills. (2)
30. Fast-working drug? (3)
31. Sounds like one of Edward's lecherous looks. (5)
32. Voluntarily declare that the dunker always did that with food. (9)
33. The French are fond lacking in fashion, in a disgusting place. (3)
34. Request the next page from the shirt in the Post Office. (3)
35. Perfect place to come forward from. (3,4)
36. Quenderson put out of his misery in part of last? (4,2)
37. Silver hole is gone. (3)
38. Little Simon from SETI is looking for him? (12)
39. Cares the legs of Sir Francis, who is not to vain. (6)
40. Would be (2) not (3) if we knew what it was? (3)

# EUREKA!

Welcome to Eureka, Eureka's science column. Every 2 weeks, the interesting, the innovative and the completely trivial will be served up in nice, neat bite sized pieces for your delectation under the guise of science. Read on.

## Chocolate, sex and stimulation

Snod rumouring after that chocolate binge called Xmas? Don't worry, you're not a greedy pig. There's some interesting chemistry at work. There's also some interesting advertising, but we'll come to that later.

There are a number of reasons why chocolate is so tempting as an addictive. It could be the social restraint forcing us to consider the stuff as a luxury, thus making us want to pig out even more, but none of the additives in your average Mars Bar has a surprising influence.

Firstly, there's phenylethylamine. Not a very easy name, but this chemical acts in a similar way to the body's own adrenaline, and causes heightened sensation and increased heart rate. This high is, in effect, a sexual climax, albeit a minority snail one, and so there is some justification for the sexualisation of the drug.

Unfortunately, you can't eat so much chocolate as to produce the real thing. Another couple of chemicals, methylxanthine and theobromine, are present and act as stimulants, in a similar way to caffeine. Large intake of either of these causes vomiting, as witnessed all too often on Christmas Day!

You'll be glad to know though that the vegetable fat in chocolate, cocoa butter, isn't as bad for you as you may think. Despite being a saturated fat, it isn't absorbed well by your system, and so doesn't affect that all important cholesterol level. I hope that makes some of you happy after the holiday season!

## Environmental-AI

Last month's American election produced a great result for environmentalists everywhere. The Democratic running mate and now Vice-President Al Gore is, as you may know, a champion of computerised smart policies. His presence in the White House with Bill Clinton looks certain to overturn the decision made by George Bush not to sign the Biodiversity Convention at the Rio Earth Summit, and America looks set for a green revolution.

Gore's concerns are all well and good, but how much does he actually know? Surprisingly for a politician, the man is an expert on the subject of the Earth and its problems, and has an excellent book in press. Called *Earth In The Balance: Forging A New Common Purpose*, it is a comprehensive account of the major environmental problems, but also tackles complex social and ethical perspectives. A great reference manual as well as a fine piece of intelligent writing, and what's more, he seems to have done it all himself!

The book is available from Earthscan for £15.95, or through a book shop, and is recommended for students of the subject and general readers alike.

Eureka is edited by Steve Hill.

Queries and contributions will be gratefully received and considered for publication.

## HIV Inhibitor

And now a practical example of biodiversity. Much has been made of the use of local plants in medicines by indigenous peoples, but sometimes even they overlook something, simply because they have no need for it. In Cameroon, just outside its capital Yaounde, there is the Korup National Park, which contains a large area of rainforest. In this rainforest there's hundreds of medicinally useful species of tree, plant and vine, etc, many used by local doctors to treat specific diseases, but many other plants go uncollected and aren't considered worthwhile.

As a result of a programme by the National Cancer Institute (NCI) of the United States, however, one of these plants - an extremely rare, unnamed species of vine - has turned up a most remarkable chemical. Comps of leaves from the plant were dried, pulped, and the various chemical components were isolated in the NCI laboratories. These chemicals were then placed in a test tube with the HIV virus, and some lymphocytes, which are the white blood cells destroyed by the virus in humans. Incidentally, one particular chemical called michelinellane II showed inhibitory properties, and prevented HIV destroying the cells.

