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the private lives of public
schoolboys -

Rosa Prince

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LEGITIMACY OF UNION MEETING CHALLENGED

Exec 'cheats' cost union £17,000

HUGE sums of students' money are to be spent by union chiefs who allegedly broke official regulations.

They deny union rules were breached, but are said to be privately gloating over their successful deception.

The row erupted after a meeting this week at LUU. Specific union laws were allegedly bypassed to enable the meeting to make decisions which will cost Leeds University students at least £17,000 per year.

The resignations of Robin Johns and Ellie Clement, LUU General and Administration Secretaries, have now been called for by members of last year's Exec.

The Special Constitutional General Meeting voted to create sabbatical posts - the wages for which will be taken from union funds - for a union Societies Secretary and an officer to co-ordinate Nightline, the telephone counselling service. An attendance of 500 students is necessary to make an SCGM quorate, granting it constitutional decision-making powers. Independent counts put the figure of students present this week at below 300.

Fiona Smeaton, a senior member of Exec, said: "I am not satisfied that there were 500 people there. People were leaving while voting was going on - I was

LYING CHEATING BASTARDS' ACCUSED

one of them."

She said of her colleagues: "They are lying cheating bastards."

Robin Johns admitted to a *Leeds Student* reporter during the meeting that he believed it to be iniquate. Yet he now denies the constitution was ignored and claims the decisions taken were legitimate.

However, the legitimacy of the meeting was questioned by last year's Administration Secretary and co-editor of the union constitution, Chris Westwood. "The meeting was clearly iniquate," he said. "It is a fact that Exec ran it in an underhand way."

And according to one union insider:

"Exec officers were joking to each other afterwards about getting away with it in spite of the rules."

There are calls for the resignation of members of Exec by their predecessors. "In these circumstances they should quit," said Ceri Nursaw, a former senior officer.

A question over the quoracy of the SCGM was raised by one student present.

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ROOF STREAKER FAILS TO IMPRESS



IT MUST HAVE BEEN COLD: Three Leeds lasses give their verdict on the antics of a naked man who bared all outside their window. Passers-by stared in bemusement as the man climbed on to a shop roof and encouraged them to adopt a policy of universal love. The emergency services were called and the man was eventually taken away for questioning after an hour.

Pic: Debashis Singh



Robin Johns' magic telescope

Full story: page 4

Hunt for sex attacker

MILLGARTH Police are still appealing for information about an indecent assault on a female student on 29 September this year.

The attack took place at 12.30am on the corner of Brudenell Road and Ash Grove. The 19-year-old victim used her personal safety alarm but it was ignored. A taxi passed by but took no notice of her predicament.

The assailant is described as an Asian male, about 25-30 years old and 5'9". He has a plump, round face, a long fringe over his left eye, a medium thickness moustache and a stud in his left ear. Anyone who recognises this description, or thinks they may have seen this man recently, should contact Millgarth Police Station.

John Harris, West Yorkshire Police Crime

BY CLAIRE ELDRIDGE

Prevention Officer, has warned female students of the risks of walking alone: "It is not always at night when attacks take place and they are not always on young attractive women. Attacks happen at any time, anywhere and anyone of us is a potential victim, but steps can be taken to decrease the risk."

Advice from Harris includes: "When out walking, think ahead and be on your guard and even if you don't feel confident, look confident. Walk down the middle of the pavement and stay in well-lit areas."

"Always walk facing oncoming traffic to avoid kerb-crawlers. If you think you are being followed cross the road and keep walking. If you are still being followed, head for busy areas or a lighted house to ask for help."

Fair shares are booked

BOOK-HUNTING students at both universities in Leeds will still be able to use each other's libraries next year.

BY RACHEL WILSON

The mutual use of the libraries at LMU and Leeds University was agreed last week.

The LMU library is already open to all. Access to Leeds University's libraries, however, will become restricted to card-holders next year.

Undergraduates at LMU should obtain a letter of introduction from their Student's Tutor Librarian if the books they want are not available at LMU. They will then be able to use Leeds University's libraries for reference purposes.

Postgraduate researchers at LMU can obtain a library card which grants borrowing rights from certain sections of university libraries.

Phillip Payne, Library Services Manager of LMU, rejected suggestions that this scheme is unfair to LMU students, who will have a more limited access to Leeds University facilities.

"This is a step forward, but not as much as some students would like," he said.

Camille Bentley, Vice-President Education and Campaigns at LMUSU, said: "The students union are always going to fight for better library facilities, and at least the universities are trying to accommodate for the lack of resources in some way."

LMU students are also able to arrange the use of libraries at Huddersfield, Humberstone and Sheffield Hallam universities in a reciprocal scheme which gives students external borrowers cards.

STUDENT

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Cut-price education: the cost of the market?

BY TANYA VEINGARD

TEACHING standards are under threat due to the rising commercialisation of university organisation, an academic has claimed.

Staff at Leeds University feel they are under growing pressure and are finding it difficult to maintain high standards of teaching.

"There is a feeling of being swamped by paperwork, which detracts from the time available for teaching and research," said one academic, who does not wish to be named. "There is a general dissent among academics against commercial influences on the university's organisation."

A university spokeswoman said: "National changes have led to more demands on lecturers due to more competition between institutions. This is particularly hard on older members who are used to a different university culture."

In response to the general unrest among staff a new administrative structure has this week been implemented to provide support and assistance to academic departments. Andrew Parkinson, in charge of the Departmental Support Unit, said: "This new venture aims to give broad support to departments to improve the efficiency and quality of their service. We aim to develop it in new ways."

● **TWO senior administration staff at Leeds University have resigned just two years after being appointed.**

The university's top administrator, Registrar Edgar Newcomb, will be leaving at the end of term to take up the same role at Manchester University. Finance director John Clements failed to return to work after the summer vacation.



WIRED FOR SOUND: Idr station manager David Haas dusts down the discs

TURN ON FOR STUDENT RADIO

THE sound of students will be on the airwaves next week with the launch of Idr (Leeds Student Radio), writes Toby Wakeley.

And there are plans to launch a television station for students this year.

The first radio broadcast will be made on Friday November 18 and can be received on the frequency 105.6 FM.

The Network society has also received support

from the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, Professor Alan Wilson, to pursue a cable TV project.

Richard Bond, Network TV manager, said: "This year will be experimental. We're planning to programme Blind Date among others."

"Next year all the halls should receive cable TV and live showings could be broadcast across the student residential area."

Residents strike for action

RENT strikes now look certain at new university accommodation.

BY HOWARD HOCKEN

Residents at Oxley flats this week agreed to stage a strike unless Leeds University makes concessions.

They are being charged £1,660 per year, and complain they were given no choice over where to live. Oxley flats did not appear in the university prospectus.

The problem was discussed at a meeting of 50 residents at LUU. Chairman Tim Goodall, union Welfare Secretary, estimated that residents have to pay at least £5 per week on fuel, bringing their weekly spending up to £55 on accommodation alone.

Residents also have to pay rent for the Christmas and Easter vacations, so this totals more than the maximum student grant in the course of a year.

Goodall proposed that students demand a reduction of £8 per week, and delay the strike until next term.

Meanwhile he will continue to negotiate with the university for a better deal. Goodall says that the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Alan Wilson, expressed surprise on hearing that rent was so high.

Tony Wilkie, who helped organise this week's meeting of residents, said: "The high turnout reflects the strength of feeling over the matter."

Smart cookies excel

T W E N T Y

BY FARZANA FAIZ

not for fun: the budding Keith Floyds are getting the chance to display their culinary skills as they serve up gourmet dishes at a Leeds restaurant.

The students from Thomas Danby College are working alongside professional chefs at The Farthings Restaurant to create delicious specialities such as smoked eel, salmon and turbot in champagne sauce and chocolate pithives.

But the experience is

marked on their final examinations.

Steven Tagg, manager of the college owned restaurant, said this week that he was "very impressed" with the students' work and that it compared very favourably with professional gourmet cookery. John Booth, Lucinda Hyman, Emma Peace and Daniel Hudson were particularly commended.

Exec 'cheats'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Ellie Clement, in the chair, said that 504 members were in attendance. But she failed to order a recount because the student did not specifically ask for one.

"Anyone who heard the request and didn't think it was questioning whether there were enough people in the room needs their head seeing to," said Elliot Reuben, former Financial Affairs Secretary.

Chris Westwood added: "The only people with sufficient knowledge to challenge the meeting's quorum were those in charge of it. It's the oldest trick in the book to proceed with inordinate meetings and not allow anyone to challenge them."

A source close to Exec confessed: "The members of Exec present were wrong not to question the quorum. I felt very suspicious and didn't believe it was right."

Ellie Clement has refused to comment.

Robin Johns denied accusations that the meeting had been an Exec stitch-up. "The quorum was challenged but the score was not, so the chair assumed there were no objections," he said. "I don't know if there were 500 people there, but I trust the tellers."

Tellers stood at the door of the Riley Smith Hall 'clicking' each student who entered. They clicked 504 union members - just four above the requirement for quorum.

The decision of the SGCM can still be overturned at LUU's Annual General Meeting next year.



Mitch Waterman Pic: H Lee

Psyched on television of ecstasy

Viewers of Sunday's Equinox on Channel 4 saw Leeds University lecturer Mitch Waterman advise the country on the use of Ecstasy, writes Simon Greenhalgh.

The documentary, 'Rave New World', investigated the rave craze and the drug Ecstasy and producers recruited Mitch in an advisory role but he was also asked to appear in front of the cameras. Mitch, from the Psychology department of the university, was greeted with cheers from his students when he turned up to lectures on Monday morning.

The programme involved an in-depth look into the nature of the rave culture, for which the Equinox team went to film at Uper Ronson when it was at the Music Factory. While there, a questionnaire designed by Mitch was used to test the psychological state of the ravers.

You've been Quangoed!?

THE Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University is being headhunted by a Government QUANGO which wants him as their new chief executive, it has been claimed in a recent report in the Times Higher Education Supplement, writes Sam Rose.

According to the article, Vice Chancellor Alan Wilson has been shortlisted by the Higher Education Funding Council along with around eight other university vice-chancellors.

Wilson's secretary described the report as "pure fiction." A spokesman for the HEFC, whilst admitting that there was "a lot of speculation over who will replace the present chief executive" who is due to retire next year, made it clear that no shortlist had "yet been made public."

Green failure

A RECENT report has criticized universities for their inability to implement green policies, writes Martin Arnold. The Liberal Democratic Youth & Student survey highlighted several areas in which universities, including those in Leeds, could improve their environmental practice. The suggested recommendations involve an increase in recycling facilities and a greater effort to improve transport and energy efficiency.

London demo claimed as triumph by NUS despite Government accusations of 'scaremongering'

FIGHT FOR LIVING GRANT GOES ON IN ALL WEATHERS

By Ed Crispin

THE national demonstration in London against grant cuts has been described as a success by the majority of those taking part.

Around 15,000 students from around the country braved the rain to display their thoughts on the present Government.

Except for a short hold up caused by the Socialist Worker Student Society, the march between Battersea Park and Hyde Park went peacefully. No arrests were made by the police on duty, whose attending force included riot vans and helicopters.

Students commented on the relaxed, friendly atmosphere and the good humour of most involved. One marcher said: "There was no violence, I think the rain made everyone more mellow. It was a pity that we all got so wet though: it wrecked our banners."

The route was lined with supportive members of the public. As well as the traditional chants there was an up to date Shampoo version: "Oh oh we're in trouble, our grant's been cut and our loan's been doubled."

Two hours after its departure from Battersea the march passed Marble Arch for the final stage of the rally and the speeches.

It was at this point that the previous student unity evaporated. Comedians were the first three entertainers who aimed at further lifting spirits. Despite the appreciation of the majority of students who had remained until this stage, there was a small group disenchanted by the apparent lack of NUS policies to attack the grant cuts and student loans.

This vocal group heckled each of the nine speakers in turn, among them MPs, representatives of teachers' unions and NUS speakers: all of whom were giving support to the student cause. They included NUS President Jim Murphy who had been forced to confront the dissenters earlier.

Robin Johns, Leeds University Union's General Secretary, felt that the end of the



Pic: Ed Crispin

Police stay clear of protest

rally was the only let down to an otherwise well organised demonstration. He added that the 110 representatives from the Leeds universities and colleges was a poor turn out but they were able to represent all the students unable to make the trip South.

Two first time demonstrators Robbie McGowan and Vic Fryer, both freshers at Leeds University, heaped praise on the march considering it a success, but weren't impressed by the rally, "so we went to the pub."

Steve Parry of SWSS hailed such a large show of dissatisfaction as "another nail in the government's coffin."

The Government later defended its position on BBC's Newsnight. Tim Boswell, junior education minister, said that the NUS was merely "scaremongering" in organising the demo. The NUS rejected the claim.



Bemused builders watch the march

Pic: Ed Crispin

Late night the Ritz

RITZY, the lovers' lane of Leeds nights, has applied to the council's Licensing Committee for longer opening hours.

The new licence would allow Ritzy to extend its hours until 6am from Monday to Saturday.

The application tests Leeds' plans to become a 24 hour city, possibly bringing it into line with other clubs in the city such as 'Vague' and 'Back to Basics'.

Unfortunately, the nightclub will only be able to serve food and soft drinks after 2am.

Neither the council nor the police appear to object to the proposition, the only opposition coming from the

owners of the nearby Merriem Thistle hotel, Mount Charlotte Investments.

A spokeswoman for the Thistle Hotel group said: "We will always put the interests of our guests first. If there is any possibility they may be disturbed, then we will be definitely interested in the outcome of this application."

Die-hard dancers welcomed the late license. Andrew McDonald, an engineering student at LMU declared: "Ritzy is superb: all night would be amazing".

However, upon hearing that alcohol was unavailable after 2am, his spirits dampened a little: "There'll be less chance of romance then," he sighed.

Loan shark

GOVERNMENT plans to entrust private banks with the administration of student loans, have been leaked to the BBC programme, Here and Now.

Graduates in debt will face commercial rates of interest if the proposals go ahead.

Details of the plans are to be revealed in a Department for Education document.

NUS President Jim Murphy has criticised the scheme as being immoral and impractical, and students have said the risk is equal to using a loan shark.

Youths on attack

RESIDENTS of university flats have protested at a stream of attacks from local youths, ranging from personal abuse to broken windows and fireworks.

Steve Hunt, President of LMU's Woodhouse flats, has been the victim of several incidents. "We had a bloody great banger thrown through our kitchen window on bonfire night. There was a kid the other night taking pot shots outside the building with an airgun, and last night three of the five ground floor flats got burgled."

"The police know who the main suspects are. We've called them out numerous times, but there's not much they can do about it."

The assistant Residential

By Chr Sangster

Officer, Kate Anzalichi, added: "They're always

hanging around outside. One time they were throwing bricks at a disabled student trying to get into his car. They get into the building behind people as they let themselves in."

"It's very easy to get into the car park behind the flats - the gates have been wide open since the beginning of term."

Patrick Ryan, Residential Officer at the flats, commented: "They're just juveniles, aged about 12 or 13."

"The people living here aren't used to the boisterousness of the local kids."

Additional reporting:
Tanya Veingard

Soprano hits the perfect pitch



Judith Caplan
Pic: Harriet Lee

A PRESTIGIOUS scholarship has been awarded to an ambitious Leeds soprano, write *Verian Ray-Jones* and *Zoe Kennedy*.

Judith Caplan, a third year music student at Leeds University, has won a scholarship from the Leeds Philharmonic Society. The award will help pay for singing tuition for the 20 year old.

Judith, who began her singing

career in her primary school choir, dreams of singing professionally. According to John Brodwell, the Honorary Secretary of the society, the additional lessons will greatly increase her chances of obtaining a place at one of the highly acclaimed London music colleges.

The scholarship is much appreciated by Judith "It's great doing a degree in what I love. I'm lucky, really lucky."

Battles on and off the sports field

THE ongoing struggle to keep Wednesday afternoons free for sport at Leeds University has re-emerged this year, writes *Jamie Hallums*.

Angry students have protested that their timetable prevents them from participating in team sports.

And research by Fiona Smeaton, LUU General Athletics Secretary, has shown that during semester one of this year 75 hours of lectures and tutorials were timetabled for

Wednesday afternoons. In semester two, this figure will increase to 171 hours.

The union committed itself to keeping Wednesday afternoons free at an OGM meeting two years ago. Nevertheless, in 1993 the university's science departments began to timetable lectures on Wednesday afternoons, and the practice has spread to other departments during this academic year, those with the greatest number of hours being Biochemistry and Mathematics.

Gas leak puts lives in danger

By TANYA VEINGARD

A POTENTIALLY fatal gas leak threatened the lives of two students, it was revealed this week.

The residents suffered a carbon monoxide leak from the gas fire in their Harehills house, despite being assured before they moved in that safety checks had been made on the property.

Athena Bradley, an LMU final year Public Relations student said: "We'd been living there for four weeks when my housemate Sarah became really ill. She was tired, felt lethargic and had bags under her eyes. She looked awful and was in a right state. She had to go to hospital for checks and ended up missing a week's work and a week's wages."

After inspections were made of the gas fire, the problem was discovered and the resident's illness was attributed to the leak. The difficulty posed by detecting carbon monoxide and the consequences if it had not been immediately identified worried the students. "I was scared stiff, especially when all the tests were coming back positive," said Sarah Hall, an LMU Graduate. "I didn't know what was wrong with me. The doctor said that he is 99 per cent definite that the carbon monoxide was the cause. If it hadn't been detected, I dread to think what would have happened." The landlord has since fitted central heating into the property on the recommendation of the estate agents managing the property. A spokesperson at the estate agents said: "We take this issue extremely

CARBON MONOXIDE FEAR IN HOMES

seriously. It is our policy to ensure that all properties under our management are safe for human habitation and we put particular emphasis on gas and electrical installations. We took this property over from the previous agents in September and were ensured that safety checks had been carried out. We had no reason to disbelieve it. As a result of standard procedure we carried out inspections on the property in October and after condemning it unsafe, ensured that central heating was installed." However, the residents are still annoyed at the inconvenience caused. Bradley commented: "We'd been paying rent while this fuss was going on and apart from being worried about our health, we had no heating for a week. People were walking in and out of the house to do the work and the place was a tip."

DOWN WITH EL PASO

THE sight of a man armed with a screwdriver taking down the sign of the 'El Paso' food bar captivated drinkers in LUU's Old Bar this week.

Onlookers watched in amusement as LUU Societies



Richard Malach Pic: H Lee

Secretary Richard Malach slowly removed the large red and yellow sign above the canteen with his trusty screwdriver.

The drinkers were startled as the cheerful sign was replaced with a notice viciously attacking the "El Paso food".

An onlooking student commented that Malach's action "was a bit unprofessional coming from a union secretary."

Tim Goodall, Welfare Secretary at LUU, admitted: "The sign didn't fit in with the image of the Old Bar."

He added: "The action should have been taken only with the consent of all Exec."

FALLEN ANGELS VOW TO FIGHT ON

THE opening night of an award-winning musical staged at Leeds University Union had to be halted early due to technical hitches, leaving the audience disappointed but organisers vowing that the show will go on, writes *Chris Hamilton*.

Tuesday night was the UK amateur premiere of the Olivier award winning show *City of Angels* in LUU's Riley Smith Hall; however, the show had to be stopped after only three scenes when the revolving stage broke down and disappointed theatre-goers had to be sent home.

The night was set to be a highlight in the history of LUU's Theatre and Music Theatre Groups who picked up the rights to the prestigious show when they became available recently.

"As soon as the rights became available a



SCENE IS SET: Performers play on

Pic: D Singh

couple of months ago we snapped them up," said director Graham Whitlock. "I think because it is so technically difficult other amateur groups may have been put off - but we weren't."

"One of the reasons I wanted to do it was because of the challenge."

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SEX, FLIES & VIDEOTAPE

THOU shalt not go forth and multiply next week. No, thou shalt practice safe sex, courtesy of Tim Goodall and Camille Bentley, organisers of this year's Healthy Sex Week, writes *Ponnie Cabot*.

Goodall, LUU's Welfare Secretary and Bentley, VP of Education and Campaigns at LMU, aim to increase awareness about the importance of safe sex by a thrusting on of information, advice and free condoms throughout the week.

The events planned should excite the most limp imaginations. A film entitled "Everything you ever wanted to know about sex but were too afraid to ask," will kick start the week on Monday.

Tuesday gives would be sex therapists the chance to boast their prowess in a sex trivia quiz, whilst "The Revolution", a women only safe sex toys party, will teach women to "Please yourself, not your man."

