

SLEEDS STUDENT

Guilty verdict in Leeds Crown Court rape trial

Moor rapist gets 12 years

"I've got this feeling that he's everywhere, watching me"

- a victim speaks after the trial

A hooded rapist who inflicted a reign of terror on Leeds students was jailed for 12 years this week after a jury at Leeds Crown Court convicted him of a series of sexual assaults.

David Martin Jackson, who over the course of a year and a half came to be known as 'The Woodhouse Moor Rapist', was described after the case as "evil" by one of the senior police officers in charge of the hunt.

David Jackson, who wore a balaclava as he attacked his victims, targeted lone females as they walked across Woodhouse Moor at night. In the early attacks he grabbed them from behind, and forced them to commit indecent sex acts. Then, in October 1992, he raped a first year student.

Jackson, who denied the accusations, was found guilty on one count of rape, three of indecent assault, two of attempted indecent assault and four of assault, during five attacks from June 1991 to October 1992. The jury of six men and five women (one of the jurors was taken ill just before the defence began its case) took 27 hours to find him guilty of all charges.

As he sentenced Jackson, Judge Justice Harrison told the rapist: "Young women in this area of Leeds were afraid to go out at night.

By Rosa Prince

Offences such as these should be punished by a substantial period of imprisonment."

Jackson remained expressionless as, watched by family and friends, he was found guilty of the rape and series of assaults, four of which were made on students from Leeds University and Leeds Metropolitan University.

Jackson, who taunted the police with a letter signed 'Jack the Stripper', was later described by a senior officer as a Jekyll and Hyde character; he was a strongly religious man who was committed to his church, The New Testament Church of Christ. He emphasised his religion throughout the trial, but in sentencing, Justice Harrison said: "You came from a decent Christian family but you have let them down."

The police expressed their satisfaction that Jackson had been convicted. During the hunt, officers on the case had referred to the rapist as: "A lion stalking his prey on Woodhouse Moor."

One of Jackson's victims described however her continuing distress at her ordeal. "Ever since it happened it's like your life stops there and then and it's his." She expressed her disgust at Jackson's

lack of repentance.

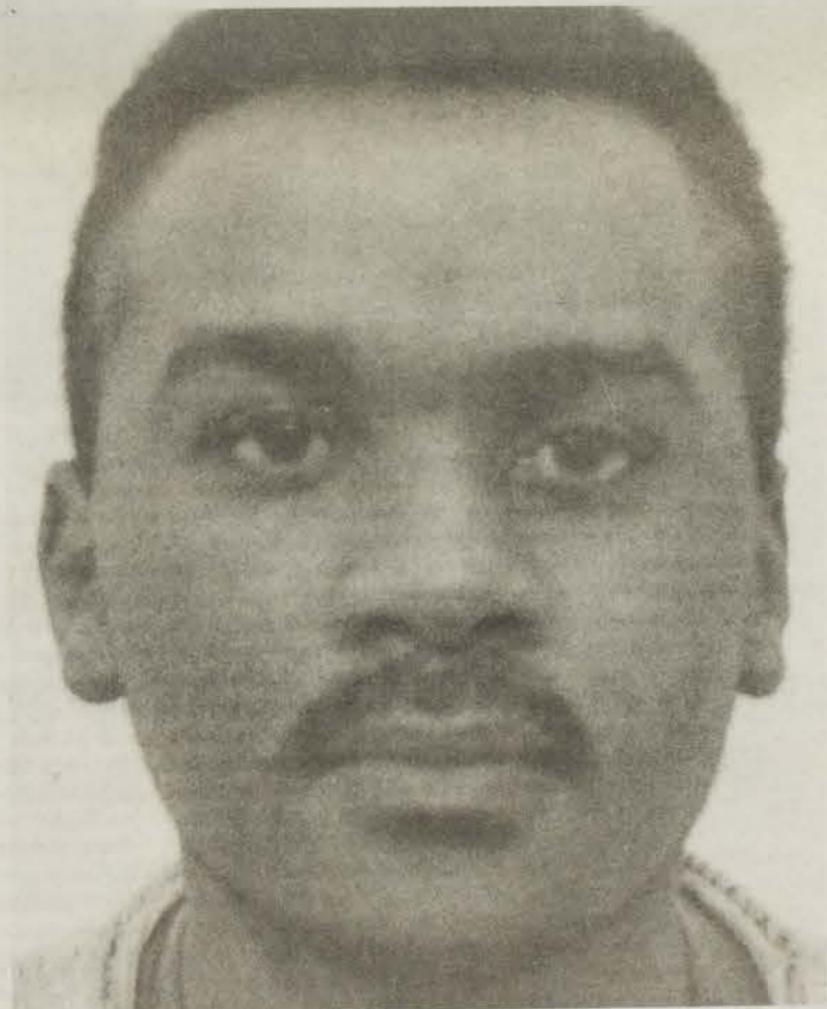
"There's times when I want to take a knife to him and shout 'It's my turn now'," she continued. "I don't think there will ever be a man I could trust now."

Jackson continues to deny he is the Moor rapist, and is backed by his family and friends who supported him in court throughout the fourteen day trial. Jennifer Jackson, who married the convicted man two weeks before the final attack, provided her husband with alibis for the nights of four of the five attacks.

Jackson's solicitor said that a miscarriage of justice had been committed, and that an appeal would be launched. "David is innocent of all charges," she said.

Elaine Ratcliffe, VP Communications at LMUSU, expressed her satisfaction with the outcome of the trial: "I'm pleased that when a serious attack does take place the local police are able to catch and convict the perpetrator." However, she warned women to continue to be on their guard: "There are also less serious attacks that regularly take place in Leeds and other big cities. Students shouldn't feel they're safe to walk alone at night."

A verdict of guilty was returned by the jury to Leeds Crown Court



Unmasked: David Martin Jackson found guilty of rape this week

on Monday on just four of the charges, relating to two sex attacks in March and October 1992, including the charge of rape. The jury informed the judge that they were undecided on the six remaining counts, relating to three other attacks, Judge Harrison said that he would accept a majority verdict, and sent the jury out to reconsider the

case. After an overnight stay in a hotel, the jury returned to court on Tuesday with a request to be reminded of the descriptions given by the five women of their attacker. They also asked to hear again the method of attack, and hours later returned to pronounce David Martin Jackson guilty of all charges.

Anti-fascists clash with the BNP in Leeds city centre: See page 6



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Lyddon let live

Lyddon Hall's Junior Common Room Committee has been forced to make a dramatic U-turn after a vote of no-confidence against the President was overturned. In what has been described as a "conspiracy", the Committee passed the vote of no-confidence declaring that President Shakoor Khan was unapproachable, bad tempered and responsible for bad relations with Ellerslie Hall.

The Committee originally refused to take the decision to the Hall and Khan was forced

By Charlotte Lomas

to resign. However, after the General Secretary and various members of the JCR Committee resigned in support, a meeting for all Hall members was called.

Students in the packed common room expressed their overwhelming support for Khan, forcing the Committee to make a full public apology. Those who had quit were then reinstated.

President Khan said of the incident: "It was like the

Spanish Inquisition when I was dragged in front of the Committee. It was a conspiracy - nobody discussed it with me.

"It was a stab in the back by people in positions of trust. Both the Warden and the Bursar said this has been the best year for events ever."

While other members of the JCR were "unavailable for comment", the General Secretary played down the situation: "There was a bit of confusion between members but it was nothing serious and everything is back together again."

Sign of hammer horror

By Sam Mountford

The poor state of relations between students and locals was highlighted again this week when a group of students living in Leeds 6 were threatened by their neighbour with a sledgehammer.

The Leeds University students found a placard left outside their house which read: "You must be a student - someone yet to complete a basic education. If you block my driveway again I will take a sledgehammer to your car!"

They claimed to be "mystified" by the placard, and maintained that the only one of them to own a car was hardly ever there and had never parked it in their neighbour's driveway. However they thought that the tone was in keeping with local feeling towards students.

Paul Worley, second year



Sign of disapproval

Plc: Sam Wells

Ecology student at Leeds University and a member of the group, commented: "It's quite frightening that our neighbours seem to feel that way towards students, but it's typical. I was even told by a three year old to 'go and shag your mummy in the

bath'. It's shocking."

Another remarked: "He's obviously got a chip on his shoulder about students generally. But I think it's typical of local sentiment towards students who often see us as lazy and privileged."

Leeds solves economic crisis

By Megan Curtis

A one day conference on the under-performance of the UK economy took place at Leeds University last week, attracting more than four hundred delegates including Bryan Gould MP, David Jenkins, the Bishop of Durham, and Will Hutton, Economics editor of *The Guardian*.

The aim of the conference was to explore the causes of and the solutions to the economy's current under-performance. All the speakers criticised the

current situation in Britain, with Will Hutton warning of the dangers of the recession to foreign investment. He said: "If BMW comes under pressure, and needs to close a factory, will that be in Germany or will it be in Birmingham?"

Hutton also criticised the moral judgements made in the British economic system, where £800 million was found to

finance Granada's take-over of LWT but there was no equal amount to prevent BMW's purchase of British firm Rover.

Labour MP Bryan Gould called for an "expansionist macro-economic" policy, with the emphasis shifting from those with established wealth to encouraging all those producing wealth.

A spokesperson for the University hailed the conference as "very successful".

Calling all budding romantics

An opportunity for budding Barbara Cartlands presents itself this week in the form of the Guild of Romance Writers' "Crystal Heart Award 1994", writes *Cie Sangster*.

The competition, which opened on Monday, is looking for any of you up and coming love-story writers, and offers a prize of £750, a dozen red roses

and a "magnificent heart-shaped Waterford crystal pendant" to the winner.

Second and third prizewinners will receive £150 and £50 respectively. In addition, the winning stories, along with a shortlist of 25 finalists, will be published in an anthology.

Entrants must be

unpublished writers, and are asked to write a story not exceeding 1,500 words.

Lisa Charles, a spokesperson for the Guild of Romance Writers, suggested that the most traditional Mills and Boon-style bodice-rippers will be unlikely to win the judges' attention, but added that she "wouldn't think we'd be into gay love stories".

NSPCC

Leeds students are being invited to assist the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on its annual flag day, taking place tomorrow.

Volunteers are needed to help raise funds for the Child Care Unit in Leeds, which provides support and counselling for abused and neglected children and their parents. Those interested should contact Ken Ridley on 0532 456187 or should meet on the day at the Holy Trinity Church on Boar Lane.

Treasure

Dig out your maps and compasses and take to the streets.

A massive Treasure Hunt hopes to entice students away from the bar and encourage them to stalk round Leeds City Centre. The event has been designed by two LMU Public Relations students, Lucy Rice and Elisa Ronson. Massive prizes are on offer to the most successful scouts, including a holiday and free beer. The Hunt is being sponsored by Campus Travel. Registration and starting point will be in the LMUSU bar from 1pm.

March on

After reports of an increase in fascist activity at both universities in Leeds, the Anti Nazi League is urging students to attend a major demonstration tomorrow. The March Against Racism, organised in association with the Trades Unions Congress, will be held in London. For transport details telephone Leeds 0532 533979, or for more information contact LUU Administration Secretary Chris Westwood in the Exec office.

Men in a bus

Red-faced footballers had to return home in women's minibuses this week after a Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union team's visit to Hull ended in bizarre circumstances, writes *David Smith*. After Wednesday's away fixture the team coach departed early and unusually empty, leaving around twenty angry and bewildered players stranded and facing the prospect of arranging their own hour-plus journey back to Leeds.

But one of the castaways then had the idea of calling LMUSU for help. Transport, when it arrived, came in the shape of two women's minibuses, which had completed their regular service for the evening. An LMUSU spokesperson promised that the cost of sending the minibuses to Hull, including the drivers' wages, would be charged to the football club.

Avoid paying VAT

Students in Leeds will be able to delay paying the new tax on fuel, due to be imposed on 1st April, writes *Toby Wakely*.

A wide variety of sources, including the Inland Revenue, British Gas and Customs and Excise are advising students that they should pay in advance the estimate of what their fuel bill will be for the next few months.

They add that students should include a letter claiming that the money is intended as advance payment - since such students will not pay VAT. This will save students 8 per cent on their bills for 1994/95 and 17.5 per cent from April 1995 onwards.

Modular stress

Exam stress looks set to begin long before you put pen to exam paper under the new modular system, writes *Helen Crossley*.

Some students, especially those studying for Joint Honours or Combined Studies degrees, face problems in that half of their course is modular and the other half non-modular. Such students may find themselves with the unenviable task of sitting exams for their non-modular course while still attending lectures for their modular course.

The University has announced a third exam shift, 5-7pm, in next term's exams, to cope with rising numbers. Students are urged to consult the provisional exam timetables in the Parkinson Court on Monday 21st March.

Anyone with problems concerning the exams should see Pauline Aldous in the Examinations section of the Taught Courses Office. Tess Walton, Leeds University Union Education Secretary, can be contacted to deal with further problems.

Sab Elections

Shaun Hennessy beat Paul Knight to become next year's Rag sabbatical officer at Leeds University Union, writes *Nick Curtis-Raleigh*. In this week's other sabbatical elections Phil Newby and Tim Gallagher each defeated Re-Open Nominations to be confirmed as Action Co-ordinator and *Leeds Student* Editor respectively.

Hennessy's manifesto promised to "Update Rag image (we're not just pissheads)". The third year Combined Studies student also stressed his gregarious nature ("easy to get on with") and reliability.

Phil Newby, a fourth year microbiology student, has been involved in Action projects for more than three years, recently raising £1,000 from local business, pub and supermarket collections. He described himself as "friendly and approachable".

As the Woodhouse Moor rapist is convicted, the future of the LMUSU minibus seems uncertain

Women's minibus under threat

The future of the women's minibus service at Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union has been thrown into doubt this week following claims that University chiefs may cut its funding.

The news has angered female students at LMU, whose vulnerability was highlighted this week by the conviction of David Martin

Jackson for a series of sexual attacks on Leeds students.