Whilst it is too early to say whether the substance will make a useful drug itself, the finding is an important breakthrough in the field of AIDS research. Even if michelinellane II itself proves too toxic for human use, other drugs can be designed as similar leads to have therapeutic effects, and the disease may be halted, if not beaten altogether. Trials with michelinellane II are currently being conducted on mice and dogs, and if successful, human trials could start within next year.

If michelinellane II does become a marketed drug, making millions for one of the big US pharmaceutical companies, the NCI hope that some of the profits will be channelled back to Cameroon to help conserve the environment. This act of "paying" Cameroon for its genetic material is what the Biodiversity Convention is all about, and the sooner the US signs, the better.

## Graduates on TV

Finally, have you ever watched *Tomorrow's World* when things have gone wrong? Have you ever noticed how flustered the poor presenters get? Do you wonder if they really know what they are talking about? Well, apparently they do to some degree. Each is a graduate of one kind or another.

Janith Hane is a zoologist, Howard Stothard a geographer, Carmen Pryor has a degree in physiology and biochemistry, and my favourite, Kate Bellingsham, has a physics degree and is also trained as a BBC engineer. A pretty impressive list, but this list won't list Frevere. Statham looks like a few science graduates... see you at the interview.

Send answers to: Crossword competition, Leeds Student Newspaper, Leeds University Union, PO Box 157, Leeds LS1 1UH

Closing Date: 27th January, 1992

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Start  
the New Year  
off Properly

Come and  
Write for  
Leeds Student

It's never too  
late to start

**W**ill we get again? Another new, another teasing morsel of tantalizing entertainment from which to pick, all added into these pages. I don't know how we do it... Remember that these pages, apart from being a rather essential guide to all things bodacious, are also open to entries from our great readers. If your society or club is seeking an event at which you want to be in the limelight, and drop a note in either of the Leeds Standee offices by the Week section before the Friday of publication. (We do as much detail as required, and we'll endeavour to sponsor you in... If it's something really special (such as Rag Week last year), you might even get a whole feature!

But anyway, on with this one, and all you have to pay for joy, because it looks like an exciting couple of months in the region's theatres. Over the last few pantomimes have been caught up with a stiff broom coat and mounded in the garbage bin, things really get interesting.

To start with, it's the touring season at the Great Yorkshire Playhouse, with some small productions running for a few nights in the smaller Conyarth Theatre. These are often very innovative productions, and it's well worth going to see a sample in a refreshing change from the larger shows. Tonight and Saturday sees the grumpy Lip Service performing 'Whispering Lookie', an 'indecible look at the lives and works of those three Bronte sisters, with two actually as Anne has just popped out for a cup of sugar'. The group have won the Critics Award for Comedy at the Edinburgh Festival for the last two years, and so they should be believed.

Next week, we have Gay Sweatshop presenting 'Thereseau', which promises humour, passion and intrigue. You get three plays for the price of a ticket, all by highly acclaimed writers. Also at the end of the month, Yorkshire Theatre Company premiere their production 'Taking Toys From The Boys'. This story centres around a group of women who are out of war, murder and brutality in their men's world of organised crime. They agree to take

action, and decide to withhold sexual favour until a truce is agreed... leaving the men to go to prison.

Several other productions are worthy of mention. Leeds Theatre-In-Education Company's 'The White Mail' is another in their long line of 'high quality, stimulating plays'; whilst at the Quarry Theatre, the British premiere of Eugene O'Neill's play 'All God's Children Got Wings' is greatly anticipated. Finally, at the Quarry again, the incredibly popular 'Hull Truck Company' visit the Playhouse in March to perform John Goddard's 'The Office Party'. On their previous visits to Leeds, this group have sold out, or book your tickets early.

Moving on to the Grand, there's a whole season to be savoured. After the end of Opera North's Winter Season, the play of Royal Doul's 'The Whitch' runs for a week. Canons & Mail are in pantomime (again!), and there's a great from the Northern Ballet Theatre, and two great musicals 'Good Rockin' Tonight' and 'Beverly Hills Cop'. The Musical's each enjoy a week-long run. Although it's a long way off yet, we also think it's wise to inform you of what's happening on May 24th & 25th: for two nights only, Ross Holum will be playing the Grand, and both are expected to sell out very early indeed. So, book your tickets now down at the Grand Theatre Box Office, please from 47.90.

