

SLEEDS STUDENT

Firefighters save students from burning home

Rescued from house blaze

"If they'd had a smoke alarm, their lives need not have been put at risk"

- Fire officer McKeating, speaking after the incident

Five students were dragged from their burning home and required hospital treatment after their house was ravaged by fire in the early hours of the morning.

The fire in Hesse Street last Thursday was started by an unattended chip pan. And fire chiefs have warned that students are putting their lives at risk by not installing smoke alarms.

Two students trapped on the top floor had to be rescued by eighteen firemen. They were then rushed to Leeds General Infirmary to be treated for smoke inhalation.

The students' home has suffered at least 20 per cent damage to the lower floors and is now uninhabitable.

By John Revill

One of the victims, Ben Wood, a third year History student at Leeds University, said: "I was woken up by one of my housemates shouting downstairs. There was smoke everywhere, it was terrifying.

"Two of us climbed out of the window and hung on to the drainpipes. It was from there that the fire brigade rescued us."

Another housemate escaped by jumping through a ground floor window, receiving multiple lacerations to his hands and face. The other made his own way out and raised the alarm.

Wood explained how the fire had

started: "One of my housemates had finished his exams that day and had gone to Circus Circus to celebrate. He came back, made some chips and must have forgotten to turn off the chip pan."

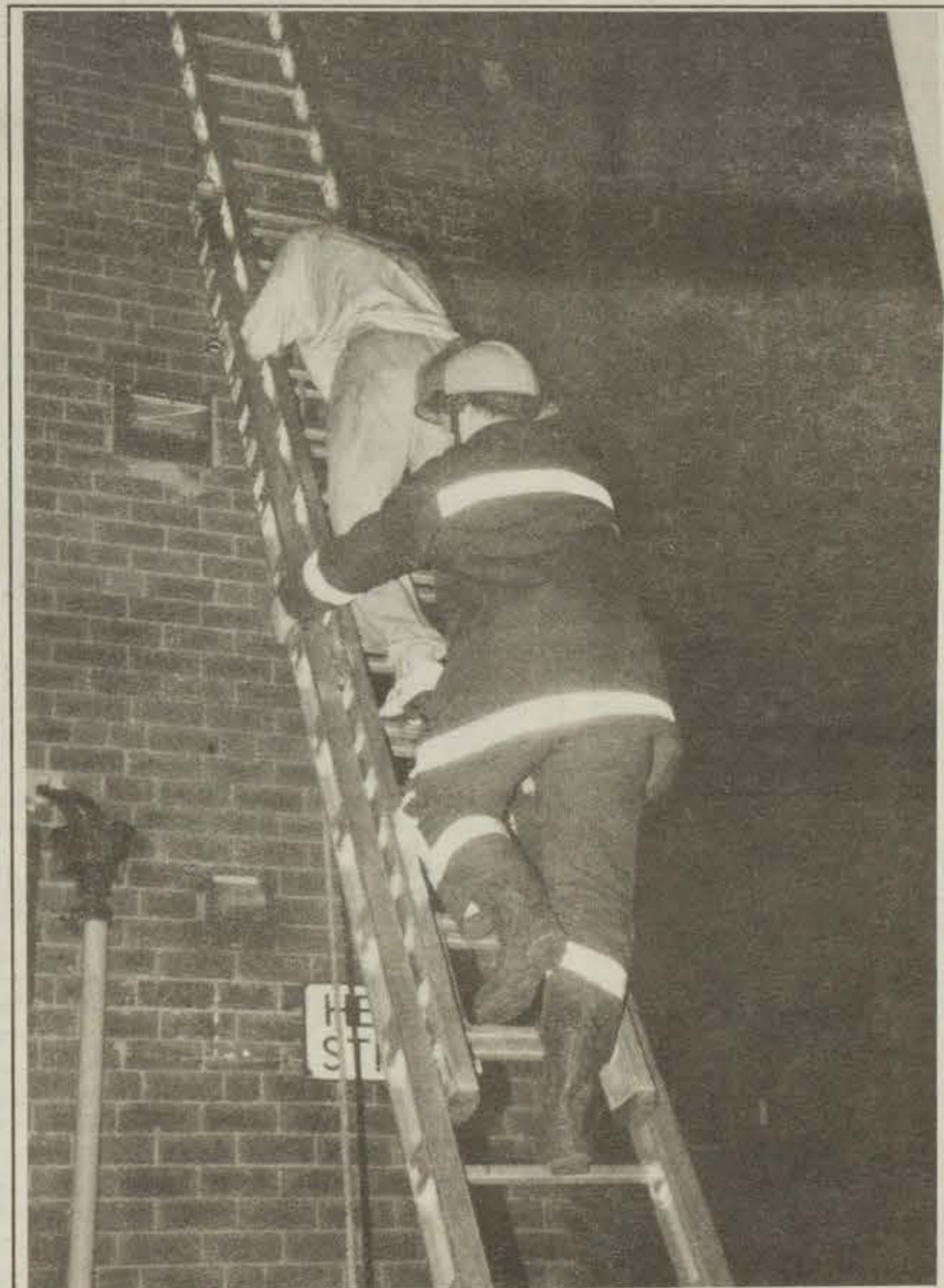
The first fire engine arrived four minutes after receiving the call. Firemen brought the fire under control within 15 minutes. Ground floor rooms suffered heat and fire damage with the remainder smoke-logged.

Sub Officer McKeating of West Yorkshire Fire service dealt with the blaze. He said: "The house was definitely made uninhabitable, the smoke went throughout the house and left a horrible oily carbon filament which got into hi-fis, drawers and everywhere."

He warned of the danger of fires in student houses: "Chip pan fires are usually the most deadly household fire risk. People go out, have a good booze up, come home and make some chips. They then fall asleep. That's what happened here, the gas was still on when we arrived.

"There are hundreds and hundreds of this kind of fire each year. If they'd had a smoke alarm, their lives need not have been put at risk. They are very easy and cheap to fit."

Luckily, the students were all released from hospital. Wood said: "We were kept in LGI for a few hours for tests and observation due to smoke inhalation. I had an exam the next day and this wasn't exactly the best preparation."



Safe at last. The student, covered in ash, descends the final rungs of the ladder. He was quickly taken to the LGI, believed to be suffering from smoke inhalation, but was later released. The students praised the swift and thoughtful response of the fire service for helping them escape from the top floor of their home.



Having extinguished the blaze, the firemen scale the walls to rescue the two students stranded on the top floor.



The students begin their precarious descent, assisted by members of the West Yorks Fire Service.

All Pics: Ed Crispin

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Lane walk-out

Lecturers at higher education colleges throughout Leeds walked out last week in protest over increased work-loads. Striking lecturers at Park Lane College claim that under the proposed new contractual system of employment, they will have increased workloads and consequently the standard of teaching will suffer.

The lecturers walked out for two days and have threatened further strikes if employers are not prepared to negotiate the new contracts. The industrial action coincided with both GCSE and A Level exams. However the lecturers

are said to have received support from all the students as well.

Colin Dews, NATFHE union spokesman for Park Lane, said: "More than 200 students from the college have signed a petition supporting our action. Our primary concern is for the students, but a point comes when we have to say how much more we can take."

"An increase in working hours isn't good for us and it isn't good for the students," he added. "If we are working an

increased number of hours, the quality of education is bound to deteriorate."

Greg Banks, branch Secretary of NATFHE, said: "Strike action will continue until discussions between both sides are held and an agreement is reached."

One student, who wished to remain anonymous, sympathised with the lecturers at the college. "I think the amount of work that the lecturers do is amazing. They deserve to be treated much better. I don't agree with lecturers having such a high workload because it affects their quality of teaching."

By Helen Crossley

Summer sport heats up

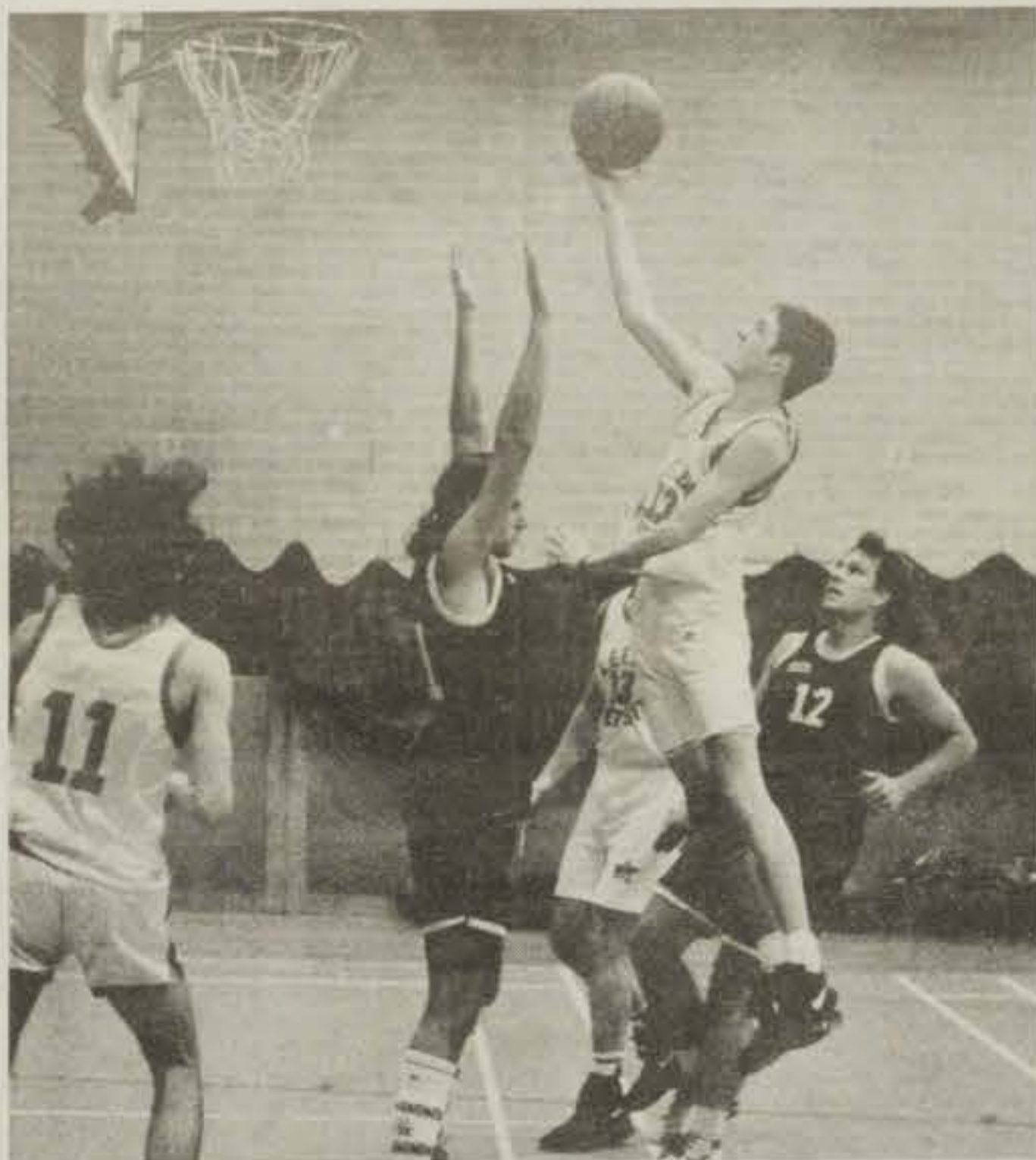
Attention all sports fans: Next week sees the return of the annual 'Festival of Sport' at Leeds University Union and there promises to be something for everyone who wants to attend, writes Paul Greenough.

Most of the events are already arranged and teams have already been sorted out, but there are possible places for more competitors and groups.

Events range from mixed doubles badminton through to squash, cricket, hockey and basketball. Substantial amounts of beer will be available for the lucky winners as well as T-shirts, socks and other goodies on offer for the runners-up.

However the less serious-minded can participate in a brutal "Tug of War" at 1.30pm on Wednesday. It will take place at Westwood playing fields where the bar will be open for those who need light refreshment and rest from the sunshine.

Clare Simister, Assistant Sports Administrator and organiser of the event, said



Warming up for a hot summer of sports

that many of the places were already taken but anyone who wants a go can just turn up and see if there is room.

For more information see Clare in the Sports office opposite Exec in the Leeds University Union building.

Old sub is all dried out

By Toby Wakely

A rare second world war submarine engine has been found 'high and dry' in the vaults of the former Kirkstall brewery - the site which is soon to be developed into flats for more than 1,000 Leeds Metropolitan University students.

The 17-ton Brotherhood Ricardo engine is being dismantled by a team of engineers, who will knock a hole in the brewery wall before removing sections of the engine by crane over the Leeds-Liverpool canal next to the brewery.

The engine was built by Peter Brotherhood & Co from

Peterborough during the second world war. It was invented in the 1930s by Sir Harry Ricardo, a great designer of internal combustion engines, but never actually made it to sea.

In 1953 the engine moved to Kirkstall brewery, where it was used as a stand-by generator until the brewery closed down in 1983. It will spend the next 12 months on loan to The Anson Museum in Cheshire before being given a permanent home in the Leeds Industrial Museum at Armley Mills.

Ron Fitzgerald, Keeper of Industrial Heritage at the museum, explained the significance of the discovery: "The engine was designed in 1928. In the inter-war period there was a need to replace the old conventional valves with a sleeve valve. As a piece of technology this engine is very important indeed. To the best of my knowledge there isn't another sleeve engine in the country."

He added: "This is a very exciting find indeed. It's certainly the high point of my involvement with diesel engines."

Ribbon rescue

Oxfam has launched a Rwanda public awareness campaign. It aims to highlight the plight of refugees who are victims of the current fighting in the country. Students can show their support for the cause by picking up a black ribbon with 'Rwanda' printed on it from any Oxfam shop, and by making a donation to Oxfam's emergency work. All money received will go towards helping the refugees. It will be used to help to provide clean water, shelter and health workers for refugee camps.

Action stations

Leeds University Union's Action is on the look-out for volunteers during the summer months. Anyone interested in helping elderly people or the disabled should contact Emma Roberts in Action on 314260.

Ale and hearty

Beer connoisseurs in Leeds will have the opportunity to tantalize their tastebuds from Tuesday. The day marks the opening of 'Timothy Taylor's Ale Shop', selling specialist beers and homebrewing equipment. The prize-winning brewers will be taking over the Ale House on Raglan Road, and say they will offer something for everyone, from the beer and wine expert to the casual drinker.

Leeds Student

Leeds Student will return in Introweek in October 1994.

New class of degrees

Leeds Metropolitan University is leading the way with a new postgraduate course promising to put the needs of students first, writes David Smith.

The flexible 'Postgraduate Certificate in Research Methodology' gives students more power to set their own research goals - and to pursue them successfully.

The course is open to students without any prior experience of university life. "We wanted to break down the elitist view of postgraduate degrees to make them more accessible," said Howard Green, chair of research degrees at LMU.

More than 60 people have taken part this year, most of whom paid a fee between £400 and £600 to study on a part-time basis.

There is already plenty of support for postgraduates at LMU, where the Student Research Society is about to enter its third year. Secretary Leigh Spears, one of its founding members, said: "We began by just meeting in the pub, but by doing the certificate we met other research students, and now have more formal society meetings."

Although similar to MRes - the qualification newly proposed by the Government - the LMU certificate aims to be less rigidly structured. Green added: "It allows students to gain basic skills to begin with, and then to take additional courses as they find that they need them."

Knife Attack

Two Leeds University students had their exam celebrations cut short on Wednesday evening when they were attacked outside the Natwest bank's University branch, writes Tim Gallagher. Jeremy Edwards and Greg Stone, both second year Geography/Geology students, had finished their exams and were withdrawing money for a celebratory evening out when the attack occurred.

Three hooded youths, armed with a six-inch kitchen knife, stopped the two students at around 11.30pm and demanded their wallets. After holding the knife to Edwards' throat, the assailants fled with £30. The attack stunned the pair. "It's a horrible end to the academic year," said Edwards, "I'm disgusted." Police are investigating the incident.

LUU First Aid scare

Following a dramatic incident at Leeds University Union, the members of Exec and the security team are to receive first aid training from the start of next year, a meeting of LUU Exec has decided, writes Paul Greenough.

Last week, after closing time, a student was making his way outside when he began to feel unwell. He was taken outside for some air and appeared to be feeling better but then collapsed by the front door after complaining of pains in his chest.

Members of LUU Security and Administration Secretary Chris Westwood looked on helpless as the student started to have a fit. Fortunately for the ailing student, an ambulance was on the scene within minutes.

A motion was passed at last week's Executive Committee meeting, stating that all security team leaders should be given first aid training to cope with such incidents. This was extended to cover members of Exec

Students welcomed the decision. Second year Julian Ball said: "It would be very reassuring to know that security could be useful if they were needed."

Summertime: living ain't easy

Hungry students staying in Leeds over the summer should again be able to take advantage of free food from Leeds University Union, following fears that financial hardships will worsen. LUU plans to provide either a regular soup kitchen or parcels of free food to hand out to students.

The event follows last year's soup kitchens, held every weekday lunchtime, which attracted large numbers of students.

This time, however, the

union may hand out food parcels to discourage the homeless people who were also attracted last year.

Ceri Nursaw, LUU Welfare Secretary, said that many students stayed in Leeds because they felt the city gave them more chance of finding summer work. "The number of students in Leeds over the summer is getting higher and higher. Work is then harder to get and so more are going hungry," she said.

Initially, the first soup kitchens were designed to act

By Paul Greenough

as publicity stunts to highlight student poverty - but then it was noticed that there was a genuine need for the service.

Over recent years, aid for students has been slashed with the loss of housing and employment benefits in 1991.

Reports have stated that 15 per cent of students have occasionally had to go without food due to lack of funds, whilst others have had to share out small amounts of food

between several people. Mature students are among those hardest hit, especially those with families. Other students are faced with court action, eviction or being cut off from vital fuel supplies.

The food for the soup kitchens will be sought from manufacturers. If it is decided to opt for food parcels instead, then students going home will be asked to drop their excess food into the union before they leave.

Students welcomed the action. Christine Denton, a

second year History student, said she would be using the service: "It's going to be very helpful for me - this is something constructive that the union is doing."

Other students expressed worries over money this summer. Jason Wright, a first year at Leeds Metropolitan University, said: "I'm really worried about cash for this summer - there's no work either here or at home and I can't rely on my parents for money, so I'm getting desperate."



Grub's up in the kitchen

Drugs bust-up

A student assaulted this week by a "known drug dealer" on Leeds University Union steps has described the attack as unprovoked, writes Rosa Prince.

The student, who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of reprisals, suffered a badly cut eye, and the police are treating the incident as ABH.

The victim claims that his assailant has verbally abused him on a number of occasions throughout the year. "He asked me where he could sell drugs but when he realised that I wasn't into buying or selling drugs he realised he'd made a mistake," he said.

The student claims the fact that he was aware of the dealer's involvement in drugs marked him out as a target for abuse. In the most recent incident this week, the dealer approached the student outside the union. "He grabbed me and when I told him to get lost he smacked me one."

The assailant is described as black, over 6ft, unshaven, with poor skin and a protruding chin. He was wearing a dark jacket, jeans and trainers.

Leeds gays take pride in demo

Pride '94 - billed as "a celebration of diverse sexuality and Europe's biggest free festival" - attracted a record turnout from Leeds students, writes Jason Gilman.

And in response to pressure for a more political theme to the march, the slogan for the day became '25 years out and proud - equality and freedom now'.

This year's trip was organised by Leeds University Union's Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Society, and began at 7am outside the Parkinson steps.

In London, thousands gathered at Speaker's Corner for the beginning of the march. The route passed through Piccadilly and Whitehall as well as Downing Street and Parliament.

London's public transport system coped extremely well and transported the marchers on to Brockwell Park near Brixton for the second part of the festivities. At the final count, more than 200,000 people descended on the park.

They came to see the marquees, mant stalls, fabulous bodies and, of course, the celebs. Appearing on stage were such icons as Sonia, Julian Clary, Jimmy Somerville, Bananarama, Bjorn Again (definitely stealing

the show) and several others. Boy George was last to perform, accompanied by a spectacular firework display.

Everyone was made welcome. Chris, a third year Biology student at Leeds University (and devoted heterosexual), said: "It was fantastic. There was something for everybody - everyone should go!" She added: "There were so many sexy people there, but they were all gay!" Paul, a second year Ecology student, said: "It was our day - the only time of year when I was free to show my love. Everyone felt united in friendship for a common cause."

These sentiments were echoed by Tessa Fairweather, a second year Language student: "It was a wonderful chance to celebrate our diversity, the enormous numbers there made us feel powerful."

Everyone had their own reasons for being there but they all came together in a massive celebration of sexuality. Pride was given only a passing mention in the media; on the next day the mere 4,000 people who protested at the Child Support Agency received extensive coverage.

Pride '95 may not even take place - such an event would become illegal under the new Criminal Justice Bill.



Turning heads in London - Pride '94

Pic: Debashis Singh

Chris is quids in

Attempts by Chris Westwood, Admin Secretary at Leeds University Union, to vote himself an extra £1,000 for "the quality of the work" he has done this year nearly paid off last week - only to be thwarted by a "jealous" colleague, writes Paul Greenough.

Westwood proposed a motion at last week's Executive Committee meeting that the union should award him "a single out-of-hand payment" in recognition of his work this year. He asked for any objections.

The ingenious Westwood offered a £50 'bribe' to any member of Exec who would vote for the motion. Hard-up Exec officers jumped at the chance of some quick cash and Westwood's plan was soon passed by the Committee.

However, LUU's Financial Affairs Secretary, Elliot Reuben, stopped any dodgy dealing and declared that the motion was against the constitution, thus single-handedly saving the integrity of the union.

High flyer glides to record

An ex-Leeds University student will be on top of the world next month - when she takes part in the Women's World Hang-Gliding Championship in Washington State, USA.

Twenty-three-year-old Niky Hamilton took up the sport three years ago whilst at Leeds University and is already being tipped as the latest hot property in the world of Women's Hang-Gliding. Her many trophies include the British Women's Open Championship last month, where she also received the Keith Cockroft Memorial Trophy as the British Open Best Newcomer.

By Catherine Allen

Recently Niky claimed the British Ladies' Shield for Best Personal Best, after completing an 85-mile endurance flight from South Wales to Bournemouth. When she arrived at the Airwave Challenge she was told that it was an all male event, but decided to race anyway and beat the race winner by 50 miles.

Airwave were so impressed by her performance that they have offered to sponsor her for the World Women's Championship. The Sports Council has also paid for her entry into the event.

The championship takes place in Chelan, North America, where Niky will be part of the British four-woman team. In order to participate she will have to leave her laboratory job at Yorkshire Water, and still needs £1,000 sponsorship for her fare and transporting her glider.

Those in the competition will be tackling huge thermals at Chelan to reach distances of at least 100 miles a day over 10 days.

After the World Championship, Niky will be trying to get into the record books by flying a triangular course in Spain for women in the British League.

Emmerdale rave wash-out

As if the recent plane crash wasn't enough, the peaceful countryside of Emmerdale was disturbed again on Tuesday by the beats of 2 Unlimited and the Prodigy. More than a hundred people, many of them students, went down on the farm for the filming of a legal rave for the Yorkshire soap.

Justin Bates, who organised the mass casting of student extras, searched the Faversham and both students unions in Leeds for willing ravers. However, the event was marred by the weather - it poured down all day - and a

By Helen Crossley

repeat performance may be called for July 11th.

The rave was filmed in the grounds of Harewood House, Leeds, and is expected to be broadcast towards the end of August.

The ravers were paid £30 for their co-operation and the opportunity to do a bit of celebrity-spotting was also thrown into the bargain. Among the Emmerdale stars on view were Frasier Hines, alias Joe Sugden, and Clive Hornby, alias Jack Sugden.

However, the most popular

proved to be hunky heart-throb Noah Huntley, alias Luke McAllister, also known as the 'Flora man'.

Jeannine Bayne, a second year Food Science student at Leeds University, said: "Some of the time we had to rave without music and we all got pretty wet - dancing in the rain! It was a good day out. Free food and drink were provided, but unfortunately drugs weren't in supply."

Organiser Bates thought the day was a great success and praised the students who took part: "Great ravers - shame about the weather," he said.