The minibus service was in fact set up after Jackson's last attack in October 1992 - when he raped a first year LMU student who was returning to her home in Leeds 6.

Funding is currently divided between LMU and the Students Union. However last summer the University withdrew its funding - causing the service to be axed for a

By Nicholas Vysny

while. Now the Students Union fears that funding will be suspended again.

Second year LMU student Nicola Hornby said: "It's disgusting that they should even consider cutting the service. I wouldn't feel safe without the minibus."

Elaine Ratcliffe, VP Education and Campaigns,

said that this week's court case highlighted the threat to female students.

She said: "Although the most serious incidents are thankfully few and far between, I hear of other attacks on women every week of the year."

Ratcliffe said that the present two-term agreement between the University and Students Union is about to run out bringing "a serious threat

to the service". She added: "We cannot afford to run the service on our own and are meeting with the University authorities to ask for a longer term commitment."

Ratcliffe stressed the importance of the service which many students have come to rely on: "We want the service to continue. With the exams looming next term female students should not be denied the chance to use the

computer and library facilities in the evenings."

She added that she was "hopeful" and although the University had been "supportive in the past" she could give no guarantee.

Elaine Ratcliffe gave assurance that the Students Union would fight the University in order to save the vital service.

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Hanky panky

By Kate Mathison

Students are more at risk from a poor diet and the common cold than unsafe sex and drug abuse, according to researchers at Leicester University.

In response to the research, the students union at Leicester has replaced their healthy sex and drug awareness weeks with cookery classes in self-catering halls and the introduction of a 50p cookery book.

The project also attempts to give students vital health advice: eat fruit, don't drink too much, and always sneeze into a hanky!

Most students seem unenthusiastic at the prospect of being taught basic skills - many seem to believe that they know how to look after themselves but simply can't be bothered. Leeds University first year Electrical Engineering student Tim Gardener said: "Most students have got better ways to spend their time."

Geordies attack security

By Howard Höckin

The police were called to Leeds University Union last week when a fight broke out between the Newcastle Medics rugby team and Union Security in the Old Bar.

The rugby team, who are known to have caused trouble on previous occasions, were being rowdy near the jukebox last Wednesday night.

Members of the team were told to quieten down but at around 9.45pm they began standing on their chairs and shouting. When they were told to move, a fight broke out with members of the team attacking Security.

Jonny Whyborne, a Leeds University student and member of Union Security, suffered severe bruising, a black eye and a perforated ear.

He explained: "About fifteen of the group were very drunk and started the fight. Security tried to get them out, but the fight continued on the stairs. No member of Security threw a punch, but initially we were heavily outnumbered, and so had difficulty getting them out."



Jonny Whyborne, Defender of the Union

Plc: Sam Wells

"I had to shield myself from one guy who was throwing punches at me constantly."

The police and University Security were called in, but no action has yet been taken due to a shortage of eye-witnesses.

After the attack notices were put up outside the Union urging people to come forward with details; anyone who does know anything about the incident is asked to contact LUU General Secretary John Rose.

Rouse roasted

Leeds University Union Women's Officer Liz Rouse could face a vote of no-confidence after revelations this week that she effectively appointed herself as a delegate to an important student conference - a position traditionally elected by cross campus ballot, writes David Smith.

Instead of holding a ballot for the election, the Women's Affairs Committee - which Liz Rouse chairs - appointed three delegates including Rouse as LUU's representatives at the National Union of Students Women's Conference in Blackpool.

And Rouse came under more fire after missing a day of the conference to attend the Union's Special General Meeting on banning *The Sun*.

"I'm not sure that Liz took the NUS Women's Conference seriously," said next year's Women's Officer Debbie Jones, who was denied the opportunity to attend the conference.

Rouse defended her position: "It's the Admin Secretary's responsibility, and not my problem. I only found out about the conference at the last minute and there wasn't time to run an election."

However Administration Secretary Chris Westwood said: "I would think that Liz has known about it a long time. NUS does tend to tell you about conferences way in advance. She should have let me know about it straight away so we could run an election. It shouldn't be my job to check with other sabbatical officers what they haven't told me."

The three students who did go to the conference on behalf of LUU - Rouse, Michelle Green and Rebecca Ryan - are all members of the Women's Affairs Committee. "You'd want to call it nepotism, but why the hell shouldn't we go?" demanded Rouse. "I'm Women's Officer and they're both members of WAC who know about women's issues."

Debbie Jones, however, argued that there "should have been a cross campus ballot so that anyone interested in representing women within the Union could have stood." Because the Women's Conference directly determines NUS policy, students unions are obliged to run a cross campus ballot to elect their delegations.

A Union source indicated that a vote of no-confidence could be moved against Rouse at an OGM.

RON strikes back at LMUSU

By Helen Crossley

Allegations of foul play surrounded the Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union non-sabbatical elections held last week. Louise Brooks, VP Administration at LMUSU, was defeated by Re-Open Nominations (RON) in her campaign to stand as Chair of the Student Representative Council.

Brooks believes that someone deliberately fixed the voting in order to prevent her from winning the uncontested post.

Other evidence of 'dirty tricks' involves the ripping down of Brooks's posters in the LMUSU building the morning after they had been put up.

Brooks outlined her grievances: "Someone seems to

have something against me standing, perhaps because I know too much about the Union and am not afraid to criticise it - that is my job in representing the students at LMU."

There was an surprisingly large number of RON votes for the post of Chair of SRC in comparison with the total votes for other posts. Brooks believes that the votes cast in the last hour of balloting at Beckett Park were all in favour of RON, with no votes being cast for the other posts.

"I wouldn't be standing again if I thought the students didn't want me," she said. "I'm not

bitter about having lost, but I don't believe that the vote has been carried out fairly and there appears to have been a deliberate campaign run against me." Brooks said she suspected someone within the Union to be behind the campaign.

The SRC election will be held again next term, probably along with the election for the new post of Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Officer.

Brooks has pledged to conduct a more high-profile campaign next time. She added: "I'm pissed off because it is a waste of time and money for the Union but it will be interesting to see who, if anyone, stands against me, and who they are friends with."

Thieves grab chemics' computers

An organised gang of professional thieves stole £16,000 of computer hardware last week from the Chemistry cluster in Leeds University, writes Tom Miles. Using a duplicate key and inside knowledge, the thieves loaded ten Elonex PCs and a laser printer on to a stolen van in the early hours of last Friday.

The computers, which were alarmed and insured, disappeared between 1.30am and 5.20am. They were under the control of the Computer Services Department.

Earlier, at around 10pm on Thursday, a white van was spotted near the Chemistry block. When two security guards approached, the van

drove straight at them, almost hitting one and smashing through the lowered barrier. A student eye-witness said: "The barrier just flew off - it was like Starsky and Hutch." He spotted three young men in the van.

Security believes that these men were the prospective thieves. The van, which had been fitted with false number plates, must have been driven at speed over the drop plates, with no regard for damage to the vehicle, in order to come on to campus.

In another incident earlier in the week three men were arrested and released on bail after brazenly removing a printer and being challenged

by a member of staff. And two weeks ago confident and well-informed thieves lifted £10,000 worth of CDs from the Senior Common Room. Deputy Security Officer Murgatroyd refused to speculate on similarities and possible connections between the incidents.

Information about the distribution of computers is disseminated to all freshers. An invaluable document, containing a map and information on access, bookings and compositions of clusters, is freely available without any request for ID. Jon Duke of the Computer Department said: "We can expect more of this."

Extremists target Leeds

By Sam Rose

A radical Muslim group which believes in the destruction of Israel and its Jewish citizens is thought to be stepping up its activity at both universities in Leeds.

The organisation has been accused of putting up a number of stickers around the town proclaiming "Khalifah" - the Islamic state they believe should be established across the whole of the Middle East. At both universities posters bearing the slogan "Kill a Jew in the

Month of Ramadan" have also appeared.

Recently a scuffle involving two female students at Leeds Metropolitan University was caused by one of the offending posters. The poster was eventually removed by union officers.

Activity has been less overt at Leeds University. According to Jonny Jacobs, the Political Officer for Leeds University Union's Jewish Society, this is because LUU has a strong J-

activity on university campuses and is no longer confining itself to colleges in the London area.

Paul Solomon, UJS Campaigns Organiser, expressed his concerns about this group. He said: "Hizb-ut-Tahrir is now active on up to fifty university campuses, holding meetings, lectures and distributing inflammatory leaflets. Many of these leaflets have referred to the Muslims' duty to kill Jews and are

clearly an incitement to racial hatred."

Jeremy Newark, a spokesperson for the National Union of Students, echoed these fears: "The activity of this group is clearly an incitement to racial hatred. Its influence is spreading and I am worried that the situation will get worse."

Hizb-ut-Tahrir is not representative of the vast majority of Muslims in the country. They are currently banned in the majority of Middle Eastern countries.

OFF CAMPUS



Fairground folly

Angry Ian Fabian drove his Escort XR3i at 100mph into an amusement arcade to settle a grudge - then found out that he'd caused £500,000 damage to the wrong building.

The car ploughed into the Wheel of Fortune arcade causing a fire. Portsmouth Crown Court heard that Fabian had hoped to settle an old score with fairground owner Wally Shufflebottom and kill himself at the same time.

But rival leisure boss Peter Arnett owned the arcade and had no connection with Shufflebottom.

Out of Africa

Big game hunter Eric Swan braved wolves, bears and lions for 40 years - only to be put out of action picking up a dead pheasant.

Eric, 60, spotted the bird beside the road but got run over as he retrieved it.

Eric, of Coventry, nursed an injured leg yesterday and said: "I've been in dangerous situations all my life, but it's the first time I've been hurt."

Living Doll

Psychic Barbara Bell, 44, consults "the spirit of a Barbie Doll" to get answers for Americans who send her their problems - and two dollars. Mystic Bell claims that the spirit of her childhood doll lives on through her: "She first spoke to me 20 years ago when my pet rabbit died and has been there for me ever since."

A fine pair

Pals found plenty to chuckle about when Roseanne Cox agreed to marry Gordon Nobbs - but their register office wedding went off without any cock-ups.

Manageress Roseanne, 25, met civil engineer Gordon, 26, while working in a Glasgow snooker club.

Le pic-nicked

Traffic cops moved on a French family who parked for a picnic on an M25 police ramp near South Merstam, Surrey. Clueless tourist Pierre Lefountain was charged with dangerous driving and fined £50. The hapless European claimed: "It seemed like a nice place to eat lunch although there were no toilets."

Flock off

Blodwyn the sheep was replaced by a mechanical model after she almost jumped into the orchestra during a Birmingham opera.

Compiled by Phineas Wells

Sweet music for the classes



Music in motion: The sweet sounds of the Leeds University Union Music Society replaced the usual musical sounds of scribbling pens and over-worked brains in the Parkinson Court last Saturday. The programme included a piece composed by student Antony Whyton, and a Tchaikovsky symphony entitled 'Pathetique' - let's hope that last coursework essay wasn't! Words: Helen Crossley; Pic: Ed Crispin

Taxi fine 'unfair'

By Sam Rose

Two Leeds University students this week claimed to have been victimised by a local taxi driver after he fined one of them £20 for leaving a "muddy footprint" on the front passenger seat of his cab, and then put them through what they described as a "frightening" ordeal.

The students, who both wish to remain unnamed, hailed a taxi from the Music Factory at around 3am on Saturday morning to take them back to a University hall of residence. The female student climbed over from the passenger seat into the back, where the male student was sitting, and in doing so left a footprint on the seat.

"It was a stupid thing to do, I admit, but I didn't expect to be charged £20 for it," she explained. "At first I refused to pay but then the driver got really aggressive and said he would take us to the police station if we didn't pay up."

Both students told the driver to take them to a police

station where they could sort the matter out. "He took us down a maze of streets," the female student recalls. "But when he stopped the car we both got out and ran because we thought we were in a dodgy area."

They hailed another taxi to take them back to the hall of residence. But when they arrived at the hall the first driver suddenly reappeared.

The students were chased into the main building of the hall and reached safety, only to be told the next day that the taxi driver had complained to the sub-wardens of the hall and reported the incident to the police.

"Something pretty trivial resulted in a lot of aggression from the driver," reflected the male student. "Now he is claiming that we also kicked in his door, which is a complete lie," added the female student. "We weren't out taxi bashing."

Boffins plot virtual success

By Paul Greenhough

Calling all computer boffins! Students at Leeds University have organised a Virtual Reality conference to take place next Thursday.

The event, British Information Technology Day 1994, is part of a European series of Virtual Reality conferences involving France, Italy, Spain and Belgium. On show at Leeds will be a live

satellite link to London showing the latest advances in Virtual Reality technology, allowing you to look through someone else's eyes.

Also being held are lectures from UK leaders in the field from Leeds and other universities as well as British Telecom and

Advanced Robotics Research Limited.

However Steve Rowett, one of the organisers of the event, stressed that it was not just for students studying Electronic Engineering: "It's on quite a low tech level really - anyone from psychologists to those interested in the media will enjoy it."

Entrance to the event is free to students.

Memorial match at Beckett Park

A rugby union match is to be staged tomorrow in memory of Murray Pugh, a student from Cheltenham who was stabbed to death just over twelve months ago in an incident involving Leeds Metropolitan University Students Union rugby team, writes Howard Hockin.

Last year, on Saturday March 6th, an LMUSU rugby team travelled down to Cheltenham to play Cheltenham and Gloucester

college. That night the teams went out drinking together, but at around 8pm a disagreement with locals led to one of the Leeds team members and one of the Gloucester team members - Murray Pugh - being stabbed. Pugh died from his injuries.

One year on David Huggit, the LMU student who was stabbed, has organised a match against Cheltenham and Gloucester college in memory of Pugh.

Huggit is hoping that Pugh's parents will be attending the match, and if present they will present the memorial trophy to the winning team.

"It should be a fitting commemoration," said Andrew Snowball, who was part of the team. "I expect it will be a highly emotional occasion."