Foreplay over, things hot up on Wednesday with the 'Live Sex Show' by Contagious Productions. This is for the more adventurous, featuring a larger-than-life model of the female genitalia and offering advice on Femidom insertion. LGB will discuss safe homosexual sex on Wednesday and on Thursday the Christian Union asks "What's love got to do with it?"

High and rising

THIS year the number of students at Leeds University has soared to a new high, writes *Jo-Anne Owens*.

The amount studying at the already crowded establishment has swelled to the record figure of 18,705.

However, students seem more bothered about the crush at the Old Bar than the prospect of missing out on study books from the library.

Psychology student Helen Johnson complained: "The Old Bar is always far too cramped."

Grin and tonic



Greek society has a smash

MEMBERS at a bizarre LUU Hellenic Society meeting last Friday night left a function room covered thick with broken glass.

By Tanya Veingard

The society that aims to bring together Greek students for their self-confessed "legendary parties", had booked the RH Evans Lounge for their 'Too Late to Come' bash and had collected glasses from bars around the union for their use.

However, the atmosphere was too much for some of those in attendance and the celebrations turned into a glass smashing affair with partygoers being accused of deliberately stamping on the glasses.

One of the porters discovered the mess the next

morning: "The room was in a hell of a mess. There was at least half an inch of broken glass on the floor including glass treading or dancing on glasses."

Gill Whitehead, LUU Societies Administrator, said: "We are trying to get to the bottom of this. It would seem that dancing on glass is one of the society's strange ritualistic customs, but there is no excuse for this kind of behaviour."

"We're trying to contact the members but the phone numbers we have are unattainable and they appear to be keeping a low profile. The society will be billed for the damaged glass and at future events they will be banned from using glasses."



Happy Hacking.

A pornographic computer program has been found in the Government's network in Whitehall. The programme that generates colour images of gay men engaged in sex was discovered by officials at The Department of Trade and Industry last week.

Big is best

Anthropologist Desmond Morris says: "It all boils down to erectile hair". The bigger your hair, the more important you appear to be. He believes that the sudden transition to big bouffant hair is similar to the behaviour of the crested monkey. When excited, the monkey erects his body hair to appear more fierce

Tripping Troops

British servicemen were given psychotic drugs including LSD during secret experiments carried out at Porton Down, Wiltshire. The tests were eventually stopped because of the cost of LSD, but side effects such as hallucinations continue more than 35 years later.

Mick's Lips

The taste of money has taken on a new meaning with the latest credit card to hit the streets; a mastercard featuring Mick Jagger's famous lips and a slobbering tongue.

Born To Be Wild

A Texan Professor claims to have found a defective gene which could explain the compulsive personalities that lead to alcoholism and drug abuse. Previous studies into cocaine addiction back up the pharmacologist Professor Blume that addiction may be in the genes

Growl From Grave

The grave of Leo, the MGM lion, in New Jersey is set to become a parking lot. The Lucky Lion's good fortune may have bottomed out as his resting place since 1938 has been brought by a building company.

Compiled by Harriet Walker

TIDDLER ON THE ROOF

By Debashis Singh

Psycho hits the road

AMERICAN claims that drivers turn into monsters when they get behind the wheel have been refuted by a Fellow of Leeds University, writes Richard Clarke.

Psychologists in the US have identified a new disorder amongst car drivers, known as road rage syndrome. According to statistics, 1,500 people were killed or injured last year in the States as a result of driver-stress related incidents.

However, John Groeger, a Fellow at the Driver Behaviour Research Unit at the university, has carried out studies of road rage and dismissed it. "It's said that some people change their personality behind the wheel," he explained. But that's simply not true.

"Some situations such as driving give people the opportunity to behave more aggressively than normal."

But Groeger disagreed that drivers feel a need to behave more aggressively.

James Millar, a third year student of Philosophy, was also sceptical of the road rage disorder. "You'd have to be a nutter already to get out of your car and hit someone," he said.

Mystery death

THE death of a finalist has shocked fellow students in the Arabic Studies department, writes Claire Eldridge.

George Glendinning, a 29-year-old Leeds University student from Dewsbury, was last seen alive on 24 October. He was found on 31 October by his flatmate at his home in Welton Road, Leeds.

A post mortem has been carried out and an inquest is being held, but the coroners office has said there is no cause for suspicion. However, the cause of death is still unknown.

A tutor from the department of Arabic studies said: "It has happened completely out of the blue. It is said to see him go this way. It came as a great shock to the other students who all knew him well."

A NAKED man flaunted his wares on the roof of a shop in Leeds 6 last Saturday afternoon.

An audience quickly formed outside the shop as the man, aged around 25, addressed them from his lofty position for nearly an hour.

"This is 1994 and we should all love one another," he proclaimed to all those listening to his speech.

He was soon escorted off the roof by firemen or waiting policemen who whisked him away from the scene.

One of the three Leeds University graduates living in the flat above the shop commented: "We first thought our flat was on fire when we saw the firemen at our kitchen window."

On looking outside the girls saw the man in all of his naked glory preaching to the gathering crowd.

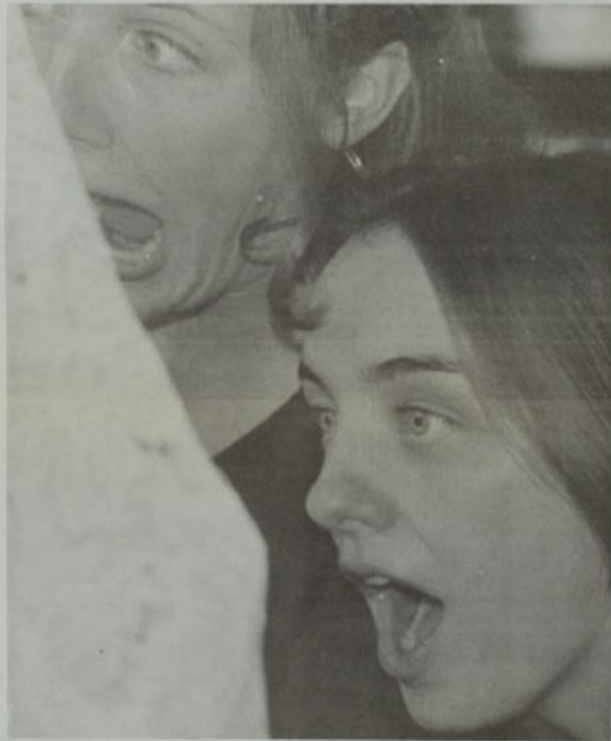
The man had initially refused the offer of a bedspread to preserve the last vestiges of his dignity; however, when he did accept the gift "he kept lifting it up to show his love truncheon," said one of the bemused residents of the flat.

The girls were also surprised that he had chosen such a chilly time of the year to make his very public display:

"I'm not being judgemental but you could tell he was cold," one of them added diplomatically.

The opinion of the shop owner, Mr Mohammed, that the man seemed to be under the influence of drugs, was later confirmed by the police.

Pick up the bubbly: Total Football news on page 19



GOBSMACKED: Neighbours shocked after the display

Pic: Debashis Singh

Fears after attacks

ANOTHER spate of attacks has been endured by LMU students at Beckett Park, writes Oliver Brooks.

A security guard was recently assaulted and freshers are still being harassed.

In one incident a group of female first year students had to chase four male intruders out of Leighton Hall at Beckett Park.

Despite this, the management of the campus has only increased the number of security guards by one and there are still only five guards for a ninety acre campus.

Residents have doubted that the attacks will abate with intruders having free access to the campus through a public

footpath.

Since the attack, security guards have had to patrol in pairs for their own safety, reducing their effectiveness.

Andrew Snowball, President of LMUSU said: "There is a need for greater investment in security. It's not just the security of the buildings that should be of concern but that of the students."

Ken Batten, Security and Telecommunications manager at LMU, said: "A high level of security activity is targeting the areas where people are coming in."

He added: "We're satisfied that the actions we've taken have resolved the immediate issues."

WHAT NO SCHOOLS?

TRAINEE teachers are set to miss out on valuable work experience if viable placements cannot be found, writes Phil White.

A number of LMU Education students, who are supposed to go on Teaching Placement as part of their course, could be forced to travel as far as Cumbria or forgo the chance altogether.

Staff at Carnegie Hall are worried about meeting the needs of many of their students, especially those requiring experience in Home Economics and Design Technology. Their lives are made no easier by the prospect of having to supervise students placed as far away as Carlisle.

The blame for the situation has

been attributed to a government directive stating that Teaching Placements must be organised through the Partnership scheme, whereby colleges must have contractual links with schools, and pay them to take students.

The situation is also costing LMU money as they attempt to help to ease the financial burden. They spend over £60,000 to help with the daily travel costs: one student has to hire a car to the only school available which is way off train and bus routes.

Students are getting depressed by the problem. One third year Home Economist who faced six weeks of travelling to Sheffield said: "I'm fed up and bloody scared for my degree."

Poppy Culture: We will remember them

As remembrance day approaches, TANYA VEINGARD looks at the significance of poppies to the memory of the war dead.

The poppy is probably the most significant flower in the world. And yet do we really know what it signifies? Each year the Remembrance Day flower earns millions and yet when we put money in the Poppy Appeal boxes do we know where it is going? Do we care? Seventy-nine years ago one of the best charity identities was developed. A flower, a poppy, a logo. A Canadian volunteer medical officer, Colonel John McCrae, unwittingly made the poppy what it is today when he wrote a poem about the memorable imagery that the poppies growing in Flanders fields brought to mind. It was published in Punch magazine that year and then reprinted around the world. The year was 1915, the war was not over and yet the charity had begun.

Remembrance Day - the Unknown Soldier, the Cenotaph, the two-minute silence, the poppies - what are we remembering? Respecting the soldiers who gave up their lives by fighting for our generation is one thing, but we shouldn't over glorify the remembrance as we will be undoing them of their dignity.

We have been remembering war for seventy-three years and yet what have we learnt? Look at Korea, the Falklands, the Gulf, Northern Ireland, Bosnia. The problem is we live in a divided and selfish society and in a State dedicated to nuclear weapons. We conveniently forget the horrors, the agonies, the grief, the tragedies of war. We continuously make the same mistakes of years gone by. But we must learn from our past, learn from those who gave up their lives for their country, or else their fighting will have been in vain. If we don't learn and fail to educate future generations then we will end up mistakenly in a third world war and be, as usual, unprepared. When you give your money to the



Pic: Debashis

Poppy Appeal and when you join in the two-minute silence on Sunday, show your respect not merely by remembering the dead but by being strong enough to join together in a determined effort for peace. We cannot live in the past, we have to look to the future.

After all, it is up to our generation and the generations to come to make sure that similar tragedies do not happen again.



Dear Public School Boys,

You may think that you've blended very well into university life. You probably believe that with the Reservoir Dogs pin-up you bought from the union poster sale and the carefully picked hole in your jumper, you could easily pass as your average Joe Student. Well, 'fraid not, you've been spotted. We've got your number, we know who you are and we're not letting you into our gang.

Before mass offence is taken, let me explain that just because a person went to a public school, that doesn't automatically make him a public schoolboy - or a PSB for these days when only anachronisms will do. In fact, it's even been heard of for someone who didn't attend private school to become a public schoolboy. These unfortunate souls usually went to grammar school and were forced to play rugger against rich boys up the road.

I'm not quite sure what makes a person a PSB and the next just someone who happened to go to a fee-paying school. Perhaps it's something to do with whether they were breast or bottle fed. However, although it's an interesting question I reckon that a much more important issue is how to spot a PSB should you come across one.

First off public school boys are usually fairly gorgeous. In fact, it's become quite a common problem for nice but careless young women to go around chatting up hunks in dark nightclubs, and before they know it they've gone and fallen for a PSB. Doomed - there really should be a helpline for this kind of tragedy. I can see how it happens though. PSBs have what is known in the hairdressing trade as the Public Schoolboy Haircut - short back and sides and floppy on top. They also have clear complexions, an upright walk, confident smiles and a firm handshake.

PSBs are always extremely polite and courteous to women. Although this may seem charming at first, don't be taken in. Your average PSB has never communicated with any girl except his

sisters and the odd cousin. He will therefore have no female friends, being publicly arrogant and privately terrified of them. To make up for this lack of female company, PSBs spend all of their time trying to pull. Yup, that's who it is groping anything with a Y chromosome in Ritzy, on a Monday night.

For those of you who are now worried that your best mate/boyfriend/student union General Secretary is a public schoolboy, there are a number of other clues. PSBs have silly names - like Rupert. They also invariably want to be presidents of things - preferably the ski club. You'll often catch them out by their Leeds University scarf or team jacket - that pressing need to be wearing a uniform, any uniform again. If you're still not sure, check their underwear. If it's got a nametag you know you've got a PSB on your hands.

It may sound un-PC to be having a go at someone just because of their chosen educational establishment. You're not allowed to pick on Jehovah's Witnesses or Eskimos anymore, so why PSBs? Doesn't coming to this liberal institution where all students are created equal mean that even a PSB is a comrade? It's a nice idea, but dozing through a single lecture on Marx isn't enough to extract the class system from a PSB. He may not let on immediately, but deep down he thinks the rest of us are peasants. And if you spend enough boozey evenings with a public schoolboy (PSBs are notoriously bad at holding their liquor), the truth will out.

You will find that many public schoolboys attempt to disguise their origins and trick you into thinking that they're normal really. For instance, when I first got to go to university, I thought in my innocence that all these "Jezs" I encountered had parents with a taste for flamboyant names. But then those precise vowel enunciations soon warned me to the horrible truth - no matter how normal he may appear, a Jez is inevitably a Jeremy.

And a PSB is a PSB.

PRESIDENTS are in the news. Bill Clinton is dodging the bullets but not the damaging ballots. Ronald Reagan has just realised what everyone else has known for years. Saddam Hussein is still being an annoying little prig.

Andrew Snowball, meanwhile, is still charging around like only he can. The President of LMUSU burst breathlessly and red-faced into this week's meeting of Student Representative Council, though not - as conjecture would have it - directly from the rugby field.

All eyes turned reverently toward him. Snowy, it should be made clear, is god at LMUSU. If you've got a problem, and you can find him, Snowy's your man. And not just any man. A powerfully-built, robust dynamo, renowned on the playing fields for his mighty deeds in the scrum. Snowy is the one who used to burst through mud and blood in the school rugby tournament while other kids sat in the changing rooms. When it comes to size, Snowy makes his counterpart at LLU, Robin Johns, look positively tiny.

And his team are lost without him. There were shaking heads, puzzled expressions and pencils being bitten with despair. The issue of how much money the union should give to this newspaper -

which bureaucrats are passing back and forth like a rugby ball - had landed in SRC's lap. They could have run with it and scored a great success for democracy over bureaucracy. Instead they were juggling it like a hot potato.

Off the bench came the big man. Snowy's first response to appeals for salvation was deceptively simple: "Sorry, I'm lost." His next calmed the troops: "There are loads of figures flapping about the table here." He then produced a grandstand finish: "Why don't we defer it to the next meeting?" In a show of inspirational genius, Snowy had rescued everyone from a fate worse than admitting they didn't know what to do.

Then it was Exec reports. At this testing time each officer has to make a pretty little speech about their activities over the last few months. Snowy, as it happened, had forgotten all about it

the HACK

A weekly sketch of student politics

and one might have expected him to face the music. Certainly that other larger than life politician, Kenneth Clarke, would have a less than favourable

reception were he to open his grand old briefcase on budget day and stutter: "I left my calculator at home." Not so the President of LMUSU. With marvellous bravado, he began work on it while the meeting proceeded elsewhere.

The one real problem surrounding Snowy is the dreaded question of who on earth is going to replace him. LMUSU elections never appear to be overflowing with legions of potential candidates. At this week's SRC, however, there was a surprise announcement by one man who would be king.

He had won the election to chair SRC meetings. He had introduced himself as Simon. He had flown through the meeting's agenda like there was no tomorrow. Most tellingly of all, he is affectionately

known by a slightly silly nickname that sounds almost like Snowy. All hail President Chirpy.

It should be made clear that the presidency is not about to be assumed by a parrot. Chirpy is a man of far fewer words. So when, in the course of Tuesday's SRC, it came to an election for who should represent the union on LMU's academic board, all ears were turned to hear why he should go: "I want to stand so I can stand for a higher position next year - basically President."

Now there are tactics and there are tactics. A few eyebrows would probably have been raised if Chirpy had got out huge wads of cash and started offering people bribes to vote him in. But this was altogether more startling. For perhaps the first time in political history, someone was coming clean about their true reasons behind standing for office.

Not for Chirpy any of this wishy-washy liberal tosh about the rights of man, the need for democratic government and the liberation of the oppressed. Not even anything about the importance of representing students' views at management level. What we did get was far more refreshing and to the point: pure, unadulterated lust for power. Vote Chirpy tomorrow. He is, after all, more than just a pretty boy then.

THIS week two Exec members betrayed the trust of every member of Leeds University Union. Robin Johns and Ellie Clement were elected to positions of responsibility, to act in the interests of other students.

On Monday, a Special Constitutional General Meeting was convened to create two new sabbatical officers: a Nightline officer and a full time Societies Secretary. The cost of these new posts will be at least £17,000 every year. And it's your money they'll be spending.

Yet this week members of Exec failed those who they are supposed to represent. According to the LUU constitution, 500 people are needed to grant a meeting decision-making powers, or quorate.

It was clear that there were not the enough people to make the meeting quorate. Our counts proved this. Robin

Johns admitted this, and Fiona Smeaton, fellow Exec officer, is adamant this is the case. Yet they still deny that the meeting was inquorate.

Robin confesses he "lives by the constitution." As and when he feels like it.

If the General Secretary of the union has doubts over the quoracy of a meeting, then surely he has some moral obligation to publicly raise his fears. Exec sets the rules, it should live by them.

Administration Secretary Ellie Clement was chairwoman at the meeting. If she was acting impartially, she would have demanded a head count when the quoracy of the meeting was queried.

LEEDS STUDENT OPINION

The question has to be asked: why were Exec so keen to rush a piece of legislation through?

Perhaps, after their disastrous grant cuts demonstration two weeks ago, LUU leaders were keen to show they can actually organise their way out of a paper bag. A successful meeting would remove some of the egg from their face.

However, there are more sinister implications of the meeting. The vote

was pushed through by a clique. The same clique dominates all union affairs. When something goes wrong - like Monday's disaster - the clique closes rank. It is only through brave individuals like Smeaton that the finger

of suspicion can be pointed at Johns and his colleagues.

By failing to abide by its own rules, LUU Exec has succeeded in expanding the clique. And the cost of this expansion will be coming out of union funds.

While it would be naive to expect every student at Leeds University to attend union meetings to decide policy, the quoracy is set to maintain that a

reasonably representative minority have their say.

By steamrolling through a piece of legislation, Leeds University Union Exec, the guardians and authors of the constitution, have cheated on EVERY member of their union. But their deception affects more than this meeting. By pretending that its meeting was quorate, Exec has undermined the validity of previous important meetings.

The campaigns that went to create the position of sports sabbatical, or to keep Wednesday afternoons free for sport, need not have been conducted. Or so it would appear on the strength of this week's debacle. In the good old days, to change union policy you had to stick to the rules. Now, so it seems, all you have to do is persuade Exec that your issue is worthy and they'll turn a blind eye to the rules they themselves set up.

SOAPBOX

Every week, we give you the opportunity to express your opinions and politics. The views expressed are not necessarily those of Leeds Student and the paper cannot take any responsibility for any offence caused

MIRACLES IN THE AIR

We believe in a God who is the sworn enemy of all sickness: headaches, colds, diabetes, M.E., cancer, the HIV, partial blindness, deafness or paralysis...of all distressing states of mind: depression, stress, phobias, mental instability, suicidal tendencies, no peace, no relief...and of all compulsions and addictions which threaten to destroy people: anorexia, alcoholism, drug addiction, homosexuality...

What on earth is the point of a God who has no power to meet your needs? None at all. If you suffer from any of these things or others like them, you could do with a miracle.

We believe in a God who is genuinely more interested in meeting your needs than in getting you to join his club. He doesn't need you to join his club anyway, because he owns this universe, so it's only the desire to give to you and help you out, not to take from you or sort you out that motivates him.

As is obvious from the world around you, he does not want to rob you of your right to choose, even when he meets your needs, because he respects you. He wants to give to you with no strings attached. He demands nothing in return.