Boozer boss Firks off

OFF CAMPUS



Howzat

An unfortunate cricketer was taken to hospital this week after catching his own balls - on a hook sticking out of a sightscreen. Mark Hubbard was carrying out repairs to the screen when he slipped and his 17-stone body fell 12 feet right onto the hook. After receiving stitches in hospital he said: "The hook got me right where it shouldn't but everything's in working order."

Di in for a job

This week *The Sun* told John Major to offer Princess Diana a job at Number 10. The newspaper noted the way that she has "Shrewdly upstaged Charles again", and her "saintliness" makes it difficult to see her on the cover of *Vogue*.

Kids shop dad

Police had an interesting clue to the burglary of a mobile cafe in Machynlleth, Powys - the thief's two children. The boys, aged seven and nine, were left behind by their forgetful father and were found cowering in a nearby field by the owner of the cafe. All they asked was: "Where's Daddy?" Police took the boys home and a man was later freed on bail.

Frog off

A batty Tory MP is fighting to ban the use of French words in public and is even introducing a Bill imposing on the spot fines for those who persist in using the language in public. Anthony Steen plans to introduce the Bill in July and he describes it as a tit-for-tat measure against French plans to ban the use of English on posters and in ads. So there will be no more aperitifs, and encores will definitely be out of the question.

Love kills

Relatives of a 25-year-old Chinaman forced him to spend £1,500 on a wedding only for it to be held in a morgue and for the bride to be in a coffin. The one wedding and a funeral happened because his girlfriend, 22-year-old Yu, killed herself after he ended the relationship, but her family made him buy a ring, a dress and arrange music for the ceremony in her memory.

Lastonbury

The high price of Glastonbury tickets has proved too much for one student in Sheffield. Left ticketless, the enterprising muso has decided to launch a rival music festival - in his own backyard. The student plans to entertain the revellers at 'Lastonbury' with his portable ghettoblaster.

Compiled by Paul Greenough

The life and soul of the Hyde Park pub - much loved landlord Trevor Baker - is leaving after six years to face a new challenge.

Trevor became the toast of Leeds by winning the prestigious Cellarman of the Year award in 1992.

He has made the Tetley pub a favourite student haunt over past years, winning renown for Quizgo on Sundays and karaoke on Tuesdays. The Hyde Park was the first pub in the North to offer karaoke - though some punters may

yet want to debate whether this was really such a good idea.

Trev is not disappearing but is taking on the 'Feast and Firkin' on the site of the old library, just down the road from the Hyde Park.

He confesses that he'll shed a few tears on leaving his old pub, but says he is cheerfully looking forward to his future at the Firkin, which will brew its own beer on site.

Entertainment, at which Trev has proved himself an expert, will be exciting and innovative - which could also

By Pennie Cabot

mean rude and highly amusing.

The atmosphere will be heightened by old fashioned waiters serving discerning drinkers at their tables.

Looking back on a happy reign at the Hyde Park, Trev said: "I want to thank all my regular customers. After all, it's they who make the atmosphere in any pub."

A large number of them will likely as not follow Trev next year - a Firkin good time is promised for all.



Cheers, Trev moves on

Pic: Debashis Singh

Bill bashers party in the Park

By Catherine Allen

Students joined a large gathering in protest against the Criminal Justice Bill in Hyde Park, Leeds 6 last week.

The Government's proposals would outlaw public gatherings of more than 100 people, hitting demonstrations and raves.

Protestor Janine Davidson said: "Everybody had a good time - probably the most important aspect of the event."

The demonstrators included members of Leeds University Union's Hunt Saboteurs Society, concerned about how the Bill might affect animal rights events.

Events included a giant twister game, fire eaters and a bouncy castle. A number of speakers told a rally what



Protesters chill out in the Hyde Park the bill would mean if it went through and how the liberty of everyone would be affected.

However, not all those in

attendance were so impressed. Madeline Exley, a former student said: "I didn't know people like this still existed."

Meanwhile, a national demonstration is being organised to protest against the Criminal Justice Bill in London on July 24th.

Pic: Debashis Singh

Drills are not brill

Industry is boring - that is the message that university graduates are giving to employers, writes Nicola Woolcock. Students are rejecting employment in the manufacturing industry, preferring careers in the service sector, a recent survey has shown.

The number of graduates from the 'traditional' universities who are entering industry has fallen from 33 per cent in 1983 to 21 per cent in 1993.

The survey showed that only two thirds of graduates in engineering, technology and humanities took jobs in industry, as did a third of those in physical sciences and maths, and a sixth of those with qualifications in business and finance.

These figures mark a

substantial drop from last year.

The Confederation of British Industry claimed that the results were alarming, saying that it had worked hard to promote the manufacturing industry.

Charlotta Geen, manager of the Student Industrial Society which helps to arrange student visits to companies, blamed graduates' lack of interest on the poor starting salaries offered by jobs in this sector.

She added that most people perceived industrial companies as being "still pretty dirty".

Her solution to the problem would be to change the attitudes of industry bosses: "They have to prove there are 'real people' in there, that they have a sense of humour," she said.

High street bank war heats up

As the Government proposes to slash the student grant over the next three years, Britain's banks are introducing more 'student packages' which will prove irresistible, writes Pennie Cabot.

Lloyds' interest free overdraft is to increase to £600 for second years and £800 for finalists and has to be repaid over the five years after graduation.

Other banks and building societies making more substantial deals are the Midland, Barclays and Halifax. The latter will extend overdrafts to £1,000 on request.

There is also good news for graduates whose overdrafts are bigger than Linford Christie's lunchbox. Barclays bank is launching a new

scheme to take on students' accounts. "We will consider taking on accounts from other banks," said Graduate Manager Helen Higgins, "even if they are overdrawn."

Barclays is offering free financial management to graduates for up to five years.

Higgins believes the scheme will prove very popular: "Barclays is leading

the way with this kind of service," she said.

Student response was favourable to the newest round in the battle of the banks: "I've spent the last three years in debt and I'm probably going to spend the next three skint. Increased overdrafts and graduate management schemes are a really good idea," said graduate John Hopkins.

How the bankers compare

Bank	Overdraft limit	Incentive
Barclays	£400 rising to £700	Insurance
Halifax	£500	£15 cash gift
Lloyds	£400 rising to £800	Insurance
Midland	£500 rising to £700	Railcard/ £15
NatWest	£400 rising to £500	£25 cash
Bank of Scotland	£400	£25 cash
TSB	£400	£10 cash

Amsterdam plans meet hitch

Twenty-five Leeds students saw their dreams of a weekend in Amsterdam go up in smoke last week when their tickets were cancelled by the organisers.

The students paid £39 each to visit Amsterdam as part of a post-exam 'trip' organised by a travel company each year. Originally four coaches were hired but at the last minute one was cancelled leaving the 25 students disappointed and angry.

"I was furious," said second year History student Charlotte Walter, "we had paid our money and then it was all off. It was unfair because we had booked before many of the students who went in the end."

Walter continued: "I thought it was going to be so good - everyone was really excited about going to Amsterdam. It's been really badly organised."

Organisers claimed that the coach

By Matt Roper

was cancelled because it was unroadworthy and could not be replaced at the last minute. They also said and only those students who had booked last had missed out.

However students remained unconvinced. Walter said: "Some of my friends had booked after us and

they still went. What annoys me most is that there were still places left on the other coaches, and if it had been better organised some of us could have gone. At first I was worried that I wasn't going to get my money back."

All money has been returned to those who bought tickets. However several of the students lost out financially because they had changed money into Dutch guilders - and had

to pay commission to change it back.

The trip to Amsterdam is an annual event and most students who went said they would go again. Second year Sam Cox said: "I enjoyed the trip, it was just a shame that not everyone could go."

The organisers were unavailable for comment, but did assure students that the trip will go ahead next year as well.

Female prof engineers success Viciously talented

Leeds Metropolitan University is to gain a new Dean in September - and she will become one of the few women in a British university to head an engineering faculty. Professor Gaynor Taylor will take up her post as Dean of the Faculty of Information and Engineering Systems at LMU next term.

Taylor's engineering history includes working for five years at GEC-Marconi, where she developed techniques for designing products such as digital systems and filters. She studied at UMIST in Manchester and was appointed to Hull University in 1980, where she became Professor of Systems Design in 1991.

By Nicola Woolcock

Professor Taylor's diverse intellectual interests revolve around circuit design, control theory, automation and creating natural wood. Despite her recent appointment, Taylor is unhappy about the low number of women involved with engineering. She said: "Obviously I'd like to see many more women come into engineering. From within the profession, there is no problem in terms of women getting on; the sticking point is still the issue of too few girls choosing maths and physics at A level and so limiting their options at that early stage."

The national number of women studying engineering has doubled over the last decade, but they still make up only 15 per cent of engineering students. Women are also under-represented in engineering and manual work, according to a survey carried out by LMU's Policy Research Unit and commissioned by the Department of Employment.

The results show that women's employment in the region is still concentrated around the service industry. Those women who do hold manual occupations receive, on average, 62 per cent of the weekly wage of their male counterparts. The survey also



Professor Taylor - breaking down barriers for women in engineering

claims that: "Employers who do not recognise the under-utilised potential of women will be disadvantaged."

Local musos will get the chance to display their talents in front of a celebrity panel of judges next month, writes Helen Crossley.

The weekend-long 'Leeds Vicious Sound' will kick off at 12 noon on Saturday 23rd July, with a showcase of up-and-coming musical talent at Leeds Town & Country Club.

The following evening sees the climax of the final of Yorkshire's largest ever student music awards when school and college bands from throughout the county battle it out.

The finalists, having already beaten more than 50 young bands with their demo tapes, will take to the stage to impress

the judges, made up of Leeds-based techno-rock stars Utah Saints and music celebrities.

Musical styles in the competition vary from psychedelic rock to acid-jazz and thrash-funk, but Utah Saints frontman Jez Willis said the judges would be keeping an open mind: "Whether it's rock, rap, soul or metal, we'll be looking for bands which have that something out of the ordinary about them. The atmosphere should be pretty tense as the panel will make their decision on the night."

Tickets for the event cost £3 per day or £5 for the weekend and are available from the T&C box office.

Pen mightier than bunsen

By Tim Gallagher

Wacky scientist Steve Hill has scooped a top prize for his writing skills. Steve, a PhD student in Colour Chemistry at Leeds University, submitted an article to a young science writing competition in the *Daily Telegraph* at the beginning of the year.

However, Steve had completely forgotten about the contest when he was contacted by the organisers.

"I was shocked when they rang me up," said Steve who, as well as being a top boffin, manages to find time to be President of Leeds University Union's Theatre Group.

The prize-winning article, taken from his dissertation of environmental dyeing processes, has won him an expenses paid trip to New Orleans.

And Steve, who one day hopes to host TV's *Tomorrow's World* and has filled the pages of *Leeds Student* with witty prose for the last few years - editing The Guide section - is delighted with the win. "I still cannot believe I've



How did he do that? - Prize winner Steve Hill

Pic: Debashis Singh

won," he said, "It's a dream come true."

Steve reckons that beating hundreds of other competitors has given him the incentive to

swap the test tube for the pen: "Winning this competition has provided me inspiration to pursue a career in science writing," he said.

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For Students, Graduates and Professionals

The last ever Hamer Horror. He's only 5ft 5 but he kicks butt

This is my last column and so perhaps it is time to recognise its absurdity, its ridiculous self-importance, its pomposity and the fact that it is written by someone who isn't even 5ft 6 inches tall.

Like Michael Ryan after blasting everyone in sight I feel that I should save the last bullet for myself. Surrounded by liberals and with one column left, it is time to face the music.

But if I am honest I have enjoyed writing this column as much as I have enjoyed the rest of university.

I have been insulted to my face, publicly accosted in the union, shunned by my housemates, vilified by tutors, and worst of all a born again Christian threatened to throw her glass of orange juice over me. What a stupid old slag she was.

Yet, at the same time a few people I have never met before

Rupert Hamer on Friday



have shaken my hand with a warm smile and said they enjoy what I write.

This is, of course, a bit worrying. Coming face to face with this kind of lunatic can

really be disturbing.

What is pleasing though is that I have created just the kind of enemies I wanted to create. Those stinking middle class liberals who hide behind fake

values which simply suit their current situation. As soon as they are earning a decent packet under the capitalist system they so despise watch how they will change their tune. See how "help the homeless" will soon become "fuck the poor" after a few accountants' wage packets.

And as for those who vilify me as a right-wing bigot I can honestly say I have encountered more intolerance amongst the liberal left than anyone else.

Their politically correct

bullshit is as paper thin as their obvious self-interest.

We are all sinners and the sooner we recognise it and cut the crap the better. Anyone who plays the "holier than thou" card is far more of a bigot than I could ever hope to be.

As for myself, I may be only just over 5ft 5, but I wish you decent, honest sinners all the luck in the world. It is exactly what you deserve.

Arts pages: Order of the brown nose and red faces

Dear Editor,

I write to complain about John McLeod's review of the Theatre Group's production of Ben Jonson's play 'Volpone'. I do not wish to complain about the content, nor the commendation of the play. Not at all. I agree with him entirely that it was surely one of the Theatre Group's finest productions.

The reason I write to complain is that I was amazed

that no mention was made of Matt Bristow, who played Corvino. Indeed, Jenny Page was good as his downtrodden wife, Celia, but to say that the scenes between Corvino and Celia were "extremely painful to watch due to Page's performance" seems to me absolute ignorance of Bristow's superb performance.

For me, and I know I am no means the only one to believe so, his performance brought a vital energy to the play. I wasn't the

only member of the audience to feel a genuine fear, throughout the scenes mentioned above, mainly as a result of the electrifying presence and power of Corvino.

Perhaps this seems rather too much like a fan letter and, well, maybe it is, but I strongly believe in credit where credit is due.

I enjoyed 'Volpone' immensely but found the review lacking. Matt Bristow deserves a mention in the *Leeds Student*

for his brilliant performance and if the reviewer is too blind or ignorant to realise this then it is up to others to correct him. Perhaps Mr McLeod should pay attention to the various conversations during the interval, and then maybe I would not have felt this letter was needed.

That said I would like to thank the cast as a whole for a truly excellent evening's entertainment.

D. Hough

Dear Richard,

As a reader of *Leeds Student*, I feel compelled to write and bring to your attention the write-up of 'Two' by Sara Buys in the June 10th issue.

I think it totally incompetent and unobservant that your reporter cannot get the correct names of the actors when there

are only two actors in the play!!!

I quote: "Cathy Denford portrays a wife that has wearied a masquerading happiness." Cathy Denford isn't one of the actors - she is the director. Tricia Kelly is the actress who plays the wife.

I wanted to point this out because I myself have been to

see the play 'Two', and thought it was an absolute work of art - Philip Martin Brown is incredibly talented, as he manages to transform himself from a 20-year-old youth to an 80-year-old gentleman in the space of about 30 seconds, and then back to a 7-year-old boy in the same amount of time. And as

for Tricia Kelly, in all of her eight roles she brings so much emotion into the play, it's hard to hold back the tears.

Perhaps I should be writing your theatre reviews - what do you think?

Yours sincerely,
Rachel F Brooke

the HACK

A weekly sketch of student politics

Say "John Rose Robin Johns" very quickly and before long they sound the same. The General Secretary and General Secretary-elect respectively of Leeds University Union are the same side of two coins, and when they sat side-by-side at this week's Joint Union Council meeting - Rose with red shirt, brown hair, Johns brown shirt, red hair - there was the distinct sensation of parallel universes in collision.

John Robins - excuse me, Robin Johns - shares both a house and an ego with his predecessor, not to mention an unmistakable air of pomposity on formal occasions. New members of U/C were left in no doubt of this when chairperson Johns put what must have been long hours of self-assertion classes into practice. "Okay, guys, quiet please. Can we all introduce ourselves?" he fairly rapped, thereby prompting a slightly ridiculous relay of self-analysis.

Joint U/C is a jolly annual get-together of the teams of last year and next - the LUU equivalent of Captain Kirk and co coming face to face with the Next Generation. Indeed, there was talk of the futuristic-sounding 'Enterprise Steering Committee' - Rose Johns is made from that same heroic Bill Shatner mould - but that was the least bizarre turn on a day that bordered on the surreal.

First there was the bureaucracy. It was enough to put new members off for life. You could tell who they were by the lost, bewildered faces, the eyes that glazed over within minutes and the expression on their faces that said well, at least I've only got one more year on U/C.

One of the veterans, John Rose, keen not to be outdone by his clone, said that the chair of L U U 's

Disciplinary Tribunal should be elected by cross-campus ballot. Elliot Reuben said he read the constitution differently. Cue Mark Walton and Dave Stanley, who raced out of the room for a copy of the sacred document, like two schoolboys who've just hit upon the hilarious prank of hiding up a tree and pouring ink all over Fatty Jenkins.

By now Johns was angst-ridden and losing control. "Mark, what does it say?" he barked. But not even 'Captain Constitution' - as Walton was later dubbed - could provide a conclusive answer. So 'Realist Reuben' struck home the point that no one would be bothered to vote cross-campus. 'Rhetoric Rose' volleyed back that that was how Exec had been elected, and Reuben smashed a winner with the reply: "Exactly."

One debate had taken more than 10 minutes, and there were still 30-odd committees to go - the pressure was mounting on the boy wonder in the chair. "Guys, shhhh, order!" he demanded, only to have his aura of self-importance unceremoniously burst by Elliot Reuben: "I'd like to propose that every time Robin Johns calls us 'guys', we reply 'Ginger'." Ginger Johns smiled weakly, but did not appear entirely amused.

The red tape stretched further, embracing first an election between Dave Stanley and Tim Goodall (Johns: "Right, so it's between Dave and Ellie"), more constitutional controversy (Johns: "You're voting for or or and") and almost theatrically protracted discussions on the Nursery Management Committee, the Print Room Management Committee, and as likely as not the How To Manage Three Committees Via Only Sixteen Sub-Committees Management Committee. There was really only one way to end it all:

JOHNS: Order please guys.
ALL: Ginger!

Save our Tetley Bitter

Dear Sir,

Although I did not actually go to LMU, I have visited mates there more times than I care to remember, and am amazed that Tetley will be withdrawn from the bar.

This is a decision made by Southern lager drinkers (I am from Manchester myself) who think that just because lager tastes the same so does ale.

If these sad people had any tastebuds or brains then they would realise that it is better to take Tetley, be it more expensive, than the 'crud of Manchester', or in other words 'Boddingtons'.

Boddies may be cheaper,

but it is by no means better than Tetley.

This decision has been taken on purely monetary grounds with no thought for quality or local choice. Leeds wants Tetley, not some rubbish trundled across the M62 with pretensions of being a good beer.

I would seriously ask you to consider sticking to tradition, whatever the cost, if enough people support the campaign to save Tetley's.

I wish you all the best in your fight against these lager-swilling soft Southerners.

Yours sincerely,
G Prescott

With reference to a letter printed on this page in June 1994, entitled "Illogical and irrational nonsense", *Leeds Student* correspondent Amelia Hill has asked us to print the following statement. *Leeds Student* reject the implication of the letter that either she or her piece are in any way racist. *Leeds Student* would like to apologise to Amelia Hill for any distress caused:

"As is the practice with newspapers, a sub editor and not Amelia Hill was responsible for the headline and introduction to her travel piece on India. Amelia Hill did not write either of these."

Don't slag - sheep

Dear Editor,

I am writing regarding the sheer stupidity of certain students at Leeds University. Whilst skateboarding on campus the other evening, I was slagged off by some idiot and his mates. It was nothing more than the usual "skate-boards are for kids", "Get a life" jibes skaters everywhere are used to. But this time it was different. As I looked down at their feet, to my horror I saw a

pair of Vans and a pair of Airwalks. For the clueless amongst you, Vans, Airwalks etc are all designed for skate-boarders and BMX-ers, not for mindless fashion victims. If you don't like skate-boarders that's fine, but don't wear our shoes and clothes, and if you do, don't slag us off. Go and find someone else to clone, sheep.

No Skate Fashion

Excessive expense claims - never

Dear Editor,

With regard to your editorial comment in the most recent issue of *Leeds Student*, [concerning excessive expense claims by

Student Loan Co staff] may I respectfully remind you of the rule about people in glass houses.

Yours sincerely
Sam Greenhill

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 longer than 300 words.

An Editor says goodbye to the highs - and the lows

This is the last piece that I will ever write for *Leeds Student*, after four years of hammering out thousands of paragraphs on antiquated word processors, my time is finally over.

Although sad, in some ways this is the beauty of *Leeds Student*. Every year new staff provide a fresh influx of ideas and style, ensuring that the paper never grows stale or out of touch. Week in week out nearly one hundred 'ordinary' students work together to produce this newspaper. Only

the Editor is paid, and yet, many of them give up over thirty hours a week to put the paper together. Without these staff this paper would never appear. Their dedication is at times unbelievable.

But *Leeds Student* is not perfect. We have made, and I'm sure will continue to make, the occasional mistake. But it is hardly surprising that mistakes are made when the Editor is forced to work a 70 hour week.

Leeds Student is the only weekly student newspaper in the country - and is forced to be by both union's constitutions.

LEEDS STUDENT

The sheer logistics of producing *Leeds Student*, with only one paid member of staff, means that in the first term the editor can work up to ninety hours a week. With the introduction of Desk Top Publishing - which saved both unions a large sum of money, the demands have now increased even further. Although paid, the Editors salary works out at about £1.50 an hour.

Some Editors become ill, some lose weight some just crack up. Personally, I attended my graduation having not slept for over 36 hours, and having graduated I left my friends in the pub while I took the paper to the printers. In another incident, when I informed, my 'head of personal', an executive officer, that a close relative had died, his only comment was: "you're still going

to get the paper out aren't you?" In the first term, I once slept for over 24 hours, having literally collapsed with exhaustion on Friday night.

The fact is that the Editor receives no formal support from anyone. And yet it is easily one of the most demanding and lonely executive jobs at either union. You can't take a day off, phone in sick, or work less than a seventy hour week.

Having said that, it's also the greatest job in the world. I'd do it again if I could. It is a fantastic experience, exciting and demanding. The buzz, when the

paper arrives on Friday is incredible.

However, if *Leeds Student* is ever to fulfill its full potential, both LUU, LMUSU and Leeds Student itself needs to urgently address the workload of the Editor, and the complete lack of support provided.

For a start they could employ someone to sell the £40,000 of advertising the Editor currently sells in between producing the paper. Then they could set up some formal network of support. At least that would be a start.

As they crack open their champagne corks and move on to pastures new, the time has come to ask what really took place among Exec this year. Blood was spilt, tears fell, but at the end of it all they claim they're still talking...

The captain of the ship was General Secretary John Rose. As the Hack described him once: "John Rose is one of those great English schoolboys. The clear-cut features, the bright inspiring eyes, that solid and dependable name."

But as long ago as October there were fears that behind that rugged handsome exterior lurked a sea of blandness. The Diary quickly dubbed him "Teflon Man" (no shit sticks to him) and indeed it didn't. John never unwound long enough to do anything wrong, and it was to be a humourless year.

In February, wag Elliot Reuben did his best to rectify his dire image and inject some spice where no spice had been before. At an Exec meeting, he mandated John to wear a dress for a day. The vote passed, and John was officially obliged to expose his feminine side. But bland will be bland, and John never donned his twin-set. He explained his reasons: "I know I'm in defiance of Exec, but they were being gratuitously stupid on this issue."

Fears that the blandness was spreading came in February as buddy and look-alike Robin Johns became General Secretary elect. Even the names sounded the same. Advice from one John to another - "Be whiter than white and keep talking to people," the great man had spoken.

John's one weak-spot was his girlfriend, 'Fluffy'. The name says it all, but John took great offence when the Diary (and members of his own staff) insinuated he was spending too much time in Fluff's company and not enough at his job: "The truth was bent," he protested.

The bad-boy of the pack has been Financial Affairs Secretary Elliot Reuban. He started the year as he aimed to carry on, with the Diary referring to his "increasingly public drug habit," following a recorded interview with Network in which Elliot described himself as "mashed".

SPOTLIGHT

They've been reigning from on high for a year now, so as their time draws to a close, *Rosa Prince* delves into the soap opera that was the class of '93/94 - and takes you behind the scenes with Exec.

Elliot's naughty ways continued into the year. His worst offence came after a night DJ-ing in Ricky's. Following the consumption of 24 vodka shots, Elliot was roundly sick in the Exec waste paper bin the next day.