The game starts at 12.30 pm at Beckett Park and everyone is welcome.

Sun eclipsed by inquorate SGM

An attempt by students at Leeds University Union to overturn the highly controversial decision to ban *The Sun* newspaper fell through this week.

The attendance at the Special General Meeting reached 290, still 60 short of the total necessary to achieve quoracy. This meant that the meeting had to be called off without any vote being taken.

However the SGM was hailed as a "moral victory" by those against the ban, since the OGM which passed the original

resolution had an attendance of just 240. Because under Union rules this was quorate for an OGM the decision taken there is allowed to stand.

The irony of the attendance figures caused outrage among some students. Second year Clare Birch remarked: "The original meeting was only quorate because other issues were being discussed. It's pathetic that more people are here today and we can't even vote."

The failure to overturn the decision follows a week of

By Charlotte Lomas

campaigning in which almost three hundred signatures were collected in a petition.

Elliot Reuben, Financial Affairs Secretary at LUU, who campaigned against the decision, said of the attendance: "290 people is an impressive figure in itself and I've never seen so many people annoyed by a decision."

He added: "A lot of people who wanted *The Sun* reinstated weren't here, so it's a real

shame. I'm positive we would have had a clear majority anyway."

Even fellow Exec member Liz Rouse, who had originally proposed the motion to ban *The Sun*, expressed her disappointment: "It would have been nice to have been quorate. Maybe we could have put this one to bed and I could have cleared my name."

The Sun could have been reinstated by yesterday's AGM, but there was too little time in which to place a motion on the agenda.



The SGM breaks up inquorate

Pic: Ed Crispin

Men only success at LUU

This week saw the hotly debated International Men's Week at Leeds University Union, but contrary to popular belief, beer swilling and projectile vomiting competitions were low on the agenda, writes David Litterick.

Instead the Week, organised by LUU Welfare Officer Ceri Nursaw, was an attempt to promote understanding of the issues facing the male population, and as a result debates on pornography and sexual abuse, plus self-defence classes and a men's drop-in, existed alongside less serious events such as the comedy evening and sports quiz.

However the controversy surrounding Men's Week continued. Students of both sexes were divided as to whether the cause was worthwhile and whether the amount of money spent on the event could be justified. Many believed that holding the event completely undermined the awareness and understanding that Women's Week had

produced.

Third year English student Nicola Matthews claimed: "I think holding a Men's Week is really petty. It shows a lack of appreciation of what Women's Week was about and is just a reaction in a misplaced attempt to redress the balance."

The majority of women were indifferent to the event. Emily Willoughby, studying Ecology, shrugged off suggestions that it was a waste of time and money, saying: "Why not have a Men's Week? They deserve it just as much as we do."

Some males welcomed Men's Week as a chance to have a few laughs while rejecting the commonly held belief that it is only females who have gender-based problems. Others, however, thought the idea ludicrous: "It is nothing but a token gesture held for the wrong reasons," said first year Philosophy student Adam Sutherland. "It is just an excuse to get pissed up which I can do anytime. It is obvious that men exist, so the notion that we need



The poster publicity

Pic: Debashis Singh

to promote awareness of them is nonsense."

Stuart Tarbuck of Christian Union, organisers of the talk 'The Invisible Man', disagreed: "Men often think that if they have a problem it is a completely individual thing. We need to recognise that there are problems which all men go through, and which are particular to men."

Most students still seemed confused as to what the aim of the week was. Jeff Trickett, a third year Genetics student, said: "Sexual abuse, rape, contraception - these are issues facing everybody. To split them up into men's and women's problems is wrong and only causes conflict, and that's not going to help anybody."

Uni mourns Harrison

Staff and students at Leeds University were in mourning this week after the death of former student and BBC correspondent John Harrison, writes Paul Greenhough.

Harrison, who was 47, was killed in a car crash while working in South Africa.

Born in Aldershot in 1946, Harrison went to grammar school in Shrewsbury and came to Leeds in 1964. There he played an active part in University life, becoming the President of Sadler Hall in 1966-67.

He graduated in 1967 with a 2:2 in Political Studies.

Harrison began writing for Reading's *Evening Post*, moving on to the *Daily Express* and then the *Daily Mail*. He joined the BBC in 1983 and eventually became the Bureau Chief for South Africa.

He won respect for the quality



John Harrison

of his work, often done under conditions of extreme pressure. After his death tributes came flooding in from, among others, Nelson Mandela and South African President FW de Klerk.

Harrison died whilst working in the turmoil of Bophutswana homeland in South Africa. He leaves a wife and two children.

Leeds sabs in violent clashes with hunt

Hunt saboteurs from Leeds Metropolitan University were involved in violent clashes with hunters last week, resulting in 22 arrests. Four people received hospital treatment following the incident at the Fourburrow hunt near Redruth in Cornwall - a meet which is allegedly notorious for violence against protesters.

By Helen Crossley

Michael Peterkin, Secretary of the LMUSU Hunt Saboteurs Society, said: "Some of our members went down to Cornwall to support the Cornish sabs who usually number around six and are routinely attacked by hunters." Peterkin alleges that "trouble

flared" when members of the hunt got violent and the sabs responded. He denied hunters' claims that the sabs viciously attacked them, insisting that they were acting purely in self-defence. He said: "The hunters started the fight but they came off worse. We don't look for violence when we go to a hunt. Our job is to try and prevent the hunt from happening and

this is easier to achieve through non-violent and legal means."

Peterkin says he saw one hunt sab deliberately trampled on by a horseman, resulting in three fractured ribs and a damaged kidney. The saboteur was arrested but no action was taken against the hunter.

Twenty-two hunt saboteurs were arrested and released on bail without charge.

Speech and language week raises awareness

By Alun Watkins

Justin Drew, a second year Speech and Language Therapy student at LMU, organised the week. He said: "The event has been going for several years but people still aren't fully aware. We are aiming to increase and aid

communication ability."

He explained that as many as one in 10 people can be affected by some form of speaking problem. "These problems can easily affect self-confidence," he added. "People should know that therapy is available free on the NHS." The week also emphasised the problems of the

under fives, in response to evidence that increasing incidences of speech defects in youngsters in recent years are due to the influence of TV and sophisticated modern toys.

Anyone who missed the stall in the City Site reception but would like to know more should contact Dr Joe Reynolds at LMU.

Violence in Leeds centre

Leeds city centre was disrupted by violent clashes at the end of last week as anti-fascists attempted to smash up a meeting of the British National Party.

The extreme rightwing group was convening in Leeds to discuss tactics for the forthcoming local elections, at which they plan to put forward candidates. Richard Edmonds, a leading figure in the British National Party was present at the meeting.

More than one hundred

student and local members of the Anti-Nazi League (ANL) and Anti-Fascist Action (AFA) marched from the art gallery to the Queens Hotel near the station where they believed the BNP meeting was taking place.

Once there the protesters chanted anti-fascist slogans and tried to gain assurances from hotel management that the BNP were not inside.

The rally then moved on to the Metropole Hotel.

While ANL shouted chants on one side of the street, AFA

Anti-fascist groups took to the streets in an attempt to break up a meeting of the British National Party last week. The protests turned to punches when the location of the meeting was discovered.

assembled in small groups and scouted the area.

Forty minutes later, to shouts of "we've got them", some anti-fascists sprinted down the road to the West Ridings Hotel. For a few brief moments angry words were exchanged, before the anti-fascists steamed in with a

flurry of fists. A member of the BNP appeared from the hotel and exchanged blows with about twenty furious anti-fascists before retreating inside, bloodied by the assault. Other fascists gave sieg-heil salutes from behind the hotel's windows.

The attack, instigated by a

hardcore of demonstrators, left police and the ANL in a state of confusion. Most demonstrators were still chanting outside the Metropole when the attack took place and it was some minutes before the police acted to cordon off the area.

Once the situation was placed under control Tony White, a member of the violent rightwing group Combat 18, was spotted. A police dog handler separated him from the mob as he walked past

shouting: "I'll get you on Saturday."

Protesters continued to assemble outside the Metropole until 9pm. Although there were no further outbreaks of violence, tempers continued to be frayed and a Leeds Student photographer was threatened by the mob.

The Anti-Nazi League hailed the protest as a success: "We've succeeded in flushing the Nazis out. We broke up their meeting," said a spokesperson.



Queens Hotel: 6.45

Anti-fascist groups gather outside the Queens Hotel, where protesters believe members of the BNP plan to rendezvous. Half an hour of chanting anti-Nazi slogans brings the protest to the attention of the police. The marchers are repeatedly asked to remove themselves from the steps of the Queens.



Metropole Hotel: 7.15

The protest moves down the road to the Metropole. Members of Anti-Fascist Action (AFA) gather on the opposite side of the road to the chanting Anti-Nazi League. After fifteen minutes the police

appear to lose interest and the three cars and two vans that arrived outside the Queens are nowhere to be seen. Members of AFA break off from the protest to scout the area.



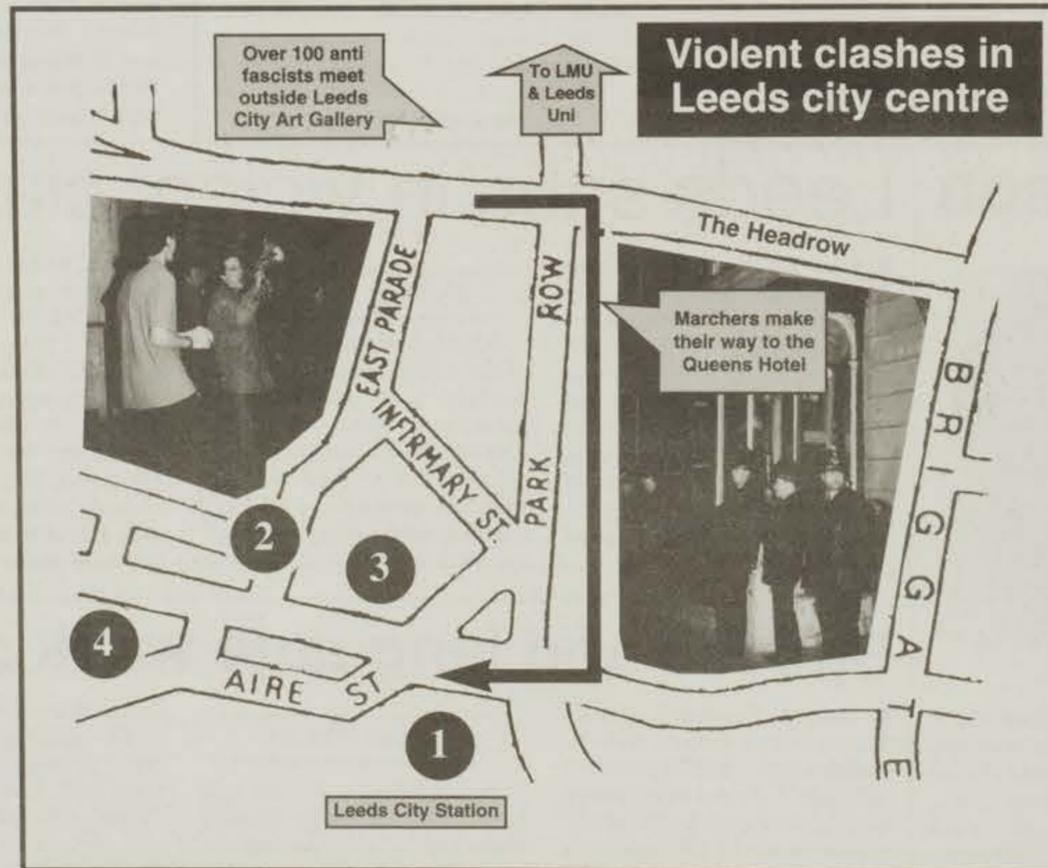
West Riding Hotel: 7.55

A bloodied member of the British National Party (BNP) gives a Nazi salute from behind the doors of the West Riding Hotel. Before police secured the Hotel, the BNP member had exchanged blows with about twenty angry anti-fascists. Other BNP members gave salutes from behind the windows.

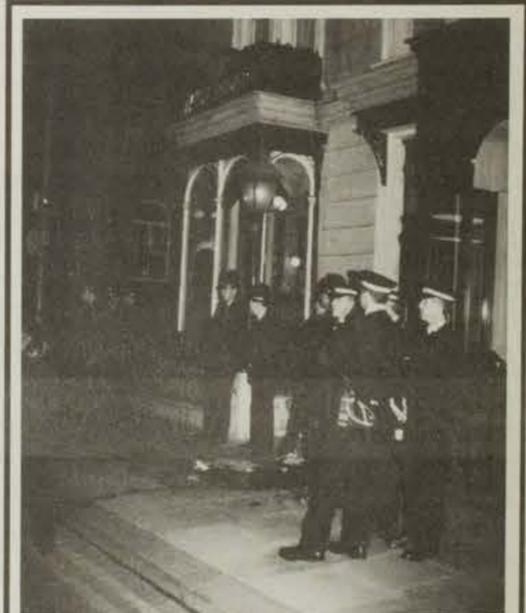


Tony White spotted: 8.10

Tony White who, as reported in last week's Leeds Student, is a member of the violent rightwing group, Combat 18, nonchalantly strolls past the mob of anti-fascist demonstrators. White (with his back to the photographer) taunts the crowd. A police dog handler separates White from the demonstrators.



Reporting by Tim Gallagher. Photos by Richard Fletcher



West Riding Hotel: 8.45

A heavy police presence secures the West Riding Hotel and prevents anti-fascists from entering. Around twenty police armed with batons swooped to prevent a riot, assisted by two vans, a helicopter and a dog handler. No arrests were made despite flared tempers and violent confrontation.

The two faces of 'Jack the Stripper'

David Martin Jackson is a Jekyll and Hyde character. By day a well-respected member of his church community. By night a hooded attacker who stalked his student victims across the badly lit Woodhouse Moor area of Leeds 6.