We have personal experience of that God. I know a

Christian student who had contact with the Bosnian refugees in Leeds. One day, an unmarried Bosnian woman called on her, desperate because her beloved only

niece had a high fever. As soon as the student put her hands on the child, instantly the fever dropped. The doctor arrived to find her temperature normal. On another level, last week God stopped an impending divorce by supernaturally reconciling a couple in answer to our heartfelt prayers.

If you want to know who is responsible for the headache, pain and suffering in the world, it's the devil (who is a fallen angel and much less powerful), either directly or else indirectly through mankind. The majority of what now happens on earth is the devil's doing because, unlike the devil, God is a gentleman. He won't come into a situation unless he's invited.

But, University of Leeds, we're praying! We're praying for you that God will come down in power and wreck the devil's work at a blow in this place. And we believe that there is coming a time when God's supernatural power will be so strong on this campus that people will fall down under it as they are walking along. 18 months ago, I myself was knocked 2 ft sideways by thin air as I turned a bend near the LGI to leave the campus. Had I not been, I would have walked straight into the protruding corner of a building. We believe that countless supernatural miracles will happen to people without them even asking. We're expecting a change in the air, and we believe that it's on its way.

In the meantime, if you need help contact us or this Christian Helpline number: (0532) 453 906
GOD LOVES YOU!

Christian Student Action,
Leeds University

Dear Editor...

"Continual haranguing by Leeds Student reporter"

I AM writing in response to the continual haranguing by one of your Reporters regarding the constitutional validity of the S.C.G.M. on Monday 7th of November.

The Reporter in question argued that the numbers at the meeting did not reach the quoracy level needed to make the meeting constitutional. The number required is 500. During the meeting any member of the assembled body may challenge the quoracy (ie: the numbers in the room). Anyone may challenge the quoracy and the challenge must be taken seriously by the Chair.

David Smith (Leeds Student Reporter), from the balcony of the Riley Smith Hall, asked for the numbers to be checked as he questioned the numbers of people present.

The Chair (Ellie Clement) took the challenge seriously and asked the Tellers, who count the people entering and leaving the room, for the numbers present. The Chair read out the figure, which indicated that there were sufficient numbers in the room to make the Meeting constitutional. David Smith did not challenge that figure and therefore the Chair accepted that the challenge was satisfied.

The meeting and the votes were taken and are now subject to ratification by the Annual General Meeting on February 23rd.

What is concerning is that because Leeds Student felt that the meeting was inquorate even though the numbers were checked, they feel they have the right to criticise anyone in their firing line regardless of the fact that the

Constitution of the Union was followed. Even the advice of the Union Solicitor was sought, which backed-up how the Meeting was run and more importantly how the challenge to the quoracy was dealt with.

I have no qualms about investigative journalism. What is annoying is the way in which reports of some events (especially where there may be some political capital) are always subject to the bias of reporters in 'trying to make items newsworthy' (quotation from David Smith). Accurate and fair reporting encourages the search for truth not the perversion of facts to 'make' a story.

Yours sincerely
Robin Johns.

Grolsch Ball: the facts

I am writing to express my surprise at the article on the Grolsch Halloween Ball. As one of the organisers I am disappointed at the attitude taken by Leeds Student. Why must you always focus on the negative? This was Leeds biggest ever student ball 1300 people attended. We bought a new style of ball to Leeds and 95% of people considered it to be an outstanding night.

I would also like to point out to Penny Bray that the marquee sizes were vastly in excess of the legal minimum and actually enough space was provided for over 2500 people. (The site was inspected by Leeds Building Services!) During the interview with Leeds Student I also mentioned that lost property can be found at University security

on Woodhouse Lane. This important fact you omitted to print! We also raised over £250.00 for Leeds Rag! It is sad that the conservative attitude of a small minority will prevent Leeds ever having the large quality student Ball it deserves.

Yours Sincerely,
Antony Dixon.

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

Letters should be addressed to the Editor and clearly marked for publication. The Editor reserves the right to edit letters, which should be no more than 300 words long. The deadline for letters is the Tuesday preceding publication.



NHS prescriptions - give them a taste of their own medicine

About a week ago, whilst sifting through the mountains of articles in Leeds Student I located one in particular, lurking in the corner of the page. It was dedicated the NHS prescription charges. I read with disgust the manner in which NHS reductions are calculated. I don't think that this article was treated very seriously, not all students are rolling in cash, some are actually concerned about the raw deal they're getting from the conservative government of late. It makes me so frustrated that these various government schemes are introduced and people don't stand up in defence, until that is they require dental treatment, hospital treatment or a bottle of penicillin. I am not politically minded (usually) nor I am one for getting particularly angry with bureaucracy. But the government decided in order to calculate whether students are entitled to a reduction or total exemption from NHS charges, the Benefits Division must

assume (I was always told never to assume!) that each student is in receipt of a government loan. Whether you have braved the waters and are budgeting on a full grant, makes no difference. The fact that you might be in fact £1000 poorer than the Government want you to be makes no difference either! I have recently had six fillings, okay, I'm not good with my teeth. Had I known that I would pay £41.37 for this treatment because I do not have "a low enough income", I would never have undergone the pain.

I'm sorry Prime Minister, I happen to believe that having fourteen pounds in your pocket not after bills or food or clothes on your back, is a fairly "low income"! This is something that angers me to the point of violence towards little men in grey suits being computers processing AGIs.

Charlotte Hamilton



singles



Martyn Beauchamp

Carter USM - Let's get tatoos
It must be my ears. I've never been able to follow anything recorded by Jonathan King's second favourite band, and Mr Carter's latest offering to fountenville is no exception. Perfect for the midnight slot on a Monday at Ritzy, especially with a frenetic riff lifted shamelessly from the Cure; check out a version of David Essex's 'Silver Dream Machine' on the B-side. Refreshingly unpretentious.

Suede - The wild ones
The Floppy Quiffed One, on the other hand, has

become as integral to pretension as less bovrer is to a hovver. Overrated, starved of anything remotely resembling originality and the longest four minutes and forty-three seconds of my Suede-avoiding life. Torture.

The Pasedenas - Longing for someone
"I didn't think this lot were still going," said a friend upon interrupting my scribbles. Everyone with a waistcoat remembers Tribute (Right On), but how much else? Six years on and these lethally-coiffed soulboys with skipfuls of potential are still harmonising around in no-man's land.

Single of the Week

The Cranberries - Ode to my family
Anyone whose vocals draw on the very sweetest of Carly Simon and Sinead O'Connor and yet still manage to weave an innovative pattern is alright by me. The subtle orchestral arrangement works, and otherwise is firmly in the 'Linger' tradition of melancholy melody.

Telstar Ponies - Maps and Starcharts
Even with my right ear up against my surprised speaker, I could not for the life of me work out what this lot were about. Nasty



All hail to the **kings of ROCK** as they return, brandishing a collection of acoustic reworkings of some of their classic songs. But do the undisputed heavyweights of the 70's still have anything to offer? **NICK MOFFAT** dusts off his flares and investigates...

re-Planted

This is already becoming an extremely difficult article to write, mainly because immense amounts of facial hair keep sprouting from the page every time the words "Led" or "Zeppelin" are even so much as mentioned. The idea of a Jimmy Page and Robert Plant reunion has had Led Zep fans (such as myself) frantically playing air guitar for the last few months, but I must say that the end product of this potentially godlike collaboration is ultimately disappointing.

This is the album Spinal Tap always wanted to make, a selection of their acoustic numbers done with an orchestra, but made vaguely nineties by the inclusion of a collection of Moroccan musicians.

The main problem I encountered when listening to this album was that these reinterpretations of the old numbers were often obscured by what had been done to them. "No Quarter" lost the epic magic which it achieved all those years ago, mainly due to the lack of that ethereal keyboard which made the original so good and the fact that Bob Plant can't get any of those brilliant high notes any more.

The steamy classic "Since I've Been Loving You" bears most resemblance to its original, being a live version of the album track, with a much longer guitar solo, obviously.

The final four songs on the album are the best by far, being the ones which, almost gain something from all the folk malarky which accompanies them. "That's The Way"

cannot fail to be a beautiful song no matter what happens to it, and with the classic "Gallows Pole" is an obvious choice for this project, what with being from the acoustic album "3". "Four Sticks" was always a real stomper, despite its folkiness, and "Kashmir" is still an enormous tune.

Being to all intents and purposes a Led Zeppelin album, I cannot bring myself to say that I don't like "No Quarter", but as a fan I cannot bring myself to say I like it either. It's not that the songs don't stand up by themselves, but there is a fussy feeling to this album, in contrast to the raw energy of the originals. Disappointed fans should perhaps remember that old Sex Pistols adage,

"never trust a hippy".



America The Black Crowes (American)

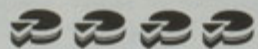
You can't begin to claim that what the Black Crowes are doing is original. Merely retreading the boards and chords that Mick, Keef and Rod have all trodden 20 years before is old hat, surely? Well yes, but when "modern" rock is still force-feeding us Bon Jovi, Stillskin and the Spin Doctors in the genuine belief that these are inspired, credible musical artists, then it must be time to reconsider.

It's this corporate blandness, so taken to heart in America, that the Crowes sneeringly mock, from the subtle "America" title with its connotations of musical sterility to the pop-art cover showing a cheeky fringe of pubic hair peeking over a scanty stars'n' stripes bikini. It's a message which singer Chris Robinson is keen to preach; railing against the cowardly moral-majority who remain unaware of their own ill-judged hypocrisy and narrow-minded conformity.

"America" sees the Black Crowes spreading their musical wings. From the first track, "Gone", the bongos latch onto the choppy wah-wah guitars, whilst the innocuous opening salsa of "High Head Blues", complete with cheesy porno keyboards and a "Sympathy for the Devil" cow-bells suddenly launches into a rapped in of distortion, matched only by Chris Robinson's own heartfelt vocal lament.

On the beautiful Zeppelin-esque balladry of "Cursed Diamond" Robinson sighs, "Sometimes I fault myself, I might fight myself but then I make amends" before crying, "I hate myself, doesn't everybody hate themselves?". But this isn't the pitiful self-loathing of a whining rock-star, it's just singing the blues which is what this band have learnt to do best.

The Black Crowes have never really ditched that old clichéd style of rock'n'roll, on this album they've merely reacquainted it with some useful new friends. From back-room bar band into dope-headed rock gods, their musical journey hasn't been exactly as the crow flies, but now they've finally landed.



Steve Cooper

CRASH!

Top ten top sellers

Compiled by Matty and Steve at
Crash

- 1 Nirvana Unplugged
- 2 Ash Trailer
- 3 Authechre
- Amber
- 4 Neds Atomic Dustbin 5.22
- 5 REM Monster
- 6 Beautiful South Carry On Up the Charts
- 7 Jungle Massive
- Collective 2
- 8 Chubb Rock and C L Smooth Main Ingredients
- 9 Red Hot Chili Peppers Plasma Shift
- 10 Black Crowes America

Get your records at Crash,
kids.



"The Un-originals"

In the week of unplugged releases by Nirvana and Led Zeppelin, we at the Stupid are getting a bit bored by all this "gosh aren't we sensitive rubbish". So just to put the record straight we present our own selection of "un" albums.

Unemployed Bernard Butler

Unhappy Bex and Shaun Ryder

Unpretentious U2

Unattractive Shane McGowan

Unlucky Nirvana

Unwanted Eric Clapton

Unintelligible Megadeth

Underage Ultimate Kaos

Underpants Carter USM

Popsters with a conscience Stereolab breezed into the Irish Centre last week, thrilling PIERS MARTIN in the process

Just how Laika's brand of just about every music would cut it live, no one knew. On vinyl, Margaret Fielders band combine latin and tribal rhythms, jagged slices of guitar and noises R2D2 would be proud of. In the flesh the eclecticism is even more apparent: "Coming Down Glass" and "Honey in Heat" are underpinned by frenetic bongo playing whereas "44 Robbers" is softly rapped in the singers hush-hush vocal.

Stereolab, meanwhile, continue with their "If it ain't broke, don't fix it" philosophy. Five years and as many albums, the format remains the same. Present are the conceptual recors, the politically fuelled lyrics and the spoonfuls of music theory, but it's only now that the group seem to be enjoying themselves on stage. So, after a passionless

"French Disko" things begin to take shape. "Crest" becomes the chugging, chirpy number it was meant to be and the overlapping harmonies of Mary Hansen and Laeticia Sadier give "Ronco Sympathy" a gentle, studied cool, making it the highlight of a more self-indulgent, audience unfriendly set.

Yet Stereolab's trump card is, above all, their sound. The moog's pungent melodies that blend with Letitia's sublime singing give their songs a trance like, hypnotic quality whilst Tim Gane plays the amaverick with his frantic guitar pogging.

The lack of current single, "Wow and Flutter", and the obscure encore of "Golden Ball" enhanced their uncompromising attitude, leaving the crowd bemused but

je t'aime

A weekly column of sycophantic fawning. This week meet the clown prince of hip hop, Flavor Flav.

Yeeeeeahhhhh Boyzzzzz! Flavor Flav - cold, hard chilling in effect. Yes, it's the Flavor, the lifesaver - the titan of the rap world. Since Public Enemy stormed onto the scene in the late eighties there has been no-one (and probably never will be) to touch him. Let's get this straight. It's not my place to analyse the bands politics or to look at William Drayton - it's his alter ego I'm here to praise - Flavor Flav: the joker, the tenor, the sparkplug, the juice.

Look at him. His appearance alone could land him this column. Respect is due to the only person in history to look cool in a shellsuit. Look at his shades, look at his top hat - but most of all check that clock. The big one. Around his neck. Waving in your face - What time is it? Five minutes to midnight - which means that you're up rap's creek without a cross fader, matey.

When Flavor smiles you see self mutilation of Van Goughian proportions. "What's your name mate?, give us a grin." Yes - that's right - the man has his name embossed on his teeth in solid gold. Flavor on the top, Flav on the bottom bordered by two stars. Two Stars in Gold. This man knows his worth. I'm sorry Howard it takes more than bearing your spotty arse on stage to gain street credibility.

The problem with politics and music is that all too often it's an exercise in preaching to the converted. Public enemy's main message has always been educate yourselves - Knowledge is power.

On the albums you hear him in the wings egging Chuck D on, telling homeboys to listen to Chuck, making sure the message gets across. He's not the street wise elder brother - more the street with brains, wit and talent. When Flavor gets the spotlight - your ears stop bleeding and your feet start tapping.

A Public Enemy album without Flavor would be just that. Condemned to the world of Late show beard scratchers. Therefore not important. Cracking jokes, telling you how it is, providing colour - this is Flavor Flav's legacy and mission. We salute you.

Matt Ball

Rating

Do you ever get the munchies?

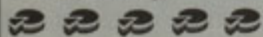
5 50 Kitkats and a pack of king size rizlas

4 Pringles

3 Marmite on toast

2 Pot Noodle

1 Mouldy crust from behind the fridge



AKIN OJUMU looks at the ex copper who quit the force to save rainforests

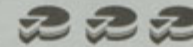
It's always difficult watching your teenage heroes slide irresistibly into middle age, but with Sting the beginning of the process can be traced directly to moment in 1984 when The Police disbanded. Since then Sting's album career has followed an unpredictable path: flirting with jazz with *The Dream Of Blue Turtles*, travelling through moody introspection in *The Soul Cages* before finally returning to adult pop in a shower of critical acclaim and commercial success with last year's *Ten Summoner's Tales*.

The Best Of Sting
Sting (A&M)

Despite being a collection of greatest hits, about half these songs are glorified album tracks which goes a long way to explaining the noticeable decline in the fortunes of his singles compared to the meteoric success of The Police. After the demise of the triumphant threesome, Sting has made a conscious decision to become a serious album artist. His first proper solo single *If You Love*

Somebody Set Them Free was not a pointer to the future, and results thereafter are mixed. In general the best tracks are the uptempo, unashamedly lightweight tunes like *We'll Be Together* and *Nothing 'Bout Me*.

Sting still has the ability to write a great pop song, but without the simple structure of The Police behind him, he seems to have lost his previous effortless mastery of the three and a half minute wonder.



Total Mind Funk

Jamiroquai's wonder-full roadshow touched down in Planet Leeds this week, STEVE RANGER set his phaser to groove-ville and headed for the T&C.



It's all in the hat, I think to myself, as JK bounces about the stage. Without the famous Himalayan tea cosy, there would be nothing to this band apart from a few cheeky Stevie Wonder pastiches. Indeed, tonight JK, the cat in the hat, is giving himself an identity crisis while trying to do a bit of crowd pleasing. This is the last Northern city we are playing before we go south to entertain the cockney

wankers!", cries the boy from Ealing to a rather bemused audience.

And bemused they should be: everything is in place - the voice, the band, the willing audience - but it just doesn't seem to be working. Everything is just a little to orchestrated, right down from JK's weirdly ragged dancing to his cutesy calls of "It's only a plant man" for dope legalisation. Even so, there's no denying that the man has a superb

voice, surprisingly subtle and supple, something that is a rarity and usually an obstacle to greatness in this business, but even this is not enough to get the evening off of the ground.

But then something amazing happens. A man appears, to massive applause, with a huge didgeridoo. As everything else stops, he starts playing. At first everyone treats it as a bit of a joke, but as the rhythms get

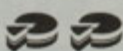
more complex, people begin to focus, and really get into the vibe, and as the rest of the band break into *Journey into Arnhemland* everything finally comes together in one glorious groove. The atmosphere changes from gig into one huge party, that doesn't stop until the out of this world funkiness of the finale. There is more to Jamiroquai than the hat: it just takes a night like this (and a didg) to prove it.

Technohead 3 - Out of Control
Various (React)

They don't come much harder than this, thank God. Or much cheesier. In these deeper, more thoughtful days when even jungle has chilled out and got some class, DJ Magazine's Technohead remains unfashionably committed to all things Dutch, naff and over 180 bpm. This is the third in his series of double compilation albums and very basically the worst.

This sort of easy cheesy bam bam Gabbadam is not without its moments, however. Ilsa Gold 3's '4 Blonde Nons' builds up to a ridiculous roar of distortion before someone shouts 'Stop this fucking hardcore and gimme some smoothie house!' The Gate Crasher's 'Mindbanger' is the most accessible - something like Betty Boo on speed, and 'After Hourz' by Chosen Few is a stupidly jovial Westbam-type jaunt. Leave your brain behind, take your Industrial Strength pogostick and you might have a laugh or two.

There's a nastier side to some of the tracks - Turbulence's '6 Million Ways to Die' and Thomas E's headbanging 'From the Mind of Ruben Hamshore' are barely one step removed from death metal. Save your paracetamols, though, for the final cut, De Klootzakken's 'Domine Dmitri'; which is probably only included because it's faster and louder than anything else and makes the rest of the record sound almost listenable.



Claire Rowland

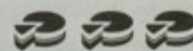
Blues and Soul Essentials
Various (Interstyle)

"Now let me feel your body next to mine / Cause girl I wanna see you sweat / Oooh you're so very wet / Now put me inside of you / And do what you want to do." Go on my son. So foams R.Kelly, currently riding high at the fourth attempt with 'Vibe' and the heavyweight name on *Blues & Soul* magazine's first endorsed compilation.

R sets the tone for much of the album: you know the score - street-cool bump and grind and silky heartfelt pleas on swayers dealt with far more efficiently six years ago by Johnny Gill and Keith Sweat. Former Guy members Aaron and Damion Hall also offer grown-up individual contributions but, harmless while they remain, you cannot help wondering if 'Essentials' is a dusted-down re-issue of a compilation first released in the mid-80s.

The ballads are interspersed with pockets of surprisingly virile garage, some of it vocal, although this does leave you with a few technical problems if you're wanting to follow R's vibe to the tune of the softer side of this compilation.

Still, whether or not grown-up black ballad soul has progressed since New Edition is largely irrelevant: this is good, throbbing and even occasionally original stuff, with the New York jazz-funk of the Brooklyn Funk Essentials a particular highlight. Verdict: steamy.



Martyn Beauchamp

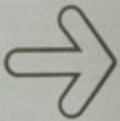
JAIL


Throw a dice.
 If it's a six, go
 straight to
 hospital and
 stay there for
 three throws.

**That's the
 spirit!**
 Order a
 double and
 down it in one

GO STRAIGHT

It's your round!
 Give the person on your right a drink.



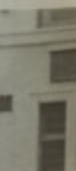
Feeling merry yet? Get in
 a more jocular mood with
 a round of jokes. If no one
 laughs you must suffer a
 penalty — drinking two
 fingers should do the trick.

Full of
 enthusiasm, you
 must drink *TWO*
 pints in this pub



**The O
 Board**

**On your
 marks,
 get set
 — GO!**



Throw a dice — if it
 lands on an odd
 number, down your
 pint. If it's even, down
 your mate's pint.