But everybody loves a bad boy, and Elliot became *Leeds Student's* hero at least when in February he spear-headed the defence against the proposed banning of *The Sun*. When the motion was passed amid allegations that Liz Rouse had manipulated the vote with the involvement of Islamic Soc, things got nasty, and Elliot threatened resignation. The storm that followed has been described by most members of Exec as the worst of the year. Reflecting now though, Elliot says: "There was some friction between Liz and me, but we're both adults and it's all over now. I respect her point of view, although I don't agree with it."

Liz Rouse, Women's Officer was less pleased with the proceedings. "The *Sun* issue was always going to be controversial. I wasn't dictating my point of view and it's sad there was so much hassle." Liz was particularly unhappy with the *Leeds Student* coverage on this issue, and in general. "It's not fair. Whenever something came up I was just slammed. The reporting was often lax and generalised."

Liz did indeed come under fire for much of the year. Women's Week in March was swiftly labelled "Wimmin's Week", and Liz was criticised as an LGBT disco included gay men in a Week aimed at women.

But Liz's lowest point was to come. In April she failed to run an election to the NUS Women's Conference in Blackpool. Instead she sent three of her cronies, including herself, and then partner

Becca Ryan. The crime worsened still when Liz took the day off from conference (one of only three) to argue her case at the Sun OGM. Despite the calls for her resignation, and the mooting of the possibility of a vote-of-no-confidence at an OGM, now, in reflection, Liz claims she took the uproar in her stride: "I cocked up, but it wasn't malicious. I still think the people who went were legitimate."

Ceri Nersaw, Welfare Secretary, claimed she ran for office because she was a "normal person." Ceri did indeed provide a breath of fresh air after the sad union hacks who usually occupy the post, and a year of fun and japes was on its way.

The sad union hacks proved tetchy however about Ceri's drive for normalcy. Controversy came in November when Ceri included an Ann Summers party as part of Healthy Sex Week, amid criticism that the party was too frivolous. Ceri was undeterred however: "There were lots of vibrators, kinky underwear and plenty of giggling, and a safe sex message throughout," she said. Ceri herself obviously enjoyed the night. The Diary reported that she was forced to abandon the Ann Summers quiz on sexual experience as her score reached triple figures.

Ceri's promiscuous days were soon to come to an end however, as it was around this time that Ceri and colleague Chris Westwood fell for each other - truly, madly, deeply. Ahhhhh. The Exec office has been oozing serenity and harmony ever since.

If the sad union hacks were frustrated by Ceri, the Welfare Secretary was even more cheesed off with the bureaucracy and red-tape of the job. She describes the

NUS conferences as the worst part of the job: "I couldn't make any difference. At the Welfare meetings you realised noone gave a toss."

Ceri's partner in grime, Admin Secretary Chris Westwood, was another "normal" candidate. By the end of the year however, Chris was so sick of the union and student apathy that his own apathy rivalled theirs: "They couldn't care less and now neither can I."

So Chris slept his way through the year, failing to organise meetings, elections, and his own trip to work in the morning. The most laid-back member of Exec's greatest achievement however was the supreme failure of the AGM. The words piss-up and brewery came to mind as the event was postponed. And although *Leeds Student* promptly bayed for his resignation, Chris's feathers were not ruffled: "My coverage this year has been better than I expected."

While Chris's coverage may have been generous, Tess Walton's was non-existent. However, the Education Secretary does not lament her lack of exposure: "I wouldn't enjoy a high profile," she said.

Dedicated, hard-working, fastidious, (yawn) Tess rarely got excited about anything other than modularisation. She even managed to be out of the office during the *Sun* crisis.

After leading such scintillating, power driven lives for a year, it would perhaps be expected that this year's Exec are going on to exciting high flying positions in their chosen careers. The truth couldn't be more different.

Liz Rouse is signing on - as is Chris Westwood, surprise surprise. The glamorous John Rose is travelling this summer "possibly to Australia" and then returning to - er sign on. Tess Walton will temp while applying for jobs, and even the get up and go Ceri Nersaw could only manage the wardenship of a Unipol house. As she freely admits - "jobs for the boys." And what of bad boy Elliot? Well, he's returning to resit the third year of his Law degree, claiming that he was "ill" first time around. Anything to do with the 24 vodka shorts Elliot?



"Glamorous" John Rose



Bad-boy Elliot Reuben



Liz Rouse ate my hamster



Bubbly Ceri Nersaw



Lay-about Chris Westwood



Anonymous Tess Walton

A cop too far?

Robocop 3
Odeon Cinema

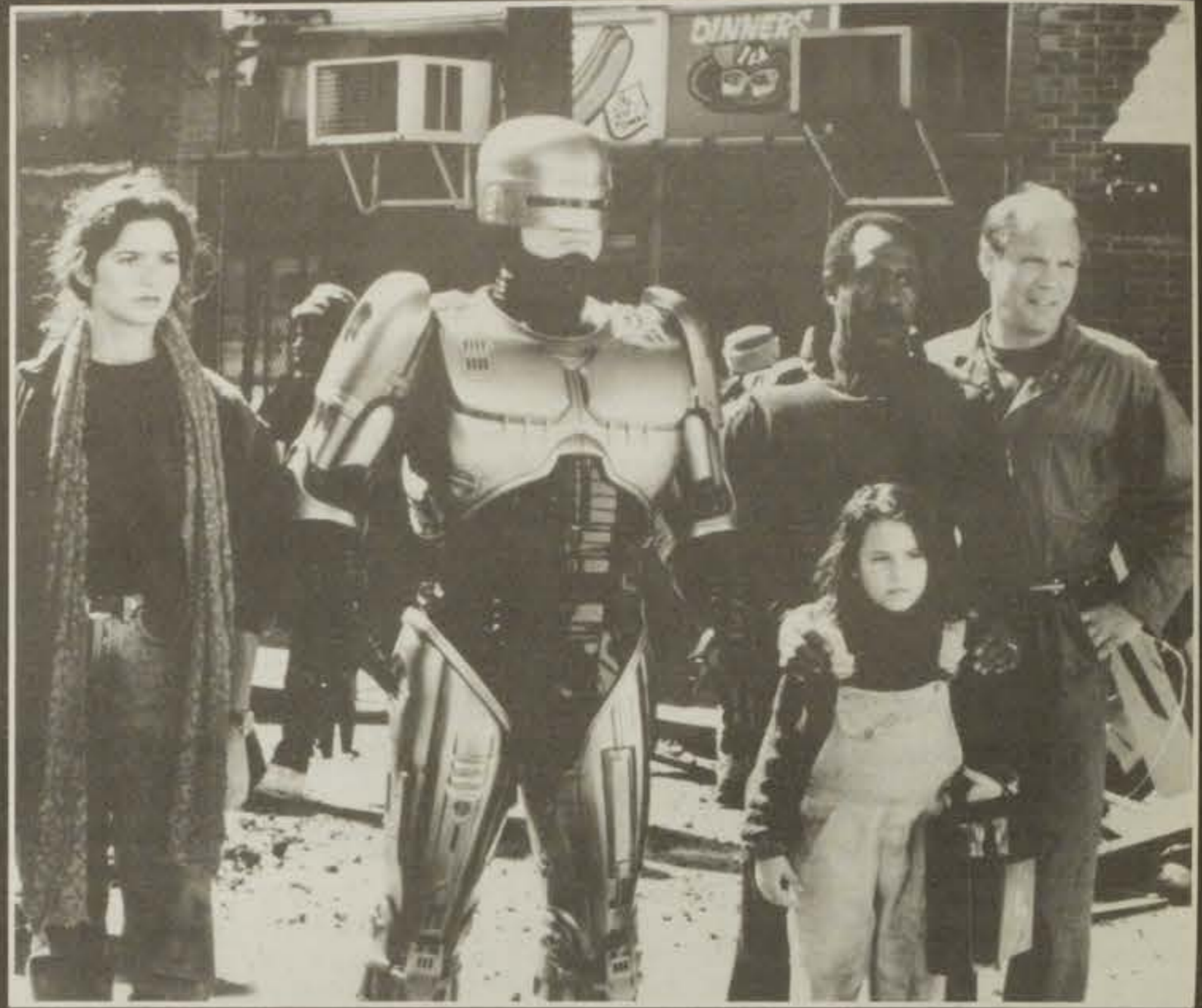
In a Detroit of the future citizens fight for their homes in Cadillac Heights, a residential area which is about to be bulldozed by property developers OCP. The plan is to create a futuristic super metropolis, Delta City. However, as usual, it's new versus old, money versus traditional values etc. and the OCP is becoming alarmingly powerful. The streets have been turned into war zones and so the time is ripe for the arrival of Robocop, who this time clubs together with the cyberpunk freedom fighters in order to save the city's soul.

There's not much change from the first two Robocops except that in this one an 8-year old girl named Nikko constantly saves the day with her computer wizardry. Suspension of disbelief is pushed to the limit as the nipper breaks into the top security research department and gives a message to Robocop's double crossing creator, Dr Lazarus. There's the usual conflict between man and machine in Robocop - perhaps a comment on the over-mechanised society in which we live but probably just a corny plot line for those who believe no movie is complete without a moral.

Perhaps Robocop 3 was not intended for such harsh scrutiny but there's a worrying amount of racism directed at the Japanese, those wonderful friends of all Americans. The corrupt OCP is owned by Japanese, and its attempts to conquer Detroit seem to highlight American fears of infiltration by those cock-a-doodie Japs. But of course any hints of possible racism are countered by the fact that the little heroine Nikko is half Japanese. Ahh, how lovely!

Despite all this, Robocop 3 is good for entertainment value with some pretty exciting fight and chase scenes. Just don't get worked up over Robocop flying, which is about as convincing as the original Superman movie.

Chris Williams



Reality Bites
MGM Cinema

I desperately wanted to like this film. Part romantic comedy, part Generation X apres-teen angst drama, part post-modern pop culture liturgy, I wanted it to speak to me and for me about the things I know best and the things I am still struggling to understand. What a mug, eh? Instead it packs the same paper bag-impenetrable emotional punch as its blow-dried thematic predecessor, the frequently risible *St. Elmo's Fire*.

Winona Ryder and Ethan Hawke play half of a group of recently graduated college mates coming to terms with love,

sexuality and employment in the real world. Hawke plays Troy (snigger), a drop-out, an intelligent angry young man too lethargic for anything but barbed commentary.

He is in love with Lelaine (Ryder), a would-be filmmaker forced for the present to work in mainstream television (bummer, huh?); and you can spit in my Diet Coke (just one of several product placements gagging for your attention) if they haven't thrown in a *Pretty In Pink*-style love triangle for good measure since Lelaine must choose between Troy and a rich yuppie video executive,

played by the director Ben Stiller.

Yet to tell the truth, you really couldn't care less whether Lelaine et al lived or hung themselves by the strap of the winsome one's omnipresent video camera. So poorly are the bonds between the characters illustrated that you don't even realise Troy and Lelaine are best friends until it is explicitly stated. Throughout the film, scarcely is anything approaching depth, warmth or chemistry created. THAT is reality - shared experience and humour, deep-seated confusion and obsession - not the toothless beast crawling here. Not the AIDS issue dealt with dismissively in one doctor's appointment and a clean test, not paying the debts (as Lelaine does) with the credit card Daddy gave you, not wiggling out in kooky *Kids from Fame*-fashion to an old song playing in a service station and not most of the film's other glib shenanigans.

The pop-culture which defines the characters' lives is resonant and convincing yet too obscure and over-indulged for anyone outside the MTV generation. The cast are pretty lacklustre on occasions, also. Ryder is at both her most beautiful and most irritating, whining and excessively coy. Hawke is hardly required to stretch his acting muscles in another bid for the 'sensitive loner' mantle vacated by River Phoenix. Stiller, as befits the director, shows more conviction, and also some sweet charm.

If you can haul aside these bulky criticisms though, *Reality Bites* IS worth a watch, for its game of recognise the reference is actually enjoyable, as are an unmissable cameo by Evan Dando and some genuinely funny snatches of dialogue (such as the token gay rehearsing coming out to his parents). But ultimately Hawke should be addressing the whole cast and crew of *Reality Bites* when he says wearily to Ryder "Your bravado is embarrassing".

Hannah Jones

Angie
Showcase Cinema

Angie is a very enjoyable film but one that is ultimately unsatisfying. It is better than but still reminiscent of too many other films.

Geena Davis is the Italian American gal (see Cher in *Moonstruck*) who comes from the wrong side of town but yearns for something better (parallels with Melanie Griffith in *Working Girl*). Defying the expectations of those around her she avoids marriage with thickset plumber and longtime boyfriend Vinnie taking up instead with flirtatious Irish Lawyer, Stephen Rea. In the quest to find herself and take control over her own destiny she decides to have the plumber's baby anyway and then embarks on that old cliché: the search for a long lost parent. Finally she cuts off most of her hair to mark her new found independence. The trouble is that somehow you knew that the *big hair* Davis sports at the start of the film just wasn't going to make it through to the final scenes.

The film is redeemed in part by a heartfelt and attractive (not to say devastatingly beautiful) performance by Geena Davis and excellent support from the other characters. Angie's best friend Tina, played by Aida Turturro, is especially good. But in the end it completely fails to avoid schmaltz. Maybe Davis is just too beautiful but her redemption by childbirth stirs without shaking. We weep for her but we don't believe in her as we should.

To give credit where it is due this is a film where events are seen from the viewpoint of a main female character who is both strong and complex and it does foreground a touchingly realistic female friendship. It's just that if it had had a bit more grit it would have been a better film.

Eleanor Rose

A Watery Ibsen

The Lady From The Sea

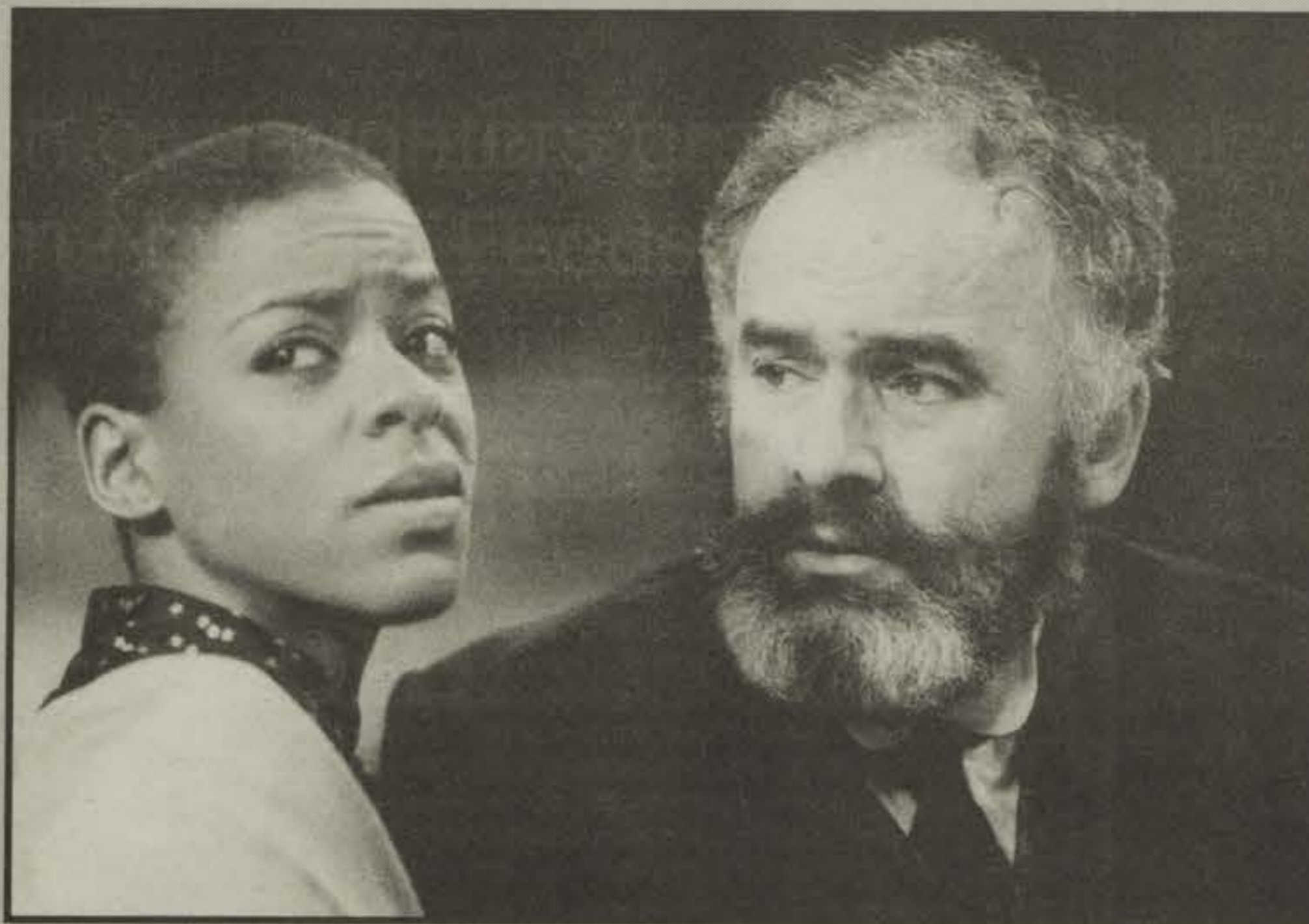
West Yorkshire Playhouse

There are few experiences more delightful than discovering a play of such emotional depth and intrigue as *The Lady from the Sea*. It is likely that this rarely performed play will be new to many, but this enigmatic production ensures that few will leave the theatre satisfied with only director Lindsay Posner's interpretation of the text.

Ibsen has that rich Chekhovian ability to draw fully three-dimensional characters with a few simple sketch-lines. One or two idiosyncrasies are enough for the peripheral figures of this play - exuberantly brought to life as they are here - because the attention is focused squarely on Ellida, a woman locked into a marriage of convenience and yearning for the freedom promised by the sea.

Josette Simon's performance is so overpowering that she seems to be playing in a different key to the rest of the cast, but this is completely in line with a production that only occasionally wobbles on the familiar tightrope between naturalistic acting and symbolic statement-making. Simon is indeed the lady from the sea, as distinct from the others as sea is from land, and a convincing emotional centre for the drama.

Ellida's husband, Dr Wangel, played with great skill by Pip Donaghy, is sufficiently earnest to gain sympathy and yet socially clumsy enough to imply his wife's unrest. But perhaps Wangel's stale middle-aged conventionality should have been more starkly contrasted with a less



obviously vulnerable and human Stranger (Liam de Staic) - the metaphorical figure with a spiritual hold over Ellida who returns to claim her after 10 years on the sea.

The crisis of the play arrives when Ellida must choose between the two men. We are ready for the moment when it comes, thanks to performances which are so well paced that there is plenty of room for refreshing interludes of social comedy, complementing rather than upstaging the plot. The seamless changes in mood are never forced on to the text, as the actors take their lead from and follow the rhythms of Michael Meyer's translation. So it is a pity that Tim Hatley's design should impose itself quite so blatantly. The canopy of boulders

overbearing the action is neither realistic nor merely suggestive, but hovers awkwardly in-between. And there is an uneasy tension between naturalistic acting styles and the wide open spaces of the Quarry's stage, a boarded floor too often left bare.

But the set impairs rather than spoils a production which leaves an irresistible after-taste of doubt and uncertainty at the end. Josette Simon alone is enough to guarantee its success, but the real revelation is this beautiful play which has been neglected too long.

David Smith

Serial Mom

Hyde Park Picture

Director John Waters has been gradually moving away from the excesses of bad taste which characterised his earlier films and *Serial Mom*, his most recent release, is unashamedly a mainstream movie. Luckily it is also a really excellent film. Kathleen Turner was born to play Beverly Suptin the housewife and mother who looks like she walked out of a rather superior washing powder advertisement but is in fact completely bonkers. Turner manages to suggest that this is a woman for whom the logical extension of disliking chewing gum in the house is murder, she's not insane she just takes these things a little more seriously than most.

This is a serial killer film with a difference, everyone knows who did it almost from the word go, they just have difficulty believing it. Mom Suptin is trailed by both the police and by her nice but dim family, yet she still manages to bludgeon little old ladies to death with legs of lamb and have a whale of a time doing it; and Waters exploits the ludicrousness of the situation to the full.

After *Crybaby* and *Hairspray* in which the kitsch took on an almost-surreal life of its own, here it is relegated firmly to the background. In this film the behavioural quirks are set hilariously against a backdrop of well-to-do, conventional, all-American

suburban life. From its picture book start to its murdersome finale this film knows exactly what it's doing and does it extremely well. It parodies the cult of the killer, and has us laughing while we squirm and squirming while we laugh.

Eleanor Rose

Henry Normal, Lemn Sissay and Johnny Dangerously

Cafe Mex

If you've got an underground bar stuffed to the gills with everyone from middle aged women sipping Le Piat D'Or to hairy hippies, all waiting an hour and a half for a night of poetry and music, you would be right to expect something pretty special

Henry Normal, Lemn Sissay and Johnny Dangerously, although each established in their own right, have teamed up and are currently wowing the North with their brilliant eclectic mix of talents.

Henry Normal is a sweet and surreal self-styled 'kick-ass' poet who deals with relationships, coasters and the virtues of cardigan wearing. His softly cushioned style is contrasted well with Johnny Dangerously, tonight minus his band and possibly plus one pint too many.

Mr Dangerously performed some of his strangely unsettling songs on his 12 string (later, due to over-enthusiastic playing, to become an 11 string) guitar, balanced precariously on top of the PA system swaying disconcertingly over the audience because he "felt like being Bono". His songs are irreverent and cutting, probable anthems for the bitter and twisted.

Lemn Sissay is the least established of the three, but perhaps the most interesting. He's an angry young poet, more hard-edged than Normal, and more experimental than Dangerously. Although being a Southerner, I found his material on Manchester society attitudes hard to relate to, my companion (a true Mancunian), loved him and assured me he was spot-on.

Basically, it was a pretty brilliant night, topped off with DJ Chico Malo playing some 'top Latin tunes'. Although comedy poetry may not quite be your cup of tea, two pounds fifty for three top-notch acts is a bargain by anyone's standards and you can't say fairer than that.

Hannah S. Lawrence

Thanks to everyone who has helped out this year

cogito

With World Cup rash now rife (with no England, Scotland or Wales one could hardly call it 'fever') and looking to remain for the next three weeks, the beautiful game is set to dominate the immediately forthcoming viewing schedules, resulting as usual in the disgruntled sighs of sports loathers everywhere.

It's hard to sympathise with these dissenters who are missing their regular dose of soap, drama or lame feature film. I once heard a lecture on medieval romances which suggested that their main motif, the physical or metaphorical quest, is one which permeates throughout our popular culture. And as fans are increasingly claiming back the game for their own interpretation (*When Saturday Comes*, *Fever Pitch*, etc) there's no reason why sneering viewers shouldn't do the same and take the World Cup for the romantic quest that it is. Film and television makers have been plundering the sports pages for years in an attempt to find new angles on the celebration of rags to riches, triumph over adversity, rites of passage and the assertion of spiritual over financial nobility. Remember *Cool Runnings*, *Chariots of Fire*, *Champion* and, ahem, *Escape to Victory*? With the endearingly chaotic Republic of Ireland, not the self-satisfied English, bearing the nation's adopted standard ("Hey, I've got a Pogues album, and my housemate's grandmother's Irish. They're my team") it is unsurprising that sports journalists are already talking in terms of the Irish Odyssey and the Irish Adventure.

So how would Jack's boys transfer to celluloid? Pretty well, I reckon, given a lick of glamour of course. Imagine the old sociological clash of rash, impetuous youth versus wily experience growing into mutual respect, dramatised by Keanu Reeves in wide-eyed bimbo surfer mode as the affable goatee-bearded Keane (Keanu would love a stab at that accent) and Liam Neeson as the worldly wise Kevin Moran. Then there's Maverick McGrath, Gary Oldman as Maidstone wide-boy Andy Townsend and Stephen Dorff fresh from his success in *Backbeat* (although any snub-nosed cute-boy would do) as scouser Jason McAteer, the young pretender out to prove he's more than just a pretty face.

But what about their guru Jack Charlton himself - a near-genius strangely out of touch with the modern world, whose second-to-none personnel management is in spite of his problems remembering the players' names? Absurd as it may sound, I reckon Dan Day Lewis could be the man for the job. He's about as Irish as Charlton, and would jump through hoops for a stab at playing the folk hero of his adopted race. Having recently aged up convincingly for *The Age of Innocence*, his famed 'method' preparation could see him trout-fishing and flat-cap wearing to immerse himself in the role.