During a fifteen month reign of terror Jackson struck fear into the heart of thousands, committing a series of brutal sex attacks - culminating in the rape of an LMU student.

But in court, supporters testified to his God-fearing nature. He was a member of his local gospel group, his family were described by

police sources as "very religious and sincere people."

However Jackson showed no Christian compassion to his victims. He preyed on young females, commuting to the Woodhouse Moor area to commit the violent attacks.

Detective Superintendent Bob Taylor, who led the investigation that finally caught Jackson, said: "This man is very dangerous. He carried out systematic and pre-planned attacks on lone females. There is a dark side to his character." Taylor described how Jackson targeted Woodhouse Moor: "He was attracted to the area because there was a large

By Matt Roper

number of unattached females walking about. And therefore an abundance of victims in the darkness."

Jackson led a double life. Although single at the time of the first attack, in September 1992 he married a hospital nurse at the Testament Church of God, Leeds. But his horrific attacks continued. Just days after he returned from his honeymoon in Florida, Jackson raped his fifth victim.

He taunted police, sending them a letter signed 'Jack the

Stripper', giving graphic details of the first attacks and boasting to be the 'real' attacker.

Detective Superintendent Bob Taylor said: "Our perception from the interviews is that he is very arrogant and seeks to minimise or deny responsibility for the attacks."

Jackson continues to display his dual nature. Despite the evidence against him - including DNA tests - he still maintains his innocence.

His refusal to plead guilty forced his victims to endure the ordeal of giving evidence in court. And even after the guilty verdict Jackson

expressed no remorse for the rape or sexual assault of Leeds students.

Neighbours of Jackson could not bring themselves to believe that the respectable member of the local community they knew was in fact a vicious rapist. One said: "I don't really believe he did it, he seemed a genuinely nice person."

However there was no doubt in the minds of the police who worked on the case.

Fifteen months of investigations ended with the evidence presented at Leeds Crown Court. During the case the picture emerged of



David Martin Jackson

Jackson as a confident, brutal and remorseless man.

One senior policeman described Jackson simply as "an evil bastard."

Courage Praised

By Rosa Prince

The detective responsible for interviewing the victims of David Jackson praised their courage in facing a court to recount their ordeals.

The five women were forced to describe intimate details of their attack to a packed courtroom.

Detective Constable Janet McDonald, a specially trained policewoman from the West Yorkshire Police Domestic Violence Unit said that the women had suffered greatly when their attacker was still at large.

"They felt that they could have been out shopping, on a bus or going to work and this man could be there and recognise them - but they would not know him. That made them feel very vulnerable," she said.

The letter that convicted David Martin Jackson

By Rosa Prince

DET SUPT TAYLOR.

I'M THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR REGARDING MOST OF THE INCIDENTS ON WOODHOUSE MOOR. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME CHECK THESE FACTS. THE GIRL I GOT IN MARCH '92 HAD SHOULDER LENGTH BLONDE HAIR AND WAS WEARING A DARK DUNGEEE STYLE OUTFIT UNDER HER COAT. I TOOK HER KEYS OF HER. THE GIRL I GOT IN OCTOBER '92 HAD BROWN PERMED HAIR BEYOND HER SHOULDERS. SHE WORE A WOOLLEN CARDIGAN AND CASUAL TROUSERS. I MADE BOTH OF THEM DO ORAL. THE OCTOBER GIRL WAS LYING WHEN SHE SAID THAT I RAPED HER. AS YET I HAVE NOT RAPED ANYBODY, WHICH BRINGS ME TO

MY NEXT POINT. THE JOKER WHO RAPED THE GIRL ON JANUARY 2ND '93 WAS NOT ME. HE WAS JUMPING ON THE BAND WAGON. HE WAS A FOOL, HE SHOWED HIS FACE.

YOURS SINCERELY

JACK THE STRIPPER

The letter signed 'Jack the Stripper'

A letter which David Jackson wrote to the police gloating that he was the Woodhouse Moor Rapist, was to lead to his arrest. Police admit that until the arrival of the letter, they were baffled as to the identity of the attacker. They describe the letter as a "foot in the door" - Jackson's one mistake.

The letter arrived in January last year, and police were immediately aware that it was from the Moor Rapist. In it, Jackson, who signed himself "Jack the Stripper", denies responsibility for another reported rape (which turned out to be a hoax). He wrote: "The October girl was lying when she said I raped her".

Also contained in the letter are details of the assaults which only the attacker could have known.

Jackson described the appearance of his victims, their clothing, and how he had assaulted them. This was information which had not been

released to the media.

The letter was sent to a laboratory for ESDA (electrostatic detection analysis) and fingerprinting. The scientists report revealed the imprint of another letter, which Jackson had written using the same notepad.

The mark showed a signature, a blurred address, and a postcode - LS9 OLG - marking it as coming from Neville View, Osmondthorpe, Leeds.

The road contains only twenty-two houses, and detectives thought they could distinguish the address as being in the twenties. This left only three possible addresses.

The signature was identified as "D Jack," and a match with the voters' register revealed a D M Jackson at 22 Neville View. The rapist had been found.

Feelings continue to run high after guilty verdict

As David Martin Jackson began his twelve year sentence, for the rape and sexual assault of five women on Woodhouse Moor, discussions continued outside the courtroom where reaction to the outcome of the trial was mixed.

To Jackson's victims it seems that the length of his sentence is irrelevant, as their suffering will continue despite him being behind bars. "I don't think there will ever be a man I could trust now," said one student victim, "I've got this feeling that he's everywhere, watching me."

She said the fact that Jackson showed no signs of remorse for what he has done made her furious at him: "There are times when I want to take a knife to him and

By Helen Crossley

shout 'it's my turn now'."

Detective Superintendent Bob Taylor of West Yorkshire Police, who was in charge of the fifteen month investigation, had maintained contact with the victims throughout the case.

Taylor saw their distress at close hand as they faced the ordeal of giving evidence in the trial. Prior to the court case he had criticised the fact that the victims were to be called upon to give evidence, thereby being forced to relive the harrowing experience. At Leeds Crown Court last week he called into question the leniency of the sentencing. "I am not happy with the twelve year sentence for multiple rapists like

Jackson. I would have liked to have seen him imprisoned for life," he said.

Taylor was shocked by Jackson's total lack of remorse for the trauma he had inflicted upon his victims and described the defendant's "blase attitude" during police interviews. He believes that, judging from the way the inquiry was going, had the police not received the 'Jack the Stripper' letter, Jackson would have continued carrying out his assaults.

Despite the guilty verdict Jackson continues to deny that he is the rapist, and family and fellow churchmembers, who have supported him throughout the trial, intend to appeal against the judgement.

Jackson's wife, Jennifer Jackson, provided alibis for

her husband during the trial and claimed to be able to account for his whereabouts on four of the five nights when attacks took place. Mrs Jackson took to the witness stand on the ninth day of her husband's trial to protest his innocence. At the time of one of the attacks in June 1991 she claimed that the couple were at home preparing for a church convention the following day. However, the jury found Jackson guilty of all charges, including the most vicious - the rape of his fifth victim - just days after the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon.

Mrs G Higgins, a spokesperson for Jackson's solicitor, said that a massive injustice had been carried out against Jackson. She described



Detective Superintendent Bob Taylor and colleagues Pic Debashis Singh the conviction as "a case of mistaken identity" by the five white women victims.

Higgins continued: "In years to come, people will look back on this case and compare it to the Guildford Four and

the Birmingham Six. Myself

and the Jackson family will be launching a campaign to clear his name."

Jackson is now serving

twelve years for the series of

assaults he committed.

Don't look up it's ranting cats and dogs

I have decided in my holy arrogance that there are two kinds of people: cats and dogs.

It struck me the other day as I cooked a meal for two of my housemates. "Oh you star" they purred. "Mmmm lovely" they meowed rubbing up against my leg. And yet as soon as they had had their fill, it was back to normal, claws out, fangs showing in feline snarls.

For cats represent everything which is bad about

human beings. They are not discriminating creatures. They will accept comfort and security but there is always the feeling that if you weren't around, well, anyone would do.

And there is the constant sense that so long as they are warm and their nests are feathered nothing else really matters...the rest of the world and all its intrigues and troubles are a matter of indifference.

There is nothing

Rupert Hamer on Friday



sophisticated about this kind of behaviour. Anyone can be selfish, it is an instinctive human trait which everyone has and it requires no rational thought whatsoever. A

relationship with a cat is one way traffic, you give and they take.

And they have a habit of doing it with a hideously complacent grin on their faces

which says: "I'm a cat and I don't give a fuck about anyone". We could all succumb to it and become cats but then again the world would be an even more brutal place than it is already.

This is why it is better to be a dog. You can tell straight away when you meet a dog person. They are always pleased to see you, they rarely bear grudges and they regularly say things like "no problem", "aarr forget it" and

"let's get pissed".

I'd love to say Thatcher is a hound but she is indisputably a cat, as is the vile Edwina Currie. By comparison Roy Hattersly and Margaret Beckett could never be anything apart from dogs.

So next time you are in the Union and someone strides up and tells you are a dog just smile and say thanks. It can only be a compliment.

the HACK

A weekly sketch of student politics

A mysterious figure stalks the Union wielding untold powers. His name is Michael Zatman. Zatman is officially the Leeds University Union Speaker, but is far better known for his in-depth knowledge of that Maastricht among documents, the Union Constitution. No one has ever read this manuscript, few are even aware of its existence, yet Zatman has made it his life's work. Having switched to a course specially designed to his needs - LUU Constitutional Studies - he has spent years nourishing every sub-bye-law and producing heavy critical tomes such as 'Constitution and Criticism', 'Constitution: Relevant today?' and his most famous, Marxist reading, 'Section E Clause viii and the discourse of alienation'.

When not appearing on 'Record Breakers' to face irritating kids testing his world famous powers of recall, Zatman is chairing the Union's General Meetings. At Tuesday's SGM - convened to overturn the ban on *The Sun* - he looked on with fatherly concern as the numbers failed to swell. 350 people were needed - the Constitution told him that - but it wasn't going to happen. After half an hour he blew the whistle and called the whole thing off. Stirring efforts to drag people away from their daydreaming into the Riley Smith Hall had failed, which to general dissatisfaction left *The Sun* problem unresolved.

It had all begun this term. A close inspection of the contents of both Leeds University Union Policy and *The Sun* newspaper revealed there to be a contradiction therein. But telling intelligent people that they weren't

allowed to buy it seemed a bit contradictory too.

This was one of your black or white debates. You were either for or against the ban. Every wishy-washy liberal in the place was blown off the fence on to one side or the other. Soon rival groups were formed. It became unfashionable to be seen with "the other lot". Every corridor in the Union Building was partitioned into two halves, although there was a bit of a row over which group should rightfully walk on the left wing.

Then the media got hold of it. Union officers were grilled nightly on our television screens ("Yees," drawled Jeremy Paxman sarcastically as Elliot Reuben talked about putting up a poster next to the newspaper explaining his objections). *The Sun* itself panicked at the prospect of a sharp drop in circulation, and went to battle stations by launching its now infamous 'Your son or daughter could soon be deprived of *The Sun*' campaign.

The ban *The Sun* crisis almost toppled the Government. When the issue inevitably reached Parliament, John Major had immense trouble in forcing MPs to toe the party line. 'The Sun rebels' - as they memorably became known - just wouldn't give in until they were threatened with having their whips withdrawn, and even then only if their chains were taken away too.

All of which made Tuesday particularly disappointing. The majority of students who banned *The Sun* at an OGM were there to support a different motion; more turned up at the SGM, and they really did care about the issue. It all seemed rather unfortunate, and not quite fair. But then that's democracy for you. Or the Constitution. Ask Michael Zatman.

In defence of the Weeks...

Dear Editor,

Whoever wrote last week's editorial in *Leeds Student* apparently does not understand the word "INTERNATIONAL". The article repeatedly referred to something called "Women's Week". LUU has not had a Women's Week - it has had an INTERNATIONAL Women's Week. "International" rather implies the whole of humanity, NOT just the U.K. Your reporter seems to be unaware that THREE QUARTERS of humanity lives in the so-called Third World. So to exclude the Third World from International Women's Week would be to exclude most of the international community. This would not be very "international".

Moreover, women make up half the world's population. Yet in 1980, a UN report estimated that women receive only ONE TENTH of the world's income, and they own less than ONE HUNDREDTH of the world's property. Despite this, they actually perform almost two-thirds of hours of work in the world. Oxfam believes that such inequalities between men and women are a major reason for Third World poverty.

Also issues such as female genital mutilation affect millions of Third World women. Many of these women are now campaigning against this severely unhealthy practice, AND they want us to support their campaign. So isn't this the type of issue which should feature in International Women's Week?

Leeds Student seems to think that International Women's Week

was only meant to be of interest to women, not men. How very silly. Does "Tibet Week" only concern Tibetans? Is "Homelessness Week" only of interest to the homeless?

Be honest, criticising International Women's Week because it's too "international" is a bit daft really. Why doesn't *Leeds Student* ask more searching questions, such as what was so "international" about "INTERNATIONAL Men's Week"?

Alistair Scott
Third World First.

Dear Editor,

I felt the comment on Women's Week in last week's *Leeds Student* very unfair, and seemed to miss the point of Women's Week altogether.

The point of Women's Week is to highlight women's issues not only in Britain, but Worldwide. Amnesty International and Third World First meetings were included in the week's events to highlight the picture globally.

Women in the West, no matter how persecuted they may feel, still have a voice, and they need to learn how they can use it to change the treatment of women Worldwide.

It is always important to focus on issues close to female students in Leeds such as rape and AIDS. It is equally important to empower them to project the image further. Amnesty International and Third World First provide

Ramblings of Hated Hamer

Dear Editor

Rupert Hamer's ramblings on Friday have finally provoked me into taking pen to paper. His 'article' this week which refers to (I guess) Nellie's Bar and the clientele who frequent it was not only insulting but taking cheap jibes at those who cannot answer back - because I doubt many

(myself excluded) read the *Leeds Student* - is infantile to say the least.