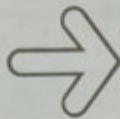
Love
is in the air
*Snog the person on your
 left*

RULES

What's five miles long, dark and makes you feel sick? Yup, the world famous Otley Run. Now for the five dice and a well-stocked bevvvy cabinet (sorry, we can't help you out there) and a bit of luck.. Fill your pint counter on to the next pub. Repeat this procedure until someone succeeds in moving round all the pubs.

TO THE NEXT PUB

DRINKING GAMES - DRINK HALF YOUR PINT

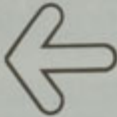


All drink two fingers

Otley Run Game



Whoops! You spill someone's pint.



YOU FALL IN FRONT OF A BUS - GO TO HOSPITAL (after a medicinal brandy of course)

Your mates are leaving, down your drink and go straight to the next pub

You cause a fight. Go to jail and stay there for two throws

At time Leeds Student gives you the opportunity to do the Otley Run from the comfort of your own floor. All you need is a glass and move your counter round the outside of the board once. If you can still see the thing, move your second. This lucky, lucky person is the winner and should be bought a strong coffee or a Vindaloo by the others.



Evans Above

They say that a sense of humour is one of the biggest turn-ons. Just as well, really. Lee Evans is hardly a pin-up but this hasn't stopped him becoming one of the nation's favourite live comedians. Last week he appeared at the City Varieties with Red Dwarf computer babe, Hattie Hayridge. BEN COOK was there.



Lee Evans is a short, thin bloke with sticky-out-ears. He is as normal as they come, with one exception - he is incredibly funny. He looks funny, he dresses funny, he talks funny, and most importantly, his jokes are funny.

He hasn't got an image like Newman and Baddiel's before their split, but that's because he doesn't need one. He doesn't need to be sexy on stage because everybody is too busy laughing at his gags. He doesn't get at famous people in order to win laughs, nor is he racist or sexist. His routine is based on observations about everyday life, things that immediately strike a chord with his audience, and this is why he is so good.

Car keys, grandmothers, household pets and juvenile crime are a few of the things that his wide ranging act take in, and by the time that he has finished with his famous Bohemian Rhapsody routine, the audience is as exhausted as he is.

Evans is the brightest talent on the comedy circuit at the moment, and is rightly playing to sell-out crowds throughout the country. He is sincere, intelligent and funny, and when you put these components together the result is a hugely entertaining evening which leaves you aching but happy.

Sharing the same bill, Hattie Hayridge is providing audiences with a very contrasting brand of comedy than her male co-star. It is true that they talk about the same sort of things, but their differing styles and sexes complement one another very well, and add up to a very rounded show.

After a nervous start, and a few Halloween jokes that didn't go down too well, she quickly settled in to a varied routine, and gradually won over the audience. The women empathise with her, the men are embarrassed, but the laughter is forthcoming. This is why Hattie Hayridge and Lee Evans' reputations are so deserved.

Oops, vicar...

...there go my cricket pads. *Outside Edge* is the latest production to grace the boards of the Civic Theatre. LIZ WRIGHT sends back a report from Amateurville, House of Horror.

It was the flyer that gave it away. The amateur-drawn stilettoed legs cavorting next to a pair of cricket pads did not bode well, but did not prepare me for the true horror of the Limelight Drama group's production of Richard Harris' 1979 play (which I incredulously read had recently been serialised on TV). *Outside Edge* opened to some bongo drums of the sort usually associated with French and Saunders' "Raw Sex" and continued in an increasingly dubious vein to a full complement of clichéd characters - downtrodden but uncomplaining wife, husband obsessed with cricket, tart with a heart, pleb, lech, bimbo in a puffball skirt, yuppie etc.

The story unfolded amongst monotonous details of cricket teas and the acquiring of a team, none of whom seem very keen to play and were more absorbed with the pedantic necessities of being middle class - housebuying, expensive new cars and ex-wives. The play sank to its lowest depths as the tart with a heart reflected that the only things she was good at were "toast, marmalade and sex" and revealed that she let her husband beat her. I watched in despair as the men played cricket and the women made tea, whilst allowing their husbands to commit adultery, insult their intelligence and demand drinks of lemonade.

This banal offering drew to a close with an admission of "naughties in Dorking" on the part of a husband, to which his flapping wife could only return "I'd better put the kettle on". The bimbo made one last stand and torched the yuppie's offstage car. One could not help hoping the blaze had spread onto stage and incinerated the lot of them for they would have burnt easily, their acting being as wooden as the set. It is hard to believe that such a poor excuse for a play should be re-enacted in the '90s, when all the values it is based upon are hopefully dead, apart from amongst members of some isolated suburbs that have had their heads stuck up their arses for the past twenty years. To the intelligent audience this was not only the *Outside Edge* of reality but also the *Outside Edge* of entertainment.

Miss-fire

Robin Williams' vehicle *Mrs. Doubtfire* is now out on tape for you to take home and cherish. But remember, kids, a video is for life, not just for Christmas

Despite the presence of suave smoothie and new James Bond Pierce Brosnan, and frumpy, fluffy Sally Field, it is the ever incorrigible Robin Williams who completely makes this film. Williams plays an actor who specialises in doing wacky voices (strange parallels, I hear you cry), and manages to lose his job, his marriage to Field and custody of his beloved kids, all in the same week. Some week!

Accused of immaturity, irresponsibility (allowing barnyard animals into the house for his son's birthday), and being unfunny (by a social worker!), Williams is completely miserable.

Facing the prospect of only seeing his kids once a week, he decides to apply for the position of housekeeper to his own family, posing as Mrs Doubtfire, an aged and somewhat eccentric woman. The makeup is so good and Williams so convincing in a dress, that it's often hard to remember that there's a guy underneath those tights and layers of latex. Mrs Doubtfire soon impresses the family with her cooking and cleaning abilities, and generally brings them all closer together (aaah), whilst trying to oust Brosnan, who has designs on his wife.

The very possibility of Williams and Field ever being married, never mind reproducing, remains extremely unlikely. Although at times it's slow and predictable, the films classic one-liners, and visual gags revolving around false-teeth and body suits are good for a giggle. The ending is disappointing and an anti-climax after all the slapstick action, but *Mrs Doubtfire* shows Robin Williams, if no-one else, at his best.

Video supplied by Headingley Mobile Video

Loony Tunes

& Silly Symphonies

HANNAH JONES trashes her *Lion King* soundtrack and reminisces about some old Disney favourites.



Can you feel the love tonight? Not bloody likely, grandad. Despite the success of *The Lion King's* mature humour and awesome animation, Elton John's worthy-but-dull soundtrack is a non-starter. Where's he gone wrong? Taking it all a bit too seriously, that's where. "The Circle of Life" may have gone Top Twenty, but it won't be as fondly remembered as the following:

1. **The Bare Necessities**
The definitive Disney take-it-easy tune, shamelessly rewritten into the pale *Lion King* incarnation "Hacuna Matata" (it means no worries).

2. **I Wanna Be Like You**
See above. *Jungle Book* classic pitifully invoked in the latest Disney effort, when winsome hero's best friend creates a diversion with "What do you want me to do - put on a skirt and do the hula?"

3. **Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho...**
...it's off to work we go, etc. Inspiration surely for homage-laden *Reservoir Dogs'* number one advertising slogan and incitement to action "Let's go to work".

4. **The Wonderful Thing About Tiggers**
They're flouncey, bouncy, pouncey, trouncey, fun, fun, fun, fun, fun... Dynamic internal rhyme shifts all over Elton's clichéd couplets.

5. **Everybody Wants To Be A Cat**
Laid-back blues number breaking into manic scat jazz session. Disney composers kick butt. Using strictly slapstick, no-repercussions type violence of course.

6. **Chim-chim-cherie**
Dick Van Dyke finds an entire academy for dodgy English accents. Current scholar and head boy: Keanu Reeves.

7. **The Aristocrats**
Maurice Chevalier is the king of crazy French vocals, almost eclipsed by Lumiere's rendition of "Be Our Guest" in *Beauty And The Beast*.

8. **Under The Sea**
"Darling it's better down where it's wetter, take it from me". Hmmm.

9. **When I See An Elephant Fly**
Soundtrack artists using hallucinogens to aid the creative process?

10. **Fantasia**
Classically scored throughout, but hey, Elton, no lyrics is better than your lyrics.

Dead Again?

Resurrecting classics used to be cosy Ken's speciality. For his latest project, *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*, he's roped in the usual Renaissance faithfuls and the world's greatest living actor (bet that hurt, Ken) but has he played a blinder this time? You know you're in trouble when the wife won't come along, if only to see Ken gallivanting around, pecc out. MATTHEW GOODMAN was not revitalised by the latest retelling of the monster myth.

Kenneth Branagh brings his bouncy, oh-so-boyish charm to bear on a new adaptation of Mary Shelley's classic of gothic horror, *Frankenstein*. Unfortunately, it's an overblown effort, seemingly weighed down by the leaden boots worn by Boris Karloff in the definitive 1931 version of the tale.

What worked for Ken in his earlier luvvie-fests *Henry V*, *Peter's Friends* and *Much Ado About Nothing* simply doesn't square with the loony lab-coat types that we have come to associate with the part of Victor Frankenstein. "It's alive!" cried Colin Clive in 1931. While this was once a statement of refreshing optimism and success, reanimation has become two-a-penny since then (with everyone from Andy Warhol to Mel Brooks having their say), and when Branagh utters those triumphant words you half expect his luvvie chums to walk on set and give him a hearty pat on the back.

He claims that his version is more faithful to the book than any previous screen adaptation, but it is precisely this sense of melodrama that sounds the death bell for the film. These may be the caring, sharing nineties, but we like our mad geniuses to stay sick. Branagh's Victor is spurred on by a desire to please his parents. The image of the aloof scientist battling the force of an uninformed, unforgiving and disinterested society that



previously characterised the Victor of the cinema has been relegated to the dungeon. This is where the problem lies - with the vast gulf between nineteenth century melodramatic prose, designed to shock and titillate a more innocent time and the jaded, seen-it-all-before creature feature fans of the 1990s. The rush to retread rather than reinvent gives rise to a different sort of legendary movie monster: the turkey. It's no coincidence, surely, that Francis Ford Coppola, who so blatantly loused up *Bram Stoker's Dracula* a couple of years ago, had his hand in this

film is unbalanced by the change in the creature's attitude, the switch from pity to rage happening far too fast to be entirely credible.

Mary Shelley's original intent was to curdle the blood and chill the spine, but for all its worthy intentions, Branagh's version does neither; appropriately, for a Frankenstein flick, the film is ultimately, not quite the sum of its parts...

Hidden Jenda

Hidden J. Sounds weird. It is weird. But don't let that put you off. CAROLINE BANKS has her mind blown by the Forced Entertainment Theatre Company at the LMU Studio.

Bad news, Bad people, Bad debts. According to the official blurb this is what *Hidden J* (by Forced Entertainment theatre company) is all about - a weird scrambled slice out of Britain in 1994. This is certainly not your average light-entertainment play. There is a distinct lack of coherent plot, none of the characters are named, and a great deal of the dialogue is a strange cross between Russian and German. This is theatre for the '90s, apparently.

The play is loosely based on the random events of one man's life. He got drunk, went to a wedding, got even more drunk, went to a party, met an angel and a devil, and got upset about civil wars and refugees. These overlapping modern day adventures are presented in the play by a fragmented series of scenes which reflect the individual search for an identity and place, not only within urban life, but also throughout human history.

Although much of the play is performed in monologue, the cast (two men and three women) brilliantly act out a drunken, debauched party so close to reality it's quite scary. Some bloke runs around with his kit off (yes, there's a bit of full frontal nudity in there too), a girl stumbles around dancing on the kitchen table, and everyone downs bottles of lethal spirits and talks a lot of nonsense - sound familiar? The monologues supplement the bursts of action with an onslaught of cynicism and insecurity. A seriously pissed off-looking woman, sporting a cardboard sign saying LIAR, reels off a five minute list of reasons to hate herself and at other times they all speak at once about the "lies and deceptions" in "a stupid little country called England". Very cheerful.

All this incessant rambling seemed to be making a point about the lack of communication in the world today. The characters are desperate to voice their own stories and they shout and shriek until the audience sits up and takes notice of their tales of war and injustice.

This is all very deep and meaningful. *Hidden J* is the sort of play that enables you to annoy the hell out of your friends with hours of pretentious, arty and no doubt completely inaccurate theories about the play. The characters are in turn amazingly funny, angry, provocative, drunk or just plain depressed, ensuring that the whole experience was mind-blowing - but I must admit that after two hours I still didn't have a clue what *Hidden J* actually was.



Smoothie Peter Bowles ventured north of the Watford Gap to appear in the touring West End production of Noel Coward's *Present Laughter*.

Noel Coward, the author of *Present Laughter*, described his play as "a very light comedy". This is an understatement. It is a positive meringue of a play; fluffy, enjoyable and quickly dissolving leaving nothing but a sweet aftertaste.

The plot, in as much as there is one, consists of an aging but successful actor seducing a series of gorgeous women (in an understated 1940s fashion - they appear in the morning wearing his pyjamas) while being henpecked by his equally gorgeous ex-wife and secretary.

Peter Bowles is remarkably good as the urbane Gary Essendine, particularly considering his history of dubious sit-coms (*Only when I Laugh, To the Manor Born*, etc.), and is ably supported by a solid cast and an impressive collection of dressing gowns.

The play is not one of Coward's best - contrary to popular belief, a few of them do actually have some substance - but it is extremely funny. Similarly, the production and set could not be accused of being over-imaginative, but they are appropriate to the outdated but wonderful atmosphere of the Grand and, indeed, to the audience, who were mostly over sixty. All in all, *Present Laughter* is a great slice of nostalgia and a perfect antidote to a grim day in the library.

Fiona Spence



SHORTCUTS

Pulp Fiction

It's sexy, it's groovy, it's funky, it's fab, it's gorgeous, it's wild. Quentin, you're cool. This is the best film ever to star Bruce Willis, so get down and groove to the hippest thing around. Tarantino has done it again and this time it's even bigger and better. There's guns, sex, drugs, gore and rock 'n' roll. Not to be missed is the Uma Thurman and John Travolta dance sequence - play that funky music, fan boy.

Forrest Gump

Forrest Gump seems to have seen and done everything in the short history of America, despite being a bit on the simple side. All very politically correct, but are we really expected to swallow this crap? Tom Hanks just isn't the same since he made that incredibly sensitive Oscar speech. If this is what a new man is then give me the old version please.

The Client

Sassy Susan Sarandon proves once again that you can be a woman in Hollywood, and get decent roles. In the latest of John Grisham's legal thrillers to hit the big screen, Sarandon plays a lawyer defending a boy who is caught up in mob trouble. Tommy Lee Jones supports as prosecutor.

The Lion King

Packed with all the usual Disney ingredients including the added bonus of Elton John singing away on the soundtrack. What a treat. Good, but not as good as Disney's *Bedknobs and Broomsticks*. Bring back Angela Lansbury.

Major League II

The Cleveland Indians must be killing themselves for allowing their name to be associated with this junk. Charlie Sheen attempts to kick-start his acting career but fails yet again. Joined by Tom Berenger and Corbin Bernsen, the trio continue their antics playing a sophisticated game of rounders.

Reservoir Dogs/ True Romance

Not a recent release but still shown every single week at the Hyde Park Picture House, which is pretty impressive (and not at all due to the fact that both titles remain unavailable on video). A double helping of magic, in Tarantino's inimitable style. Watch, enjoy and admire. They're works of art.

Monkey Trouble

More Harvey for your hard earned grant money, but don't shell out for this nut, in which everyone's favourite omnipresent film star shares the screen with a monkey; not the best idea for a comedy and anyhow, didn't Clint Eastwood pull exactly the same stunt fifteen years ago with an orang-utang?

Helen Whiteoak

Dream ticket

In the same week as National Lottery fever sweeps the country, *It Could Happen To You* opens at the Odeon telling a whimsical tale of one lucky gambler...

I'd be the first to admit that I've never been a big fan of Nicholas Cage. I didn't think much of him in *Raising Arizona* or the appalling *Peggy Sue Got Married* either. However, when it comes to his latest film, *It Could Happen To You*, I'm more than willing to take back my words and eat humble pie. Cage, with a newly muscled torso and deeper voice, stars opposite the brilliant Bridget Fonda. From her Golden Globe nomination for *Scandal*, to *Singles*, *Single White Female* and *Assassin*, Fonda has gone from strength to strength. I would never have thought of the two as compatible in a film, but they are excellent together and it makes a change from the usual Tom Hanks/Meg Ryan sympathetic and vulnerable types who more commonly fill these sorts of roles.

Cage plays Charlie Lang, an extraordinarily decent cop and all-round 'nice guy', married to Muriel (Rosie Perez), with her infamous mile-a-minute mouth at its best, a materialistic and ambitious hairdresser. Cage meets Yvonne Biasi (Fonda), a terminally unlucky coffee shop waitress who has gone bankrupt only that

morning. Embarrassed to find he has no money for her tip, Charlie not only promises her half his lottery prize if he wins, but actually keeps to the bargain and returns to give her \$2million; a promise is a promise, after all. Needless to say Muriel, whose idea of being born again is rejuvenation by breast implant and a morning at Tiffany's, is none too pleased (if divorce proceedings are any indicator). The film charts the media's follow-up of the story, which New York's public consumes with a voracious appetite, and shows that (predicably) money isn't everything. Shame no-one mentions this to Muriel.

As a love story, *It Could Happen To You* is reminiscent of *Frankie and Johnny* and the classic *It's A Wonderful Life*. The settings (various locations around New York City) are

well used, and without sounding too schmaltzy, it's an all round feel-good film. Adding another triumphant string to Fonda's bow and making Cage infinitely more likeable, the only shame is that it's not being released nearer Christmas, when it would be an even bigger hit.

Michelle Ansher



This week in Leeds, *Nightmare on Yuppie Street* in *Dream Lover*, and kinky campus antics in *Threesome*.

Dream Lover is the story of Ray Reardon (James Spader) who falls in love with his supposed ideal partner. Sadly for him his future wife Lena (Madchen Amick) is a highly intelligent and devious femme fatale who lies to him, cheats on him and finally has him committed. Thus the dream turns to nightmare. With this plot there is potential for great intrigue, but the overall effect is turgid and uninteresting. From the start it is unclear what the film is driving at. Is it male paranoia? Female power? Obsession with fantasy? Problems of the postmodern condition (after all Ray does pick up Lena in a supermarket)? Whilst Amick plays a respectable psycho, the other performances are lacklustre. These contribute to a painfully slow moving film. Indeed, any opportunities to keep the viewer interested were plainly ignored by director, Nicholas Kazan. Too many unanswered questions stifle the film's ability to excite. We never discover what it is Lena wants from life, from her relationship with Ray, or why she has hidden her past from him. Equally the film's ending is unsatisfactory, the predicament of the characters remaining unclear. All these weaknesses are exacerbated by several naff sub-Hitchcockian dream sequences, in which a clown comments on the supposed psychological state of Ray. *Dream Lover* is only on release at the Showcase so it's probably not worth the price of your petrol.

Duncan Collinson & Patrick Garton

At a Californian college dorm, Alex (Lara Flynn Boyle - remember Donna in *Twin Peaks*) is mistakenly allocated a shared room with Eddy (Josh Charles) and Stuart (Stephen Baldwin). She falls for the literary Eddy, who realises he likes Stuart, who in turn is in love with Alex... And so the bizarre 'threesome' situation begins.

Threesome is a refreshingly humorous twist away from the usual American coming-of-age comedy. It's a film that manages to be 'right-on' without being pretentious, as a hanging-out-with-a-girl situation turns into a complex three-way relationship which goes beyond the bounds of regular friendship. There's plenty of frustration about as Alex pursues Eddy round the library (and supposedly climaxes on a table as he heads to her) and Eddy mistakes drunken bonding with Stuart for something more intimate.

Thankfully, there's no glamourisation of student life (you may be able to compare some scenes to the Leeds experience) but neither is it a hell-hole of human angst. There are some pretty down-to-earth pillow fight antics as well as, yes, the three-in-a-bed scene.

The threesome situation is obviously not an ideal or permanent one. The characters come to realise that there's no easy solution to life's little problems and you may as well make the most of what you've got. This is particularly true of Eddy who manages to discover his sexuality with frankness, and without recourse to the usual clichés.

The film's neat script lends it more realism than most American teen fare. Add to this a soundtrack packed with classic 80's and 90's tunes and you have an above average piece of escapism.