Yep, this one's a definite winner. Unlike the Republic of course. But then Hollywood would change all the facts anyway. Perhaps one of the team could really be a woman? Maybe errant female hormone are the real reason behind McGrath's mysterious disappearing acts? Truth is, after all, stranger than fiction...

Hannah Jones

Out Of This World

"What do you want to go to Morley for?" say the taxi drivers. "There are plenty of clubs in Leeds - The Music Factory, Mr Craig's..." As IF. We've given up trying to explain quite what it is that takes us 6 miles out of Leeds every Saturday night at 7 o'clock - far too early for normal people to think about going out clubbing. Ask any of the regulars the same and it seems a stupid question - for hundreds of people the Orbit, quite simply, is an institution. In the house-oriented fashionable dance press it's never had the hype of Back to Basics or Vague, yet in the 3 years since it started it's been probably the most consistent club success story in the area with 2 million people through the doors since it opened. It seems it's better to quietly do your own thing rather than build up a bubble and watch it burst.

Its success has resulted largely because people go mainly for the music. As manager Sean McInerney puts it, "A lot of other clubs, it's more round fashion - the image - it's more about the club itself. We spend a hell of a lot of money on the people we put on - we seek them out and it's for the punters". They're not afraid to change the music policy, either - "We started during the height of the 'rave' scene with one club in Ossett and this one (Morley's After Dark) with both places full every week. It was very across the board back then though the majority of it was hardcore rave. Then other



Claire Rowland visited *The Orbit*, weekly pervayors of fine techno and chilled out with the managers, Sean McInerney and Nick Gundill.

places began changing, playing garage and house, but we thought, we'll let this run as it is, as basically it was very successful, and when we change it we'll do a different thing. And that's when we decided to slice it up with techno and trance."

These days it's basically a techno club (jungalists stay well away), though manager Nick Gundill says, "We don't like calling it techno or trance either - it's

electronic music, a more thought out style of music than some of the crap that gets put together".

The DJ line-ups are more than impressive - seminal old stars such as Derrick May and Juan Atkins, Euro-giants such as Westbam, Laurent Garnier and Sven Vath (who claims it's his favourite club outside Germany) and deeper acid from the likes of Andy Weatherall and Richie Hawtin. There

are no restrictions on what they play. Sean says of Andy Weatherall, "The only two places that he actually plays what he wants to play is here and Pure. Everywhere else he sort of conforms to everybody else."

"Justin Robertson played a record he's wanted to play for 2 years but has never been able to because of where he plays," adds Nick.

With plans for Leeds to become a 24-hour city in the pipeline and talk of all-night club licenses, what will become of The Orbit which currently has to shut at 2.00 am? "Round here it's all houses and to be honest I don't really know how we've got away with it. It's probably by building up a relationship with the people - we have security on the streets," explains Sean. They don't reject the possibility of moving the club if they can't get a later licence in the future.

In response to an increasing number of students going to The Orbit, Sean has suggested the possibility of a free coach to Morley from the University and reduced NUS admission. Anyone interested should get in touch with the club.

The Orbit is at the After Dark club, South Queen Street, Morley every Saturday from 8.00pm to 2.00am.

The upcoming line up includes: - Frank De Wulf (25th June), Marco Zaffarano (2nd July), Mark Spoon (9th July).

Dusty Springfield

The Very Best Of (Phonogram)

Just why this has turned up now is a bit of a mystery. Dusty S. officially packed up her hairspray and divorced pop music in 1972, being briefly reinvented by ironic pop mannequin Neil Tennant a decade and a half later. Since then Dusty has been languishing firmly in Radio 2 territory and hasn't released a squeak. Which makes the logic of subtitled this compilation '1962-1994' another mystery, since the hits notably dry up after 1987.

None of this particularly matters of course, because the 25 tracks represented are, naturally, masterpieces. Like The King himself, Dusty rarely bothered with trifling piffle such as writing or playing on her own songs, wisely preferring to be handed instant top ten classics by the likes of Carole King and Bacharach & David.

And Ms. Springfield was something of a phenomena. She was the first proper female popstar, achieved success both in England and America, hosted three of her own TV shows and was generally the epitome of glamour. 60's classics such as "Wishin' and Hopin'", "I Only Want To Be With You" and "In The Middle Of Nowhere" are here, remembered to full glory, as are the singles she released as honorary Pet Shop Boy in the eighties and a handful of earlier stuff recorded as 'The Springfields'.

Regrettably, there's only two tracks from the landmark 'Dusty In Memphis' album, but wisely 'Son Of A Preacher Man' is one of them, a song on which the Memphis Horns have never parped so finely. Your mum will doubtless love it. It's not hip, it's not what the kids want, but it is completely timeless. Back then songs were proper songs, etc.etera...

Johnny Davis

Sheep on Drugs

On Drugs (Island)

As it's that time of year, a football analogy seems in order. Sheep On Drugs are the Millwall of rock: Londoners, just outside rocks premier league, nobody likes them, they don't care. At least nobody I know likes them. Not Duchess regulars, or clubbers, or the other writers of this paper. SOD's entire fanbase seems to be hoary old goths, and me. I love SOD although I don't fully understand them.

Their first album "Greatest Hits" was the perfect introduction to their world. Tales of fast cars, cheap lives and cheaper sex, coupled to an unshakable self belief. "On Drugs" is basically more of the same, but also takes in events that have transpired since. There's references to the Bulger killing, joy riding and the New Waves amphetamine chic - "Speed kills, but I'm too young to die!". Trying to wade through the irony is a full time job. You never know whether Duncan's appaled or appealed by modern life. Probably both.

They're too intelligent, too narcissistic, and their music is too unfashionable. They weld 1988 acid house bleeps with squelchy bass and Europop structures, all held together by powerchord chunks. As a result, they lack the apocalyptic finality that industrial noise freaks desire. SOD will always suffer for being at odds with the mood of the times.

I know why I love SOD. They are an instant thrill, a quick fix of white trash junk aesthetic. Turn off music snobbery and take a ride with them. If you've ever felt the rush of "Prime Mover", "Def Con One", "Motown Junk" or "No Limit", give in, they're what you need. I leave the paper with a credibility rating of zero, but as Wendy said "Baby I Don't Care".

Martin Futrell

Carleen Anderson

True Spirit (Circa)

Last year a singer who once fronted a small and influential band launched her solo career. It resulted in one of those strange events; a massive seller due to word of mouth rather than extensive record company hype. It reinvented the singer and provided us with the album of the year. This year a singer who once fronted a small and influential band launched her solo career. It resulted in one of those common releases; tat in a shiny cover. It's a shame as this could have been one of the albums of the year. So what did Bjork do that Carleen Anderson failed to realise?

Unfairness abounds if Carleen gets a slugging on the grounds of not producing a sequel to The Young Disciples debut, but it is strange that Anderson, the major song writer on that album, has failed to capture some of its spirit on her new release. While 'The road to Freedom' was an eclectic fusion of Hip-Hop, Jazz and Gospel brimming with the likes of Maceo Parker and Paul Weller, 'True Spirit' reveals itself as a failed attempt to spring board another soul diva into the top ten. Carleen Anderson's ability to provided us with a cracking tune is still evident with the likes of 'Nervous Breakdown' and 'Mama Said', both these singles shine like stars but ultimately their light is shrouded when placed on this album.

So what did Bjork do? If we knew that we'd have a number one tomorrow. The answer however probably lies in the lack of adventure shown by Anderson. When treading a well-worn path you've either got to be inspired or just plain brilliant and different. It's brief flashes of inspiration that has stopped this album becoming supermarket muzak but there's simply not enough. Andersons track record does suggest that to write her off now would be premature but this album will and should be forgotten.

Matt Ball

CRASH!

Top ten best sellers this term
Compiled by Steve at Crash

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 <i>Blur</i> | Park Life |
| 2 <i>Chumbawamba</i> | Anarchy |
| 3 <i>Primal Scream</i> | Give Out But... |
| 4 <i>Frank Black</i> | Teenager... |
| 5 <i>Various</i> | Trance Europe Express |
| 6 <i>Gangstarr</i> | Hard to Earn |
| 7 <i>S*M*A*S*H</i> | S*M*A*S*H |
| 8 <i>Credit to the Nation</i> | Take Dis |
| 9 <i>Solsonics</i> | Jazz in the Present... |
| 10 <i>Future sound of...</i> | Lifeforms |

Thanks to Crash for all their help this past year here's to loads more records in the Autumn...

...and don't forget to get your rocks off at Crash, kids.



taken for a ride



Ride

Carnival of Light (Creation)

Carnival of Light marks a significant departure from the untamed guitar waves of post-Valentines Ride. The sound is now crisp and defined, with corners rather than curves. The only problem is that it's extraordinarily dull. This is shameless retro with none of the elements of rock 'n' roll swagger that Primal Scream have maintained during their forays into the past.

Carnival of Light, by simply reproducing the band's favourite records from the sixties, amounts to little more than an admission that they have nothing more to say artistically. What makes it worse is that Ride's record collection seems to consist mainly of those arch Dylan desecrators The Byrds. The Byrds' brand of sixties guitar jangle and nauseating saccharine vocals should be left well in the past, put down as 'just one of those things'. Unfortunately in recent years they have been held up to the indie community as the blueprint for heavenly guitar pop.

Ride, as before, get close to writing good songs. Tracks such as "Birdman" and "Natural Grace" start promisingly with impressive bass and subtle guitar, but then Mark Gardener's weak and whining vocals turn the moment flaccid and, after forty five minutes, induce a similar headache to lying in a hospital bed staring at a bare forty watt light bulb.

"I Don't Know Where It Comes From" ends the album on a light note, ripping off the Stones' "You Can't Always Get What You Want" to such an extent that I laugh out loud.

Musically Carnival of Light is sometimes surprisingly pleasant, particularly in the use of keyboards and even a sax on "Endless Road", but Gardener does nothing apart from aggravate. There is little point in this retro regurgitation which lacks any of the intensity of the original.

Matt Pepler

Jah Wobble

Take me to God (Island)

All hail his Jahness, the celestial master of the unsung bass. From his well publicised run-ins with PIL and latterly Primal Scream, Jah Wobble seems to be one of those guys who is always at the right place at the right time.

On the evidence given on Take me to God, an eclectic collection embracing African, Reggae and Latin influences, he does not seem to have lost his touch. The musical extravaganza produced by Jah Wobble and the Invaders of the Heart during their recent gig at the T&C could not be matched by a studio effort, but what remains is an unpredictable amalgam of different styles.

The concept of pop collaborations with "world music" usually inspires non-believers with an image of pretentious, inaccessible waffle: best restricted to strange smelling cafes where the punters are so sufficiently mellowed that they would enjoy anything with a chorus and a drum beat. This is certainly not the case here, a few songs are incredibly catchy, especially: The Sun Does Rise and Amor which are hummable pop tunes lifted onto another level by the extra spice from at least a couple of continents. No Change Is Sexy takes advantage of Jah Wobble's deadpan delivery to create a solemn, yet cheeky aura, which is used to good effect on other tracks.

In appearance, The Invaders of the Heart resemble a UN delegation, a multi-

racial melting pot who produce some of the tightest grooves you will ever hear. Although, sometimes you wish that Jah Wobble would really unleash the array of talents at his disposal. Needless to say, Wobble's bass playing maintains centre stage, but never eclipses or detracts from the other musicians. Superior stuff, I may not have been transported up to the divine, but this collection occasionally approaches a spiritual experience.

Akin Ojumu

Pressure of Speech

Art of the state (NorthSouth)

Dark and destitute, if you can't handle this then spare a thought for the actual tracks themselves, invariably unable to bear the sheer atmosphere they are forced to carry. With deeply haunting tunes and traumatic backings, 'Creepy People' and 'Surveillance' sound just the way you'd expect them to - that Big Brother feeling.

Unfortunately fans of their first and only single, 'X-Beats', may be disappointed. Would that have been so great were it not for the overhaul by the Hartnoll brothers? Perhaps not, as the version here is a somewhat downtrodden relation, the same beautiful sounds kept on a short lead by the irritatingly pedestrian beat. But then on the flip side of the coin, 'Thomp' has a sitar intro virtually identical to that of The Shamen's 'Coming on strong', but unfortunately the cockney nutter is only replaced by a different nutter, singing

some sort of ritualistic chant. It's one of only a few of the tracks on this album with any real pace, standing out from its surroundings like Conemelt in the middle of 'Chill Out'.

Shifting the moods and the bpm's up and down like yo-yos throughout the album, it's a somewhat disjointed journey through the warped psyche of modern techno, never quite managing to get from A to B. Bursts of activity come in in the same way as the torrent of words in the actual condition known as 'pressure of speech': momentary overload followed by prolonged periods of intense heavy thought.

At the end of the tunnel, 'Art of the State' almost stands up as an accomplished outing in fearsome head-bendery, but lacks both the coherence of the Underworld album, and the freedom of Hannant's best work. Best dipped into for short excursions, listening to the whole hour in one go could well bring on a serious case of travel sickness.

Stephen Dick

Alex and Johnny would like to say thanks to each writer, Steve and Matty at Crash! and everyone who has sent us records, especially Mike and Emma. Loads of luck to Akin and Nick for next year.



Alex Sanders hightails it off to bright lights and big cities.

THE DEEP DISTRACTION EP (Deep Distraction)

This taster for the incoming Deep Distraction compilation LP is positively bursting with flavour. Back to Front's "Ibiza" joins the current crop of Balearic theme tunes and what a cracking addition it is; S1000 adds "Who's into house?" with more than a little respect for Beltram's burgeoning retro classic "Energy Flash", good grief it seems like only months ago. Recent Deep Distraction releases make it a devilishly dapper option for impulse buyers, also out now is Spoonio's "Do one more" with both Slo-Moshun and LuvDup mixes this record is purely gloating rave mayhem. Beautiful.

BEASTIE BOYS Get it together" (Capitol)

This track is more instantly appealing than much Beastie Boys post "License to ill" and still manages to improve on every hearing like "Check yo head". The sheer inanity of the rhymes is blessed relief from the current British obsession with teen angst while the b side "Sabotage" is angrier than any of the current crop of speed kings could possibly muster, and horribly reminiscent of Anthrax's "I'm the man", can't go wrong with those reference points, oh no.



MILLA Gentleman who fell (EMI)

The luscious Milla Jovovich releases her first hand penned single after refusing the Kylie option to chart success. This record is frighteningly folksy in a Susanne Vega way, with foreign intonation of Bjork but sadly she shares Tori Amos's ounce of song writing ability and all the lush production and Milla's perfect vocals cannot shield the fact that "Gentleman who fell" and the two other tracks are the meanderings of a pre pubescent prom queen.

ADE Raise" (Profile)

With 'handbag dub' and 'handbag vocal' the two ubiquitous Deep Distraction mixes show that the best way to disarm an insult is to appropriate it, and so hurrah for handbag house may it forever make us smile. At best this record is reminiscent of Degrees of Motion's "Shine on" and thus cannot be faulted.

BROOKLYN FUNK ESSENTIALS The Creator has a masterplan" (Dorado)

These cheeky little sweet teeth offer a plush funky jazz a side like you've heard before but back it with its dub blues nemesis, a melancholy monologue on social injustice to tear inducing saxophone.

Labour students with future stewarding summer festival work



Please indicate **X** which festivals you want to go to

	When	Where	What
<input type="checkbox"/>	Saturday 16th July Sunday 17th July	Finsbury Park London	Rock Festival
<input type="checkbox"/>	Wednesday 13th July* Thursday 14th July Friday 15th July Saturday 16th July Sunday 17th July	Stratford upon Avon	Phoenix Festival details in Music Press Camping *Not everyone required on weds
<input type="checkbox"/>	Thursday 25th August Friday 26th August Saturday 27th August Sunday 28th August	Reading	Reading Festival camping

Name.....
 College and Young Labour Group.....
 Address (term).....
 Phone (term).....
 Address (permenant).....
 Phone (permenant).....

It is essential that we can contact you by phone Laws state that all stewards must be over 18. Send this form as soon as possible to
John Battle, c/o 2a Conference Place, Leeds, LS12 3DZ

I want to join the Labour Party

Name Title M/F.....
 Address Postcode
 Telephone Date of Birth
 Trade Union

I agree to abide by the rules and constitution of the Labour Party.
 All Details I have given are correct.

Signature Date

- I enclose me membership fee
- £15 standard rate £5 reduced rate. I am a student/unwaged/a part time worker/ on a government scheme (please delete)
- £3 registered (Details will be verified) I confirm that

1. I belong to an organisation affiliated to the Labour Party.
 Name of affliated organisation
 Branch, workplace, club, society.....Membership no.
2. I have paid the political levy for the last twelve months
3. I am not curently a party member

- I enclose an additional donation of £..... towards campaigning nationally/locally
- I enclose a cheque/PO payable to The Labour Party for £

Return to Membership Processing, The Labour Party, Freepost, London SE17 1BR
 (No stamp needed, but if you use one it will save us money.)

STLEEDSST STUDENT

LEEDS STUDENT REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1993-1994

The things they've said.....

“
”

Laser Quest sounds like what I have to do in my job every day of the week
Leslie Wagner, Principal and Chief Executive of LMU, after winning raffle tickets to the futuristic shoot-out game in Leeds city centre.

Vice Chancellor sods off and not before time
headline in FUSE, the North London University news magazine, reporting the departure of Leslie Wagner, who subsequently became Principal and Chief Executive of LMU.

They tend to come from polytechnics and inner cities... with an array of earrings and with hair down to their backsides
Major Roddy Bailey, Master of the York and Ainsty Hunt, describing hunt saboteurs.

It's crap!
LUU Welfare Secretary Ceri Nursaw on Sentinel Towers.

This is not a Gay Society. I refuse to continue with you in the room
The LUU Ballroom Dancing Society instructor asking a gay couple to leave.

There were lots of vibrators, kinky underwear, and plenty of giggling
LUU Welfare Secretary Ceri Nursaw remembering Healthy Sex Week.

It was banned because it's racist, sexist, homophobic and everythingist
General Secretary John Rose on LUU's ban of The Sun newspaper.

One ghost smokes dope and blows smoke rings in the kitchen of a student house in Hyde Park
Mark Carter, president of Ghoul, the LUU 'ghostbusting' society which admitted it would be inactive on Halloween because of lectures the following morning.

I was just drinking my pint when I looked up and saw a room full of heaving bodies
Leeds University student Alex Mommersteeg recounting her experience of "pornographic" films in the bar area of the Faversham Pub.

You're the Flumpman!
Female student confronts the foot fetishist in Boots the chemists.

The note was really freaky, saying that he loved my socks and wouldn't it be great if he was my flump sweet on the floor, being squashed by my feet.
Leeds University student Caroline Ames-Lewis recalls being flumped in the Edward Boyle Library.

You call this a Greek god?
Leeds University student Joanna Burton on meeting her 'Blind Date' on TV... the date was not a resounding success.

It's supposed to be a great honour in the Sudan. But the thing is disgusting - I'm not having it anywhere near my office.
Louise Brooks, Vice President Administration, after LMUSU Exec was given a decorated goat skin from Africa.

The channel would reflect badly on the university as a whole
House warden Andrew Page after banning students from watching a porn TV station at Bodington Hall.

A miserable wanker
Resident of Bodington flats describing the site manager who stopped a snowball fight

Whether the Duchess of Kent is Catholic, Protestant or Buddhist is irrelevant to the workings of this union
LUU General Secretary John Rose on the conversion of the Duchess of Kent, also the Chancellor of Leeds University, to the Catholic church.

If you want to come for a good shag you can come to my room
Dave 'Bez' Berry, president of Leeds University's Henry Price Flats, quoted by a female resident whose room he allegedly entered.

There had been a lot of tension in the office, and after a stressful week we needed to get it out of our system
Member of LUU Exec defending the action of sabbatical officers who took five office hours off for an all expenses paid 'boozy' lunch and drinking session in a fashionable Leeds restaurant.

What a bunch of piss taking, lazy, good for nothing, useless bastards.
The initial reaction of Richard Fletcher, Leeds Student Editor when told by a reporter that members of exec had taken an entire afternoon off for an all expenses paid boozy lunch.

Rupert Hamer, most hated man on campus. His venom extended as the year progressed from virgins to christians; his housemates to his co-workers. Is there no-one this man respects?

Indeed, the first ever Rupert Hamer on Friday had to be withdrawn in a storm of protest. Hamer had turned on his own colleagues, who responded with tears, resignations and, from one whose sexual shenanigans had been graphically described, the threat of an injunction.

Editor Richard Fletcher was forced to make a clandestine jaunt to the printers in the middle of the night and remove the offending column. He replaced it with a recycled leader from the year before -

ironically about censorship.

Perhaps Hamer's bitterness springs from his lack of luck with the ladies. In the second issue of the year he was lamenting the horrors of being dumped. "Just as you think things are getting better your demise is in fact imminent."

Later in October, Hamer returned to the subject of the Leeds Student staff, with a toned down piece describing his colleagues as arrogant and egotistical. "Smarmy" Sam Greenhill, Deputy Editor, and "nice but dim" John Revill, News Editor, could only crawl

The best and worst of Rupert Hamer



off into a corner and cry.

Hamer has always had it in for Christians: "I love Jesus and Jesus loves me' Well, he would, wouldn't he". A month later, when suggesting a National Virgin's Day, Hamer claimed it would be a great opportunity to "humiliate any Christians in the house who have yet to lay this foundation stone in their lives". In return, the Christians weren't that keen on Hamer either. So many outraged letters hit the Leeds Student office that the Editor was forced to apologise for not printing them all.

When Hamer turned on his

own housemates, there was "hell in the house of Hamer." One, described as "pretending she is three years old in order to gain affection", and another whose boyfriend was labelled a "zombie", were not happy. Hamer went into hiding for a week, and it was not a surprise when, later in the year, the two had moved out and a new housemate was indoctrinated into Hamer house of horror. She too was immediately insulted roundly in print.

The hate-mail against "Mr Hamer" was by now reaching new heights. Too numerous to

print in full, the Editor took to printing a choice selection. Calls for his resignation abounded, but the Editor had faith. This faith was borne out a few weeks later when the self-styled "Rupert Hamer fanclub" wrote: "I am an avid reader of this feature in an otherwise mediocre paper." Oo-er.

And the venom continued unabated. "Suck on this Mr Sophisticated Continental Toss-pot," he berated language students. Of old people he said: "They are bored. Restless. They are waiting to die and increasingly with medical

advances it is taking a long time. Socialists were "nutters that no-one will ever take seriously."

But when Hamer took on Northerners, he found he'd met his match. The Yorkshire Porters at LUU were not amused at being described as "grim, sulken, mean, bitter, envious, poor, and miserable." They got their revenge in June when Hamer lost his union card. The 'Kings of the Union' would not return the card until Hamer signed a declaration stating: "I am not a fit person to give my views regarding Yorkshire people."