Hamer obviously thinks himself a superior being but he really must be an insecure, obnoxious middle-class prat to write such drivel..

Yours critically Trudie Caravan

more than 'empty political statements' proved by the 100s of letters signed on women's issues during the week.

Homosexuality is, as much a female as a male issue. Success of the LGB disco is to me, self-evident - I know of several lesbian women who gained both confidence and new friends from the event. This surely justifies its place in the week.

Anonymous

Dear Editor,

We were horrified at the suggestion in last week's *Leeds Student* that the LGB disco was irrelevant to International Women's Week, and also at the implication that all gay men are misogynistic.

Firstly, why on earth should lesbians and bisexual women be excluded from I.W.W. events? Are they perhaps lacking the correct genitalia to qualify as 'proper women'? Give us one valid reason why any woman should not be actively encouraged to participate in International Women's Week.

Also, the implicit suggestion that the LGB society is comprised wholly of gay men is only partially less ridiculous than the statement that gay men utterly reject women per se. Many gay and bisexual men have equally valid relationships with women and the 'journalist's' offensive comments merely perpetuate homophobic stereotypes and display a downright ignorance of the facts.

Yours Sincerely,

Steve Courtney and Susan C. Pemberton.

Dear Editor

I am writing in response to your articles concerning 'Men's Week'. I wish to make it quite clear that the Survivors Project is not part of the anti-feminist so-called 'men's rights' campaign. We offer support to men who are survivors of incest, sexual assault and rape - usually victims of other men. We do not work in opposition to women's organisations. Where possible we try to work together.

I have become more involved with Men's Week on a personal level simply because I am interested in men and sexual politics. Though you manage to contradict yourselves - how can it be both right-on and a male rights/macho week - some of your criticisms are valid.

Whereas International Women's Week should be a celebration of, and space for, women, any men's event should be more about a focus on men than any simplistic celebration of men. A critical focus on men is a way to start to challenge men to change.

The value - or not of Men's Week remains to be seen. Try giving it a chance before slugging it off.

Pete Brown Survivors Project (Personal Capacity)

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. The deadline for letters is the Tuesday preceding publication.

How the Woodhouse Moor Rapist could be free in four years

In sentencing David Martin Jackson, the Woodhouse Moor Rapist, to twelve years imprisonment, Judge Justice Harrison said: "Offences such as these should be punished by a substantial period of imprisonment." He didn't take his own advice.

Twelve years may seem like a long time. For most of us it's more than half our lives. But what about the five lives Jackson has trampled all over?

One of Jackson's victims described how utterly her life had been shattered: "Ever since it happened it's like your

life stops there and it's his." She cannot go out alone, and says that she will never be able to trust a man again.

When you consider that there are four other young women with similarly harrowing stories, twelve years begins to seem quite a short time.

If the length of the sentence is beginning to bother you - as it is Detective Superintendent Bob Taylor who led the investigation against Jackson and who believes Jackson should have received life - then how does eight, or even five years sound?

It's common knowledge that in legal speak, twelve years

SLEEDS STUDENT

doesn't really mean twelve years at all. In eight years it is fairly likely that Jackson will be released on remission. It's not unlikely that with a bit of good behaviour, Jackson will be out in five years - he'll be up for parole then.

Jackson has already served a year in prison awaiting trial, so that's four years. All this means that the Woodhouse Moor Rapist could well be on the streets of

Leeds 6 again by 1998.

Those who remain unconvinced should be aware that twelve years is a remarkably lenient sentence for crimes of this nature. Although twelve years is fairly average for a rape, judges are supposed to consider the totality of the offences committed, which in this case numbered some very serious sexual assaults. The usual sentence for a number of sexual

attacks lies more in the region of sixteen to eighteen years.

Furthermore, in pleading not-guilty, despite overwhelming evidence - including DNA against him, David Jackson forced his victims to undergo the double indignity of a reliving their ordeal in a packed courtroom under the glare of media attention. Lawyers call this an "aggravating feature", and usually an extra third is added to the sentence.

As a convicted sex offender in the West Yorkshire area, the likelihood is that David Jackson will be incarcerated in Wakefield Prison, where

criminals of this type are usually sent. There he will have little opportunity to lose his propensity to attack students. There are no facilities for psychotherapy at Wakefield. There used to be, but then there were cuts.

A specialist centre called Grenden Underwood aimed at helping sex offenders reform does exist in the prison system. However prisoners only go there if they have accepted that what they have done is wrong - something Jackson so far refuses to do. It doesn't look like anyone is going to force him to either.

SPOTLIGHT

As the trial of David Martin Jackson, dubbed the Woodhouse Moor Rapist, ends, Nicola Woolcock examines the implications of the attacks for women in Leeds

The court case of David Martin Jackson, the man accused of carrying out several sexual assaults and a rape on Woodhouse Moor, has finally come to a close this week. It will hopefully be the culmination of a 'reign of terror' over the female residents of Leeds, which started in June 1991 and ended in October 1992.

The catalogue of attacks concluded with the rape of a 19 year old Leeds Metropolitan University student in October 1992. During this time there was much furore about the attacks, resulting in demonstrations such as the nighttime march, 'Reclaim the Night'. Women students, led by the mother of the, then believed, victim of the rapist, protested on Woodhouse Moor. They carried burning flares on the march, in defiance of the rapist. At this time, there was a general feeling of anxiety. Female students found their lifestyles being restricted by the fear of assault. Many women had to make changes in order to

become accustomed to living under the shadow of the constant threat of attack.

An attack on a female student at Oxley Hall, in February last year, added to the worry. Oxley Hall security was questioned, and it was claimed that sites of Halls of Residence should be better lit, and that more Women's Minibuses should be provided by the Universities. The general feeling was one of anxiety, that assaults could be happening so close to home in apparently safe areas. It made female students aware that there was no such thing as a safe place or time, and that they had to be on their guard, and aware of potential danger, at all times.

This led to several safety-measure suggestions. In May 1992, the Council proposed to light a cycle-path through Woodhouse Moor. However, this scheme was attacked by those who felt that limited lighting would increase the risk to women, since it would result in shadows in the Park in which people could hide, and also create a false sense of security.



Woodhouse Moor - still not a safe place to walk for female students

Leeds University students and the Women's Affairs Officer, Rachael Paxford-Jenkins, petitioned Leeds City Council opposing the plan. Pressure was also put on Leeds University to provide free Personal Safety alarms, at a cost of about £5,000 a year. 7,000 free alarms were provided by Leeds University at the beginning of last year. However, women students became worried when it was claimed that these alarms were dangerously inadequate.

Since then, the University has supplied female students with improved alarms. Bogus posters threw male students into a state of confusion, in January 1993. The notices, on Woodhouse Moor, claimed that as from 23 January, a curfew would be placed on men between the hours of 8pm and 6am. They carried the West Yorkshire Police logo, and threatened offenders with prosecution. Fiona McGee, LUU's Women's Affairs Officer at the time, claimed that it

should be expected that men should have to endure similar restrictions to those faced by women after dark.

The rape in October 1992 reinforced the belief that urgent preventative action was necessary. Fiona McGee, made proposals to Leeds City Council, and advised female students to avoid walking alone, and to always carry their Personal Safety alarms. Floodlighting the area was suggested, but was deemed to be too expensive, unenvironmentally friendly and also infeasible for a residential area.

The attack provoked a number of women to come forward with details of previous assaults. This was encouraged by the Police, since they felt that it could help them in their search for the rapist. Many schemes were founded as a result of this attack. The Police supplied 7,000 safety leaflets for LMU female students were encouraged to take advantage of Leeds City

Council's 'Women's Only' transport.

Safety awareness courses were organised by LMU for its women students. As well as this, an agreement was founded with Amber Taxis, whereby any student stranded in town without any money, could give the driver their Union Card, and pay their fare when collecting the Union Card from Exec the next day.

Leeds Metropolitan University's Women's Minibus service was started up. Leeds University's Women's Minibus scheme was set up in similar circumstances in 1981, after the Leeds student, Jackie Hill, became the thirteenth victim of the Yorkshire Ripper, Peter Sutcliffe.

In both cases it took an incident of such drastic proportions, to result in the implementation of safety-measures for women. It is worrying and ironic that in the same week as David Martin Jackson has been found guilty of assaulting

female students, LMU is considering cutting funds for its Women's Minibus service.

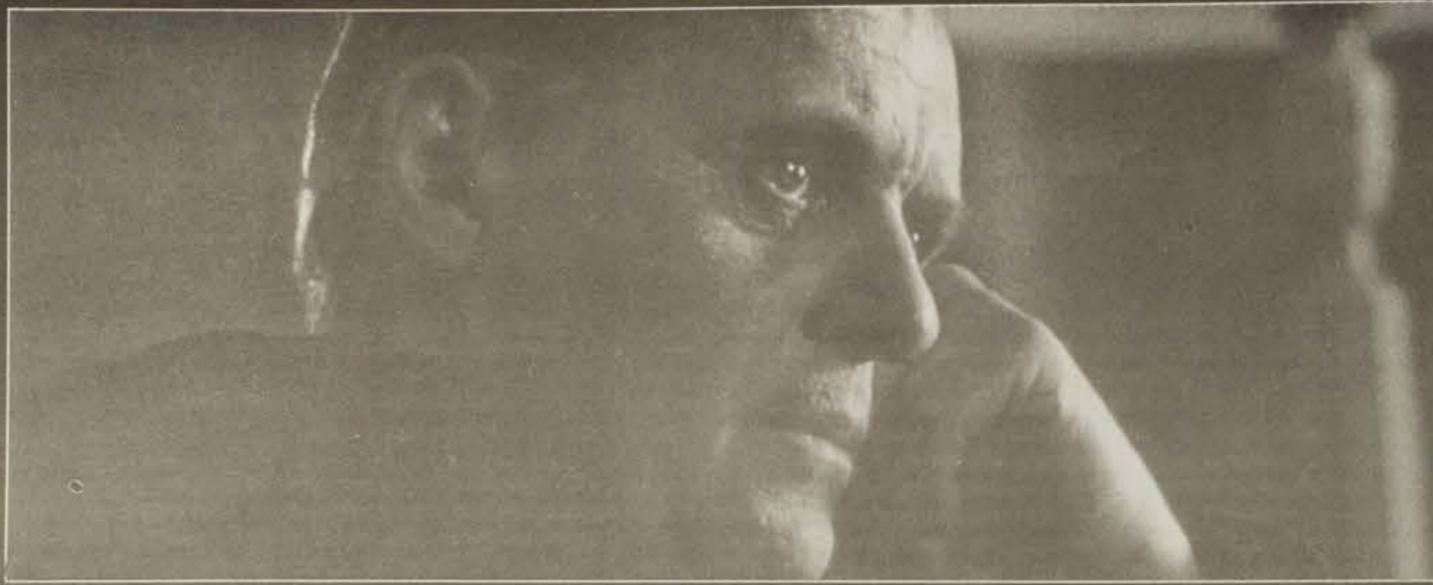
Jackson's conviction does not now make Woodhouse Moor, or indeed Leeds, a safe place. Female students' lives have been altered by the Woodhouse Moor assaults. Understandably, women still do not feel secure, and most plan to carry on taking extra precautions to protect their safety. "I don't feel any safer in Leeds even if this rapist has now been caught," said Jane Hancock, 2nd year, Civil Engineer. "Just because he's now behind bars, doesn't necessarily mean women should take a relaxed attitude or assume that this won't happen again," she added.

Sadly, it has taken something like this to make us all more aware and cautious. It can only be hoped that, in a few years when the memory of the rape is not so recent, the universities do not become complacent about the situation, and cut back on vital services.



LMUSU safety minibuses

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Shadowlands
Odeon Cinema

Richard Attenborough's *Shadowlands* has remarkable pedigree. Originally a successful play, this true story centres around the unlikely, passionate, but ultimately doomed love affair of C.S. Lewis (played by Anthony Hopkins) and the American poet Joy Gresham (Deborah Winger). Not only is the love interest sensitive and revealing, the characters themselves are very strong. Lewis, who enlightened a thousand childhoods with his Narnia stories, lost his mother at nine, and, despite the tenderness and magic of his books, was, at 50, a staid and insensitive Oxford bachelor, his great mind unchallenged by the routine of college and religious life. Gresham, on the other hand was a Jewish, communist, atheist, American feminist poet (honest!) who moved to London with her son after being estranged by her alcoholic husband.

The meshing of these incredibly different personalities has obvious potential, and *Shadowlands* succeeds in telling this love story gently but with vigour. That is to say it thankfully lacks the crash and bang of, for example, *Pretty Woman* without losing any emotional punch. All the appropriate heart strings are pulled, but in a very realistic manner, adding so much more power to the story than a "Hollywood" approach would.

This is a testament to the direction of Attenborough and the amazing performances of Winger and Hopkins. Despite the occasional clumsy metaphor, the overall mood of this film is utterly convincing, with Hopkins, particularly, to be singled out for praise; this kind of work **MUST** merit an Oscar.

Any complaints? Well, yes. Anyone who goes to this film hoping to rediscover the magic and mystery of Narnia will be disappointed. Put simply, this film does not consider the subject matter of Lewis's books, nor the way he approached writing them, and this seems a pity. This is one of England's greatest love stories and it affected Lewis's work - not to make more of the connection between his writing and the love of his life seems a genuine waste.

But to be honest, I'm picking holes in a stunningly powerful film. *Shadowlands* is as moving and engaging as any of Lewis' famous books. And there's the ultimate satisfaction of knowing it's true.

Martin Cole

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Project X Emmanuel Church

The Emmanuel Church hosted a worship last Saturday night. The congregation were ecstatic, the preaching was fervent and the atmosphere oozed with belief. However, this religious gathering was crucially different to the ones that are usually held in a place of worship - music, not God, was the centre of attention.