Finally, across in Bradford, the Alhambra too has a season of productions to look forward to. Ross Holum's still doing his thing in 'Babes In The Wood' at the moment, but coming soon are 'Talking Heads', the Alan Bennett monologues, 'A Taste For The Blues Brothers', 'Koriat To The Forbidden Planet', 'An Evening With Gary Linaker', and the highly successful musical 'Me And My Cat'. The last three have already proved their worth in London, and should be brilliant. Get ready for the best evenings now!

Obviously, we'll let you know more about each of the shows listed above as the time gets nearer, but the chances are you might want out on a few if you don't think about booking soon. It looks like it's going to be a great time!



# GOOD LIFE

## THE GUIDE TO THE WEEK AHEAD

### MISC

Thurs 26th Jan Sat 27th March 1979/80 - Ganga Watershed, 7.30pm, Pantomime Cinema - Tickets 10.00 - 15.00, 15.00 - 20.00, 20.00 - 25.00, 25.00 - 30.00, 30.00 - 35.00, 35.00 - 40.00, 40.00 - 45.00, 45.00 - 50.00, 50.00 - 55.00, 55.00 - 60.00, 60.00 - 65.00, 65.00 - 70.00, 70.00 - 75.00, 75.00 - 80.00, 80.00 - 85.00, 85.00 - 90.00, 90.00 - 95.00, 95.00 - 100.00, 100.00 - 105.00, 105.00 - 110.00, 110.00 - 115.00, 115.00 - 120.00, 120.00 - 125.00, 125.00 - 130.00, 130.00 - 135.00, 135.00 - 140.00, 140.00 - 145.00, 145.00 - 150.00, 150.00 - 155.00, 155.00 - 160.00, 160.00 - 165.00, 165.00 - 170.00, 170.00 - 175.00, 175.00 - 180.00, 180.00 - 185.00, 185.00 - 190.00, 190.00 - 195.00, 195.00 - 200.00, 200.00 - 205.00, 205.00 - 210.00, 210.00 - 215.00, 215.00 - 220.00, 220.00 - 225.00, 225.00 - 230.00, 230.00 - 235.00, 235.00 - 240.00, 240.00 - 245.00, 245.00 - 250.00, 250.00 - 255.00, 255.00 - 260.00, 260.00 - 265.00, 265.00 - 270.00, 270.00 - 275.00, 275.00 - 280.00, 280.00 - 285.00, 285.00 - 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# STAGE

## WEST YORKSHIRE PLATONERS

June 10/11 Mon. 1.30/1.45  
 2.45/3.15  
 3.45/4.15

12.15/1.30 Tue 1.30 - **THESE ON THE ROOF** - 1.30  
 2.45/3.15 Tue. Tickets from £4.00, but may be on transfer only.

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# MISC

**Ever wanted to visit Israel?** Have you got a project you want to carry out in the country? If so, and you're slightly strapped for cash (let's face it, who isn't?), then you might like to apply for one of the **Israel Study Grants** offered by the **United Educational Trust** (head-travel grants).

Each year, the trust issues one or two grants of £500 to students, primarily undergraduates, who wish to undertake a personal project in Israel. Projects should be worthwhile, but don't necessarily have to be related to any work for your degree. Past subjects have included studies of small ethnic communities, the application of conflict theory in the Middle East, care of the aged in the kibbutz, and medical, social and literary research.

To apply, you should obtain a form from the address below, and with it submit a brief synopsis of the proposed project. Details of preliminary soundings on the feasibility of the project should also be included (if assessment), and the whole lot should be completed by February 1988. Winners will be announced in May.

The address to write to for further information and an application form is: **John Levy, Academic Study Group, 25 Lyndale Avenue, London, NW2 2QB. Tel. 071 439 8003.**



Walter Wishes His Whipped

**Are you ready for an 'Extraordinary Art Experience'?** Treadwell's have a new exhibition which promises to be moving, stimulating, entertaining and unforgettable, and it's **'Walter Wishes His Whipped'** as pictured above is just one of the bizarre exhibits.