Hamer does however claim to be well-loved - by his parents and Jesus for starters. Hmhmhmhm

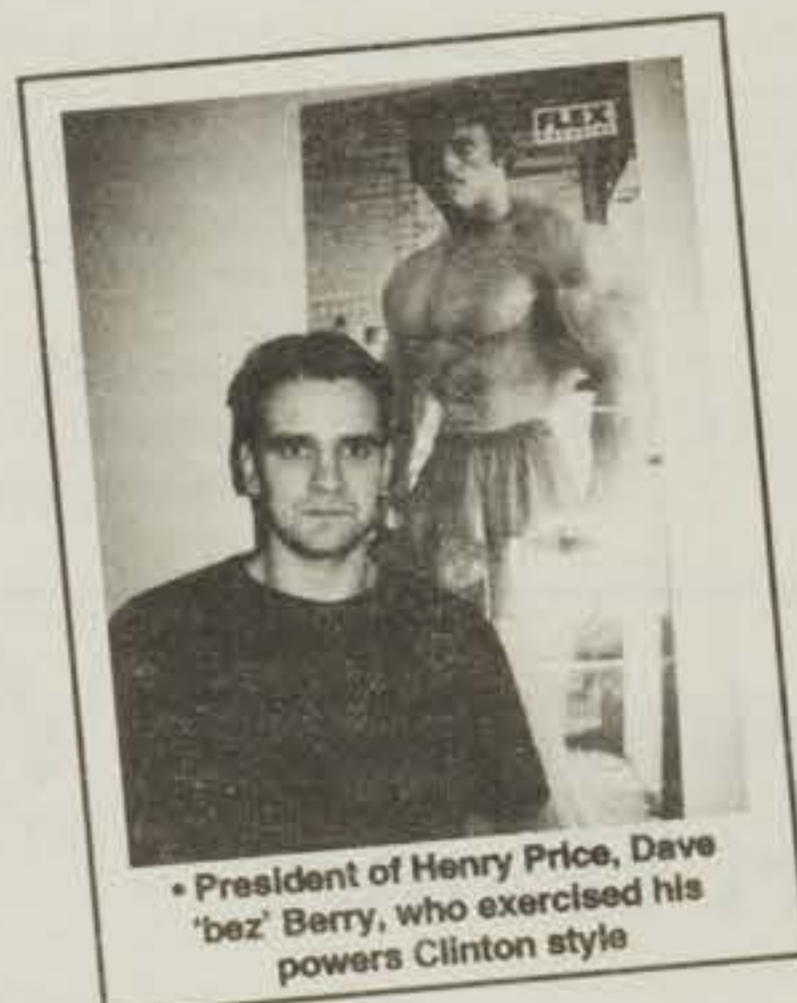
The review of Rupert Hamer was compiled by Rosa Prince

A year of

Flumpmen, fascists, freebie holidays this a year to remember. David Smith brick in Leeds 6 and hopes - with final his student grant will last just long enough to look back at the big (Leeds University Union have not atte



Fighting for a living grant. One of the many demos that followed the Govt's 30 per cent cut in grant



President of Henry Price, Dave 'bez' Berry, who exercised his powers Clinton style



Media mogul Chris Gregg, head of Network, which began the year with a staggering 12 listeners

Finish of the fiendish Flumpman, presidential plans for a Hawaiian holiday at students' expense, and the decline of one of Leeds' great institutions - Tetley bitter - have all hit the headlines this year.

And if you believe everything you read in the papers - or this one anyway - campuses in Leeds have been a hotbed of fascist activity and secret service espionage.

Leeds University had to wipe egg off its face more than once, shamed by reports of cruel and horrific animal research and tottering after an expensive excursion into a Fawlty Towers farce all of its own.

But it's been a good year for students, rallying round to smash the Government's students union reforms and holding a healthy debate of their own on the rights and wrongs of censorship.

Not that they could escape the dark shadow of crime, in a year that saw Chestnut Avenue christened 'Britain's most burgled street', students under gunfire and the conviction of the Woodhouse Moor Rapist.

But police have had their hands full with the mercurial Flumpman, an enigmatic figure who stalked female students in Leeds with marshmallows and messages like: "I just wish I was a little flump by your feet so you could crush me whenever you like. Do you wish I was a flump?" In November the foot fetishist struck twice - once in the University's Edward Boyle Library and once, appropriately enough, in Boots - and showed a rare talent for disguise, switching from strawberry blond to golden blond hair and donning a hat and scarf to escape detection. But the year closes with news that police were interviewing a 21-year-old Bradford man in connection with the incidents: is the legend finally at an end?

The Flumpman is like one of those bizarre, off-the-wall villains out of Batman, and you can imagine what an action-packed adventure it must have taken to nail him. Perhaps they called on the former East German spy now working undercover as an everyday, pleased-to-meet-you academic in Leeds. The year began with reports that Britain's top MI5 spy catchers had launched a national hunt for a Leeds-based mole who spied for the Germans during the Cold War. All completely over-the-top and unbelievable of course: if James Bond was going into undercover retirement, could you really imagine him choosing Leeds?

Bond would go somewhere classy like Hawaii, where his next assignment might be to keep an eye on the sinister activities of Warwick Taylor - allegedly,

The President of Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union unwisely suggested looking into sending a sabbatical officer and a senior member of management to a Mickey Mouse conference in the luxury island - when they should have been at the National Union of Students Conference in Blackpool. In the end Taylor had to give up on the £2,000 idea of "this island paradise, combining tropical landscaping and cascading waterfalls with a cosmopolitan environment of tasteful architecture and priceless art treasures", but at least there was the consolation of a clear conscience as he contemplated Blackpool Tower.

It was not the greatest advertisement for the bureaucrats at the helm of the students union movement, at a moment when the NUS had been targeted as the Government's latest little project. So it was the student body itself which rose up to stage a series of successful protests - including a memorable march through the heart of Leeds - and force a besieged John Patten into yet another embarrassing U-turn. One battle won, but the war rages on over a 30 per cent cut in grants over the next three years...

Otherwise student politics suffered its regular bouts of apathy, despite record turn-outs in union elections and one notable exception: The Great Sun Debate at LUU. From Exec downwards the place was split between those who wanted the paper banned because it was offensive, and those who saw censorship as a fascist's first resort. At the only quorate Ordinary General Meeting of the year the ban-gang won - with a little help from their friends, in the shape of the Islamic Society, who were there for something altogether different. All of which saw Financial Affairs Secretary Elliot Reuben storming out and threatening to resign; we were grateful that this year's most prominent member of Exec changed his mind.

Censorship can indeed be a fascistic tactic, but members of Combat 18, the Nazi paramilitary group, have more than just newspapers on their minds. Activists Dave Appleyard and Tony White have been seen entering LUU with the intention of compiling a hit list of potential enemies in the student community, and on one occasion threatened to break someone's fingers. Appleyard regards himself as a hard man, enjoys a reputation for violently attacking anyone who disagrees with him, and has the words "York" and "Shire" tattooed round his neck; White has been seen wearing a Ku Klux Klan T-shirt and helps coordinate Combat 18 activities including fire bombs and attacks. It is unlikely that either of these

“ ... if James Bond was going into undercover retirement, could you really imagine him choosing Leeds? ”

The Stude'

... and sunken flagships have made
 ... which gives MI5 the slip, ducks a flying
 ... a pint of Tetley bitter in hand - that
 ... enough for a dig in the *Leeds Student*
 ... bad and beautiful of 1993-94.
 ... tempted to censor this article - as yet.)

men are open to reasoned argument or debate: student democracy may be far from perfect, but it is something to be thankful for.

Elsewhere students were the victims of crime as never before. More than two thirds of those living in Leeds 6 were burgled in 1993, and only 13 per cent felt safe living in the area, a *Leeds Student* survey revealed. Nowhere was the massive increase felt more acutely than in Chestnut Avenue, dubbed the 'most burgled street in Britain' and likened to the infamous Moss Side estate in Manchester. But life at the University's St Marks Flats wasn't much fun either, with residents under siege from a gang of local youths bricks crashing through kitchen windows and landing 17 feet away - and considering taking the law into their own hands due to lack of police concern. And there were further reports of students being robbed at gun or knifepoint and another's window being shattered by a bullet from a .22 rifle.

In March the man who had become known as the Woodhouse Moor Rapist was jailed for 12 years. David Martin Jackson denied attacking five female students on Woodhouse Moor between June 1991 and October 1992, but the Leeds Crown Court jury delivered a guilty verdict. The crucial evidence in the investigation was a letter Jackson wrote to the police, claiming that he was the Woodhouse Moor Rapist and signed 'Jack the Stripper': laboratory analysis revealed the imprint of another letter, including Jackson's postcode, written using the same notepad, and from where police were able to trace his address. However, Judge Justice Harrison's statement that "Offences such as these should be punished by a substantial period of imprisonment" was surely contradicted by the leniency of the sentence he passed, which could conceivably see the Moor Rapist free in just four years.

On a lighter note, the year saw red faces at both Leeds University and its students union. It was reported that the student radio station, Network, cost LUU more than £7,000, and returned audience figures of around 12. More than £500 per listener was a little extravagance that other newspapers just couldn't resist: the *London Evening Standard* put a little spin on the story, claiming there were six people listening to a station worth £500,000. By the time it reached *The Telegraph*, Network was a multi-million pound media empire listened to by no one but a cat in Bradford with a specially adapted radio receiver - when the weather was fine.

The University was probably grateful that it avoided such media glare, though its embarrassments

could scarcely have been inflated further. In October came a report of unnecessarily cruel animal experiments being carried out in its scientific departments. Animal Aid claimed that chickens had been subjected to heat stress and rabbits forced to inhale cigarette smoke and toxic fumes. At the same time it seemed the experimenters had at last turned their attentions to humans, and were monitoring their subjects' reactions to conditions of extreme pain and discomfort - in a laboratory called Sentinel Towers.

The University's student residential "flagship" cost millions of pounds and boasts a series of disasters sounding like a 'Fawlty Towers' script that was thrown away for being too farcical. Rooms were flooded, ceilings collapsed, mould grew on walls, windows fell off their hinges, kitchens were invaded by mice, the deluxe roof-top garden was placed out

of bounds, the fire alarm rang more often than the telephone; that was the lighter side of the story. A female student was followed into the building when the security system failed, three residents were robbed at gunpoint, another was dragged out of a phone box, beaten and robbed. All this for £2,652 ('energy costs' not included), by far the highest rent of any university

accommodation. Uni apologies were not enough to put off a rent strike, which met with some success, and the problems are now said to have been cleared up. But be warned: one Canary Wharf of its own was not enough, and the University is planning a similar complex at Clarence Dock. The word "flagship" has not been mentioned.

But not even Sentinel Towers had Dave 'Bez' Berry to contend with. Residents claimed that the president of Henry Price Flats was exercising his powers Clinton style, entering female students' bedrooms and asking them for a shag (his word not ours). The source of Bez's power? The unambiguously phallic symbol of a Master Key.

And so three more terms pass into the annals of history. Headline-makers have varied from the comic to the serious, the sublime to the ridiculous, the significant to the already forgotten. But in a year that saw condoms and vibrators at LUU's Healthy Sex Week, the University's Professor Richard Lacey warning the world of the perils of British beef, and a House warden banning students from watching a porn station on satellite TV, one event stands out as reverberating long after our student days are over: thanks to NUS bureaucrats and the power of the pound, it was decided that Leeds' own Tetley bitter is to never again grace the union bars.

“ ... the student radio station, Network, cost LUU more than £7,000, and returned audience figures of around 12.”



• Down and out in Leeds 6, a student surveys the wreckage in this year's crime-hit student area



• Vibrators, condoms and anything else you could stretch to at LUU's Healthy Sex Week



• Sent to the Tower... or Sentinel Towers to be precise, the fate of unlucky first year students

LEEDS STUDENT
 PRESIDENT ABUSES POWER
Hall President abuses power

LEEDS STUDENT
 UNION CHIEFS SAY 'ALOHA HAWAII'

LEEDS STUDENT
 PATTEN FORCED TO BACK DOWN

LEEDS STUDENT
 SUN BAN SPARKS RESIGNATION THREAT

LEEDS STUDENT
 LORDY GREEN COURT HEARS OF RAPE VICTIM'S HORRIFIC ORDEAL

LEEDS STUDENT
 FASCIST THUGS ON CAMPUS

LEEDS STUDENT
 MOOR RAPIST GETS 12 YEARS

LEEDS STUDENT
 FLUMP FETISH: MAN QUILZZED

LEEDS STUDENT
 SPORTS CHIEFS BAN UNI TEAMS

LEEDS STUDENT
 LAST ORDERS FOR TETLEY

LEEDS STUDENT
 FURY OVER FAKE RAG MAG CON

LEEDS STUDENT
 RESCUED FROM HOUSE BLAZE

Leeds Arty-Farty

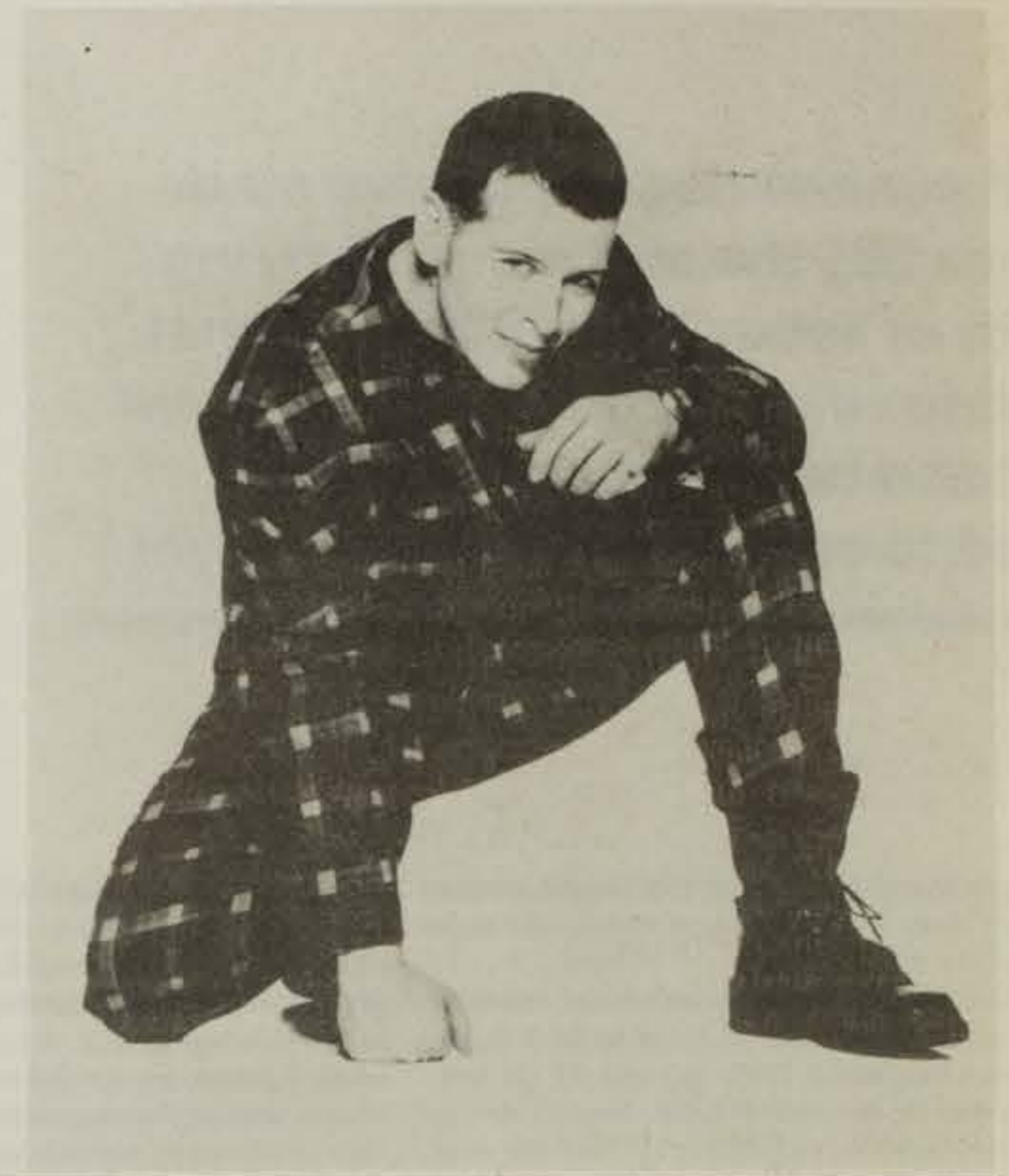
With his finger ever on the pulse, John McLeod takes a stroll through the panoply of arty goings on in Leeds Student this year

'Life always mimics arts' Oscar Wilde once wrote. If so, life in Leeds over the last year would have been a cosmopolitan, sophisticated affair. Rarely did a visiting celebrity, a Booker-prize winner or a moody actress escape the attention of *Leeds Student's* artistic experts. From DJ's to D:Ream, the cultural centre of the Universe shifted to *Leeds Student* every Friday lunchtime. In no other student newspaper in the land would you find East 17 rubbing shoulders with Edmund White, or Agnieszka Holland fighting for space with Kathy Lette. The rising stars of artistic excellence were pursued from their hotel rooms to promotional readings, from the stages of the West Yorkshire Playhouse to

the wealthy boulevards of Kensington. In total, more than 200,000 words were penned in pursuit of the best in contemporary culture... Things were off to a flying start in October. With the Leeds Film Festival dominating the arts pages, a sneak interview with Booker-winning Michael Ondaatje was smuggled onto the Culture page. Fellow literateur Julian Barnes popped up a few weeks later to massage his novel *The Porcupine*. In the mean time, the cast of *Someone to Watch Over Me* were discussing their award winning production down at the Playhouse. In November the Culture page took an excursion to London to meet the astonishing brain of Peter Ackroyd, while we helped celebrated Opera

North's 15th Birthday. And comic Billy O'Hara brought some light relief to a particularly grandiose couple of months. As most people spent Christmas clubbing the length and breadth of Leeds, the Culture page explored the highs and lows of being a clubland DJ. The new year brought Geoff Dyer to the telephone to chat about his new novel, while the Playhouse turned momentarily into a sportsfield as the Rugby saga *Up'n'Under* enjoyed a sequel. In February Kathy Lette left her memorable traces in an interview to promote the publication of *Foetal Attraction*, and while Union chiefs were saying 'Aloha Hawaii' we were saying hello to D:Ream in their first ever

interview in a student publication. More prizewinners dropped in to say hello, in the shape of Jonathan Harvey, writer of the award winning *Babies*. And Greg Proops brought us all back down to earth again. With exams on the horizon, we cornered writers Edmund White, Tad Williams and Alan Hollinghurst, all in town to promote a range of books ranging from sci-fi, biography and fiction. The Leeds music in the park series was previewed, while there was much throwing of underwear by pre-pubescent as we battled our way to interview East 17. High art, popular culture; sci-fi and biography, opera and teen-sensations... we tried not miss anything out. And as the next Leeds Film festival prepares for a forthcoming Autumn's madness, *Leeds Student* will be there to chart another nine months of life in the North's cultural capital...



The boys (and girls) done good.....

After a year of tears and triumph, David Smith takes us through yet another action packed three terms for the Leeds University and LMU sports teams

The creation of a sabbatical officer at Leeds University Union, the ban imposed by the Universities Athletic Union, and the on-going fight to keep Wednesday afternoons free have dominated the sports pages this year.

The position of General Athletics Secretary should be a paid, full-time job, it was decided by LUU's largest meeting of the year. The Special Constitutional General Meeting attracted a massive 470 people, so it would be unsporting to object that the last 30 had to be 'press ganged' from around the union building in order to achieve quoracy. Fiona Smeaton, serving non-sab officer at the time, described herself as "absolutely ecstatic" at the outcome, which may have had something to do with her status as hot favourite to win the subsequent election for the post - which she did.

But there was less good news at Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union, when at the start of this term all teams were banned from UAU competition. The decision followed LMUSU's failure to pay a meagre £223 affiliation fee, having already

stumped up nearly £4,000. But it was not the incompetent bureaucrats who were punished, rather the innocent sportsmen and women themselves, who last year lifted the coveted prize for best overall college for winter and summer sports. And the chairperson of the UAU meeting that banished LMUSU into the sporting wilderness? None other than John Rose, General Secretary and former General Athletics Secretary at LUU.

Rose plays the game for his own side however, philosophising on the nature and purpose of life as a student: "Education is not all about study. It includes recreational activities such as sport, music and drama - a total learning experience." This thesis was a critique of the University's creeping tendency to timetable lectures on Wednesday afternoons, which has been followed by new problems due to modularisation and two sets of exams. So far the union has been relatively successful in keeping the period free for sport, although there are reports of lectures being scheduled for Wednesday five o'clock - on the semantic grounds that it is 'evening' rather than



Another storming Leeds moment

'afternoon'.

LMUSU is to beat the Wednesday afternoon drum too, preparing to take on university management on several counts. It vowed this year to campaign for better coaching and new facilities, such as squash courts and a full sized astroturf pitch. Use of them is likely to be a bit more exclusive than normal however, with a crackdown promised after revelations of forged sports passes in circulation at LMUSU. The captain of the yacht club, Richard

Veitch, never a student at the university, was arrested and cautioned by police, and more fake passes have since been discovered.

On the sporting field the year has seen a number of outstanding performances. LUU won the Northern University Football League title, following a first success in the national five-a-side championships. Simon Wells, a third year Economics student at Leeds University, was picked for the Great Britain

international hockey side, while Andrea Duke's triumph in the 6km race at the British Students Cross Country Championships helped LUU claim the runners-up spot. And there was further glory for LUU in the prestigious Christie Cup, although their defeat of Liverpool and Manchester universities was tinged with controversy.

But LMUSU got the better of their local rivals when they clashed head-to-head. They

scored a notable treble in the October derbies, defeating LUU at rugby league (26-21), rugby union (23-14) and soccer (3-1) (LMUSU also won the women's match 14-0), all away from home. Even LUU's 4-1 win in the men's hockey was cancelled out by a 1-0 victory for the LMUSU women. LMUSU confirmed their status as the city's top sporting students with more resounding wins in rugby league (20-0) and cricket.

Rising Star

Celebrated writer Alan Hollinghurst, author of 'The Swimming Pool Library', has just published 'The Folding Star', his first novel for five years. Matthew Pateman cornered him in his hotel bedroom to talk about being gay, being a writer, and being a star . . .

Five years after the publication and rapturous success of his debut novel *The Swimming-Pool Library*, Alan Hollinghurst is now basking in the glory of *The Folding Star*. It is a darkly brooding novel whose ending is as chilling as it is mysterious. Edward Manners is 33 and arrives in Belgium to teach English to two teenage boys. He is already in love with one of them, Luc, from the photograph he has been sent. Much of the novel follows his doomed obsession and failures of various sorts - an obsession which is no nearer resolution at the end of the novel than at the beginning. The father of the other boy that Edward is teaching is the owner-curator of an art gallery dedicated to the works of a minor symbolist painter Edgar Orst. The relationships which develop between Edward and the two boys, the gay clientele of a local cafe, the curator, the memory of Orst and his relentless memory of his wife entwine themselves in a rich and moody narrative of failure, obsession, desire and Englishness.

Hollinghurst, while distancing himself from Edward as any sort of direct representation of himself, does say that there are similarities in that the novel looks at "the education of a particular kind of Englishman" which includes a deep immersion in literature and music which is an "amazing enrichment" but leaves you expecting life to be "like a grand opera or a great love poem".

The mood of *The Folding Star* is itself like a great love poem - expansive, intricate, deeply affecting. This is due in great part to Hollinghurst's attitude to writing novels which he thinks of as "like poems", feeling "images and atmospheres" before he begins to develop the plot. Indeed, he is a poet as well as a novelist, although since the moment he signed his contract with Faber and Faber his poetry writing capability has been "paralysed". Which can only be a bonus for the novel-reading population.

The interest in poetry works its way into *The Folding Star* in the form of an old poet from the 20s, once hailed as the next big thing, now "a nice old failure". Hollinghurst describes him as "a second-rate, sub-Georgian poet", an example of "introverted, pastoral, out-of-touch Englishness".

The tense affection for England which is evident in the novel is located generationally by Hollinghurst: "Like many people of my generation, I am profoundly attached to England in all sorts of ways, but I am very worried about it too".