Chris Williams





Off the Beat -en track

Books aren't hip

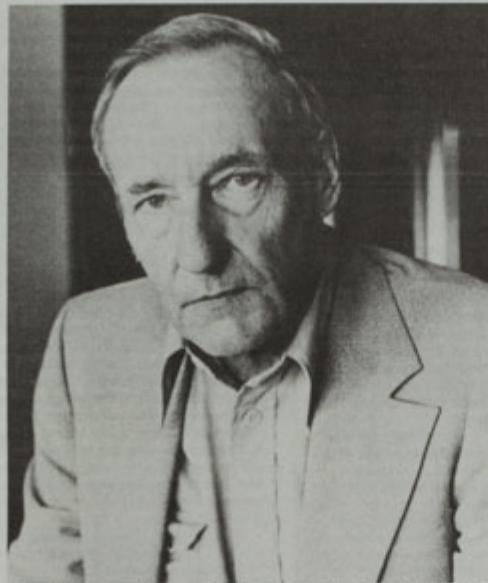
Sad, but -mostly - true. They bring to mind musty old pipe-smoking dons, rather than the sharp exuberance of cutting edge with-it-ness. Youth-less, if not totally useless.

However, if you have a mood of rebellion, liberation - sexual and spiritual - good music, good drugs and a creative impulse to make something of it more than a mere Hedonistic binge, then you're really onto something.

The last time our Western Culture was treated to such a hip literary movement was in the 50's, when the Beat Generation exploded onto the San Francisco scene.

They lived fast and to the full, mostly involving nights spent in jazz clubs, evenings running from bar to bar in search of a weed contact, and days driving cross country to make some mindless deadline, the trunk full of beers, and a woman waiting patiently at each end of the journey.

However, while doing this, they found time to write some of the most vibrant, revolutionary, heart-warming prose and poetry since the First World War. It was a period of intense creativity - new poets springing up left, right and centre - but



Peter Weller as Burroughs in Cronenberg's *Naked Lunch*

three names only have stayed with us, burned into the canon of modern classics.

William Burroughs was very much the elder statesman of the group, as different from the proto-hippy poet Allen Ginsberg as from the reactionary and eventually alcoholic novelist Jack Kerouac. If these three wrote it all down, other figures (crooks, poets - the line often blurred) epitomised for them 'beatness'.

Neal Cassady, who bridged the generation gap to join Ken Kesey's Merry Franksters; Herbert Huncke, the 'Holy Creep', who coined the term 'beat' and made a living stealing overcoats; and Gregory Corso, who drifted from hustler to poet in much the same manner.

Just as our media jumped on the Generation X/Grunge scene, building it up only to knock it down, so the Beats were mutated into the Beatniks, a plague of morose drop outs in black turtle necks smoking pot and pretending to be Buddhists.

The music changed from be-bop to rock, the drug from 'bennie' to acid, and the hippies took over. The Beats either evolved along with the new youth movement, fell by the wayside or transcended it all to become true literati.

With the publication of Burroughs' letters, the Beat Generation seems to have become the very Establishment they once revolted against, but that's the way fashion works, square holes continually mutating to accommodate those trendy round pegs.

Jonathan Gibbs

The Carl Hiaasen Omnibus

by Carl Hiaasen
Picador £7.99

Detective fiction is essentially a limited literary form. Any author who chooses to work within the genre is faced with restricted options. There must, of course, be a crime; and thus the presence, in some form or other, of a detective. The mark of the successful crime writer is thus the ability to subvert this recurring pattern, to add a new dimension to a familiar and near-exhausted tradition. Carl Hiaasen comes tantalisingly close.

This Omnibus consists of the author's first three novels: *Tourist Season*, *Double Whammy* and *Skin Tight*. All three novels are located in Florida and, as well as sharing this location, all are concerned with the more unpleasant aspects of contemporary American culture. In *Tourist Season*, a fanatical group of terrorists embark on a killing spree aimed at saving Florida from commercial destruction; *Double Whammy* dives into the surprisingly lethal world of professional competitive fishing, and in *Skin Tight*, the most conventional crime story of the three, a mystery involving a plastic surgeon and a wood-shredder brings new dangers for our unsuspecting hero.

As the plot outlines suggest, Hiaasen's approach to detective fiction is rather unusual. The 'body in the parlour' syndrome is successfully avoided and the genre is appropriated as a vehicle with which to explore issues beyond the confines of the proverbial stately home.

Running throughout all three novels, for example, is an urgent sense of Florida's environmental problems, not to mention the corruption of such institutions as the police and local government. These three novels demonstrate the author's acute awareness of his country's demise, where the American Dream has gone sour, and the moral elements, embodied in the lonely detective, have been all but marginalised.

But what could so easily have become political diatribe is rescued by a devastating sense of humour. Hiaasen swaps Raymond Chandler's cool for the black comic eye of Martin Amis and the detective novel is transformed into an arena in which almost every element of American culture - from TV evangelism to investigative journalism - is satirically exposed. It is not easy to forget such characters as the plastic surgeon whose attitude towards medical competence is a little disturbing:

"Ruby Graveline was a licensed physician, and legally that meant he could try any damn thing he wanted." The style is sharp and the pace frenetic, interspersed with some unlikely comic images.

Despite the satiric slant on a heavily repeated subject, the three novels fail to break through the confines of the genre. Perhaps it is as a result of reading them consecutively, but the elements of the formula stand out for all to see; no end of political or cultural comment can disguise for Hiaasen who the baddies are and which girl the good guy will get.

For sheer entertainment value, *The Carl Hiaasen Omnibus* will make good reading. Beyond that, his detective fiction lacks the weight of an Ed McBain or an Elmore Leonard with little innovation to inspire the tradition.

Mark Ralph

The Letters of William S. Burroughs

ed. by Oliver Harris
Picador £7.99

The life of William S. Burroughs has acquired something of the status of a legend. It is a life as almost consistently bizarre as his fiction: he is, or has been, a Harvard graduate, a petty criminal, junky and finally an author, whose struggle with his bisexuality was temporarily resolved by his accidental shooting of his wife.

It is the same distinctive, intensely personal, provocative, obscene, laconic voice that haunts his fiction, which develops throughout this selection of correspondence. Indeed, this volume covers a crucial period in Burroughs' life, beginning shortly after he embarked on his first serious addiction and ending with his rise to notoriety with the publication of *Naked Lunch*, and eventual distancing from the Beat poets.

It is to Allen Ginsberg - his ex-lover - to whom the bulk of three letters are addressed, Ginsberg functioning as agent, editor and most importantly, Muse.

The earlier letters included here are of less interest; it was a relatively undisturbed and uncreative period of stoned shoe-gazing. Leaving Mexico after his wife's death, Burroughs' letters become increasingly more absorbing. He spent months in South America searching for the legendary telepathic drug Yage (he found it), subsequently relocating to Tangiers. Here he discovered an unlimited supply of heroin and young Arab boys, and in protracted states of either intoxication or inspiration he

scribbled the 'routines' included in his letters which later formed his anti-novel *Naked Lunch*. But it is after finally conquering his addiction that Burroughs produces his most remarkable letters, describing a radical psychological 'conversion'. Emotions lain dormant for years erupt violently onto the page; after the monotonous and catatonic order imposed by junk, he is overwhelmed by the chaos of identity, spending weeks in a mystical state of withdrawal. These are genuine postcards from the edge.

Although Burroughs has always been frank about his life, this volume provides a subjective and thus more revealing and intimate record than the hitherto bold statements of his biographers. These letters have especial significance in appreciating Burroughs' work - not only are theories, themes and neurotic obsessions discussed, they actually form works-in-progress. Often there is an incestuous relationship between the two. That which differentiates letters and literature is, however, sobriety and ecstasy: his literature is the irrational expression of the same self in *extremis*. Although the arbitrary structure of his novels rejects the historical narrative in order to express the confused and inchoate nature of experience, his letters are a realistic account of a character shaped by its own tragic experience, forming probably the most coherent account Burroughs has ever written.

Greg Moore

Under the influence

A dictionary of literary addiction

A good strong cup of coffee, an ashtray by the typewriter, your average author needs a certain stimulus to keep going into the early hours (pity poor Jeffrey Archer). Some, however take it a little far. Leeds Student chooses eight books in which substances legal and illegal had a big hand, and should be credited with co-author status.



Absinthe: *The Flowers of Evil* - Charles Baudelaire

Alcohol: *Under Milk Wood* - Dylan Thomas

Benzedrine: *The Subterraneans* - Jack Kerouac

Cocaine: *American Psycho* - Brett Easton Ellis

Heroin: *Naked Lunch* - William Burroughs

LSD: *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* - Ken Kesey

Marijuana: *Reality Sandwiches* - Allen Ginsberg

Opium: *Kubla Khan* - Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Yage: *The Yage Letters* - William Burroughs

All of the above: *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* - Hunter S. Thompson

The Letters of William S. Burroughs

ed. by Oliver Harris
Picador £7.99



Reign of Spain

INTER-RAILING gives the travelling backpacker an opportunity to explore a vast area of Europe in depth.

For my travels, however, I concentrated on Spain guided by visions of sunny beaches on the Costa del Sol, and the pure geographical diversity from the lush green lands in the north to the torrid deserts of the south.

I travelled by train from London to Madrid almost non stop. This involved a dash across the channel in a Seacat and then a rapid crossing of France until passing into Spain through the border town of Irun.

As if from nowhere the Pyrenees sprung up; their tips being obscured by the clouds. This was the Basque country which was so green, lush and mountainous that you find it hard to believe that you're in Spain and not Switzerland.

This region feels the sun's heat the worst. Looking out of the window in your cramped carriage all you can see is scorched earth and jagged Sierras on the horizon. Out of this wasteland emerges the high rise

blocks of Madrid. Disembarking from my nice cool carriage at Chamartin station I felt the scorched air sizzling against my skin. It was the best reminder that I was in Spain.

Before this visit, I was a Madrid virgin but one place not to be missed is the Plaza de Espana. Sitting at a table at one of the numerous bars one can relax looking over the cobbled courtyard at the colourful murals that decorate the ornate architecture, listening to the twangy vibrations of Spanish guitar. I couldn't stay long in Madrid as the rest of the country awaited.

Granada is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful European cities. The Sierra Nevada mountain range leaves one breathless. We travelled to the summit of Vellela, the second highest peak (by a matter of a few feet). This is definitely not one for the faint of heart - I suffered from altitude sickness all the way down.

Granada also hosts the Moorish Alhambra palace, a throwback to the Moorish domination of Southern Spain. Unfortunately, the past majesty was lost amid the cam-corder tourist frenzy.

The remainder of my journey after Granada was a bit rushed. I briskly visited Seville, host to the 1992 Expo. If you get the time, it's also worth a wander around the garish main square, built in an art nouveau style.

Last stop on our whistle-stop tour was Gibraltar. With its English shops and currency, The Rock acted as a neat buffer between the rugged Spanish terrain and old Blighty.

TOBY WAKELY



Are the youth of Italy more mouth than machismo? SAM MOUNTFORD investigates why Italians are less keen to quit the nest than their British counterparts...

LITTLE-KNOWN facts of our time 1. Jesus was actually an Italian. After all, he thought he was the son of God, lived at home till he was thirty and believed his mother to be a virgin.

Boom Boom. This, of course, is the popular cliché about Italians - they are arrogant, fanatically devoted to their family and have, ahem, old fashioned ideas about women. But it isn't still true is it? Surely in this PC, equal opportunities, post-post modern world the legendary Italian way of life doesn't stand a chance?

Well, maybe. But it's certainly putting up a fight. The average Italian bloke, for a start, does not appear to anguish excessively about his role in society or about politically correct ways of addressing women. Foreign women, in particular, are there to be ogled at and shouted at at every opportunity, especially if they're daring enough to show their ankles. One female friend of mine, while living in Florence, complained: "It starts the moment you step out of your front door. These guys are were following me around shouting 'Hey Blondie, Blodie, give us a snog' I wouldn't mind if any of them had had any teeth."

Italian women, it has to be said, seem to be wise to such subtle tactics. Under a certain amount of pressure from paranoid families, they keep their heads down and chastity belts firmly in place. I remember mentioning to one bloke, while walking through Florence, that I couldn't see why foreign women were so much more fascinating than Italians. "You see those girls over there?" he said. "Well I know they must be foreign." I asked him how. "It's 9.30pm. Any decent Italian girl would be safely indoors by now." Enough said.

The legendary Italian family too, is alive and well and living in just every place from Turin to Palermo. Most people don't actually leave home in the same way the British do. Ironically, the macho culture does not seem to prevent you from living with your mamma when you're 25 or more, which is what most people do. There's certainly no tradition of eighteen year olds disappearing off to the other end of the country to go to university. Part of the reason for this is because, for an Italian mother the thought of her offspring leading a life of sex, drugs, rock n roll and prawn vindaloes at 3am without even an extra vest would be too horrendous to contemplate. But her offspring probably wouldn't be too interested in the idea either. The itchy feet syndrome that hits most Britons at about age 18 just doesn't seem to happen over here. You've got a perfectly good home with your folks - why leave it?

But hang on. British family life in the 90s, in which meals generally mean a Bird's Eye MenuMaster in front of Home and Away, and parents and kids are little more than nodding acquaintances, isn't particularly appealing. Maybe it's not that surprising that young Nigel is so keen to fly the nest at the earliest opportunity.

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Matt Bristow. Forget the first night, it's the rest that matters.

You were at the Jamiroquai concert. You had a lollipop. You wore a beige dress. Your mate expired at my feet. Your other mate can't tell her arse from my elbow. You reduced me to a quivering mass of love struck nonsense. Who loves ya baby. DG 748251

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BazzaGazzaMazzaFazzaDazza, love No.91.

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Tanya - millions of thanks and even more sorrys for the late scare. Still not as many as the times your name appears this week! You're a star, cheers for everything. Bring Ryan along on Monday.

Melanie - I'm sorry. Your little chicken. I'm very v.v.v.v.v.v.v.

The Men's Room. Open to all Men of all ages for FREE Condoms. Advice about safer sex and Health matters. Wednesday 5.30pm - 8.00pm. Burmantofts Health Centre. Tel: 484330

sorry.

Matt Bristow: I think you are really lovely.

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available. Opposite Parkinson steps. Behind Mega city one. Tel 2453258.
Matt - sorry mate. It'll get better. Who needs a degree anyway? Huge thanks to all concerned you know who you are. Big hurrahs for Tanya for writing half the news. Gareth - excellent mate. Nic, Paul Dave - cheers. Akin, Nick, Steve, Eleanor, Hannah, Matt, Jon, Foot - good column m'dear. Marky, Rachel, Ed for doing the London thang and anyone else I've forgotten.

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WEDNES	BECKETTS BAR 4pm - 11pm BUSA BOOZA
THURS	BECKETTS QUIZ NIGHT - 8.00PM
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He's lanky, malco-ordinated and he's scored minus 2 total football points so...

WHY DON'T PEOPLE HATE CARLTON PALMER ANYMORE?

LAST year, when the fortunes of the England football team reached their disastrous nadir, '90 minutes', a respected weekly magazine, put an unflattering picture of Carlton Palmer on its cover with the headline - "Why does everyone hate Carlton Palmer?". In the article inside, Palmer defended himself against the vitriolic criticism, by the press and the public, of his England performances. It didn't matter if his performances were good, the critics just ignored him. But when he struggled, the critics ripped him apart, they described him as symptomatic of the failure of the England national team to qualify for the World Cup. At least some of this hatred and recrimination could have been described as sinister. He was the Chris Eubank of football. He said at the time: "Just because I don't fit into the mould of what the Press might consider to be a fanciful player, they choose to criticise me, but that doesn't bother me because I know I'm very effective." Nowadays, it's not just Palmer who considers himself effective. This season Carlton Palmer has received, almost exclusively, praise. Why?

As a midfielder, Palmer was quick, fit, and strong in the air and in the tackle, these qualities had to combine to mask his deficiencies in skill and finesse. Occasionally they failed: - He would dive into rash challenges and give the ball away in dangerous positions. Add this to his gangly disposition and his unaesthetic resemblance to a particular Disney



On the ball with:

Paul Goldsmith



cartoon character, and one can see why he found it difficult to endear himself to football fans.

However, his move from Sheffield Wednesday to Leeds United in the summer coincided with a change from midfield to the centre of defence, where he has, according to Press Association journalist Russell Crowther, "combined his determination and competitiveness, for which he has always been noted, with a competence not always credited to him". Even '90 minutes' has enthused over his performances, especially targeting his leadership... Crowther agrees; "Behind Gary McAllister, Palmer has been Leeds' best player this season. Although he still is prone to commit the same mistakes, they are fewer, he is becoming more reliable with every game".

One of Palmer's most stringent tests was against Jurgen Klinsman of Spurs: he passed with flying colours, constantly winning headers and tackles and frustrating the German with his diligent marking. He even found time to exemplify his new found confidence by charging down the wing near the end of the game to aid Leeds' search for the winner.

Although it would be premature conjecture to wonder whether he will ever play again for England, Carlton Palmer can be much more content with his football life and reputation. Watch Leeds United play, and you will see why, nobody hates Carlton Palmer anymore.

CHANT OVERHEARD AT ELLAND ROAD:

THERE'S ONLY ONE CARLTON PALMER
THERE'S ONLY ONE CARLTON PALMER
HE'S WALKING ALONG
SMOKING A BONG
WALKING IN A PALMER WONDERLAND

Runners outpace the rest

SATURDAY 23rd October saw the Leeds University cross-country club travel to Graves Park, Sheffield for the Carter's Relays and come back with several prizes.

JENNY HARRISON

Matt P-F 11:46, David Alcock 11:28, Jez Edwards 10:48, Roger Goddard 10:14 and Pat Bobichon 12:17.

The five men making up the A-team all put in fine performances helping the team to an outstanding victory, a full half a minute ahead of their nearest rivals. Danny Gibbons set the team off on a winning streak completing the 2 mile course in 9 mins 15 secs, the 4th fastest overall time of the day. Mark Colpus kept the lead running his leg in 9:30. To ensure that it was not a one horse race the Derby And County team changed over from third to fourth runner just ahead of Leeds, with Paco running 9:32 for the third leg. However, a fourth leg runner Andy Bailey regained the lead and pulled well away from the second team running 9:20, the 6th fastest of the day. Robin Heap brought the team home in fine style completing the course in 9:25, the 9th fastest time overall.

The men's B-team also ran well finishing in 9th place out of the 32 teams. Mark Phillipson ran a splendid first leg in 9:33, Tony Bennett did 10:14 for the second, Reko 9:58, Andy Mobbs 10:15 and Jon Greenwell brought the team home running 10:21. The C-team finished a creditable 27th and comprised off

The women's A-team also came away with prizes after finishing an excellent 3rd out of the 16 teams. Running over the same 2 mile course as the men, Laura Woffenden brought the team home in second position, behind Sheffield Uni, on the first leg in a time of 11:23 the 4th fastest overall. On the second leg Jenny Harrison overtook Sheffield, but was just overtaken by Birmingham Uni, on a sprint finish. She ran a time of 11:50, the 11th fastest. On the third and final leg Trish Barton was overtaken by a strong running Sheffield girl and brought the team home for 3rd running a time of 11:43, 8th fastest of the day.

The two other girl teams also ran well and comprised off Siam Roberts 12:54, Helen Wells 12:49 and Kerry Boyle 13:03 for the B-team and Kim Lim 16:18, Ruth Schofield 14:36 and Laura Woffenden, running another leg in 11:46, for the C-team.

The past members managed to put together a men's "Doss" team which finished in 20th place and consisted of Steve Jackland 10:15, Jack Maitland 9:58, Graham Evans 11:14, Bill Taylor 12:06 and Martin Roscoe 9:52.

Concentration lapse costs victory

Rugby League

By Rob Swann

LMU 22 NORHUMBERLAND 28

WEDNESDAY 26th October saw LMU RFC 1st team's most difficult fixture of the season so far at Northumberland University.

The second team also made the journey only to discover that Northumberland's 2nd team could not put out a full team and therefore the Leeds' team gained two points by default.

The first team however still had to play there formidable tie made no easier by a half time deficit of 6 pts. The second half started badly with Northumberland scoring almost immediately to 14-6 up. Leeds

fought hard closing the gap to two points after a Danny Lavin try and a Ben Sharpe conversion.

However Northumberland reasserted their advantage with two quick tries leaving Leeds seemingly staring defeat in the face. However the team rallied and tries from the irrepressible Sharpe and Matt Child left Leeds just two points down and Northumberland very much on the back foot.