Project X, having successfully organised "raves" (what else can I call them!?) in Bradford over the last year brought together a collection of DJs and artists for an evening that was varied and successful. The church itself provided a fantastic, if daunting, venue and the 500 or so punters who filled it were completely committed to the evening. Cheesy ravers, togged up clubbers, punks and an assortment of O.A.P.'s really united. Obviously, most who attended "took the sacrament" but even this cannot denigrate the evening - atmospheres like this are few and far between in 90's dance music.

So are promoters like Project X. All the profits that were made last Saturday night went to charity, and this is just a reflection on the whole attitude of the Project X collective. Styling themselves in the same mould as Birmingham's DIY, their goal has always been to throw good parties - if they make any money, that's fine, but it's not the aim.

Simon, one of Project X's core members, put it like this, "We started out in Bradford about a year ago, and have since put on about 10 or 12 "dos". Now that we've moved to Leeds our aims have changed slightly (we're now bringing art into nights

out), but the overriding concern is still to put on great parties for a all types of people." It is this type of attitude, so much lacking in all but the most exclusive of clubs, that will really put Project X on the map.

But isn't the problem that everyone hears about these great parties, the whole scene becomes trivialised and anyone who didn't get involved in the first great success will do anything to get involved in the second? Maybe, but first it is important to recognise that this doesn't detract from the success of last Saturday night (it truly was one to be remembered). Secondly there is no need for one success to preclude the occurrence of another. I genuinely trust the motives of Project X, and expect their parties to succeed for some time to come

Martin Cole

Hamlet LMU Studio

The Kaos Theatre was formed in 1991 and their performances use the influences of a mixture of traditional forms of mostly Eastern theatre to explore the plays they perform. Their *Hamlet* is the most frenetic and physical Shakespeare I have ever seen.

The seven actors perform in a central square around which the other actors sit, they have few props and use only very simple musical instruments. Continuity and a sense of menace are created through the use of the rhythmic human sounds which both start and finish the play. Wordless but reminiscent of both a heartbeat and the thump of drums these sounds effectively convey both the vulnerability of the characters and the threat

which seems to surround them.

Each person is represented by a characteristic movement and sometimes the different meanings of a word are brought out by physical gesture. The feeling is that of a play that has been stripped bare and in which only the most essential remains. The actors when on the sidelines of the stage form a chorus who reflect the action and echo lines from the play. It is Shakespeare's text but it is as if the words have been pushed to their very limits.

This is a stylised play but it is not an over serious one and it contains a grave-digger scene which is both extremely funny and very economical with one actor playing both the grave-digger and the skull. Altogether this company have succeeded in bringing new and energetic life to *Hamlet* and if you get the chance you should go out of your way to see them.

Eleanor Rose

The Mikado Civic Theatre

The *Mikado*: arguably Gilbert & Sullivan's most loved work, and perennial favourite of light opera societies the length and breadth of Britain, has descended upon Leeds.

Set in a fictional Japan, the basic plot concerns Nanki-Poo, the son of the Mikado, who has fled to Titipu disguised as a musician, to escape impending marriage to the undesirable Katisha. Here he hopes to win the hand of Yum-Yum, who is unfortunately betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner.

After the Mikado decrees that an execution must take place within a month, and Yum-Yum tells Nanki-Poo that by law she must refuse him, a macabre deal is struck wherefore Ko-Ko allows Nanki-Poo to marry Yum-Yum, on condition that he agrees to be beheaded a month later.

Being a light operetta, the plot is conveyed mostly in song, which leads to one main problem: the plot is hard to follow at times, and near impossible when the lyrics are inaudible. Although the chorus, orchestra and voices of most of the main characters are generally good, there are some unfortunate exceptions.

Such a culprit is Katisha, played by Jacquie Battenby. The character is supposed to be bolshy and headstrong, yet Ms. Battenby's weak vocal performance lacks conviction, and renders Katisha entirely unthreatening. The character of Ko-Ko is another victim of (mis)casting; instead of subtly creating a sombre character who unwittingly becomes a figure of fun, John Tattersall deliberately plays the role for all the laughs he can get.

The production also needs tightening visually. Even the most simple routines were badly coordinated, which often lead to confusion on the stage, and distracted from the play. This, more than anything marked the whole performance as an amateur shambles.

The *Mikado* is an unusual piece of British musical history, and well worth seeing sometime... but don't bother with this production. Although the cast try to save it with their enthusiasm, it tends to fall flat on its face. For what it is, it's also overpriced at a fiver a ticket... if it had been cheaper, it might have been worth seeing. But it isn't, so don't bother.

Hannah S. Lawrence

HIS DEATH

My Life
Odeon Cinema

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Or to put that in Hollywood terms, the days of glorified violence have long since been numbered, and in their place we're now receiving a steady diet of gratuitous weepies. One such offering is *My Life*, which wears its "Welcome the tears back to Tinseltown" badge with pride. In it, Michael Keaton plays Bob Jones, a successful PR man, who has to cope with the double-whammy of fatherhood and lung cancer. His wife (Nicole Kidman) is pregnant and he's got four months left to live. So far, so sad. However, this is a Bruce Joel Rubin film; the man that penned the perennial 1990's wimp classic *Ghost* is back; so instead of accomplishing all those things he hasn't yet achieved during his time on earth, Bob decides to make a video of his life to leave for his son-to-be. Cue two hours of tears and self-discovery, as Bob dishes out advice on how to cook spaghetti, shake hands confidently, and cope with the possibility of Mom remarrying. Because that's what a son needs.

Keaton and Kidman are barely stretched by their roles. Kidman gets to appear 'au Demi', spending most of the movie sporting a latex pregnancy kit and saying 'I love you' every other line. Keaton fares little better; he simply looks appropriately miffed and sleep-talks his way through the to-camera tittle-tattle. Mainly, he's hampered by the material, which can't decide what tone to take: cynical, mystical or sentimental.

This, ultimately, is *Ghost* in reverse - only without the sugar-coated fantasy frosties. It's a real *Death of Convenience*; if only dying was a roller-coaster ride, Bruce. The sound of artificially induced sobbing has to rank right down there alongside barrel scraping and dead horses being flogged.

Matthew Goodman



Witnesses of Time

NMPFT (Bradford)

Life and death, strong religious images, Native American mysticism: all these are showcased in *Witnesses of Time*, an exhibition of photography by Mexican photographer Flor Garduno, showing at the National Museum of Photography, Film, and Television in Bradford from 15 March - 5 June. It is an exhibition not to be missed.

One of Mexico's most important photographers, Garduno travelled through her homeland and surrounding Central and Latin America - including Guatemala, Bolivia, and Ecuador - to photograph people in every stage of life and rite of passage. Young boys with clubs adopt a king-like stance, meek-looking girls with ashen complexions peer out at the camera, elders of the Latin American villages convey a look of wisdom to their disciples. The joys of life are celebrated, as well as life's final frontier, death.

The latter rite is a permanent fixture in Garduno's photographs; skulls and coffins are as common as the people she photographs. One especially striking photo, "On the Way to the Cemetery," shows three villagers, one of whom has the child-sized coffin strapped to his back, walking through the empty streets of their village, a cloud of fog waiting to envelope them directly ahead. It is Garduno's ability to present the macabre without being frightening that make the photographs appealing and interesting.

Contrasts are another of Garduno's strong suits. All of her photos have stark differences between light and dark, and she uses their symbolism wisely, to make ordinary objects seem extraordinary. In "Holy Flowers," a powerful ray of light shines on an otherwise everyday object of beauty, elevating the flowers to a sort of divine status. The barren and the plentiful are also highlighted, as in the photo "Music, Dance and Wind," showing men

and women dancing with flags in the desert. With a subject matter that may be especially interesting to those not familiar with the Latin culture, and the effective juxtapositions Garduno is able to capture on film, *Witnesses of Time* is well worth yours.

Nicole Campbell
Jesus Christ Superstar

Riley Smith Hall

It's hard to know where to begin: the Orchestra and choir members (the latter in groovy flares) gave out such enthusiasm that the sold-out audience were captivated right from the start. The lighting, props and costumes (especially of the Pharisees) were inspiring, and the whole production was well above usual student levels.

What impressed me most of all was the acting: Jesus was shown as introspective, sceptical, even overwhelmed by the crowd's adoration, a welcome change from the cliché militant preacher. Pilate and Peter were also very good, both armed with powerful, expressive voices. And the part of Judas, unexpectedly played by Jonathan Powis, was carried off with great success, alternating sliminess with glimpses of human emotion. Herod, played by a woman actor, was deliciously cheeky, and the baddie priests were greeted warmly whenever they appeared. But it was Liz Poulter's Mary Magdalene who stole the show: her performance was so touching, her voice so beautiful and full of warmth, I shouldn't be surprised if she's destined for greater things.

My only criticism would be that, on occasions, the voices of Jesus and of the woman priest got drowned by the music; however, the overall performance was imbued with such professionalism and energy, it was hard not to feel thrilled, even if, like me, you are a sworn enemy of musicals. Well done.

Rea Podas

On Deadly Ground

Showcase Cinema

For his directorial debut, Steven Seagal is faithful to the key ingredients of his previous films: *On Deadly Ground* has a ridiculous storyline, a predictable conclusion, a high bodycount and plenty of hammy acting.

The story, set in Alaska, tells of a corrupt oil magnate (Michael Caine), whose company's dangerous drilling practices threaten to cause an ecological disaster. Seagal, who works for Caine, uncovers this wrongdoing, and thus becomes a marked man. Following Caine's attempt to blow him up, Seagal is rescued by an eskimo tribe; overnight he becomes a 'green' activist, with emphasis on the 'active', and resolves to save the eskimos and their land from the impending ecological catastrophe by demolishing Caine's unsafe oil rig.

Where *On Deadly Ground* differs from Seagal's previous films is in its attempt to combine violence and mayhem, with an ecologically correct storyline. This idea comes somewhat unstuck though. In blowing up the hazardous oil rig, Seagal causes a major environmental calamity himself, so his diatribe, at the end of the film, on how pollution caused by the major oil cartels is killing people, seems a mite hypocritical after his whirlwind killing orgy.

Still, if you leave your critical senses at home, there are numerous unintentional laughs to enjoy (Caine's dyed black hair and ludicrously nasty villain are a constant source of mirth). While for lovers of mindless violence Seagal dispatches copious amounts of baddies in all manner of inventive ways using his martial arts, explosives and guerrilla warfare skills.

On balance though this sub-standard *Die Hard* imitation, replete with Seagal, the poor man's Stallone, should be avoided.

Nigel McDowell

cogito

Pick up any collection of critical essays - or go to a lecture given by a member of Leeds University's English Department - and expect to discover a world totally different to what you always thought it was. You or I don't actually exist for a start. Our selves are far too fluid for that. We are products of our cultural and historical context, along with just about everything else. All you have to be certain about is that nothing is certain.

And that's all there is to it really. Eng Lit delights in undermining our dogmatic assumptions of the permanence of time honoured institutions. A woman's place is in the home? Forget it. Straight is more normal than gay? Begone you absolutist imperialist populist! Take John Major's much vaunted need for good old fashioned commonsense and completely reverse it to ensure the 2:1s keep flooding in.

To spread this admirable gospel the Eng Lit establishment has got a huge artillery at its disposal. Words. They spin unimaginably complex webs with them. They revel in weaving elegant patterns of phrase, which to the outsider are pretty to listen to but hollow in meaning. All this creates the illusion that someone is always saying something new: in fact they're simply recycling the same old points in different linguistic form.

It's because they don't have anything else to do. Playing games with language is all Eng Lit academics are good at. Their story has already been told - with far greater profundity and sophistication - elsewhere.

The fallacy of Eng Lit today is its need to repeat what historians, philosophers and sociologists have been saying for ages. A typical lecture will consist of 50 minutes of one of the above, with a token 5 minutes tenuously referring back to a text tacked on at the end. A blast of Marx will be artificially followed by a "so, if we consider 'Romeo and Juliet', we can see love as ideological apparatus subject to the materialist conception of history. Thankyou for listening."

The basic flaw in this strategy is that you can't do Marx in 50 minutes. Instead there's only time to give a beginner's guide, which does the sociologists and company a grave disservice by neglecting the range of debate and disagreement existing within their disciplines. Philosophy becomes 'Philosophy' *per se*, because you can't distinguish between Descartes and Hobbes unless you do Philosophy. So Eng Lit students end up with crude and irrelevant understandings of the theories. The only way to get a proper idea is to hang around the lecture theatre until a sociologist turns up.

The result of Eng Lit's preoccupation with cramming every field of human knowledge into one discipline is that the subject inevitably caves in on itself. There is so much to do that literary works themselves - which were surely the purpose of the whole thing - get buried under layers of critical theorising.

They love to tell us about the death of the author. But the surrogate sociologists are the ones with blood on their hands, because they killed the text.