Described in the Telegraph & Argus as 'Broadfield's most mind-blowing tourist attraction', Treadwell's is open daily from 10am to 6pm, and if you're after an offbeat day out, you couldn't do better than this.

Treadwell's is on the first floor of Broadfield Business Arts And Media Mill at the top of Chapel St, near the city centre. If the exhibits there inspire you to pick up the brush, the gallery organises art classes with artists **Tim Myers** and **Oliver Reed**. All sorts of skills can be picked up, from life drawing to sculpture, and the weekly ability class is covered. For further details, ring 0274 483198 / 3060654 very soon!

# GOOD Life VIDEO

**Videos supplied by:**  
**Village Video**  
**Cardigan Road,**  
**Headingley**

Universal Soldier

John-Charles Van Damme does not make intellectually demanding films. Indeed he's the most complex decision that the studio to video king of film such as **'Blindfold'**, **'Kickboxer'** and **'A.W.O.L.'** but to make it whether to kick someone in the groin or to punch them in the teeth.

Things are not that much different here.

Van Damme is a 'Nam vet brought back from the dead by the US government in form part of a crack team of brainwashed cyborgs, he escapes with a beautiful reporter and is then tracked down by fellow cyborg and psycho, **Deluge**. Mind-blowing, blood, violence and death ensue.

Not a bad film as blood and gore, martial arts film with a Vietnam flashback syndrome go. Production values are quite high and loads of people get killed in moderately imaginative, bloody, humorous ways.

Blue Ice

Daniel Michael Caine 'Thriller' in which the standard wonder plays a co-vert service agent who runs a face nightclub, but finds himself drawn back into the murky world of espionage when he starts an affair with Sean Young's very delectable.

Double, triple and even quadruple crosses abound as Caine is shot at, chased and punched in ways that come straight out of the beginning handbook for 007-Lt. Car-crazy action.

Slam, out-manned and very tedious. For serious Car-fanatics only.

Gladiator

Oh, it's cliché come on the video catalog this week, and no mistake. **Sean Connery** earns the run by playing a treacherously evil boxing promoter in the tale of **Gladiator** fight and double dealing on the streets of an ancient Rome.

Every boxing club you've ever seen goes wild as Connery tries to manipulate a promising young white fighter into meeting the ring against his will.

It's not 'Raging Bull' or even 'Rocky' but it's well worth a look and shot to be watchable if hardly satisfying or original.

Carli Thomas

# EXTRA

**Drop in the dark, dank, dreary depths of winter, many minds longingly turn after the summer sun and the holidays. Now is the time that so many ideas are fermenting, great plans being made for the long vacation, and so Good Life is glad to pass on the latest and greatest news from Extrastar, "the market leaders in under 26 second rail travel to Europe".**

A new ticket is now available for intrepid journeyers called the **"RAILBOUND EXPLORER"**, which as the name suggests, will take you to seven different countries in both Eastern and Western Europe. For 1988, arrive under the Pyrenees, visit Paris, Munich, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Krakow, Berlin and Amsterdam on the one ticket, and the

rest of the ferry crossings are included as well. Start saving these pennies now.

Extrastar also have eight other 'specials' to choose from. Paris, Brussels and Amsterdam will cost just 99p return from London, and for River-cruisers among us, Paris, New, Monte Carlo, Pisa, Rome, Basel, Luxembourg and Brussels are all included for £189. Portugal, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and even Thailand are among other destinations covered by the company if you're looking north adventures.

Tickets and info are available at Standard Travel offices, from Campus Travel, from the usual travel agents, and direct from Extrastar on 071 730 3402.

However, if you're strapped for cash, then hold your horses and wait for the cheapo late bookings. Either that, or Extrastar's always a good idea, as is working ahead - you need to get your sales on this option though.

Walter Wishes His Whipped

# LIVE MUSIC

**SHIRAZ INTERNATIONAL CONCERT HALL**  
 10, Gouda Street, 121. Tel. 0114 236 1111

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