However in the final minute Leeds' defence lost concentration allowing Northumberland Number 8 to steal in and secure the victory.

NUMBER
OF THE
WEEK

6

The number of wins,
Mike Walker
achieved at Everton

At last. A pub where
the wallpaper's on the wall,
not on the juke-box.

MONDAY Indie - Time to get some brew in your Echobelly

TUESDAY Rock/R&B - Come along and tap those Little Feat

WEDNESDAY 70's - Remember when every day felt like
Donna Summer?

THURSDAY House - Failure to freak is treated as an Outrage

FRIDAY Dance - Doop try and Snap out of it

SATURDAY Classics - To Doobie or not to Doobie Brothers
that is the question

SUNDAY Soul Funk & Acid Jazz - Save your soul for Sundays
and come to where they're glad to be Marvin Gaye

Whatever the night, the music's right at **The Griffin Pub, Selby.**

LEEDS STUDENT

SPORT

Women stay on the ball

LUU WAFCs "goal fest" chances created. Finishing the half 2-1 up, LUU were aware that an emphatic victory would be helpful for BUSA qualification. And the second half saw York crumble under the constant pressure of Leeds' creative attack. Nada netted Leeds' third goal one

minute after the break, and Al Reed completed the scoring with two more. A fine performance in defence by Fiona Smeaton ensured that York's efforts to come back were thwarted. Leeds will be keen to keep up their momentum in forthcoming matches.

minute after the break, and Al Reed completed the scoring with two more. A fine performance in defence by Fiona Smeaton ensured that York's efforts to come back were thwarted. Leeds will be keen to keep up their momentum in forthcoming matches.

4 Gold, 2 Silver, 3 Bronze as LUU martial arts team completes impressive medal haul in British championships

LEEDS TAEKWON-DO TEAM KICKS ASS

LUU Taekwon-do Club sent a strong team to Worcester for the GTI British championships last Sunday. Hopes were high amongst the Leeds competitors, and the expectations were justified by many fine individual performances.

The club squad was joined by a visiting Canadian contingent, who not only demonstrated their suppleness and ability, but also walked away with four gold medals, two silvers and a bronze.

In the pattern section of the competition, Bosco Young excelled in his division, walking away with the yellow belt gold medal. Elsewhere, Paul Landreth-Smith was denied a gold medal by an uncharacteristic mistake in the Red belt pattern section, and so had to be content with silver. Andy Murray also won silver in the black belt pattern section.

It was in the fighting and destruction areas that Leeds competitors enjoyed most

success, proving once again that we are the hardest club in the land. Landreth-Smith won a gold medal in the Red belt destruction division, using both feet to snap big bits of wood in half. A superb performance in the Middleweight fighting section won him a second gold.

Ohene Blake maintained his superb record of being unbeaten as he won yet another gold in the Green belt Middleweight section.

In the Yellow belt Lightweight division Chris Holme won bronze after defeating club

colleague Russell Smith in the semi-final - a match that many thought should have been the final itself.

In the Ladies section, medals proved harder to come by. Many good performances went unrewarded, but even so, two medals were won. In the Red belt section Liz Garner won the Middleweight bronze and Emma Stuck also took bronze in the Yellow belt Middleweight division, to complete a satisfactory days work for Leeds.

At the time of going to press it was not known whether or not Andy Murray had won anything in the Black belt Light-heavyweight division.

Despite sending a team of smaller than usual size to the Championship, many medals were won and the Leeds emerged with much credit. As the size and standards of the team continue to rise, future success can surely be looked forward to.



By Mark London
RUGBY LEAGUE
LUU 2nd 34 LMU 2nd 16

LUU EVENTUALLY romped to victory in this match, after a closely contested first half. Things did not look good for LMU when their captain, Gareth Noakes, was taken off injured after only six minutes.

LUU were quick to capitalise on their opponents loss going 6-0 up with a try and conversion. LMU refused to be demoralised however, and equalled the score after Alex McDougal's try was converted.

Leeds University regained the lead briefly with a second try, this time from the number 4, but LMU soon scored again - Jimmy Thorpe getting a try after a big forward drive. LMU then went 12-10 up as the try was converted, and extended their lead with a try by Simon Richie.

A series of tries by LUU though, with three in the second half, ensured that they regained dominance of the match and ended up as winners by an 18 point margin.

Ultimate frisbee fun

By Will Selson
ULTIMATE FRISBEE

CATCH 22, LUU's Ultimate Frisbee club hosted its first ever tournament in the Sports Centre last Sunday. Thirty seven players from Manchester, Bradford and Leeds entered and were put, at random, into six teams (7-a-side) to contest "The Battle of the North".

The teams were divided into two groups, the losers of each meeting to compete for the Spoon, second place vs second place for the Mediocre Award and the two group winners meeting for the Grand Final.

Matt Shearing's Herbal Remedies eventually ran out undefeated winners after a very exciting and enjoyable final.

Newcomers to the sport were introduced to

the rules and had their first taste of competition. Ultimate is a fast-moving, non-contact athletic team sport played either indoors (5-a-side) or outdoors (7-a-side). Goals are scored when a player catches the disc in the opponents End-zone, like American Football.

On Sunday, many of Catch 22s beginners took part in a tournament for the first time, yet the standard of play was very high. Mike Yates's team renamed themselves the One-pointers after losing all the group matches by that margin, a habit that continued into the final against Artfully Awful.

The most nail-biting match was between Matt

Hinkin's Pink Pants Bonanza and Simon Hill's Zorro's Caped Crusaders.

In a defensive, low scoring match the two teams entered the last minute of the thirty at 6-5 to Zorro's. In the dying seconds a hammer throw from P.P.B. into the corner looked like pushing the match into sudden-death but was incredibly stopped by a flying Bradford player, effectively winning the match for Zorro's.

The most coveted award, Spirit of the Game, was given to P.P.B. (by all the other players) for their part in the excellent atmosphere generated on Sunday. Matt Hinken, the club and team captain commented "Fitness is important, but style is crucial."



THE FINAL WHISTLE

IN CONTRAST to Rugby League, where a nation praises the valiant efforts of the first test, sympathises over the fate of Shaun Edwards and humbly accepts the way the 'Roos overwhelmed us last Saturday, the game's other code is constantly cast as a sport in crisis: Rugby Union is in trouble; the Welsh and English are overplayed and exhausted; their leagues are perpetually dominated by the same clubs leaving the same second-raters and also-rans; the touring 'Boks are indisposed, on drugs and over here; forward line thuggery has gone too far; the games now only thrive on xenophobia and partisan attitudes etc., etc. As with any so-called crisis, some of the talk is justified - most is strictly in the realm of the hyperbolic.

In a way, the criticism that comes from the game's old boys is inevitable as it is predictable, they view the sport with as much nostalgia as the old age pensioner who maintains "things weren't like that in my day, young lad". In truth, they just want to be back down on the pitch rather than up in press box. Indeed, complaints from the established sections of the media [the quality papers, the beeb, even Stuart Barnes on Sky] are so frequent and vehement that they have held a grudge against the game ever since they were thrown their first oval ball and told to run with it. My advice to Rugby Union's barrackers reads thus: Let next year's Five Nations and, better still, the World Cup in May show you that the game can still be one of the most inspirational, emotive and glorious sports around.

Murray Withers

Celtics' win is not American dream

By Roger Domesteghetti
LEEDS CELTICS VS PAISLEY

DESPITE a somewhat lacklustre performance by the Celtics they still managed to open their 1994 campaign with an important victory. The win however, owed more to a bright opening and a slice of luck, than to a sustained effort.

Leeds opening drive stalled, but a lucky bounce off a Steve Wilcocks punt hit a Paisley player, allowing Ben Cussins to recover and set up the offensive in good field position. Quarterback Chris Dale then led the

Celtics 30 yards in eight plays, throwing a fifteen yard touchdown pass to Running back Steve Barlow. Dale also ran the three yards to add a two point conversion, and give Leeds an 8-0 lead. Shortly afterwards, penalties forced the Panthers back towards their own goal line, where pressure from the defensive line caused the Paisley Quarterback to

fumble in his own End-zone. Linebacker Andy Hockey pounced on it to make the score 14-0.

Paisley rarely troubled Leeds after that. The one excursion they did make inside the Celtics 20 yard line was snuffed out by linebacker Steve Oygard, who intercepted a wayward Paisley pass to seal the win.

Leeds go on the road in the next two weeks knowing that a similar lack of intensity may be punished by stronger opposition.



INSIDE: MANAGERESS TOPS TABLE IN TOTAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE - CAN YOUR TEAM CATCH HER'S? SEE PAGE 19

4-10 NOV 1994

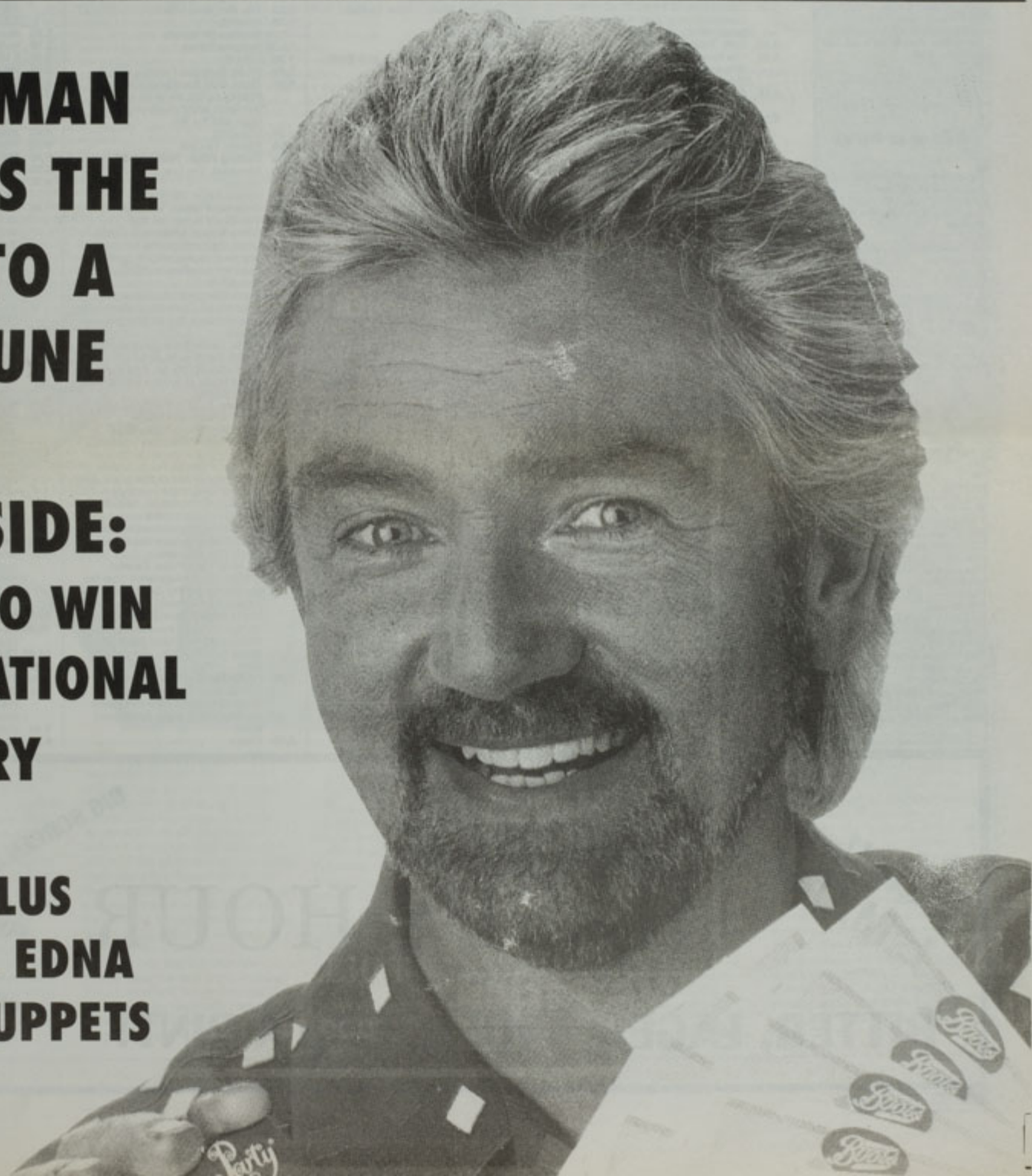
blurb

IT'S THE TICKET. TV & LISTINGS - IT'S GOT THE LOT

**THIS MAN
HOLDS THE
KEY TO A
FORTUNE**

**INSIDE:
HOW TO WIN
THE NATIONAL
LOTTERY**

**PLUS
EVIL EDNA
TV PUPPETS**



film

MGM Vicar Lane
(0532-452655)
Fornet Gump 1.30pm 5pm 8pm
The Mask 1pm 6pm
The Client 3.10pm 8.10pm
Four Weddings and a Funeral
1.15pm 5.30pm
The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen
of the Desert 8.10pm
Odeon - The Headrow
(0532-436230)
Mary Shelley's Frankenstein
1.55pm 5pm 8.10pm
The Lion King 1.30pm 3.55pm
6.15pm 8.35pm
It Could Happen To You 1.20pm
3.40pm 6pm 8.30pm
Pulp Fiction 2pm 7.40pm
Speed 1.45pm 5.05pm 8.20pm
Hyde Park - Brudenell Road, LS6
(0532-752045)
Pulp Fiction 7.30pm
True Romance/ Reservoir Dogs
11pm

theatre

West Yorkshire Playhouse
Quarry Hill Mount, Leeds
(Box Office 0532-442111)
Mail Order Side by James Robson
7.45pm

Northern Broadsides present
Shakespeare's A Midsummer
Night's Dream

Leeds University Union
Raven Theatre
Theatre Group present "Cold
Comfort Farm" 6.30pm

Riley Smith Hall
Theatre Group and Music Theatre
present "City of Angels" 7.30pm

clubs

**Leeds Metropolitan University
Students Union**
Stomp - "Indie Grunge Geater"
9pm-2am
Leeds University Union
Party On 10pm-2am
Planet Earth/ Paperazzi Bar
City Square, Leeds
Happy Hour 5pm - 7.30pm
Club Open till 3am
The Underground
Cookridge Street, Leeds
The Cooker
The Cocktail
Swinigate Street, Leeds
Brighton Beach - music from The
Kinks to Blur
The Pleasure Rooms
Lower Merton Street, Leeds
Up Yer Ronson
The Town & Country Club
Cookridge Street, Leeds
Love Train - 1970s disco

BBC1



6.00 **Business Breakfast**
7.00 **BBC Breakfast News**
9.05 **Kilroy**
10.00 **News: Regional News: Weather**
10.05 **Good Morning With Anne And
Nick**
12.00 **News: Regional News: Weather**
12.05 **Pebble Mill**
1.00 **One O'Clock News: Weather**
1.30 **Neighbours**
1.50 **The Great British Quiz**
2.15 **Holiday**, May Day, for example.
2.45 **The Flying Doctors**. More trouble
with stranded joeys and wounded
wallabies at Coopers Crossing.
3.30 **Secret Life Of Toys**. Or, what the
Duracell Bunny does when his
battery finally runs out.
3.45 **TVK**. Take Valium Carefully?
4.00 **The New Yogi Bear Show**. Subtly
different from the Old Yogi Bear
Show. I don't think.
4.10 **Get Your Own Back**. (Gammon
Set).
4.35 **Record Breakers**. Record-breaking
brick lifting and safe-cracking,
apparently. Sounds like one for all
you armed robbers, then.
5.00 **Newsround**
5.10 **Byker Grove**
5.35 **Neighbours**
6.00 **News: Weather**
7.00 **Wipeout**. The show for window
cleaners with troublesome smears.
7.30 **Tomorrow's World**. Carol
Vorderman uncovers shocking new
evidence in the controversy over
False Memory Syndrome, but then
promptly forgets it all.
8.00 **Good Fortune**
8.50 **TV Heroes: Spike Milligan**. Spike
Milligan cites the hierarchical army
and the Indian servants as early
influences and how later his own
experience of being a soldier in the
Army would change his life. But not
make him funny.
9.00 **News: Regional News: Weather**
9.30 **Harry Enfield And Chums**. Neil
Armstrong drops in on the Self-
Righteous Brothers, and Tim Nice-
-Dim becomes a Lloyds name.
10.00 **FILM: We're No Angels (1989)**.
Small-time crooks Ned and Jim join
a prison break-out led by Bobby, a
condemned killer. Separated from
their leader, they take refuge in a
small border town where they are
mistaken for priests who have come
to see the miracle of the Weeping
Virgin, a statue of the Madonna
conveniently placed under a leaky
roof. De Niro stars in this darkly
comic thriller, scripted by David
Mamet and inspired by the 1955
Bogart film of the same title.
11.40 **FILM: The Mummy (1959)**. Peter
Cushing stars as John Banning, the
leader of a 19th-century
archaeological expedition to Egypt.
The usual scarey scenes in tombs
with mummified bodies will
undoubtedly take place, I'm afraid.
1.10 **Weather**
1.15 **Close**

friday 11

**Sounds of the Seventies (7.30pm,
BBC2)**
Get your naff suits and pork pie hats
on, it's ska time - which should knock
spots of the usual retro disco crap on
this show.

pick of the day

**In Your Face: Careful (11.45pm,
Ch4)**
This sounds completely bonkers, and
therefore I guess must be worth
watching.

ITV



6.00 **GMTV**
9.25 **Supermarket Sweep**. More manic
activity in the endless search for
that special packet of baps.
9.55 **News: Weather**
10.00 **The Time... The Place...**
10.35 **This Morning**
12.20 **News: Weather**
12.55 **Coronation Street**
1.25 **Home and Away**. Irene learns the
joy of milking a cow. Sam decides
to embark on a business venture of
selling lemonades.
1.55 **A Country Practice**. Sgt. Tom
Newman is forced to confront past
horrors with the arrival of his mother
Julia Lamb.
2.20 **Murder, She Wrote**
3.10 **Help Yourself**
3.15 **5 Minutes**. There's no denying that.
3.20 **News**
3.30 **Children's ITV: The Magic House**
3.45 **The Spooks Of Bottle Bay**
4.00 **Avenger Penguins**
4.25 **Taz-Mania**
4.40 **Knightsmare**
5.10 **Home And Away**
5.40 **News: Weather**
5.55 **Calendar News: Weather**
6.30 **On Your Marks**. Carol Vorderman
and some "intelligent" kids.
7.00 **Catchphrase**. Roy Walker does his
stuff (slowly). The contestants "say
what they see" (although to see the
kind of stuff they actually come out
with, they must be on some very
strong drugs indeed).
7.30 **Coronation Street**. There's high
jinks at the Wiltons' when Mavis has
an anniversary bash with a
difference.
8.00 **The Bill**. Burglars that need
babysitting, absentee inspectors
and officers that simply can't act are
just some of the problems
confronting Conway on the first day
of his new job.
8.30 **Strange But True**. Michael Aspel
investigates supernatural stories
with the help of eye-witness
accounts and reconstructions. This
week's programme visits Dover
Castle in Kent and reveals the
findings of investigators who held
all-night vigils to try and record
poltergeist activity. If you cared
especially about what's on the
show, that is.
9.00 **Peak Practice**. Jack discovers the
harsh realities of country life when a
farm worker falls victim to a
crippling illness, with his wife
desperate for a child. But probably
remains lovable throughout.
10.00 **News: Weather**
10.40 **Rock Of The North**. The Otey
Chevin?
11.40 **FILM: They Live (1989)**
1.20 **Whale On...** followed by **News**
2.20 **The Big E**. Crazy title, crap show.
3.15 **FILM: The Only Way Out Is Dead**
(1970). That doesn't sound very
pleasant, does it?
4.45 **Jobfinder**
5.30 **News**