Since producing this text the author has of course died

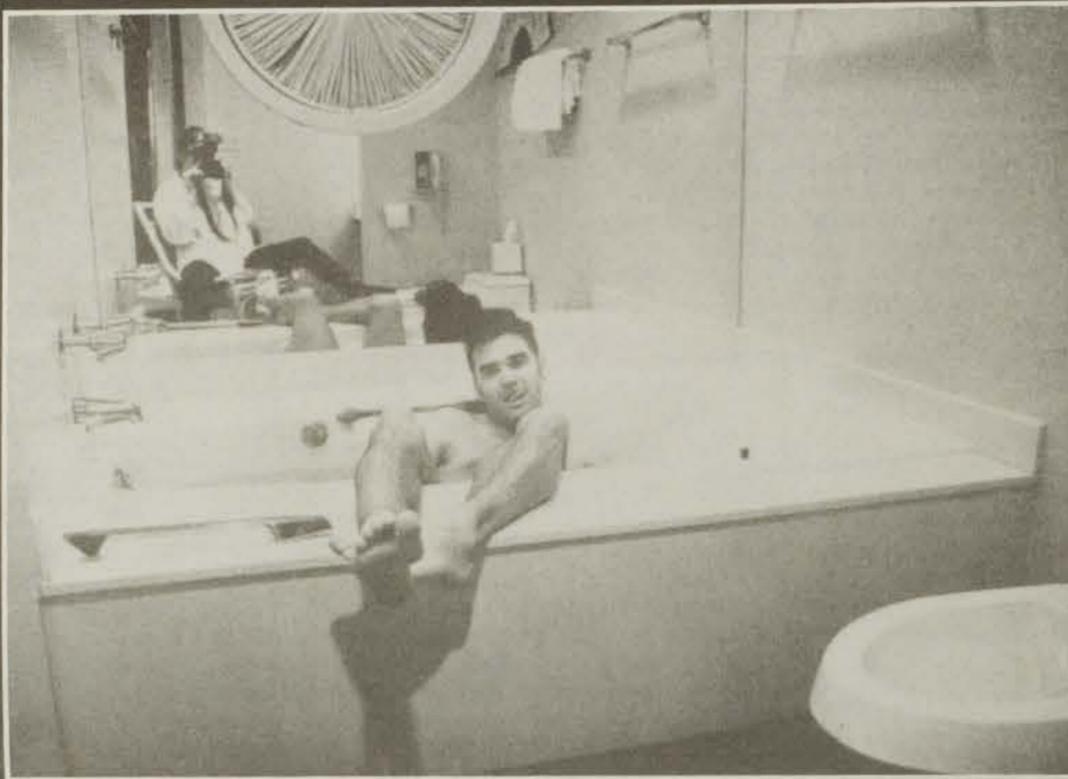
Hang On To Your Ego

A handful of records into his solo career Morrissey's lyrical focus subtly changed tact. Where once he would narrate the hurt of suppressed teenage years; with songs like 'Will Never Marry' and 'Disappointed' he was suddenly writing exclusively about himself, about fame, about his fans and about his own self expanding mythology.

Even when he appeared to champion the outsider (wheelchair bound 'monster', overweight girl, Mute Witness) you didn't have to peer too far between the lines to spot Moz the social inadequate communicating the increasing alienation he faced with his expanding notoriety. Fame, fame, fatal fame indeed.

And nowhere is this more apparent than on this album. For someone who exercised complete control over his own career from the start, Morrissey has obviously spent the last months watching aghast as Johnny Rogan, the NME and the Sunday Papers whipped up rumours, unearthed his past and questioned his motivations. The subject matter of 'Vauxhall and I' is overwhelmingly a response to this.

Morrissey *Vauxhall and I (Parlophone)*



'I Am Hated For Loving' is a bemused cry in the dark, 'Hold Onto Your Friends' is a diatribe against fairweathered companions and 'Speedway' starts with a deafening chainsaw scream, an appropriate retaliation to the hatchets of the music press ("All of those lies/ Written lies/ Twisted lies").

Disappointment and loneliness prevail, although there are lighter moments, particularly the opening uplifting surge of 'Now My Heart Is Full' (his best solo song by far) and the comedy (albeit black) of couplets like "Your father cracks a joke/ and in the usual way empties the room" and the very Wildean "I bear more grudges than lonely high court judges". Most alarming though is the monstrously unsubtle wah-wah and tabourine Smiths pastiche 'Billy Budd' where Moz reflects "Now it's twelve years on/ Yes, and I took up with you" and croons "Ooohhhh" in a way he hasn't for, well 12 years.

Morrissey is now famous for being famous so any change in his writing is perhaps unsurprising. A remarkable album that literally cries out for your attention.

Johnny Davis

Nine Inch Nails

The Downward Spiral (Island)

Since releasing "Pretty Hate Machine" in 1989, Trent Reznor's Nine Inch Nails have found that controversy and success come hand in hand. Reznor has been falsely reported dead by the FBI, and more recently he recorded this album at the scene of the Charles Manson massacre in Beverly Hills. Whether you find this sickening sensationalism or not, the oppressive atmosphere has created possibly the most hate filled album I've ever heard. Reznor hates everything: Men, Women, Religion, America, but most of all himself.

Trent Reznor acts like a petulant baby who insists on screaming "I want my rattle!" until someone either gives it to him, or tells him to shut up. Being a famous rock star, no one's willing to tell him to shut up, instead he's allowed to vent his anger on his records. Other peoples misery will always give the public a voyeuristic thrill, at least for a while. Reznor has been venting his rage for years now, so on "Spiral", he's just saying the same old things, admittedly in a more intense manner. It's a pity that I find Reznor's poor-little-rock-star vitriol so unconvincing, since the sounds he creates makes other industrial rock albums sound very hollow. I just enjoy RevCo/Sheep on Drugs more. Maybe Reznor's future lies in creating text-free soundtracks for futuristic apocalyptic films. I can't see where else he can take his hate and alienation. Surely 3 albums of self-loathing is enough?

If you feel pretty low at the moment, then I hope this album will help you pull through. It's probably good therapy for Trent, but I can't see myself putting it on during any depressing nights in that I might have.

Martin Futrell

The Aphex Twin

Ambient Works Vol.2 (Warp)

It's the second in the ambient series from Richard D James, aka The Aphex Twin, aka Polygon Window, aka Navel Phluph Watcher. And it's shit. (Appropriately enough it's on a sort of mild korma diarrhoea coloured vinyl). Where Ambient Works 1 (once used as the soundtrack to a BBC2 feature on Scottish water tower engineering, fact sadoes) was a cool analogue beauty, minimally but perfectly structured from sounds of an alien purity (ahem!), No.2 is the Cornish electronics wonder farting around with the same noises in a different order with none of the inspiration. Bits of it are excellent (one track sounds vaguely like a passage from Pete Namlook's 'Air'), but they're mostly lost amongst the long, drawn-out random doodlings and the lack of purpose in the album.

To be fair, I imagine that if you can get round the claustrophobic atmosphere and see the music as moods rather than individual tracks you might appreciate it as Mr Twin actually meant you to (I tried really hard with the fourth track on the putrid lime label side and I think it's a sort of explosion of passionate paranoia). It's probably as avant-garde as anything this side of Karlheinz Stockhausen, but there's a fine line between experimental genius and utter bollocks and (whichever this is) it's damned hard work on the ears. The sleeve layout doesn't help - with the exception of 'Blue Calx' all the tracks are nameless, represented by segments of circles and (on the CD) textured bits of blurry photos. Arty-farty or anal retentive?

Some people love this sort of thing (good luck to them). As far as I'm concerned it's a sightseeing tour of Richard James' lower intestine.

Claire Rowland

Submarine

Submarine (Ultimate)

The Ultimate label that offered us Levitation and other worthy contenders over the last few years now releases Submarine's eponymously-titled album: like much of Terry Bicker's output "Submarine" is the work of a band straggled between the indie sensibility and bigger rock star pretensions. Numbers such as "I can't be satisfied" and "Bathing" illustrate the first mode of white noise guitar workouts, often entertaining a Sonic Youth-esque predilection for fretboard and amplifier abuse. This contrasts well with the slower, more deliberate moments on the album wherein tracks like "Empty" and "Jodie Foster" emphasise different aspects to Submarine's oeuvre - not least a sense of space and poise, enhanced by the studio trickery at hand. Unfortunately, it also presents us with a fairly uninspired lyricist at work, the songs never deviating too far from the standard rawk evocation of love lost, gained or wasted.

In all, we are introduced to an enterprising, musically imaginative album that deserves a wider audience but probably won't get it. If it's a fast and frenzied, indie-by-numbers collection you are after, then "Submarine" is not the place to find it.

Murray Withers

Biafra & Mojo

Prairie Home Invasion (Alt.Tent.)

Occasionally, one comes across a record which is simply inspirational. It lifts one into new worlds and makes one feel as if one were on another plane...well, that's quite enough wishful thinking for one day. Prairie Home Invasion, as you may be able to tell from the title is a country and western blues type experience, and naturally it's crap.

In all fairness, it's been a while since an album has inspired me to consider what the worst record I've ever heard is. "Cilla Sings a Rainbow", "Shakin' Steven's Greatest Hits", "Mr Blobby"...all of these sink to the murky depths of my estimation as being truly dire aural experiences. "Prairie Home Invasion" looks set to join these mighty works of the wholly unlistenable and maybe even surpass them, because it's dreadful.

Congratulations to Mr Biafra and Mr Nixon for making the only album so far this year that I was unable to listen to all the way through without exclaiming 'No! I can't take it anymore!'. I now feel ready to retrieve my Yoko Ono album for a quick re-evaluation.

Sara MacDonnell

CRASH!

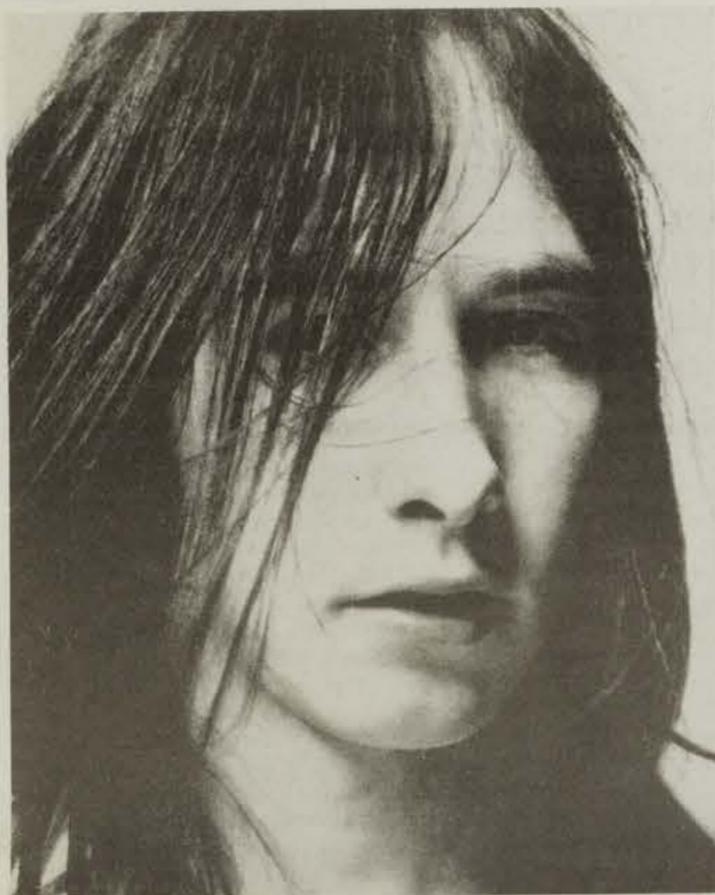
This week's best selling LP's
Lovingly crafted by Matty of Crash!

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Morrissey | Vauxhall and I |
| 2 Lee Perry/Dub Syndicate | Timeboom |
| 3 Inspiral Carpets | Devil Hopping |
| 4 Aphex Twin | Selected Ambient Works 2 |
| 5 Biafra & Mojo | Prairie Home Invasion |
| 6 Elvis Costello | Brutal Youth |
| 7 Soundgarden | Superunknown |
| 8 Sepultura | Chaos A.D (Box Set) |
| 9 Suns of Arga | Live with Prince Fari |
| 10 Killozer | Uncompromising war on art |

Who on earth buys Killozer?



licks and stonies



Primal Scream

Give out but don't give up (Creation)

This is not an important album. It is not seminal in a Screamedelica type way nor does it capture that light breeze rustling through a pile of drugs moment that its forerunner so gracefully managed. So what do Primal Scream do when there's no extending the moment and the wind has blown the best drugs away? One of the least probable answers is the creation of "Give out but don't give up" and the balls out, stunt cod piece of the loose it all rock star on draylon sheets. A fine choice gentlemen.

Primal Scream have meandered as straight forward as they could from their heady rush of honour. "Give out but don't give up" is as near a linear progression as can be expected from a band as confused as this. "(I'm gonna) cry myself blind" is "Damaged" part 2, "Big jet plane" is "I'm coming down" and "Jailbird" is "Moving on up" with added brass. Perfectly sad song "Free" is prime time Shara Nelson only more desperate. George Clinton is loaned out on "Give out but don't give up" only to recreate some of the more protracted moments of "There's a riot going on", but there's the Scream for you, the contrary swine.

Even if Primal Scream remain only studiously cool this record is an effortless testimony to it. "Give out but don't give up" is a genuflecting homage to our idols; that it sounds timeless already is a mark of its brilliance. To quote lyrics is redundant, you know them already, "You're cheating me", "I'll be your shelter from the storm" etcetera, been there eh? But only those jealously obsessed with remembering it the first time round would deny the elegance of this record.

Alex Sanders

The Wonder Stuff

Town & Country

Without doubt The Wonder Stuff are Stourbridge's final hope - Pop Will Eat Itself have been sounding the same for the past four years and as for the Ned's, who can say what's happened to them? The Stuffies last album "Construction..." was a disappointment, an LP made by rich, contented, married old men trying to recapture the vitality of youth again. They weren't fooling anyone.

For the occasion the T&C is bedecked with banners advertising a certain brand of beer whose manufacturers are sponsoring the tour. What's more if you buy some of it from behind the bar it comes in a little plastic cup which says "The Wonder Stuff" on it. Yep, the group who sang about 'Commerciality v Art...' are selling shirts which say 'Idiot' on them for £19. Very apt.

Support is provided by The Gigolo Aunts who show us their best Teenage Fanclub impression. It's not very good. When The Wonder Stuff finally make it to the stage they start off with three songs from their last album and the most striking thing is how relatively static the crowd is. It's only with older material from 'Hup' that the audience go wild and when the stage diving starts Miles informs us "You're the fucking idiots and I've got your fucking money".

The whole evening stinks of money - our money. They've obviously lost what it was they had in common with their fans and when in the second encore they play from 'The eight-legged groove machine' it's like old days and difficult not to ask what's gone wrong. What has gone wrong?

Nick Collins

Luna

Bewitched (Elektra)

This week I bought albums by The Aphex Twin, Inspiral Carpets, Pet Shop Boys and the new Olympic compilation. I also got thrown this CD, which I figured would end up at the bottom of that particular pile fairly quickly. Well, the highest compliment I can pay Luna is that they have stayed firmly entrenched within my stereo all week.