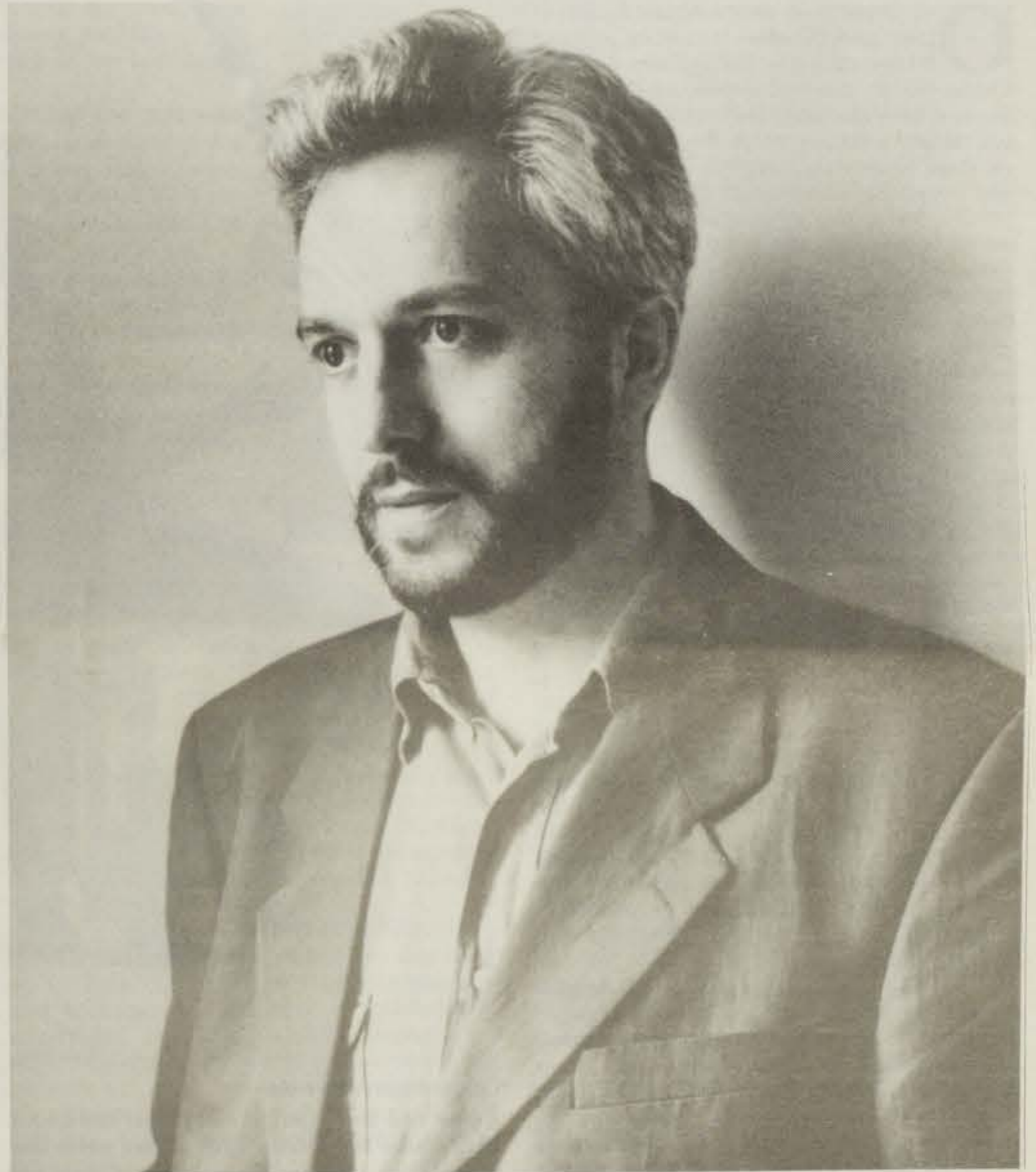
This, in part, explains the location of most of the novel in Belgium. It is always easier to talk about your home from from somewhere else, particularly when that somewhere else has the "over-lookedness" of Belgium. Apart from Bronte's *Villette* there is not, as Hollinghurst stated with a triumph of

bathos, a strong tradition of Belgium in English literature. Popularly thought of as "somewhere to get over or get past", Hollinghurst thought of Belgium as "beautiful and interesting" and was "astonished at how civilised the people are". Apart from this there is the hidden history of the strong *fin de siecle* cultural exchange between Bruges and London when Bruges had been a "topos of symbolist painting, poetry and novels".

A youthful interest in *fin de siecle* decadence was rekindled in Hollinghurst after his discovery of beautiful Belgium and he came across the minor symbolist painter Knopff who becomes Edgar Orst in the novel. Orst's story is partly Knopff's, but it is also strongly influenced by an equally minor symbolist novel, *La Belge Morte* in which a man obsessively relives the memory of his wife through an infatuation with an actress. The original frontispiece of the novel was painted by Knopff - it all began to make sense!

The incredibly intense heterosexual obsession acts as a beautifully weighted counter-point to Edward's obsession with Luc. The contrast between straight and gay relationships is dealt with with a beautifully candid humour in the novel so I was surprised when Hollinghurst told me of a reviewer who had accused him of a nauseating hatred towards heterosexuality: "I thought she'd somewhat over-reacted to this one; obviously a heavy-breather herself!" he replied. His position with respect of heterosexual love is "somewhere between good-humoured bafflement and distaste" and it was with this in mind that I asked him about the part of the novel I'd found most vexing.

One of Edward's friends is called Matt - who is incidentally blessed with a prick of remarkable not to say tedious length(!) - and he is a producer and distributor of pornography, which is one of the "baffled and surrogate forms of sexuality" with which the book deals. Edward becomes mildly involved and the results are amusing and touching. Edward also becomes involved with the Orst gallery and is eventually shown some photographs of Orst's actress in some very pornographic poses. Edward reacts to these photographs with disgust and pity. I asked Hollinghurst whether this difference in response to these versions of pornography was a political or aesthetic gesture. I suppose I'd been hoping for a passionate defence of artistic freedom, or an attack on small-minded, conservative morality and was, therefore, slightly disappointed to be told that: "I'm not really very well-versed in the politics of pornography. I'd always simply assumed that because gay pornography didn't involve the exploitation of on sex there was something equitable and consensual about it". There was, however, a



hint of mischievous delight when he stated simply "You can be a star in it" these days.

A delight in sexuality was very much apparent in *The Swimming-Pool Library*, a delight curiously spurred on by the AIDS discussion of the mid to late 80s: "The grim change in public attitudes, the whole backlash after AIDS made it all the more important to write something defiantly celebratory".

The mood of celebration has disappeared from *The Folding Star*. This is not to say that there is no sex (thank god) but rather to focus in more on the possibility of failure, hurt and rejection that sexual relationships inevitably bring with them. Edward manages to have a number of partners, but despite the pleasure that they give (and the absolute love which is felt for him by one of his lovers) nothing can alleviate the desire for Luc. The possibility of many partners is important for Hollinghurst. Continuing the conversation about AIDS he said: "The feeling towards the end of the 80s was that gay sex was all over; I mean Tough,

but there you are...I wanted to show that the impulse, appetite, need or whatever was still there; your sex lives could go on as they had done before. And I didn't want to make a great palavou about safe sex".

A recent reviewer complained that in contemporary gay writing there was too much gay and not enough writing. Even assuming that were true which I doubt, Hollinghurst would disprove that thesis. He is a brilliant writer who doesn't try to "gratify anybody in particular" but who nevertheless still manages to impress the *Daily Telegraph* ("which might not have been anticipated") as well as people who write to him to tell him what a profound effect his book has had on them ("I think that's rather wonderful").

Alan Hollinghurst is an important writer because he is committed; he is committed to a particular politics of sexual liberation, and he is committed to writing books that are powerful, moving and use language to its full effect. He is a kind, urbane and civilised man, and I hope he will light my nights with his starry light for years to come.

Way out there

Out There

Alhambra Studio Theatre,
Bradford

Out There is an experimental fusion of jazz and theatre, featuring Django Bates and his four piece Human Chain which aims at breaking down the barriers between actor and musician. This is not simply a jazz musical: the musicians are on stage constantly, creating an improvised jazz sound-track for the unfolding drama.

Yet at the same time the musicians (or more precisely the instruments) interact with the other characters of the play: the drum becomes a domineering father, Django Bates and his peck horn a down trodden mother. This might all seem bizarre, and indeed it is, but it is done with a sense of playfulness and a willingness on the part of both the musicians and the actors to look absurd which is so often lacking in these enterprises.

This jazz romance has a classic boy-meets-girl story: boy (Cliff) meets girl (Zoe), and the play follows the trials and tribulations, the separations and infidelities which they must endure on the road to true love. If this sounds very cheesy, that is because that is precisely what it is. There is never any doubt that the two will end up together, and after a bit of a shaky start, with a rather dodgy dance sequence, fortunately this turns out to be a production that has enough self confidence to parody and dissect this sentimentality (for example the over the top comic soft focus love scene *The First Funk*). The pop psychology that both Zoe and Cliff employ to avoid taking responsibility for their actions is similarly parodied by compositions such as *His Neurosis* and *Dysfunctional Family*.

The comic edge of young Anglo-American playwright Simon Black is displayed by the witty (but necessarily brief) dialogue, such as when Zoe's hippy lover offers to take her back to his place for 'Tantric sex'. In any case the plot is pretty irrelevant, and just as it looks like events might be taking a serious turn, Django Bates steps in as a rather laid back Jesus, who sorts out the mess and gets the romance back on track, while playing a rather funky bit of organ.

The real emphasis is of course on the music, which proves to be far more expressive than the clichés the characters bandy about. The improvisations of Django



Clare and Cliff take a break

Bates and the other members of the band both shape the action (Cliff at one point has to pull the plug on them because they get carried away) and comment on it, such as in the grand sweeping comic piece *The Next Level of Sex*, ridiculing the earnest and meaningful lovemaking of the couple.

Bates, in a splendidly shiny purple dinner jacket lead the band with confidence and humour through their particular brand of glossy New York jazz. Michael Mondesir on

bass guitar also proved himself to be adept at playing his instrument and acting (playing three different women) at the same time.

Of course, as both the audience and the musicians know all along, Zoe and Cliff do end up together, and the audiences demand for cheesiness, although tempered with an awareness of the absurdity of love affairs, is fulfilled.

Steven Ranger

Magic Flute

Grand Theatre

Second Thoughts on The Magic Flute

Isn't it so awful that opera is, well, so cheap these days? All ghastly champagne and people unsuitably clad in C&A nylon trousers. And for anything remotely resembling high art to be in existence north of Watford.

But that is Opera North's great success - cheap opera. And in my book that's incomparably better than poncy opera, and its attendant features of penguin collars and squawky women who say Garsh. In fact, it's a bit of psychological shock to think that some

people only paid three quid to get in.

So Opera North have proved that opera can be affordable. But their success is built on another achievement: that while opera can be cheap, it can also be insufferably trendy. For students maybe it's cheapness that makes it trendy, but for others (most of whom would just love a box at Covent Garden) it is a heinous sin to be associated with tackiness.

Therein lies the genius. The problem was that, what with Pavarotti and his gang at Italia '90, and then Harry Enfield showing that he isn't as brain dead as his characters, opera got a bit of a yoof bandwagon rolling for it, mass marketing and all. But Pavarotti did look just a bit uncomfortable in the guise of Mr Showbiz of the Common Man.

So Opera North provide us with a programme booklet that would look great on any coffee table. It's all pastel shades, impressionistic sketches, and arty farty extracts from books sold in Waterstones - all utterly incomprehensible. But who cares? It looks so good!

At the same time, however, they put on shows that excel in accessibility. The Magic Flute is famed for its light-heartedness. But this production was just ridiculous. For a start it was in English. Great! Now I can understand what's going on. Then, they just milked it for all it was worth to give it a sense of familiar theatrical comedy, with joke costumes and silly props and all that.

Purists may complain, indeed may



John Adams, *Harmonielehre*, *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*, *The Chairman Dances*, *Fanfares*; Simon Rattle, City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Decca

What are the stylistic ingredients of minimalist music? If you chose Michael Nyman and Philip Glass as representative composers then you might plump for rhythmic energy or diatonic harmony. But both these criteria would exclude Gorecki. No, a more convincing and universally applicable characteristic of minimalist music is its simplification of one or other aspect of the music. It can involve rhythm, harmony or even the scope of the orchestral or vocal resources employed by the composer. It is not that any of these alterations results in a homogeneous style but there is a similarity of approach to the compositional process. It is as if the minimalist composer has decided that he cannot cope with all the problems thrown up by the serial and atonal revolutions of this century and has selected a few of them for special treatment.

John Adams' solution certainly does not lie with the reduction of his orchestral resources. He invariably requires a full Romantic symphony orchestra replete with battalions of percussion. But there is a return to tonality and a furious rhythmic energy throughout his music. The most well known item on the new Rattle disk is the *Short Ride in a Fast Machine*. This piece of kinetic orchestration could be labelled rave music for the classically minded. The CBSO's performance is light and fluffy with a classically restrained dynamic and an unvarying metronomic pace. The orchestral sound is translucent. You just have the feeling that music of such limited scope does not stretch the group. This is less true of the *Harmonielehre* suite with its greater emotional range and moments of Mahlerian angst. The individual movements contain real diversity and the potential for individual instrumental parts to emerge from the envelope of sound. Of course the point of this music is its infinite reproducibility and the CBSO happily reproduces providing you pay them, but this music is not really performer's music at all. I like Adams' music to listen to but I fear that it doesn't matter whether it's performed by the CBSO or the Bournemouth Symphonietta.

Christian White

squawk, but when I come out on a Friday night I want to be entertained, not put to an intellectual test. For me that's always been the problem with opera. If you're not a musicologist and you don't know what *vorsprung durch technik* means, your best Wagner is just going to take you to the *Armageddon of Boredom*. But this opera was a real pleasure. Eileen Hulse's *Queen of the Night* nearly cocked up the famous high bit, but generally all the principals were good. And for the first time the horns weren't farty, and the orchestral pit didn't sound like a cat abattoir. Lovely! Does the quality of champagne really matter when you can have a genuinely good time?

Josh Berle

French Letter

Balzac

Graham Robb (Picador £20)

I have been in love; wildly, extravagantly in love. I've flown 1000 miles to spend one night with my lover, sent flowers across continents, have been so pitiful the angels have wept but nothing, absolutely nothing of my passionate excess comes close to the compulsive adulation that Graham Robb demonstrates in his love-letter he calls a biography to Balzac.

No garret room is left undevoured, no shopping-list unread. There is not one single bit of the man who spawned a literary school that is deemed unworthy of Robb's attention or our delight. And it is a delight to see Robb grappling with Balzac's over-bearing mother and trying to come to terms with his visionary father (who, incidentally, suggested a pyramid in front of the Louvre 150 years before the bicentennial celebrations). You can almost feel the pain as Robb tries desperately to posthumously rescue Balzac from the clutches of his family, to warn him away from dodgy publishers, lascivious ladies and crooked friends.

You can sense the pride that Robb has in his deceased desiree's wilfully contradictory and wayward stances - the revolutionary monarchist, the imaginative documentor, the Naturalistic visionary, the Catholic Nietzschean. Bemused, boastful and adoring, Robb is simply swelling with sumptuous love for both corpse and corpus.

Inadvertently perhaps, but true despite that, Robb fulfills the description by Graham McCann that "How the biographer expresses the life becomes to some extent the real subject of the biography". Robb as revealed by Balzac as revealed by Robb is a subject who astonishes and astounds by such a display of unbridled and uninhibited love.

Balzac, I'm sure, would have been much amused.

Matthew Pateman



The Time of Secrets & The Time of Love

Marcel Pagnol (Picador £6.99)

Do not believe the rave reviews on the back of this book - if Marcel Pagnol is truly 'loved' as they say, God knows why. I spent my weekend ploughing my way through this volume of memoirs and it was not an easy task.

I was first seduced into reading this by finding out that Pagnol had also penned those classics *Jean de Florette* and *Manon des Sources*, titles that tend to inspire whoops of joy when mentioned in the presence of cinema buffs. Maybe this book would be great over popcorn in Hyde Park Picture House, but, hey, don't try this one at home, kids.

Not to be too hard on Pagnol, the first half, *The Time of Secrets*, is actually quite good (though you forget this as you experience the horrors of the second half). The young Marcel, like Dylan Thomas, is 'prince of the apple towns', happy to frolic in the meadows with his boy-chums in those childhood days of eternal summer. His boy's eye view never falters so that we are back there with him, unable to fathom the remarks of grown-ups, confused and curious about the behaviour of the opposite sex. Marcel's adventures with the eleven-year old daughter of an absinthe-swilling pseudo-poet, who makes him eat grasshoppers and fan her as she sleeps, and the episode in which Marcel and chum kill a 'monster' almost succeed in capturing those childlike uncertainties and glories that we once knew so well.

Irritation sets in as you begin to read *The Time of Love*. Love hardly gets a look-in, as Pagnol is far too busy burbling on about his schoolboy pranks. Well, we've all read our *Malory Towers*, so tales of stink-bombs, detentions and teachers with amusing nicknames (except they aren't) are nothing new.

By the time I had read 100 pages of this nonsense, I was ready to hurl the book

across the room, and that was before I got to the interminable chapter about the madman.

The real failure of this book is that it shirks its duty as memoirs. Despite bandying the word 'Time' around in the title, we are offered nothing on those fundamental themes of time, memory, experience etc. Ultimately there is nothing behind the stinkbombs and the grasshoppers, as if Pagnol's life were merely a badly assembled collection of anecdotes. He may be enduringly popular in France, but he certainly isn't my cup of Earl Grey.

Emma Liggins

What's Really Going On Here?

Susie Orbach (Virago £7.99)

As Hugh so beautifully illustrated in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, the British are more than reluctant to speak of their emotions. This reluctance is the subject of Susie Orbach's new book. I would forgive you being wary of a Virago publication under the heading of psychotherapy, but before you dismiss it as feminist/Freudian babble, read a little further.

The key phrase of the book is emotional illiteracy. Orbach argues that we become illiterate when it comes to 'letting it show'. She is intent on extending the language of emotions and to recognise these emotions instead of treating them as an inconvenience. Placing great stress on the value of talking, in the way that close friends can talk openly, Orbach suggests that instead of dismissing nostalgia as a silly geriatric pastime, we recognise the need to reflect and indulge in it.

The issues she covers, in accessible bites of insight, range from diets to riots, from Palestine to parenting. She talks sensibly about difficult issues, bringing complex situations down to an understandable level. Orbach avoids crass over-simplifications, yet she is able to recognise the bones of a problem.

The style of the text varies. She employs the device of 'psychic snapshots', highlighting individual situations in order to explore wider issues. Orbach is aware of the trap of Oprah style confessions ('Doug and Jenny are growing apart, but can't figure out why...'), yet manages to avoid them with her common-sense tone. Only occasionally does she lapse into psychobabble, for example the 'corporeally uncertain adolescent'. We know what she is trying to say and what she is trying to avoid, but it doesn't help her case for improved literacy.

Orbach also lets herself down by making too many generalisations. She talks about 'how men react' to shows of emotion and 'teenage girls respond' to fashion and advertising. I can also see men objecting to the way she seems to use 'we' to mean women. To balance out these generalisations, she does give pleasingly equal weight to male and female, homosexual and heterosexual experience.

In a society where the term 'emotional' is often used as criticism, Orbach has many valid points to make. She recognises the value of venting emotions through talking, rather than 'bottling it up', or using violence. Her ethos totally opposes the 'pull yourself together brigade', advocating expression rather than repression. Bad title, good intentions.

Jessica Loudon

The Picador Book of the Beach

(Picador £4.99)

Reading this collection of short stories brought back memories of many dull schooldays, spent comparing the virtues of comic-book superheroes. In age, with innocence gone and feelings of sentiment towards garishly coloured Captain Americas channeled harmlessly into a liking for rugby league, one can turn to the bizzarely named *Picador Book of the Beach* to seek solace from a

world which has lost its comic book colours and compare instead the merits of short stories by such giants as Raymond Carver or Nadine Gordimer.

In such a context superheroes like Gabriel Garcia Marquez can slug it out with Graham Swift. The first is represented by a tiny nine page tale, 'The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World', which tells of village women who find a symbol for their buried belief in the profundity of life, lying washed up on a beach. Graham Swift's 'Learning to Swim' is a story of acute pain and joy which bursts triumphantly out of the unmagical material of English provincial life and marital relationships. In contrast, Ian McEwan's 'Last Day of Summer' lies dead in the water due to excessive use of symbolism.

While 'The Book of the Sea' would seem to be a more appropriate title for this collection, the name had already been used. That collection - spreading its net wider to cover poetry and essays from ancient writers as well as modern - worked because it was a bold-faced celebration of man's creative response to the expanses of wet stuff to which our watery bodies are distantly related.

Picador's *Beach* book is flimsy by comparison, and Robert Drewe's introductory essay on the relationship between modern writers and stretches of sand, seems absurd. The collection, though, remains true to its subject, for like any beach, this book offers some lovely views, as well as many things mothers wouldn't want their children to go anywhere near.

Ian Copestake

After many years of diligent service to the books page John McLeod is moving on to Southampton. Leeds Student would like to wish all the very best.

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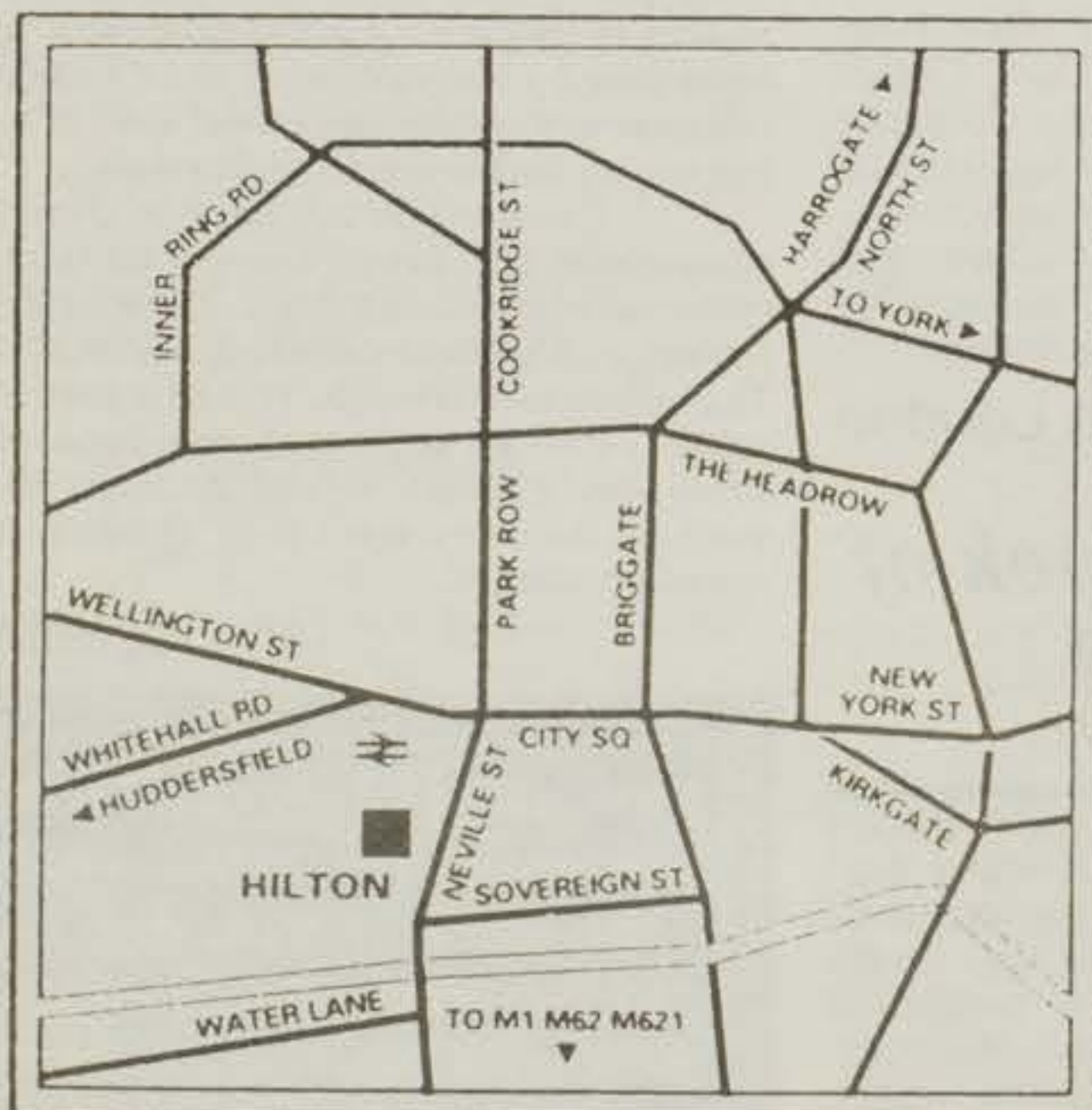
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Pie-Eyed!



Stage

Bugsy Malone

Riley Smith Hall, LUU

Ever wondered what it's like to be covered in custard?... Don't answer that, but go and experience the people who are. Yes, next week, gunge, flour, and custard pies are on the menu in the Riley Smith Hall for what promises to be quite literally the messiest production of the year - 'Bugsy Malone'.

This spectacle of stickiness is the latest from a new partnership - "Light Opera in association with Music Theatre". Admittedly not a name which easily slips off the tongue, but if last term's shows by either society are anything to go by this should be pretty damn hot. Take all the laughs of "Annie Get Your Gun", add all the pizzazz of "Jesus Christ Superstar", and flavour with endless quantities of that vital ingredient... gunk. What more could anyone ask?