BBC2



7.00 **Teddy Trucks**
7.05 **Philbert The Frog**
7.10 **Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles**
7.30 **Blue Peter**
8.00 **Breakfast News**
8.15 **Pride of Dress**
8.25 **Jerusalem: Of Heaven and Earth -
City of 100 Gates**
8.50 **Europeans: Italy**
9.00 **Schools**
1.45 **Come Outside**
2.00 **Fireman Sam**
2.10 **Sport On Friday**
3.50 **News: Weather**
4.00 **Today's The Day**. Today, being
Friday, is the day to go out and
celebrate the weekend with copious
quantities of gin etc. etc.
4.30 **Ready Steady Cook**. More Thai
stir-fries for those who are pushed
for time.
5.00 **Esther**. Esther Rantzen meets
people with unique stories to tell. It
says here.
5.30 **Catchword**
6.00 **Captain Scarlet And The
Mysterons**
6.25 **Randall And Hopkirk (Deceased):
That's How Murder Snowballs**. A
Russian roulette routine goes
tragically wrong for music-hall
mindreader The Fabulous
Fernandez, when a blank bullet is
replaced by a real one.
7.15 **The O-Zone**
7.30 **Sounds Of The Seventies: Shut
Up And Listen, and Dance**. At the
end of the 70s, many sounds
associated with the 80s were
already coming to the fore -
including the synthesiser, and Ska.
Excellent.
8.00 **Public Eye**
8.30 **Perpetual Motion: The Milk Float**.
Half an hour devoted to the milk
float? Should one ask why?
9.00 **Naked Video 33 1/3**
9.30 **Clint Eastwood's Favourite Films**.
Clint Eastwood talks about his
favourite films, in case the title of
this show confuses you.
10.00 **Have I Got News For You: Video
Nation Shorts**
10.30 **Newsnight**
11.15 **Newman And Baddiel In Pieces:
And I Put Away Childish Things**.
11.45 **The Larry Sanders Show**
12.10 **Weatherview**
12.15 **FILM: Yojimbo (1961)**. Samurai-
type stuff, if you like that kind of
thing.
2.10 **Close**

Ch4



6.35 **Terrytoons**
7.00 **The Big Breakfast**
9.00 **You Bet Your Life**
9.30 **Schools**
12.00 **Profiles Of Nature**
12.30 **Sesame Street**
1.30 **Lit Off**
2.00 **FILM: Svengali (1955)**
3.35 **FILM: Golf Specialist (1930)**.
Possibly a film about an expert in
that sport which involves greens,
clubs and the like.
4.00 **Travelog**
4.30 **Fifteen To One**
5.00 **Cutting Edge: Tough Love**
6.00 **Blossom**. The brat in the hat
returns.
6.30 **Happy Days; Terrytoons**
7.00 **Channel 4 News: Weather**
7.50 **You Don't Know Me But**
8.00 **Class Action**. Channel 4's hard-
hitting education series concludes
with an investigation into twelve-
year-old university students.
8.30 **Brookside**
9.00 **Ellen**. Ellen and her pals answer
personal ads, and find a whole new
way of dating. But do they find any
jokes?
9.30 **Paris: La Solitude**. Degout (Alexei
Sayle) wants to be alone for
inspiration for his art. And so he can
shout loudly in scouse without fear
of retribution.
10.00 **Cheers**. Back to the "good old
days" of Sam and Diane.
10.30 **Clive Anderson Talks Back**
11.10 **Eurotrash**. Presenters Jean-Paul
Gautier and Antoine De Caunes
introduce Jessica Rizzo, one of
Italy's new breed of porn stars, who
has built one of the country's
biggest porn industries, including a
perfume called Erotika based on an
aphrodisiac that allowed her and
her husband to have sex for a
whole day. Nice one.
11.45 **FILM: In Your Face: Careful**
(1992). Taking inspiration from the
pioneering days of cinema and then
turning it on its head, Careful is the
highly original, humorous story of
an Alpine village in constant fear of
avalanches who have learnt to
speak quietly. Erm... fair enough
then.
1.35 **FILM: The Big Store (1941)**.
Classic Marx Brothers farce in
which Groucho, Chico and Harpo
are let loose in a city department
store.
3.10 **Close**

STUDENT UNION BAR
L.M.U. CITY SITE

EVERY
FRIDAY
HAPPY HOUR
FROM 3PM TIL 5PM

BITTER, LAGER, CIDER, 85p A PINT!

BIG SCREEN SATELLITE TV,
FOOD,
POOL,
GAMES,

GLOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

Hands up! IMOGEN RIDGWAY discovers why puppets still pull the right strings

EVERYBODY knows the story of how a young Harry Corbett found a small yellow bear puppet in a shop window, stuck his hand up its bottom and advanced to the dizzy heights of showbiz stardom. Although other puppet shows were on television at the time, the vaguely anarchic water-squirting etc. activities of Sooty made him an instant hit with "rascally kids" everywhere, and the introduction of further characters into the programme caught the attention of both children and adults; supposedly serious newspapers running articles expressing outrage at the fact that Sooty was to acquire a girlfriend. All these years later, Sooty is still incredibly popular, and although it's now Matthew Corbett's hand in the furry fabric, Sweep is still as deft as ever, and "quality" newspapers are now speculating over whether Soo is expecting. (Although exactly what the offspring of a pretend bear and a pretend panda with no obvious genitalia would be is anybody's guess).

Sooty's initial success could be put down to the fact that most other puppet acts at the time were either reliant on strings and therefore clumsy, but not entirely realistic (mind you though, I'd love to see Muffin the Mule have a go at Becher's Brook), or those remnants of Music Hall, the ventriloquist and his dummy. Why is it that television audiences have been taken in by ventriloquists for so many years? Regardless of whether or not you can see the smiling ex-comic (for ventriloquists usually are) lips moving, it's bloody unlikely that you can understand what the dummy is saying, its "b" sounds having disappeared into "g"s, and its voice being so bizarrely pitched that the only jokes the audience are able to understand, let alone laugh at, are those that involve some minor act of violence against the puppeteer. To top this, the puppets themselves are usually odious creatures - possibly to avert the audience's eyes from the quivering lips of the ventriloquist - quite often with some unpleasant characteristic, such as Spit the Dog (he spits), Cuddles the Monkey (he blows his nose), and Orville the Duck (anything at all - the whole country wants to run him over).

So, it would appear that the popularity of puppets generally seems to hinge on whether they speak or not; those who are given a "voice" are instantly limited by the capabilities/ sense of humour of the person with the "hands on" control (so to speak), while those who remain silent are given the freedom to throw castard pie at, and generally prod, the minor celebrity of their choice. After all, although Rod Hull and Emu have entered a particularly dodgy phase now with their Pink Windmill and its bizarre inhabitants, without their assistance in the mid-1970s, Michael Parkinson's career would have fizzled out long before it actually did.

However, there are those puppets that have managed to combine speech with silliness, such as the Muppets under the brilliant

direction of the late Jim Henson. The number of major celebs (real film stars, real pop stars, John Cleese (!) - not just the usual B-List "This is Your Life" extras) who voluntarily took part in this show and sang songs with Fozzie, Miss Piggy and the like are an indication of its popularity, and Kermit's much-publicised appearance at the Oxford Union the other week (even though the Oxford Union is generally pretty keen on self-publicity) just shows how popular these 1970s stars still are.

So, will the rest of the 1990s herald a new era for those amongst us who insist on putting their hands up the insides of small furry creatures? These days, glove puppets seem to fit into two categories - the satirical and the profitable. The satirical - Spitting Image - look almost realistic, occasionally sound realistic, and get away with gags that your average comedian, even one whose act is of a political nature, can't tell on the box. But - and I'm not the first person who's asked this - are they as funny as they used to be? Possibly not - Ian Hislop and Nick Newman no longer write the scripts, and famous impressionists who have previously supplied the voices for the characters - Harry Enfield, Steve Coogan etc. - no longer work on the show. However, politicians continue to make fools of themselves in public, the Royal Family are still in a state, and showbiz celebs still can't get their love lives sorted out. So a show like Spitting Image serves a purpose - in the same way as The Sun does, I suppose.

On the other hand, the profitable puppets seem to serve no purpose but to fill kids' Christmas stockings with useless spin-off products such as board games, pencil cases and of course the replica puppets themselves. I can understand that a young lad or lass may become so fixated with Sooty or one of his chums that if Santa doesn't do the business with the proper Xmas presents then there'll be a row, but creating puppets with the sole intention of marketing them as toys is a bit suspect. Although Phillip Schofield was gorgeous, wonderful etc. etc. (it says here), he must have made an awful lot of money from Gordon The Gopher key rings. Gordon the Gopher de-icer and Gordon the Gopher ice cream scoops. But I'm probably just jealous that I didn't think of the idea first.

So why are puppets, ventriloquists etc. so popular? Possibly because they present us with a form of escaping - after all, you're hardly likely to bump into Animal from the Muppets in the street, are you? And Spitting Image allows us to laugh at those in power without actually attacking those involved - merely their latex lookalikes. However, as we enter the age of virtual reality and computer generated god-knows-what, perhaps the appeal of the bit of furry fabric with the small but funny eyes will wane. But then, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas unless your Dad put his hand inside the crocodile oven gloves and did a funny voice, would it?

What on earth were Loyd Grossman and Lily Savage doing on Brookside last week? It just shows, doesn't it, that minor celebs will do absolutely anything for a bit of free publicity. Brookie is ace - they don't need the occasional appearance of someone who goes on a lot of game shows in order to boost the ratings.

This practice must be stopped - Noel's House Party, Celebrity Squares and the like give these people and their almost-as-famous sons and daughters the chance to make fools of themselves in front of audiences of millions, perfectly good shows don't have to join in by offering yet more exposure to our favourite advert extras.

Soaps create their own characters though - they needn't rely on those who think they are stars in order to gain extra cred points. The characters that soaps create affect us all, whether we admit to it or not - and although I like to think of myself as a pacifist, there are a few figures from our most popular soaps who I'd like to see receive a good kicking. Carl Banks from Brookie for one - it was bad enough when he shagged Jackie Dixon and promptly dumped her, but the window round business and then working for a loan shark really finished it off. I'd like to nominate Terry from Brookie as well, but as he's quite obviously nuts, I don't think it



evil edna

would be fair to inflict violence on him as well.

Obviously Miss Ferguson from Prisoner: Cell Block H deserves something very nasty indeed, but personally speaking, I'd rather not be the one to inflict it, 'cos she's bigger than I am, and she's got friends in high-ish places. And then there's Wayne from Neighbours, the mere thought of whom leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. Over in sunny Weatherfield, Steve Macdonald has become so smarmy of late with his

offensively large wins on the horses that he really does need to meet two large men in a dark alley - and hopefully they'd give him a few lessons in "not treating your girlfriend like an object" while they were at it.

Also in Weatherfield, Mavis and Derek Wilton are candidates for a violent act, although possibly it would be a suitable enough punishment for their unbearably long scenes lamenting the possible collapse of their marriage/ death of the budgie if someone were to go into their house and change around the contents of all the cupboards. And before you say "but it's not a real house!", of course I know it's not a real house,

and they're not even real people, but these characters worm their way into our lives several times a week - and even if you're a head-up-the-arse arts student who doesn't see the "cultural value" of soap operas, I bet your housemates do - and most of us can identify, and comment on, their faults. As I'm not personally planning on running off with a young Moroccan, or spending several months in an Australian women's prison, then I don't see why I can't watch others, even though they don't actually exist, do so. However, although I may love soaps, I really don't want to be in one, and nor should you, Lord Grossman et al.

film

MGM Vicar Lane
(0532-452665)
Forrest Gump 1.30pm 5pm 8pm
The Mask 1pm 6pm
The Client 3.10pm 8.10pm
Four Weddings and a Funeral 1.15pm 5.30pm
The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert 8.10pm

Odeon - The Headrow
(0532-436230)
Mary Shelley's Frankenstein 1.55pm 5pm 8.10pm
The Lion King 1.30pm 3.55pm 6.15pm 8.35pm
It Could Happen To You 1.20pm 3.40pm 6pm 8.30pm
Pulp Fiction 2pm 7.40pm
Speed 1.45pm 5.05pm 8.20pm

Hyde Park - Brudenell Road, LS6
Pulp Fiction 7.30pm

Leeds University
Rupert Beckett Lecture Theatre
LIU Film Soc present "The Seventh Sea" 7pm

theatre

West Yorkshire Playhouse
Quarry Hill Mount, Leeds
(Box Office 0532-442111)
Mail Order Bride by James Robson 7.45pm

clubs

Planet Earth/ Paparazzi Bar
City Square, Leeds
Happy Hour all night

The Music Factory
Lower Briggate, Leeds
Automatic - the bastard offspring of Beat Surrender
Happy - soul, swing, garage

Rio's
Merrion Centre
Melt - indie etc.

Cafe Mex
Student Night

BBC1 1

6.00 Business Breakfast; 7.00 News; 9.05 Kilroy; 10.00 News; 10.05 Good Morning With Anne And Nick; 12.00 News; 12.05 Pebble Mill; 12.55 News; 1.30 Neighbours; 1.50 Mary Berry's Ultimate Cakes; 2.00 Cartoon; 2.05 FILM: The Blue Lamp (1950); 3.30 The Little Polar Bear
3.35 William's Wish Wellingtons
3.40 Fireman Sam
3.50 Chucklevision
4.10 The New Yogi Bear Show
4.20 Spacejets
4.35 It'll Never Work. The most original, imaginative and ridiculous technology to be found. This week, the pea shooter with laser sights and the car that drives itself. I think, for once, we have here a programme with a title that actually makes sense.
5.00 Newsround
5.10 Byker Grove. Patsy's protest turns messy.
5.35 Neighbours
6.00 News: Weather
6.30 Regional News Magazines
7.00 Holiday. Jill Dando celebrates Concorde's 25th birthday by joining a supersonic flight to Jordan; Sue Cook and her family test the claims of an all-inclusive hotel in Antigua which promises value for money. Perhaps we licence-payers should do the same - sending reporters to Jordan for the weekend seems like a proper bargain!
7.30 EastEnders. Grant faces his biggest decision yet.
8.00 A Question Of Sport. David Coleman hosts the sports quiz played by team captains Bill Beaumont and Ian Botham, with guests John Barnes, Ben Clarke, Mark Ramprakash and Peter Haining. And loads of lovely pink Pringle sweaters.
8.30 Natural Neighbours: Addicted To Swans. Griff Rhys Jones looks at the extraordinary relationships between people and animals. This week he talks to self-confessed 'swan addicts' to find out why swans are so special.
9.00 News: Regional News: Weather
9.30 How To Win The Lottery. Jonathan Ross presents a guide to the National Lottery and takes a look at lottery millionaires and experts around the world in a prelude to the UK's biggest ever draw. And in no way cashes in on the Lottery for a bit of self-publicity.
10.15 Omnibus. As an introduction to tonight's film of Pink Floyd's recent concerts at Earl's Court, the programme charts the rise of one of the world's most successful bands. Including interviews with band members and rare archive footage.
10.55 Pink Floyd - The Concert. Pink Floyd recorded live at their recent sell-out concerts at Earl's Court. Sell-out? Fall-out, if you were on those dodgy seats at the back.
1.25 Weather; 1.30 Close

tuesday 15 pick of the day

Heat Wave (9pm, BBC2)
Racial tension in 1960s Los Angeles - the trials faced by a young black reporter, leading to an eventual Pulitzer Prize.

Without Walls: The Obituary Show (9pm, Ch4)
Barbara Windsor reads her own tributes. But probably not in that Carry On "ho ho ho look at my tits" manner.

BBC2 2

7.00 Crystal Tipps; 7.05 Teddy Trucks; 7.10 Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles; 7.30 Blue Peter; 8.00 News; 8.15 Pride Of Press; 8.25 Jerusalem; 8.50 The Europeans; 9.00 Schools; 1.40 Thunderbirds In French; 1.45 Numbertime; 2.00 Christopher Crocodile; 2.05 Spot; 2.10 How The West Was Lost; 3.00 News: Weather: Vietnam Journey; 3.50 News; 4.00 Today's The Day; 4.30 Regional Programmes; 5.00 Esther
5.30 Catchword
6.00 The Fresh Prince Of Bel Air
6.25 Heartbreak High. Following the sudden death of Mrs Poulous, Nick's classmates and teachers rally round to help the family.
7.10 Harry Hill's Fruit Fancies
7.20 Tex Avery. Excellent - large animals and surreal settings all round. Excellent music too. I expect.
7.30 Open Space. In just four years, Janet Newman, Mary Asprey and Chris Dray have established a missing persons charity that now takes on 30,000 cases a year and solves 70 per cent of them. This programme follows the team as they work with families, runaways and the police.
8.00 Picture This. This film follows the progress of Chris Wilkinson as she struggles to put 40 years of abuse, drug addiction and sleeping rough behind her in order to study for a university degree. So stop bloody complaining about the damp on your Leeds 6 walls, this is real difficulty.
8.30 Food And Drink. Christmas cake, wine and more wine.
9.00 FILM: Heat Wave (1990). Based on the 1965 Watts riot. On graduating from high school in Los Angeles, Robert Richardson encounters unexpected prejudice in his attempts to find work in journalism. But when race riots break out in the Watts district, the Times are unable to send in any of their all-white staff and Richardson volunteers to cover the story. His articles made him the Times's first black reporter and helped the paper to win the Pulitzer Prize. Followed by Nation Shorts
10.30 Newsnight
11.15 The Late Show
11.55 Weatherview
12.00 A Night In Havana: Dizzy Gillespie In Cuba
1.30 Close

Ch4 4

6.35 Terrytoons
7.00 The Big Breakfast
9.00 You Bet Your Life
9.30 Schools
12.00 House To House
12.30 Sesame Street
1.30 Trumpton, followed by Little Brum
2.00 FILM: The Life and Assassination of the Kingfisher (1977). Fascinating well-produced movie biography of the notorious rabble-rousing 1930s American politician Huey Long, (Edward Asner).
3.45 Migrations
4.00 Crawshaw Paints Acrylics. With his fingers.
4.30 Fifteen To One
5.00 The Oprah Winfrey Show. Oprah's guests today followed their dreams to make a successful life. Now, if I followed my dreams, I'd be half way up the Parkinson Clock Tower munching a giant banana right now.
5.50 Terrytoons
6.00 Batman
6.30 Gamesmaster
7.00 Channel 4 News: Weather
7.50 Belfast Lessons
8.00 Ride On. Muriel Gray and Sean Langan take a witty look at the Range Rover. I doubt it somehow.
8.30 Brookside
9.00 Without Walls: The Obituary Show; Barbara Windsor. Barbara Windsor reads the obituaries provided by friends such as Arthur Mullard and Derek Jameson.
9.30 Without Walls: Tales From A Darkened Room. The powerful, psychological tale of Arthur Crewe Inman (Richard Bremner), an invalid who had the ability to persuade women who were total strangers to come to his flat, tell him their secrets and then allow him the freedom of their bodies. Flipping heck.
10.00 FILM: WaterLand (1992). Adapted from Graham Swift's novel, Waterland is a drama starring Jeremy Irons as Tom Crick. Tom has reached a crisis point in his marriage after years of suppressing emotional truths from his childhood.
11.45 South Central
12.15 White and The Love Unlimited Orchestra
1.15 World Tennis
1.50 Extreme East. That would be Great Yarmouth, then.
2.20 FILM: Eyes In The Night (1942)
3.45 Close

ITV

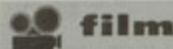
6.00 GMTV
9.25 Supermarket Sweep. Or "How to carry three turkeys at once when your partner/friend/Mum is shouting 'Get the pick 'n' mix' at you"
9.55 News
10.00 The Time... The Place...
10.35 This Morning
12.20 News
12.55 Emmerdale
1.25 Home and Away
1.55 A Country Practice
2.20 Vanessa
2.50 The Young Doctors. Lina is excited about going on her honeymoon.
3.20 News
3.30 Children's ITV: Gigglish Allsorts
3.40 Tots TV
3.50 The Raggy Dolls
4.00 Cartoon. Tape it, it could well be a decent Daffy Duck.
4.15 Hurricanes
4.40 Children's Ward
4.10 Home and Away
5.40 News: Weather
5.55 Calendar: News: Weather
6.30 Runaway. OK - if you like - where to?
7.00 Emmerdale. Viv Windsor receives an interesting offer, while Betty and Seth make plans for their big day. Zoe is confronted by a jealous rival, and Frank Tate finally learns the truth about his son.
7.30 The World In Our Garden. And that rotting plastic bag that could conceivably contain a dead body in my nextdoor neighbour's.
8.00 The Bill. A witness is threatened when there is a security leak at Sun Hill.
8.30 Strike It Lucky. The big jackpot quiz show with the deadly hot spots. Hosted by Michael Barrymore, the man with the biscuits without any bends.
9.00 Soldier, Soldier. As wedding preparations for finalised Butler looks forward to a perfect day. But then disaster threatens Forsythe and the lads have to come to the rescue. Tucker gets suspicious about the amount of time Donna is devoting to her art classes, and Farrell tries once more to get the fiercely independent Colette to marry him. With Gary Love.
10.00 News: Weather
10.40 Network First
11.40 Scrumdown - Kangaroos On Tour
12.40 The ITV Panasonic Sports Of The Year Awards Over 400 of Britain's top sportsmen and women, along with celebrities from television and showbusiness, gather at the Cafe Royal for the ninth annual ITV/Panasonic awards ceremony. And unfortunately we have to watch them.
1.40 The Little Picture Show: News
2.40 Sport AM
3.35 Disaster Chronicles
4.00 Jobfinder
5.30 News