"Bugsy Malone" is a record of the devastation that sophisticated weaponry can inflict on an unsuspecting population. It's the story of good against evil... It's the battle between Dandy Dan's splurge guns and Fat Sam's old fashioned pies. Set in 1920's New York, when Dan splurges Sam's gang all looks lost. However, just in the nick of time Bugsy Malone, a smooth city slicker steps in. With the help of Leroy Smith, "a guy with an awesome punch" - presumably heavily laced with vodka - the hero steals the shooters and saves the day at the show down. Substances of various densities and compositions fly, and, as is politically correct, horizontally-challenged Sammy wins through.



Well and truly creamed...

For those of you who like another type of gooeyness, there's also the compulsory romance... In this case, Bugsy woos would-be singer Blousey Brown. The highway to true love is hardly traffic jam free though - as our man stands his gal up in favour of four hundred dollars... well, wouldn't you? However, Cupid's splurge gun eventually finds its target, and everyone lives happily ever after.

The couple are joined by a host of colourful characters including glamorous showgirl Tallulah and broom-king Fizzy. After the performance, they all proceed to the self-help group for people with embarrassing names.

As is to be expected the all singin', all splurgin' extravaganza is just oozing with

tunes that'll have you humming all the way to the Old Bar, including the famous "My Name Is Tallulah" and the somewhat intriguing "Fat Sam's Grand Slam". This should be just what you need to relax after all those exams.

"Bugsy Malone" runs on Saturday 25th June, and then from Monday 27th to Wednesday 29th June, starting at 7.30pm each night. Tickets will be available on the door, or at lunchtimes from the extension. The price for what promises to be a great night's entertainment is a mere £3.00, or an even merer £2.50 for members of either society. Go along, enjoy, and be grateful you don't have to clean up afterwards.

Natalie Highwood

Previews In Brief

Chinese State Circus, Infirmary Fields, Westgate, Bradford, until July 3rd.

If you've not yet partaken of the delights of the Bradford Festival, then as good a place as any to start is with the Chinese State Circus, who'll be performing all kinds of biologically bizarre bouncing on Infirmary Fields until July 3rd. There's far too much to see to list here, and the thought of some of the stuff makes me feel quite sick, but at least they'll put Paul Daniels to shame.

Town & Country Club Collection, Tuesday 28th to Thursday 30th June.

Rather than recommend each one individually, you can read about all 3 of the T&C's gigs in one fell swoop. Tuesday sees Scottish rockers Big Country powering out the pop, Wednesday gets slightly more mellow with Galliano, and then the amps get cranked back up to 11 on Thursday for Little Angels. Prices are £10, £8.50 and £10 respectively, and I'm getting a headache just thinking about them all.

Ark, Leeds University, Saturday 25th June, £14.00.

Not only is the refectory taking on board the usual (if that's the right word) Ark spectacular this Saturday (with punters presumably having to go in two by two, ah ha ha ha), an entire Universe is also being squeezed in. Sounds too good to miss, especially with John of the Pleased Wimmin guiding your brain gracefully out of our solar system. Steep ticket price as usual, but f**k it, you can promise Mr Bank Manager some summer earnings, or your first born child, whichever comes easier.

Operagala Concert, Alhambra Theatre, Sunday 26th June, 7.30pm, with free pre-gala concert from 6.15pm.

A perfect introduction to the world of opera, with 'The Marriage Of Figaro', 'La Boheme', 'La Traviata' and 'Rigoletto' all featured. The Halle Orchestra provide the music, and internationally acclaimed soloists provide... well, the solos. £11 for the cheapest tickets, but there is a free concert in the Pit Bar beforehand from 6.15pm. Get your money's worth.

The Blues Brothers Official Tribute, Alhambra Theatre, Tuesday 28th June to Saturday 2nd July.

A hardy perennial. Tickets start at £4.50. Do you need to know any more?

Hugh Masekela & Miriam Makeba, The Tour Of Hope, St George's Concert Hall, Monday 27th June, £9.

Two of South Africa's musical giants combine with a young lively band for a "wonderful party". In the words of Mr Masekela, "it's time to dance... to celebrate". Do it.

"Aspects Of Love", Grand Theatre, until July 2nd, from £6.00.

To paraphrase Crowded House, not everyone in Leeds would pay to see Andrew Lloyd Webber. But most of them would. So if you are among them, and fancy love changing everything, you'd better ring the Grand box office now, hadn't you.

Staging It, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Tuesday 28th June, 5.30pm.

Director & cast of Pinter's "Betrayal" try not to look panicked as they field your questions. Show goes up in 9 days. Aaargh!

Life's A Beach



Stage

The Beano

Raven Theatre LUU

Currently saddling up the donkey and clattering along with bucket & spade at the ready in the Raven Theatre LUU is Theatre Group's last production of the year, a summer spectacular set in Scarborough. "The Beano" by Rony Robinson is also the show which the Golden Round Touring Company will be taking up to the Edinburgh Festival this August, so go along and give them your moral and financial support before they wow the fringe!

"The Beano" is the comic tale of a Brewery Outing to Scarborough, the 'beano' of the title (for those of you who thought it was a comic book adaptation). The sun is hot, the month is June, and the year is 1914, with the outbreak of World War One just weeks away. The class-structured group of workers comprises people of all ages, all with their own hopes and aspirations; kids looking forward to adulthood, lovers looking forward to marriage, and women looking forward to liberty.

The trip to Scarborough brings out the innocent in them all, but this carefree day contrasts all too vividly with the impending horrors and tragedy of war, an event which will change everyone's lives irrevocably.

This production promises to be a high-octane seaside trip - funny, fast-paced and frantic, it should be an hour and a quarter or so of brilliant acting and superb entertainment. With lines like "What use is a chuffing mermaid? They're all fish where it matters..." and "Is this a Beano or a shambles, Waggy?" "A Shambles, sir", you can't fail to enjoy yourselves despite the action teetering on the brink of war.

"The Beano" is currently running in the Raven Theatre, and can be seen tonight and tomorrow night (Friday 24th & Saturday 25th June) at 7.00pm. Tickets are available on the door from about 6.30pm, and cost just £3.00, or £2.50 for Theatre Group members.

If you can't get down to the Raven in the next two days, then there'll be a slightly longer run of "The Beano" in Edinburgh. If you happen to be in the city between 15th & 28th August, then pop along to the Roman Eagle Lodge (check the festival programme for times and details) with your stick of rock and candyfloss, and you'll be welcomed with open arms!

Aces High

Those of you with twitchy feet should shake your pegs round to the New Beehive Inn Cellar Bar on Westgate in Bradford on Saturday 25th June at 8.00pm, and then let your limbs loose to the music of the Cajun Aces. Bradford's very own Louisiana swamp men have returned from a highly successful American tour with standing ovations, live TV appearances and Andy Kershaw's recommendation behind them to provide a night of zydeco heaven.

With live music, a cajun & zydeco disco from 11.30pm onwards, and a late bar until 1.00am, not forgetting traditional cajun catering from The Flying Pigs, the New Beehive Inn looks all set to guarantee you a good time this Saturday. Telephone 0274 723539 for info & reservations.



FRIDAY

Clubs

UP YER RONSON at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Dance & garage, £6 NUS, 9.30pm to 3am.
DOWNBEAT at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Hip-hop and acid jazz, £3.50 NUS, 9.30pm to 3am, £1 a pint.
TRIBE at RICKY'S - Acid jazz, Funk & Dance.
LOVE TRAIN at TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB - 70's night, £4.50.
ANYTHING GOES at THE WAREHOUSE - Dance, Student night, £1 with flyer, cheap drinks.
PARTY TIME at YEL! Happy hour 6-8.30pm
DENIM & DANCE at MISTER CRAIG'S
STOMP at LMU - Indie, grunge.
INCARCERATED at SCRUMPIES - Alternative / hardcore night, £2.50 / £3.
TIME TUNNEL at RIFFS - 60's night, £2.50 / £3.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE tel. 442111
QUARRY THEATRE
The Lady From The Sea - 7.30pm, from £4.
COURTYARD THEATRE
Two - 7.45pm, from £4.
GRAND THEATRE tel. 459351 / 440971
'Aspects of Love' - 7.30pm, from £6.
CIVIC THEATRE
'When We Are Married' - 7.30pm, £4 / £3.
STUDIO THEATRE LMU
'It's A Girl' by John Burrows - 7.45pm, £2.50.
RAVEN THEATRE LUU
LUU Theatre Group present 'The Beano' by Rony Robinson - 7.00pm, £3 / £2.50.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
'Rockula' - 7.30pm, from £7.50.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
International Special Needs Dance Company - 7.30pm, £4 / £2.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
'Three Musketeers' - 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
'St Joan' - 7.45pm.

Music

THE DRUM
Gimp
ROYAL PARK
Inner Strength
THE GROVE INN
Folk Club present Janet Wood
THE HADDON HALL
People Like Us
EAGLE TAVERN
Still Jumpin
SHEFFIELD UNI
Brand New Heavies

Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Schindler's List - 7.00pm

IMAX
Africa: The Serengeti / Antarctica - 8.00pm

BFT2
Mississippi Masala - 6.00 & 8.15pm

SATURDAY

Clubs

THE COOKER at ARCADIA - Jazz / soul / funk, featuring DJ EZ
TOP BANANA at THE TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB - 80's night.
MAINSTREAM at MISTER CRAIG'S
BACK TO BASICS at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Dance.
THE LIZARD CLUB at RICKY'S - Best of Rock, £3 / £2.50, 10pm to 2am.
THE POWER HOUSE at THE GALLERY - 9pm to 2am, £6 / £7, casual dress.
ALTERNATIVE / INDIE at SCRUMPIES - 12-6pm, all afternoon
PARTY TIME at YEL! Happy hour 6-8.30pm
VAGUE at THE WAREHOUSE - £5, cross-dressing.
SATURDAY BOP at LMU - £2 / £4 guest.

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE
'The Lady From The Sea' - 8.00pm
COURTYARD THEATRE
Two - 3.00pm & 7.45pm.
GRAND THEATRE
'Aspects Of Love' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.
CIVIC THEATRE as Friday
RAVEN THEATRE LUU as Friday
RILEY SMITH HALL LUU
Light Opera & Music Theatre present 'Bugsy Malone' - 7.30pm, £3 / £2.50.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL as Friday
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
RJC Dance Theatre present 'Our Hearts Cry Out' - 7.30pm, £6.50 / £3.50
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
'St Joan' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm.

Music

THE DUCHESS
The Fabians & Emotional Hooligan
THE GROVE INN
58 Piece Orchestra
ROYAL PARK
Elephant Talk
HADDON HALL
Retaliator
NEW BEEHIVE, BRADFORD
The Cajun Aces
SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
A.C.R.

Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Crazy World Of Toons - 10.30am
Forbidden Planet - 1.30pm
Schindler's List - 7.00pm

IMAX
Rolling Stones AT The Max - 8.00pm

BFT1
On Stage - Break A Leg - 2.30pm
On Stage - Donna Rosita - 7.30pm

SUNDAY

Stage

ALHAMBRA
Operagala Concert with The Halle Orchestra - 7.30pm, from £11.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
'Pinocchio' - 2pm, £4.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
Mind The Gap presents 'Poached Eggs & other crimes' - 8pm, £5 / £3.

Music

THE GROVE INN
Patsy Matheson (lunchtime)
DUCK & DRAKE
Jed Thomas
PIZZA EXPRESS
Tony Leigh / Dave Lewis Duo (Jazz)
THE CENTRAL
Lizzie Wouldn't Like It
SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
The Dylans

Film

SHOWCASE CINEMA
27 Gelderd Road, Birstall. Tel. 0924 420071
Tickets £4.25 / £3.00 NUS
Cool Runnings No Escape
Angie Naked Gun 33 1/3
Reality Bites Philadelphia
My Father The Hero The Crow
Police Academy 7 Intersection
The Chase Schindler's List
Mrs Doubtfire Serial Mom
Four Weddings & A Funeral
Ace Ventura Pet Detective
Grumpy Old Men Beethoven's 2nd
Reservoir Dogs
Ring recorded message number (above) for times and details of programme changes.

COTTAGE ROAD CINEMA
Cottage Road, Far Headingley. Tel. 751606
Please ring for programme details.

LOUNGE CINEMA
North Lane, Headingley. Tel. 751061
Please ring for programme details.

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Brudenell Road, Leeds 6. Tel. 752045
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Late Show Friday 24th - Cool Runnings - 11.00pm
Late Show Sat 25th - Reservoir Dogs - 11.00pm

MGM MOVIE HOUSE
Vicar Lane, LS1. Tel. 451031
Beverly Hills Cop 3 - 1.00, 3.20, 5.45, 8.25
Naked Gun 33 1/3 - 1.00, 5.45
Reality Bites - 3.15, 8.30
Police Academy 7 - 1.00, 3.15, 5.45, 8.35

ODEON - See Monday

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Schindler's List - 7.00pm

BFT1
Wild West - 6.15pm & 8.00pm

MONDAY

Clubs

PHUX at MISTER CRAIG'S - Student night, £2.50 entry.
THE WORLD at RITZY'S - Student night, £1 a pint.
UP THE JUNCTION at THE GALLERY / RICKY'S / ARCADIA - Student night, £1.50 before 10.30pm, £2.50 after, 80p pint (£1 in Arcadia), 80p double, £1.50 'Mad Dog' - music inc. house, garage, indie, & funky groove.
CHIL - STUDENT NIGHT at YEL - £1 a pint, £1 a shot all night - 70's music with Levi Actionslax

Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE - as Friday
COURTYARD THEATRE - as Friday
GRAND THEATRE as Friday
LUU RILEY SMITH HALL
Light Opera & Music Theatre present 'Bugsy Malone' - 7.30pm, £3 / £2.50.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday

Music

THE DUCHESS
NOFX
BELUSHI'S
Jazz Duo
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
Hugh Masekela & Miriam Makeba - 7.30pm, £9.
WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
Tony Leigh Trio

Film

ODEON CINEMA
The Headrow - Tel. 430031
Robocop 3 - 1.15, 3.40, 6.00, 8.30
The Crow - ring for times
Sat & Sun only - Cool Runnings - ring for times
Four Weddings & A Funeral - ring for times
The Chase - 1.30, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40.
Look Who's Talking Now - 1.05.
Reservoir Dogs - 3.20, 5.35, 8.40.

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA

Schindler's List - 7.00pm

BFT1
Tom & Viv - 6.00pm & 8.15pm.

Telly

Sat & sun :-
'4 Goes To Glastonbury' (various times) - Channel 4 gets extremely damp & muddy, loses its tent, and smokes vast quantities of mind expanding drugs. Oh, and there's some popular beat combos playing as well.
Stumbling wearily into Monday morning...
'World Cup Grandstand' (BBC2, 8.30pm) - The football is incidental. Listening to the commentary teams, with Garth Crooks' searing insights, and watching Jimmy & Terry beat the crap out of each other on the sofa is the real entertainment.
'Palin's Column' (C4, 8.00pm) - Michael Palin's penis proves that the world's entire population can be crammed on to the Isle Of Wight, so long as they all get to know each other intimately.
'Wimbledon 94' (BBC1 & BBC2) - Although more likely Wimbledon 93, 92, & 91, 'cos it'll be pissing it down by now.

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TUESDAY



Clubs

BEAT SURRENDER at THE MUSIC FACTORY - 60's to 90's, £2.50 on door, £1 a pint.
THE ROOST at ARCADIA - Live jazz, £2 admission, £1 a pint.
DECADENCE at SCRUMPIES - Gothic / Alternative.
HELL RAISER at THE OBSERVATORY - Rock night, 8-12.
4-PLAY at YEL! Gay night. Happy hour all night. Top London DJ Chris Reardon plus live entertainment from top London artists.
MELT at ASHFIELDS -(Merriion Centre) - 10pm to 2am, £2 entry, £1.20 bitter / lager, £1.30 cider.



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE as Friday
COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
GRAND THEATRE as Friday
RILEY SMITH HALL LUU as Monday
ALHAMBRA
 The Blues Brothers Official Tribute - 7.30pm, from £4.50.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 The Day After Tomorrow - 8pm, £4 / £3.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 'Coppelia' - London City Ballet - 7.45pm.

Music

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 Big Country - 7.00pm, £10
THE DUCHESS
 The Tea Party
BELUSHI'S
 The Price Of Ivory
THE GROVE INN
 Jam Session
ADELPHI
 John Taylor Quartet
DUCK & DRAKE
 Dandelions
BRADFORD UNI
 Eat Static



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Schindler's List - 7.00pm

BFTI
 Tom & Viv - 6.00pm & 8.15pm



Telly

'World Cup 94' (BBC1, 5.25pm) - Ireland drink Norway under the table.
 'Wimbledon 94' (BBC1, 10.25pm) - Does anyone else think Sue Barker would be a good snog?
 'One Small Step - Man On The Moon' (BBC2, 9.30pm) - New four part series commemorating the 25th anniversary of the first moon landing, carried out by a bunch of American jocks who were desperate to escape all those games with that funny round ball being played.
 'Summer Holiday' (BBC1, 8.30pm) - Some poor bugger pulls the short straw and gets to look at where the Scottish lowlands meet the highlands. Somewhere in the Trossachs, I think.

WEDNESDAY



Clubs

DIG! at THE GALLERY / ARCADIA - 10pm to 2am, Live jazz / latin / funk / soul / hip-hop.
CIRCUS CIRCUS at THE MUSIC FACTORY - 3 floors of pop, 60's to 90's, £1 a pint.
PARTY ON at YEL. Happy hour 6-8pm.
BLACK LODGE at SCRUMPIES - Hardcore / alternative, 10pm to 2am, £2 / £1.50.
RELISH at DIGBY'S - a night of house classics, 9.30 - 2.00am, £3 NUS, £1 Budweiser & pints.
NORTHERN EXPOSURE at RICKY'S



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE
 'The Lady From The Sea' - 2.00pm & 7.30pm.
COURTYARD THEATRE - as Friday
GRAND THEATRE
 'Aspects Of Love' - 2.00pm & 7.30pm
CIVIC THEATRE
 'Hobson's Choice' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.00.
RILEY SMITH HALL LUU as Monday
ALHAMBRA as Tuesday
ALHAMBRA STUDIO as Tuesday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM as Tuesday

Music

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 Galliano - 7.00pm, £8.50.
JOSEPH'S WELL
 Absolute Beginners
BELUSHI'S
 No Base Hit



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Schindler's List - 7.00pm

BFTI
 Tom & Viv - 6.00pm & 8.15pm



Telly

'Wimbledon 94' (BBC1, practically all day) - To be honest, I'd rather go to bed with Des Lynam.
 'Screen Two : A Little Bit Of Lippy' (BBC2, 9.00pm) - A young Northern housewife discovers she's married to a transvestite when he turns up at the church in a matching dress.
 'Charles : The Private Man, The Public Role' (ITV, 8.00pm) - Profile of King Wingnut I, which might have been more interesting as 'The Pubic Man, The Private Roll' but that's just my typing adding spice where there isn't any. Oh no. Honestly. Something about being a tampon, wasn't it...? Might improve his skiing, I suppose.
 'Frasier' (C4, 10.00pm) - When a colleague dies, Frasier ponders his own mortality, and it ends up being hilarious. Same here. Every time my life starts falling apart, especially in matters of the heart, people start giggling. You know who you are.

THURSDAY



Clubs

LOADED at THE MUSIC FACTORY - Indie / dance / dub / hip-hop / psychedelia - £2 / £2.50.
ROCK NIGHT at THE WAREHOUSE - £2 before 11pm.
THE MILE HIGH CLUB at RICKY'S / THE GALLERY / ARCADIA - 70's disco.
PARTY NIGHT at MISTER CRAIG'S - £1 before 12pm.
BANANAS at RITZY'S - £1 a pint.
THE FLOOR SHOW at YEL! Live entertainment, plus happy hour 6-8pm.
STUDENT NIGHT at STOGGY'S - Free before 11pm, £1 after, 10pm to 2am.



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE as Friday
COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
GRAND THEATRE as Friday
CIVIC THEATRE as Wednesday
ALHAMBRA as Tuesday
ALHAMBRA STUDIO as Tuesday
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 'Coppelia' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm.

Music

ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 Boys Of The Lough - 8pm, £6.50.
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 Little Angels - 7.00pm, £10.
THE DUCHESS
 Blind
DUCK & DRAKE
 The Crabs
THE GROVE INN
 Bluegrass Night
JOSEPH'S WELL
 The Plants



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Schindler's List - 7.00pm

BFTI
 Tom & Viv - 6.00pm & 8.15pm.



Telly

'The Travel Show' (BBC2, 9.00pm) - Returns just in time to remind us poor students where we can't go this summer.
 'World Cup Grandstand' (BBC1, 12.00midnight) - Argentina & Bulgaria kick pieces out of each other, and there are highlights, if that's the word, from Greece versus Nigeria. Worth staying up for might be the humorous review of the tournament so far, from David Baddiel and Frank Skinner, but then again, you might have a life.
 'Oprah' (C4, 5.00pm) - Apparently, 50% of Americans say they wouldn't have children if they could do it all again. What a blessed relief for the rest of the world that would be. Let's hope, if we slip into the aforementioned temporal warp, that Oompah's ma & pa are among the 50% so we don't get the silly moo prancing all over the opening to the World Cup.
 'Wimbledon' (BBC1) - but I'm afraid Anne Jones is a definite no no. Thank you all the same.

TV FILMS

Friday 24th June :-

'The House On Carroll Street' (BBC1, 7.20pm) - Kelly McGillis, Jeff Daniels, & Mandy Patinkin amply make up for the fact that ITV got the World Cup game this evening, with a stylish 1950's thriller. I might even call it Hitchcockian, if that didn't sound terribly pretentious.

'The Falcon & The Snowman' (BBC1, 11.25pm) - Weird spy-story about an all-American kid who starts shipping bucketloads of secrets to the Commies. And the Snowman, played by Sean Penn, is a whingeing cocaine addict, rather than one of those cute white blobs seen in backgardens during Winter.

'Broadway Danny Rose' (BBC2, 12.15am) - Not everyone I know likes Woody Allen... come to think of it, no-one's going to stay up and watch this with me, but that's okay 'cos I'll be drunk. Gentle comedy adventure meets quirky romance. All in black & white. Mmm. I'm going to bed.

Saturday 25th :-

'The Three Musketeers' (BBC1, 5.25pm) - Swash, buckle and Raquel Welch. Yowza.
 'Young Sherlock Holmes' (BBC2, 8.30pm) - Holmes & Watson meet at boarding school, nudge nudge, wink wink, say-no-more.

'Beaches' (ITV, 8.30pm) - Bette Midler has a whale... sorry, wail. Actually, the first has interesting possibilities...

'The Onion Field' (ITV, 10.45pm) - A real weepie.

Sunday 26th June :-

'The Professionals' (C4, 8.00pm) - Lee Marvin & Burt Lancaster in desert western which tries to work out who the good guys and who the bad guys really are. Oh yeah.

'Dances With Wolves' (ITV, 8.30pm) - How to f**k up a perfectly good panoramic sweep of a film. 1. Stick a load of adverts in it. 2. Split it into two parts 'cos your average Carlton viewer wouldn't be able to concentrate for 3 hours. Concludes tomorrow night.

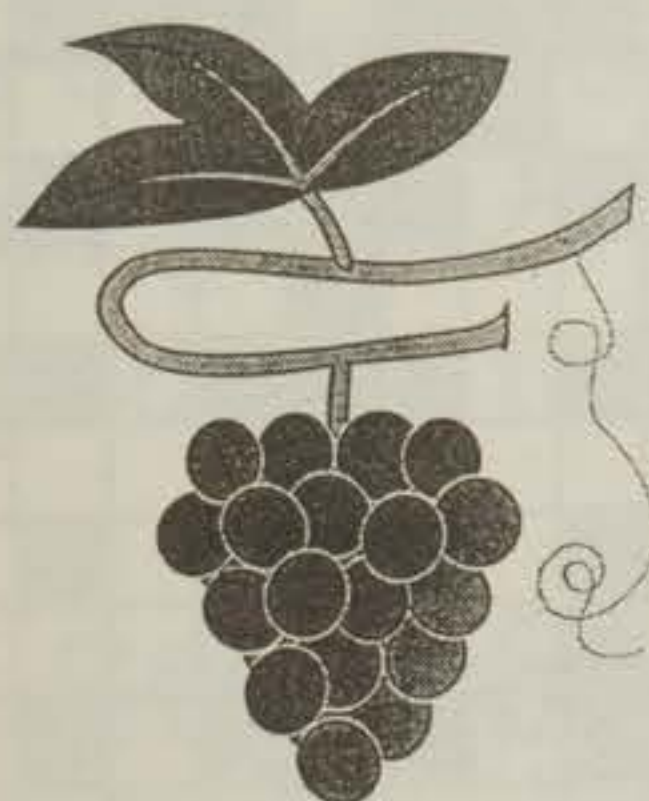
'Salvador' (BBC2, 11.25pm) - James Woods as a sleazy press photographer who started his career on Leeds Student.

Monday, Tuesday & Thursday :-
 Zip. Video a few of the above and watch them between World Cup games.

Wednesday 29th June :-

'Compromising Positions' (BBC1, 11.25pm) - Susan Sarnadon as a one-time journalist turned housewife who investigates a bonking barber, with Raul Julia hot on the trail as well. Suggestive comedy rather than thriller, with tongue residing very firmly in cheek.

... from your Union with love^{XX}



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BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

FRIDAY

6.00 NEWS WEATHER
6.30 LOOK NORTH
7.00 NEIGHBOURS another look at every-day life in Ramsay Street.
7.20 FILM THE HOUSE ON CARROLL STREET We had typical life on a typical street in Australia. Now we have typical life on a typical street in America.
9.00 NEWS; REGIONAL NEWS; WEATHER
9.30 999 includes the story of a trainee R.A.F pilot who had to fly a Harrier Jump jet alone after a mid-air collision.
10.25 TODAY AT WIMBLEDON
11.25 FILM THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN stars Timothy Hutton a Falcon and a Snowman
1.30-1.35 WEATHER

5.30 CLOWNING AROUND
5.55 WIMBLEDON '94
8.30 WORLD CUP GRANDSTAND Brazil V Cameroon plus action from The Republic of Ireland v Mexico
11.00 NEWSNIGHT
11.45 WEATHERVIEW
11.50 DANGER THEATRE last in the series someone is trying to kill rock superstar Dereck Jones. But the Searcher is on the case.
12.15 FILM BROADWAY DANNY RODE About a theatrical agent who boasts the most bizzare collection of clients in New York

5.15 WORLD CUP '94 Mexico v Ireland
8.00 THE BILL
9.00 LONDON'S BURNING Blue Watch organises a charity pram race
10.00 NEWS WEATHER
10.30 CRIME MONTHLY monthly regional crime update. A muderer destoyed all the evidence except for one vital clue.
11.30 REGIONAL NEWS WEATHER.
11.40 WORLD CUP '94 Sweden v Russia The flair of Sweeden's Brolin and Dahlin is pitted against that of Russia's Kharin and Yuran. Plus highlights of Brazil v Cameroon, followed by the NEWS
2.30 WHALE ON entertainment, music, live debates with James Whale, followed by the NEWS

5.00 MEN ONLY
5.45 MEN'S ROOMS about male ballet dancers
6.00 BLOSSOM About a typical American Teenager
6.30 HAPPY DAYS Fonzie's adoption plans hit a snag
7.00 CHANNEL 4 NEWS; WEATHER
7.50 YOU DON'T KNOW ME BUT
8.00 EUROPE EXPRESS News and Views from mainland Europe
8.30 BROOKSIDE More real life from Liverpool
9.00 OVER THE GARDEN WALL (The Wet)
9.30 HOME IMPROVEMENT
10.00 ROSEANNE Typical life sitcom
10.30 VIVA CABARET last in the series
11.20 BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD
11.50 4 GOES TO GLASTONBURY
2.00-2.30 BUTT-NAKED

SATURDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

5.25 FILM THE THREE MUSKETEERS A swashbuckling comedy for the whole family
7.10 POP QUIZ the classic archive footage includes pop legends Bros and Cat Stevens.
7.40 HIT THE ROAD guest stars include Jonathon Coleman, Annabel Giles and Bradley Walsh.
8.20 NEWS & SPORT
8.40 WORLD CUP GRANDSTAD Argentina playing Nigeria. Commentry by John Motson and John Fashanu
11.00 ATHLETICS (EUROPEON CUP) Highlights
11.40 FILM Premiere RELENTLESS starring Judd Nelson and Robert Loggia

3.00 WIMBLEDON grunt, ugh, smash, thwack, oh I say, 15-0.
8.30 FILM YOUNG SHERLOCK HOMES Directed by Steven Spielberg who brought us Jurrasic Park and E.T. Adventure film for the whole family.
10.15 TODAY AT WIMBLEDON Highlights ?
11.15 FINE CUT
12.25-2.00 FILM THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD Based on stories by Sir Author Conan Doyle. But saying that it has nothing to do with Sherlock Homes. Unless he is disguised as Napoleon.

5.15 WORLD CUP '94 Belgium V Holland. Another if only night for English fans
7.45 STARS IN THEIR EYES the programme where everybody has stars in their eyes.
8.30 FILM BEACHES Two girls meet by chance in 1957. From then on their friendship steadily grows. Suprisingly they meet on the beach.
10.30 NEWS
10.45 FILM THE ONION FIELD Set suprisingly enough in an onion field.
1.05 COACH Hayden and Christine's relationship hangs in the balance
1.35 TOUR OF DUTY Vietnam war seris part 2.
2.30 B P M Latest news from the dance music scene

5.05 BROOKSIDE OMNIBUS Mandy tries to persuade Beth against continuing her relationship with Chris a.
6.30 FILM JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS Mythical family entertainment
8.25 THE SEXUAL IMPERATIVE
9.30 THE UNPLEASANT WORLD OF PENN AND TELLER
10.00 4 GOES TO GLASTONBURY star of today's line up is former singer of the sugar cube Bjork
12.30-3.25 LATE LICENCE
12.40 HERMAN'S HEAD 1.10 JUST FOR LAUGHS
1.40 NAKED CITY Music and entertainment
2.55-3.25 TRUE OR FALSE

SUNDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

5.30 MASTERCHEF The last semi-final of the series
6.05 NEWS
6.25 SWEET INSPIRATION Songs of Praise. Apart from the fact that celebrities choose the hymns
7.00 LAST OF THE SUMMER WINE another chance to see a vintage episode from the series.
7.30 FILM MAXIE comedy fantasy
9.05 LOVE ON A BRANCH LINE boozing could ruin the days cricket
9.55 NEWS
10.10 MASTERMIND
10.40 HEART OF THE MATTER Joan Bakewell investigates another topical moral dilemma.
11.15 ATHLETICS EUROPEAN CUP (highlights!)
11.55 ADVICE SHOP
12.25 THE SKY AT NIGHT
12.45-12.50 WEATHER

6.55 THE LAST SUMMER DIARY OF A DEBUTANTE Marking the 80th anniversary of Archduke Franz Ferdinand.
7.15 BABY MONTHLY The Fourth month
8.00 UNDER THE SUN (DREAM GIRLS) About young Japanese dancers
8.50 TIMEWATCH (SEEDS OF WAR) this looks at the question How did the first world war start ?
9.50 FILM THE SHOOTING PARTY
11.25-1.35 MOVIEDROME FILM SALVADOR

5.50-6.20 CALENDAR
6.20 NEWS
6.30 THROUGH THE KEYHOLE
7.00 MOTHERS RUIN
7.30 SCHOFIELD'S QUEST Philip Schofield with the help of guests and a audience tries to solve earthly and physic mysteries.
8.30 FILM DANCES WITH WOLVES oscar-winning epic to be shown over two nights
10.00 THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR
10.30 News
10.45 WORLD CUP '94 highlights of USA V Romania, Switzerland V Colombia, Bulgaria V Greece
12.00 QUIZ NIGHT quiz for pubs and clubs.
12.30 THE BEST music show
1.30 ZARA DHYAN DEIN
1.35 FILM GEETANJALI

6.25 THE COSBY SHOW
6.55 NEWS & WEATHER
7.00 SECRET HISTORY (THE SOVIET WIVES AFFAIR) About husbands and wives whose marriages were affected by the cold war.
8.00 FILM THE PROFESSIONALS This continues the vision of Light seris. A western featuring cimematography by Conrad Hall.
10.10 4 GOES TO GLASTONBURY 12.35 ISLAMIC CONVERSATIONS (AUTHORITY AND CHANGE) Disscuses the role of Islamic scholars and the fatwa and the relationship between religious and secular authority.
1.05-3.00 FILM MIRROR

Preview by Catherine Allen

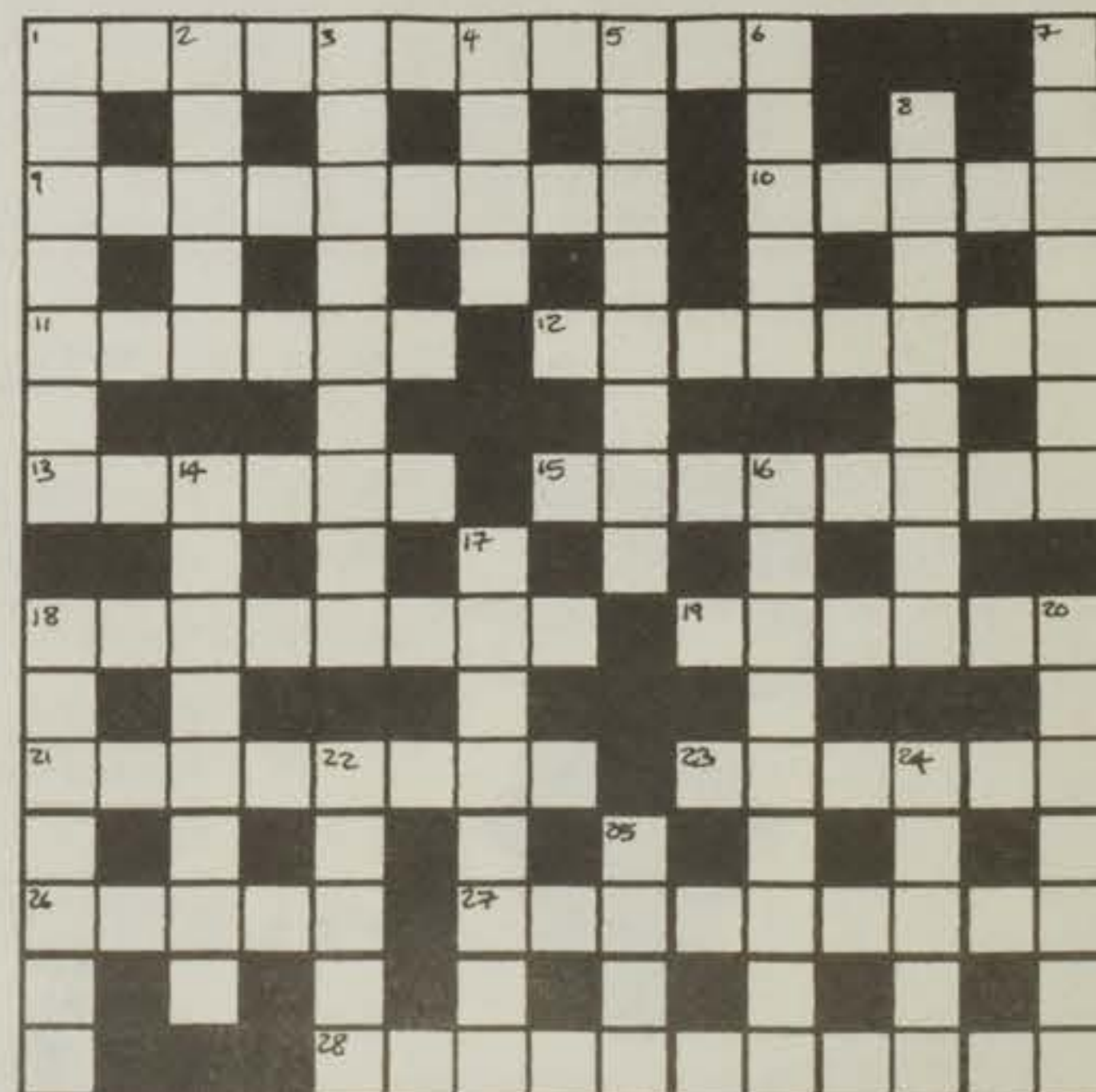


CROSSWORD

Across :-
1. Off-day spent beside river? (4-7)
9. Positively encouraging blowing! (9)
10. Acted in movie about lad and ET. (5)
11. Solemn, bespectacled fly-by-night. (6)
12. Bursts in and does limp manoeuvre. (8)
13. Inept, I struggle with ornamental adornment. (3-3)
15. Take camera and ship to see the slaughter. (8)
18. "Dampness" is a play about our times. (8)
19. Criticises wading birds. (6)
21. Anyone with "Sympathy For The Devil"? (8)
23. Fling some business. (6)
26. Join and give girl a kiss. (5)
27. Butterfly gives recommendation for fruit selection? (6-3)

28. Strawberry cream, for example, is making you sentimental. (4-7)
Down:-
1. Pay for parachute jump. (4,3)
2. Sound of the hooter! (5)
3. You look sinful wearing this garment. (4,5)
4. King of the Jungle gets slightly confused making a joint. (4)
5. Dorothy gets out of rough games and scraps. (4-4)
6. "Greetings, Derrick. Give us a Tyrolean song." (5)
7. Painter 'as 'is mates 'round. (7)
8. Panic had become a disadvantage. (8)
14. Being to occur with ears, nose and throat. (8)
16. Little rascal fathered by a colt? (3,2,1,3)
17. Ignore detailing of a fox, perhaps? (5,3)
18. A gas for keen sniffers? (7)

20. Street takes pride about not being plain! (7)
22. Sex and a single Frenchman form a bond. (5)
24. Relate lacks energy. Change is needed... and is found! (5)
25. White powder results in story having a different ending. (4)
Last Puzzle's Answers :-
Across :- 6. That's all folks 8. Crop up 9. Wrestler 10. Rye 11. Swathe 12. Rescript 14. Complex 16. Praline 20. Herbaria 23. Incest 24. Nan 25. Chill out 26. Cordon 27. Running battle
Down :- 1. Camp it up 2. Isoprene 3. Flowers 4. Offers 5. Slater 6. Throw together 7. Stepping stone 13. Cha 15. Lea 17. Raincoat 18. Lacerate 19. Vantage 21. Belong 22. Rookie



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Summer In The City



Looking forward to going home? Read on before you make your travel arrangements; you just might want to stay in Leeds for the summer with all the great entertainment lined up for the next few months. Okay, so cash is a problem, but at least one of these delights should be worth a weekend away from the parental pad.

Starting with the stars adorning our pouting pictures then; as you may have realised, none other than Mr Lenny Henry, all-round comic genius and extremely good bloke is paying Leeds a visit in this period which we laughingly call the summer. He'll be gracing the Grand on Sunday 11th & Monday 12th September with all the usual characters but with some great new material. Check his tour details for the summer, because he's covering the length and breadth of Britain, but if you're off his beaten track, then get your train ticket to Leeds and book yourself a seat in the Grand. Tickets start at £9.50.

Eyes move (swiftly) to the right now and pop out on stalks at the sight of The Chippendales, who are also playing, caressing and generally toying with the Grand Theatre for two nights in July. The "Nothing's Going To Stop Us Now" Tour celebrates The Chips' four years on the road, and comprises 16 extremely well-formed men grinding away in song & dance routines based on top films of the last decade. Should be sPEcTacular if you can afford the £13.50 being charged for a seat (and it's subsequent cleaning). If you can, Friday 8th & Saturday

9th of July are your dates for the mates from the States.

Eyes down for another swoon now, as Marco from 'Neighbours' melts the camera in our final piccy. Felice Arena (for 'tis the young heart-throb's name) disappeared from the soap a while back, and seems to have made a good career move, 'cos now he's playing Jesus in the new production of "Godspell", which shines its light on the Grand Theatre from 11th to 16th July. All the favourite hits will be passionately performed, along with a new song, 'Beautiful City', written especially for this production by Stephen Schwartz. Tickets start at £6.50.

Elsewhere in our thrumming metropolis, the West Yorkshire Playhouse will be going Pinter potty, as they put on his full-length tale of the steamy-side of suburbia, "Betrayal". This runs from July 7th to August 6th, and is complemented by three readings of some of Pinter's short works. Also on the summer bill is the National Youth Music Theatre's production of "Whistle Down The Wind" which will be whistling through the Quarry Theatre for just two weeks in August.

Meanwhile on the live music scene, the T&C has some great gigs lined up, including Carleen Anderson on 7th July, House of Pain on 25th July, and Ride on 18th September. You're also advised to book now for Stone Temple Pilots on 27th October if you want a flying start to the new year!

Until then, have a brilliant summer, wherever you end up...



Above - flex those pecs
Below - so this is where Marco ended up...



EXOTIC HOLIDAY LOCATIONS?



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Goodbye from all at Leeds Student



Roll-call:

Front Row:

Katherine Allen (work exp.), Rosa Prince (Deputy Ed.), Nicola Woolcock (News Ed.), Hannah Jones (Art Ed.) John McLeod (ex-Books ed.)

First Row:

Alison Wragg (news), Richard Fletcher (Editor) Liz Ekstein (Books Ed.)

Second Row:

Toby Wakely (news), Dedashis Singh (photos), Ed Crispin (Photo Ed.) Steve Ranger (Jazz Ed.)

Third Row:

Tom Miles (news), Matt Pepler (music), Akim Ojumu (music Ed.), John Revill (ex-News Ed.) Emma Hartley (ex-Arts Ed.)

Fourth Row:

Steve Hill (Guide), Dave Smith (News Ed.), Matt Roper (Chief News Ed.), Tim Gallagher (Editor-Elect), Eleanor Rose (Arts Ed.), Helen Crossley (News Ed.), Hannah S. Lawrence (Arts).

THESE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED...!

by donner und blitzen

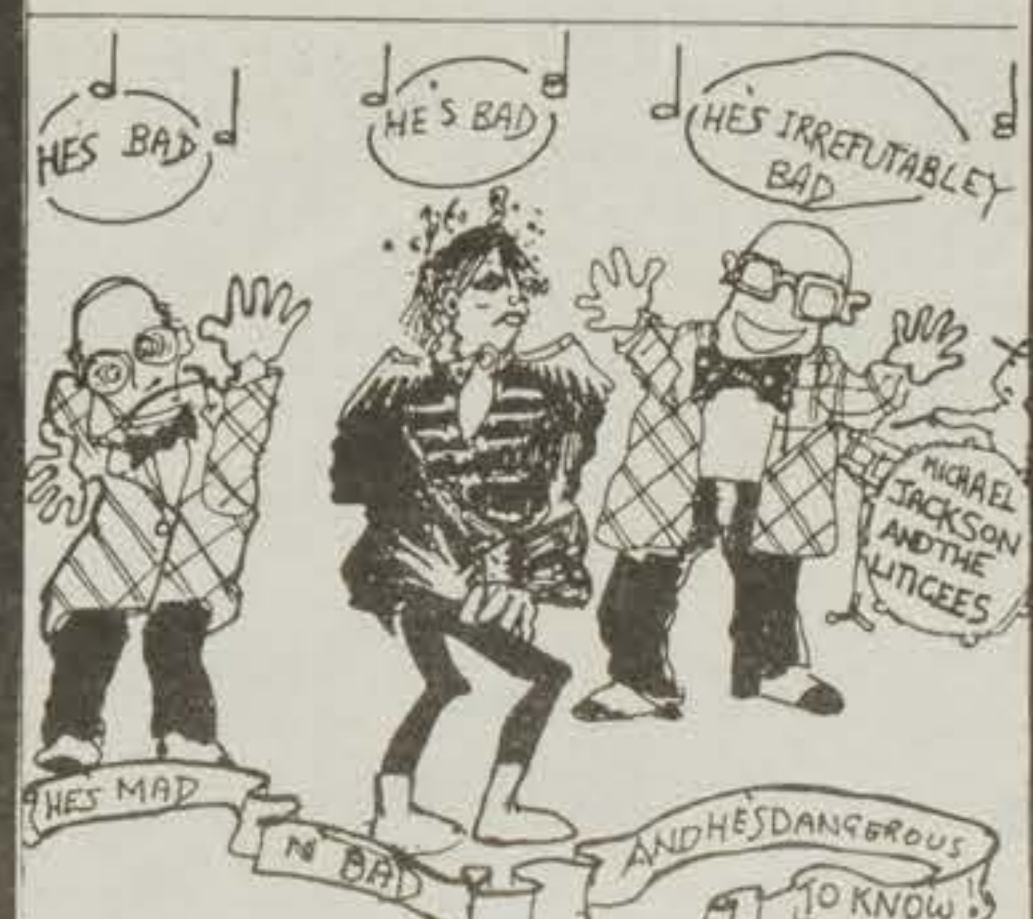
ENGLAND AWAKE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR DIGNITY...



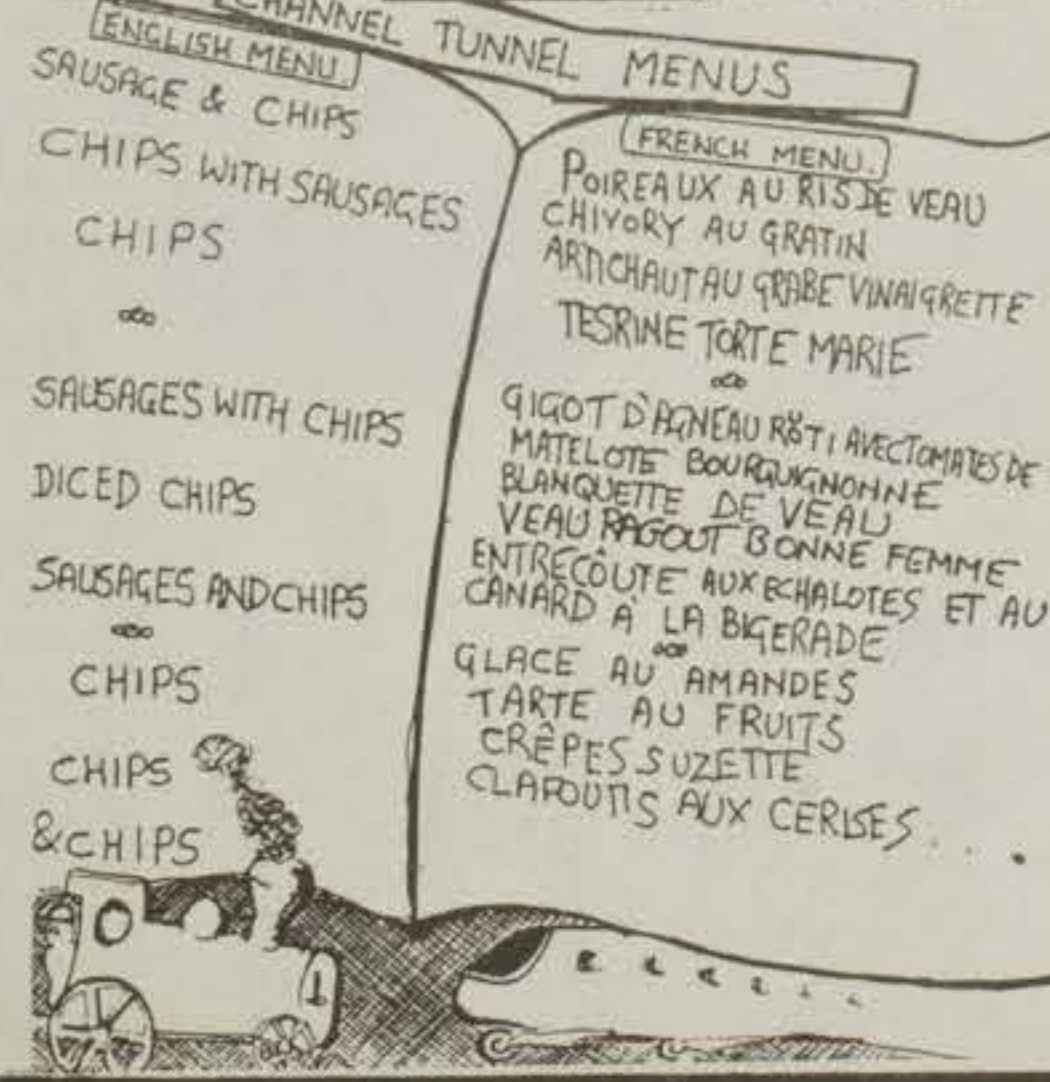
THE TROUBLE WITH D.I.Y.....



DONT FORGET GIRLS, THE LOUDER YOU SCREAM THE FASTER I GO!



MEANWHILE... THE LOWDOWN ON THE DEEP DOWN HOE DOWN



WHOOOOOOOOOPS BACK TO BASICS



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