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FRIDAY 18TH NOVEMBER.**



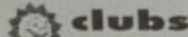
MGM Vicar Lane
(0532-452665)
Forrest Gump 1.30pm 5pm
8pm
The Mask 1pm 6pm
The Client 3.10pm 8.10pm
Four Weddings and a Funeral
1.15pm 5.30pm
The Adventures of Priscilla,
Queen of the Desert 8.10pm

Odeon - The Headrow
(0532-436230)
Mary Shelley's Frankenstein
1.55pm 5pm 8.10pm
The Lion King 1.30pm 3.55pm
6.15pm 8.35pm
It Could Happen To You
1.20pm 3.40pm 6pm 8.30pm
Pulp Fiction 2pm 7.40pm
Speed 1.45pm 5.05pm
8.20pm

Hyde Park - Brudenell Road, LS6
(0532-752045)
Pulp Fiction 7.30pm

theatre

West Yorkshire Playhouse
Quarry Hill Mount, Leeds
(Box Office 0532-442111)
Mail Order Bride by James
Robson 2pm 7.45pm



Fiddlers Nightclub
Zing! Dance Music 9pm-2am
£1.20 lager £1 bitter

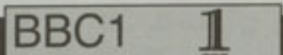
The Pleasure Rooms
Lower Merrion Street, Leeds
Circus - £1 pints/pils

The Cockpit
Swinegate, Leeds
Dub 2 House

The Music Factory
Lower Briggate, Leeds
Bump - student night

The Warehouse
Somers Street, Leeds
Bonz

Planet Earth/Paparazzi Bar
City Square, Leeds
Beer Lager 70p pint

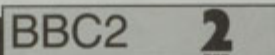


- 6.00 Business Breakfast
- 7.00 BBC Breakfast News
- 9.05 Kilroy
- 10.00 News: Regional News: Weather
- 10.05 Good Morning With Anne And Nick
- 10.40 The State Opening Of Parliament
- 12.00 News: Regional News: Weather
- 12.05 Pebble Mill
- 12.55 News
- 1.30 Neighbourhoods
- 1.50 The Great British Quiz
- 2.15 The Rockford Files. Jim re-opens the case of a rookie's accidental death. As opposed to a blackbird's accidental death.
- 3.05 Lifeline. John Humphrys appeals on behalf of Shelter, the national campaign for homeless people.
- 3.15 Droopy Double Bill. Not funny.
- 3.30 Song Life Of Toys
- 3.40 Noddy
- 3.55 Mortimer And Arabel
- 4.10 Dinobabies
- 4.30 Growing Up Wild. Terry Nutkins travels Australia. And meets some cutesy-wutesy tickle animals.
- 4.55 Newsround
- 5.05 Grange Hill. Sam's money-spinning idea runs into problems.
- 5.35 Neighbourhoods
- 6.00 News: Weather
- 6.30 Regional News Magazines
- 7.00 This Is Your Life. Surprise, shock or horror? How will tonight's subject react when Michael Aspel presents them with that Big Red Book? They'll be bloody glad of the TV exposure, I'll warrant.
- 7.30 Here And Now. The 90s answer to Nationwide, unfortunately without the skateboarding duck, or Frank Bough.
- 8.00 How Do They Do That? Desmond Lynam and Jenny Hull present the programme with the answers. The secrets of film and television are revealed, thus spoiling everyone's enjoyment of their favourite adverts and bringing all those "But I'm sure that's a real rabbit!" conversations to an end.
- 8.45 Points Of View
- 9.00 News: Regional News: Weather
- 9.30 Between The Lines. Someone wants to kill a Chilean general currently under the protection of the 'new firm'. Even worse, his wife wants to take Clark shopping. I'd love to take Neil Pearson, er... shopping.
- 10.20 Sportsnight. International football takes top billing tonight, with England facing Nigeria at Wembley. Will Terry Venables maintain his unbeaten record? Plus action from the European Championship qualifying games.
- 12.00 FILM: Summerfield (1977). A man finds himself at the centre of a mystery when he arrives in a small town to take up a job as a schoolteacher.
- 1.35 Weather
- 1.40 Close

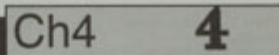
wednesday 16 pick of the day

Basic Instinct (10.40pm, YTV)
Will they or won't they cut the legs akimbo scene? A nation holds its breath (some sad individuals hold their trousers) and waits.

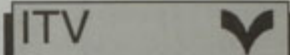
One Good Turn (1.10am, Ch4)
Tally ho, hoorah, and other similar phrases of the British film industry of the 1930s. Not a member of the lower classes in sight.



- 7.00 Crystal Tipps; 7.05 Teddy Trucks; 7.10 Thundercats; 7.35 I'll Never Work; 8.00 News; 8.15 Pride Of Dress; 8.25 Jerusalem; 8.50 A Week To Remember; 9.00 Schools; 1.25 Zig Zag; 1.45 You and Me; 2.00 Penny Crayon; 2.10 Songs Of Praise; 2.35 Next; 3.00 News: Westminster with Nick Ross
- 3.50 News: Weather
- 4.00 Today's The Day
- 4.30 Ready Steady Cook
- 5.00 Esther
- 5.30 Catchword
- 6.00 Star Trek: The Next Generation
- 6.45 The Series From Hell. Mark Lamarr leads you through a guide to job hell.
- 7.00 Lifeswaps. "Womans Hour" trades places with "Sunday Sport". With hilarious consequences?
- 7.30 Shakespeare - The Animated Tales: As You Like It.
- 8.00 Wildlife Showcase. Have you ever wondered what a housefly is really doing when it lands on your jam sandwich? Absolutely not - I'm well aware of it's unpleasant bowel habits, thank you very much.
- 8.30 University Challenge. Jeremy Paxman tests the general knowledge and quick wits of two more student teams as they challenge each other for a place in the second round of the competition. Today's teams come from Birkbeck College, London v Queen's University, Belfast.
- 9.00 Grace Under Fire. Romance takes a back seat when Grace holds a disastrous dinner for Ryan on Cupid's special day. Humour, alas, also takes a back seat.
- 9.25 Great Journeys. New Series. Travel documentaries featuring leading writers and performers. Comedienne Sandi Toksvig sets out to canoe down the Zambezi in the boat her late father told her David Livingstone once used. The Africa she encounters is wilder and tougher than her childhood memories. She comes across an elephant slain by poachers and a tribe displaced to accommodate a dam and is stranded at dusk surrounded by crocodiles and hippos.
- 10.30 Newsnight
- 11.15 The Late Show
- 11.55 Weatherview
- 12.00 News: The Midnight Hour
- 1.05 Close



- 6.30 Terrytoons
- 7.00 The Big Breakfast
- 9.00 You Bet Your Life
- 9.30 Schools
- 12.00 House To House
- 12.30 Sesame Street
- 1.30 Hullabaloo; Dig And Dug
- 2.00 FILM: A Stolen Face (1952). A plastic surgeon alters a criminal to resemble American concert pianist Elizabeth Scott (in a dual role).
- 3.20 La Poulette Grise. Which despite having A Level French, I can't translate.
- 3.30 Maiden Voyages
- 4.00 Waterways
- 4.30 Fifteen To One
- 5.00 Ricki Lake
- 5.50 Terrytoons
- 6.00 Mark And Mindy
- 6.30 Boy Meets World. Scriptwriter meets dole cheque?
- 7.00 Channel 4 News: Weather
- 7.50 Belfast Lessons
- 8.00 Brookside. Mick and Marianne are prepared to tie the knot - but will it be for better or worse?
- 8.30 Travelog. This week, Alexis Nishihata goes to Berlin to visit places from the city's past glory days in the '20s and '30s, to see how Berlin is preparing to become once again Germany's capital.
- 9.00 Dispatches
- 9.45 Counter Culture: The Precinct. The shopkeepers of one precinct have experienced so many robberies and attacks that they have been at the point of despair.
- 10.00 NYPD Blue: A Sudden Fish After being robbed and mugged, disabled vet Ernie Dowd shuns police assistance and takes his tormentors hostage. Meanwhile, Kelly - moonlighting as a bodyguard - finds the person he is supposed to guard in a compromising situation.
- 11.00 Rory Bremner - Who Else?
- 11.40 Nightingales. Eric the Werewolf (Ian Sears) returns to join the night shift and helps Carter (Robert Lindsay) and Bell (David Threlfall) celebrate Sarge's 60th birthday.
- 12.10 LA Law
- 1.10 FILM: One Good Turn (1936). Vintage '30s British comedy starring Leslie Fuller as a coffee-stall keeper who, with his assistant George Harris, saves the day when a bogus producer fleeces his landlady and her daughter.
- 2.25 Mission Eureka; 3.25 Close



- 6.00 GMTV. Great Mate, Terry Venables.....
- 9.25 Supermarket Sweep
- 9.55 News: Weather
- 10.00 The Time... The Place...
- 10.35 This Morning
- 12.20 Calendar News: Weather
- 12.30 News: Weather
- 12.55 Coronation Street
- 1.25 Home and Away. Shane's plan to get into Fisher's good books runs into trouble. Angel decides to join the local netball team.
- 1.55 A Country Practice. Billy Moss shows more enthusiasm than talent when he joins the school band.
- 2.20 Look And Cook. Squint and miss the best bits.
- 2.50 The Young Doctors. David and Vicki make a startling discovery. Ted makes a stunning proposition to Ada.
- 3.20 News
- 3.30 Children's ITV: Alphabet Castle
- 3.40 Wizardora
- 3.50 Old Bar Stories
- 4.05 Cartoon
- 4.10 Wolf It
- 4.40 Woolf!
- 5.10 Home And Away
- 5.40 News: Weather
- 5.55 Calendar: Weather
- 6.30 Cross Wits. Clues, sweaters, and a night in with Tom O'Connor.
- 7.00 Take Your Pick. The contestants attempt not to say 'Yes' or 'No' in the quiz where they have the choice of 'taking the money' or 'opening the box'. The audience attempt to stay awake.
- 7.30 Coronation Street. There is anxious news for the McDonalds concerning Steve, and Deirdre prepares to tell Tracy about her forthcoming wedding.
- 8.00 The War Machine: The Dying Of The Light. The true story of Sean Devereux, a UNICEF aid worker shot dead in war-torn Somalia. With George Asprey, Maggie O'Neill.
- 10.00 News: Weather
- 10.40 FILM: Basic Instinct (1992). As San Francisco detective Nick Curran investigates the murder of a once famous rock star, he becomes entangled in a deadly affair involving three women, each with an unexpected motive for the crime. Catherine Tramell is a novelist whose fictional murders have a strange way of coming true. Roxy is Catherine's provocative girlfriend. Dr Beth Garner is a police psychologist counselling Nick. Seduced by Catherine, Nick finds himself involved in mind games and murder.
- 12.50 The Equalizer
- 1.45 Hollywood Report; News
- 2.15 Videofashion
- 2.45 The Album Show
- 3.45 Noisy Mothers. When the fathers have been down the Dog & Duck.
- 4.40 Jobfinder
- 5.30 News

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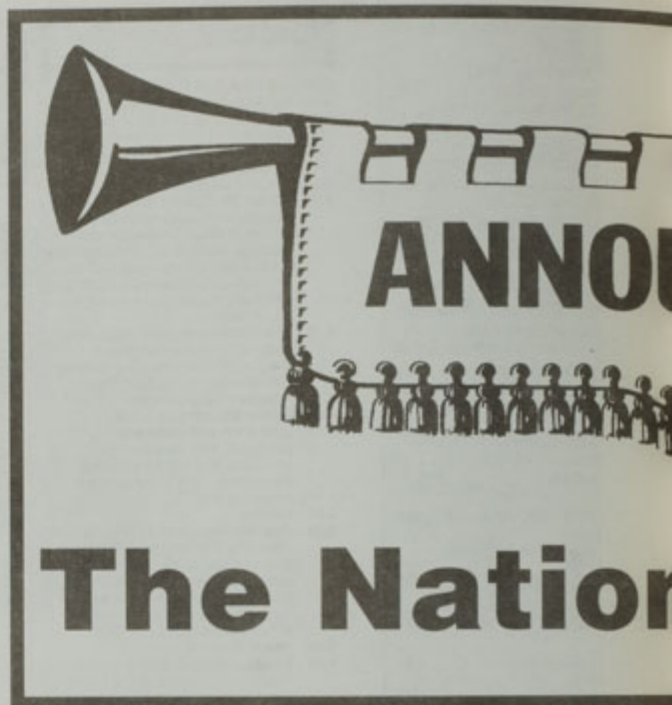
Course Rep Training w/c 21 Nov 9.30 - 11.30am

Mon, Wed, Fri City Ents Hall

Tue, Thur Becketts Park Grey Room



It is nearly upon us! From Monday you will be able to take part in what some have claimed will be the world's largest lottery. Noel Edmonds could soon be telling you live on BBC1 that you have won £2 million. *Julie Scragg* and *Gareth Hughes* got their hopes up.



The first National Lottery for over 150 years promises to create a new millionaire every week. But before you start spending your winnings and promising hefty sums to charity, remember that the odds are 14 million to one against you winning the jackpot.

Around 20 million are expected to play the first game. And for every pound wagered, 12 pence goes straight to Inland Revenue. Ten pence goes to the retailers and the operators, Camelot. A mere 28 pence goes to good causes chosen by Parliament. Chosen beneficiaries include the Arts Council, Sports Council, the National Heritage Memorial fund and the Millennium fund.

28% might not sound much, but when account is taken of an expected annual revenue of £5.5 billion, it becomes clear that it is a big potential money-spinner for the specified charities.

It should be fairly easy to take part in the National Lottery. There will be approximately 10,000 outlets at the launch, rising to 40,000 by the end of 1996. You will be able to pick up a pay-slip at a variety of places, such as supermarkets, newsagents and off-licenses.

Six numbers should be selected between 1 and 49 and marked with a vertical line. The computers do not

recognise crosses, as John Major discovered during a lottery demonstration. He managed to spoil his paper when he crossed his selection. Remember to keep your receipt as prizes cannot be claimed without it.

All you then have to do then is watch the TV to find out if you have won one of the thousands of prizes.

To facilitate the claiming of prizes, all retailers will pay out prizes of up to £75 directly and some up to £200. Larger prizes must be claimed from National Lottery Post Offices or from one of eleven regional offices. Winning tickets are valid for 180 days.

It is anticipated that many that have not previously gambled will begin playing the National Lottery, since over a quarter of the stake goes directly to charity.

The National Lottery offers a far better chance of winning a million pounds than premium bonds. The odds that ERNIE will make you a million are about 25 times greater than with the lottery.

There are several proposed variations to the standard lottery game. One proposal is to offer a 'second chance' to losers. By sending in their tickets they can compete again for a £100,000 prize. An instant win game, based on scratch cards, will also be launched next year.

Demi Moore had to sleep with Robert Redford. Gamblers on the pools have to sit through a lengthy results service every Saturday. The national lottery offers you a much easier alternative. In little over a week you could be Britain's newest millionaire. Someone has to win and although the odds are not on your side, it could be you.



The draw will be made by spinning 49 numbered balls inside a clear plastic drum, and it does not matter in which order the numbers are selected. If no player has the winning six numbers, the jackpot is 'rolled over' and added to the following week's jackpot.

Number of Draws	BOARD A					BOARD B					BOARD C				
	£1	2	3	4	5	£1	2	3	4	5	£1	2	3	4	5
2	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5	1	2	3	4	5
3	6	7	8	9	10	6	7	8	9	10	6	7	8	9	10
4	11	12	13	14	15	11	12	13	14	15	11	12	13	14	15
5	16	17	18	19	20	16	17	18	19	20	16	17	18	19	20
6	21	22	23	24	25	21	22	23	24	25	21	22	23	24	25
7	26	27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30	26	27	28	29	30
8	31	32	33	34	35	31	32	33	34	35	31	32	33	34	35
	36	37	38	39	40	36	37	38	39	40	36	37	38	39	40
	41	42	43	44	45	41	42	43	44	45	41	42	43	44	45
	46	47	48	49	46	47	48	49	46	47	48	49			
	VOID					VOID					VOID				



Queen Elizabeth I ran the first national lottery in England as long ago as 1566 to finance the Virginia colony in America. The British National Lottery was outlawed however, after a group of Treasury officials ran off with all the prize money in 1826.



A lottery winner in Ohio couldn't sell his home because everyone assumed he didn't need the money. He therefore decided to burn it down. It cost him \$1 million and a suspended prison sentence.



A 77-year old man, whenever he went to enter his numbers, carried a written prayer with the request: 'Please Lord, let me prove to you that winning the lottery will not spoil me.' He won £100,000 and thanked divine intervention.



Gambling addicts beware - experts recommend that your bets are no more than 1% of your salary, which means that for students on an average maintenance grant, a potential of 22 games can be played before the scales begin to tip the wrong way.



American Mary Burke refused to share her payout and was sued by her ex-husband, her mother, three sisters and two sons. In the end she was left with less than a quarter of her original \$30 million.



You are far more likely to throw nine successive sixes on a dice than win the national lottery.

UNCING



al Lottery

C	£1 BOARD D	£1 BOARD E
5	1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 5
10	6 7 8 9 10	6 7 8 9 10
15	11 12 13 14 15	11 12 13 14 15
20	16 17 18 19 20	16 17 18 19 20
25	21 22 23 24 25	21 22 23 24 25
30	26 27 28 29 30	26 27 28 29 30
35	31 32 33 34 35	31 32 33 34 35
40	36 37 38 39 40	36 37 38 39 40
45	41 42 43 44 45	41 42 43 44 45
	46 47 48 49	46 47 48 49
	VOID	VOID



THE NATIONAL
LOTTERY

How to hit the jackpot!

It seems obvious that taking part in a lottery is merely a question of luck. Yet a mathematical system, or even just consideration of those numbers that are likely to be picked by others, can drastically reduce the odds in your favour.

- Of course, there are no certainties. Sure-fire systems don't exist and a win cannot be guaranteed. However, mathematician Robert Serotic has devised a system called 'wheeling'. This system is claimed in extreme cases to reduce normal odds from 1 in 2,330,636 to 1 in 1,500. This is his method:
- Pick 12 numbers between 1 and 49, half of which should be over 31. This is because numbers between 1 and 31 are all 'lucky' birthday combinations which would mean splitting your winnings with everyone else born on those days. You should also have a mix of odd and even numbers and avoid all those obvious sequences - 1,2,3,4,5 etc.
- Assign each number a letter, A-L.
- Substitute your number instead of the letters in the following matrices

A B D E G J	B C E F H K
A B D G H J	B C E H I K
A B D G J K	B C E H K L
A C D F I L	B E F H I K
A C F G I L	B E F I K L
A C F I J L	B E H I K L
A D E G H J	C D F G I L
A D G H J L	C D F I J L
	C F G I J L

- Taking each line as a game, for £18 a second or third prize is statistically much more probable.
- And if you think this is all just theory - Serotic has won nine lottery jackpots since developing his technique.

Winning Selections	Odds	Expected Prize
Jackpot	1 in 13,983,816	£2,000,000
Match 6 main numbers		
Match 5 main numbers plus bonus number	1 in 2,330,636	£100,000
Match 5 main numbers	1 in 55,492	£1,500
Match 4 main numbers	1 in 1,033	£65
Match 3 main numbers	1 in 57	£10
the overall odds of winning a prize are 1 in 54		



Zejko Ranogajec makes a living playing lotteries. He is said to spend up to 20 hours a day planning betting strategies. His methods seem to be successful - wins include a \$7,500,000 jackpot on the Sydney lottery.



One winner in America lost up to \$2 million interest because he took a year to cash his ticket.



If your numbers add up to between 100 and 150, your chances of winning appear to be greater. 'It is a mathematical improbability that an unbalanced game with numbers that don't add up to over 100 will win a lottery.'



It is statistically just as likely that six consecutive numbers are drawn as non-consecutive numbers. Yet it has never been known for a lottery game to draw six consecutive numbers.



Astrologists have tipped Librans, Scorpions and Aquarians as the most likely winners - but who believes astrologists anyway?



A search to find a regular celebrity presenter for the draw failed after the organisers were repeatedly turned down. Apparently, stars felt it would be a 'poisoned chalice' that would typecast them and hinder their careers.

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