Yes, this record is superb. Dean Wareham, formerly of Galaxie 500 and now with this band, the Velvet Underground's touring partners, has made a near masterpiece. Not that my humble opinion is unanimous. Music press consensus seems to be that they sound similar to VU, therefore are crap. Well, my consensus is that they offer their own unique take on divine melody, rather than merely echoing "Stephanie Says," etc. And if you're going to copy somebody, where better to start?

All the songs on here are beautiful, made up of ringing guitar, drawled, naked emotion and tunes to die for. To switch into pub conversation mode for a minute, you know those moments where the proper song bit's finished, there's a pause, and then the guitar moves into its own little world, making you shiver all over? Well, just wait until you hear "California (All the Way)" or "Friendly Advice" (featuring Sterling Morrison, naturally). "Sleeping Pill" is the king amongst princes, a slow, sultry ballad featuring the bleak clarinet of Mercury Rev's Grasshopper and many false codas.

Luna are The Lemonheads at half speed, with a sage instead of a simpleton at the helm. There is nothing I don't like about "Bewitched" (except the cover I suppose).

Chris Mooney

The Posies

Duchess of York

When Magnapop first arrive on stage they make me wonder if they can reproduce the brilliance of their LP. Everything seems a little too loud, a little too fast, a little too harsh compared to the sublime melodic New Wave pop of the record. About four songs in, however, everything settles down. Magnapop run through more of their finest moments - 'Lay it Down', 'Texas', 'Skin Burns', all of which are celebrations of the best bits of the American college rock scene. It's all topped off with a cover of Big Star's 'Thirteen' which Magnapop make their own with apparent ease.

The Posies' 'Frosting on the Beater' album has been described as the best album Big Star never made, recreating Alex Chilton & Co's guitar pop/sugary harmonies formula like it was the 70s all over again. I personally can't help thinking that their acclaim is due to nostalgia rather than to any talent the band might have. If you saw them on 'The Word' you probably weren't impressed. Just like then, tonight they are messy and shambolic, neither of which are necessarily bad things, but with the Posies' music it just doesn't gel.

There are a few special moments, most notably 'Flavour of the Month' (featuring a guest appearance by Linda Hopper from Magnapop) and the two encores, which are totally different from anything that has come before. On these more left-field songs the unfocussed approach works much better, everything fits in beautifully. If this is their new direction, I'm far more interested in what the future holds than what they've done in the past.

Joe Williams



I bet at school he got some stick, here he is *Stephen Dick*

OASIS -
Supersonic (Creation)

Creation's new hopefuls unleash a blinding debut single. Full of swagger, arrogance and utterly banal lyrics like "I know a girl called Elsa, she's into Alka Seltzer", it's not just an exercise in rhyming but an absolute winner. Bringing together a mish-mash of so many other indie bands' styles, out from the cooking pot comes something along the lines of Shaun Ryder fronting Verve. This is what I'd hope the new Stone Roses single would sound like - no greater recommendation needed.

NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS
Do You Love Me? (Mute)

A menacing return from the Australian wonder, marred somewhat by the fact that this is a treacherous slab of uncompromising hard-listening. "And the bells in the chapel go jingle, jangle, jingle, jangle, jingle, jangle", growls Cave. Probably recorded in a torture chamber, it'll make all those nightmares you've been having come flooding back. Aaaarrgh.

DAVID HOLMES & STUART MCMILLAN
Total Toxic Overload (Soma)

Flavour of the month in no uncertain terms, Holmes has managed to release three singles on three labels in the last two weeks alone. This time working with one half of 'Slam', it's a very squelchy affair, a track oozing tension and suspense. With records like this, one hopes he'll be able to knock out another half a dozen before the term's out.

CUD
Sticks and Stones (A&M)

Gentle acoustic strumming and deep stuff about the plight of this planet from Leeds' very own Cud band. "There's a reason for the sky to weep at night" croons the fat one over this rather feeble attempt at getting something into the charts. You've got it all wrong Carl, it's just the shitty Northern weather.



JALE
Promise (Subpop)

Post-Valentines nonsense a few years too late. It could well be Bilinda Butcher singing over the ridiculous sub-Pavement guitar wakery. Sounding somewhat like The Swirlies, if that's your thing then I suppose this ain't all that bad.

THE BACKBEAT BAND
Money (Virgin)

A star-studded cast (Greg Dulli, Thurston Moore, Mike Mills, Don Fleming, Dave Grohl) attempt to emulate the Fab Four and come out as a third division Spencer Davis Group. In the ten commandments of making a good record it's clearly stated that under no circumstances should anyone try and copy The Beatles. Here, Greg Dulli shows you why.

A new breed

The front line

Door Security in Leeds may be working to improve their image, but they are still having to deal with the repercussions of the times when things got out of hand.

James Ridgeway was a student at Leeds University. He claims that he was once the victim of a brutal attack by doormen at a nightclub in Leeds: "It was my birthday so me and a group of my mates went out for the night and then to a club. We'd all had a few pints, but we were having a good time and weren't out to cause any trouble. About halfway through the night this guy just pushes me as he walks past. I turned around to find out what the hell was going on. We had a few words, but no one had thrown any punches or anything.

"All of a sudden this bouncer grabs me and drags me off and takes me into this room. In the room there were three or four other big bouncers. The first one then smacked me in the head. He hit me five or six times but I couldn't retaliate because there were so many of them. I had concussion as a result, and was bruised for several days after." Although the alleged incident took place three years ago, Ridgeway adds: "Maybe bouncers are trying to clean up their act, but because of what happened to me I'll never really be able to trust them again."

David Binnion, a first year Japanese and Economics student at Leeds University, also had a bad experience recently at a club in Leeds: "While I was walking up the stairs I met a girl from home whom I hadn't seen for ages. I chatted to her for a while. A doorman asked me to move away. I was just getting her address when he pushed me quite hard down the stairs. Luckily I kept my balance, but it could easily have been a lot worse."

Although there have undoubtedly been occasions when bouncers have acted irresponsibly and violently to situations, the doormen are adamant that a lot of the bad press they have received from time to time over the years is unwarranted.

Geoff Whittle, Head of Security at the Music Factory, feels particularly strongly about this: "If people get injured inside the club in a fight and we separate them, which is all we do, they never say that they got injured in the fight, they always blame it on the doorman pulling them out. The thing is, we get them out as quickly and as quietly as possible, but they always turn round and say that we've done this, we've done that, and to be quite honest it just isn't true."

He continues: "We do have a good reputation with students in general, it's just the odd few that decide to say this and that. That is just your stupid kids, really, that haven't grown up. Most students that come here regularly know that we don't go kicking people in."

Paul Lynch, the Director of Operations at E.P.A., a Leeds security agency supports this argument: "There has been examples of students basically taking the piss out of doormen.

"For example, there was one girl in particular who lost her coat ticket during a night out in Leeds. The doorman told her the proper procedures she would have to go through to get her coat back. She started to create with them, and ended up slapping one. She later reported to police that she had been attacked by the doorman, which in actual fact did not happen. Weeks after that she kept phoning up the police and making bogus calls saying that students were being beaten up outside the club. The doorman got her name and put it forward to the police and she did actually get arrested. It's things like that that give us a bad name."

Bouncers have always had reputations anchored somewhere between that of traffic wardens and rottweilers. Now doormen are being taught that being a door supervisor in the Nineties is not about pushing your weight around. *Gareth Hughes and Isobel Williams spoke to Heads of Security, doormen and the Director of Leeds' largest security agency.*

By the start of the Nineties, the reputation of bouncers had reached an all-time low. The stereotypical doorman was a muscular bruiser in dicky-bow and ill-fitting dinner jacket. Happily, it seems that this intimidating creature is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. The typical Nineties doorman is more often than not a trained individual more likely to go out of his way to show you how to get to the bus stop than to provoke an instant panic attack.

Exit the bouncer and enter the doorman - a friendlier, more approachable creature. Martin Alert, Head of Ricky's Security and a Senior Security Consultant for E.P.A. - the biggest door security firm in Leeds, with over 200 doormen on their books - describes the old bouncer mentality: "Bouncers used to go to work looking for trouble. I remember a club which couples couldn't go to because the bouncers would refuse the boy entry because they wanted to show the girl a good time."

Other doormen recount the story about the bouncer who let an underage girl into a club because she performed oral sex on him in the back room.

Martin goes on to describe the new perspective: "A doorman is supposed to make a customer feel welcome. They should walk out of the door at the end of the night and want to come back. If a customer has a problem, the doorman should listen. A few customers have come to me at the end of the night, worried that they haven't got enough money to get home, so I've lent them money for the taxi. We're a service. When we eject people from the club for being too drunk we try to look after them. I'll get them a drink of water or ring for a taxi. Our service extends far beyond the realm of a doorman, we don't just stop fights. A doorman is a judge, a jury, a social worker, an aunt, an uncle, a brother and a sister, he's a mother and father. He's all those things

rolled into one."

Geoff Whittle, Head of Security at the Music Factory, agrees: "Security is there to prevent trouble, not to cause it. If your security is causing trouble, you end up with a bad reputation through your club, which means people won't come in the club. If you have a good security team on, everybody knows they're a good security team, so they don't really mess about. They'll do what they are told. There's no need to go round punching people's faces in."

Bouncers used to be hired on the basis of their physique and how intimidating they looked, but that has all changed. Of course, appearance still has a major role to play, but now that learning the job is more challenging than it might have seemed, a different kind of person is being attracted to the job. Jason Hender, one of the Faversham's Security Team,

explains that the accent is now firmly on public safety: "My job is to look after the people and the place. I'm ashamed to use violence but sometimes I have to advocate it, it's part and parcel of the job. At the Faversham I'm there to diffuse a situation and to restrain people. We discuss the problem first, but sometimes you have to use violence to defend yourself."

In the past, at the slightest hint of trouble, the bouncer would wade in with his boots flying, but Jason illustrates how this attitude is changing: "One of the worst parts of this job is seeing what extremes of violence people go to. It can be shocking, but some become immune to it and I think that is really sad."

He goes on to shed a kinder light on his profession: "The pros far outweigh the cons. What appeals to me most about the job is that it offers an association with a cross-section of the community. I meet lots of people, and there is a great camaraderie amongst the staff. The same can be said for some of our clientele, though. I've had customers help me out when I'm in a bad

situation, say, they hold someone who has been causing trouble whilst I find his partner. It's factors like that which draw me to the job."

Unfortunately, the profession still attracts the old bully-boy image. But as Martin points out, this is inevitable: "It doesn't matter what sort of job people do, there are people who do it well and people who do it poorly. I'm afraid the bad ones always screw it up for the good ones. I have had to discipline bouncers in the past for taking unnecessary action or going over the top, even sack them. It is something I will not tolerate. They are the staff that doormen like myself are trying to eliminate because they give us a bad name. The agency I work for at the moment is working very hard to weed out all the bad apples, so to speak. The trouble is that people are more likely to notice the bad ones."

Whittle echoes this sentiment: "I'm not saying that there haven't been occasions when people have been dragged off and dragged away, but the thing is, they are only dragged away if they won't pack in fighting. If they try to carry on, you've got to get them out as fast as possible. If that means that you have to physically drag them out, you've got to do that. Even police have trouble arresting people sometimes. If they'll have a go at the police, they'll have a go with us."

Doormen have also faced criticism that they are not doing enough to prevent drugs getting in to clubs in Leeds. According to Martin, there has been pressure put on doormen to let drugs in to the clubs:

"There is the problem of keeping the drug pushers out. I've had letters sent to my house, phonecalls from people offering me money if I'll let them into the club. I've had offers from £300-£1000, which I'd be given on a weekly basis if I turned a blind eye. I'd never do anything like that, but some in other towns do. I mean, there are always drugs in certain clubs, so someone must be letting them in. We don't get many drugs circulating in here though, it's not that kind of place."

Paul Lynch, Director of Operations at E.P.A., says: "We are very strict with dealers but, just like the police, if dealers see a doorman coming,

"It doesn't matter what kind of job people do, there are people that do it well and people that do it poorly. I'm afraid the bad ones always screw it up for the good ones."

VIEWPOINTS

"I do feel a bit intimidated by bouncers I always worry they won't let me in because they seem to sometimes turn people away for no reason."

Catherine Patrick
Second Year History English
Leeds University

"Many bouncers seem to equate size with authority, but to be honest, what is their job really? Standing in the doorway getting cold. The exception is the tall guy at Ricky's. He's always pleasant to us."

Daniel Crowley
First Year Politics,
Leeds University

"I went to Happy last Tuesday and one of my friends couldn't breathe all of a sudden. The doormen were really nice to her, gave her a drink of water, and one even got her an asthma inhaler."

Amber Dalton
Second Year Spanish,
Leeds Metropolitan University

of bouncer?



Pic Ed Crispin

A new breed of doorman at the Fav

they'll stop dealing. Also, unless you are going to stripsearch everyone that comes in, it is impossible to stop drugs in any sort of venue."

Ian Gardener, Manager at the Warehouse, says that the door security at the Warehouse do as much as they can: "All our door security are primed before they go to work and we have a chat before they start. I dare say some people have dropped something before they come to the club, but I can't cater for that and the staff can't cater for that."

Blackened by the drunken deeds of others, students are often perceived as trouble-makers as well. However, Ian Gardener says that this is just another stereotype: "Only a few students cause trouble, but I think the type of lads and lasses who vandalise and kick off outbreaks of trouble are going to do it whether they are students or not. It's not just because they are in a strange town and a strange club that they fancy doing it. It's just how a minority of people are."

"I think there is great mismanagement of the queues. It seems quite haphazard sometimes. The security isn't strict enough with regard to drugs. I've been frisked before, but nothing thorough."

Meredith Christie
First Year Social Policy
Leeds University

Whittle continues this theme, saying: "Most students are just out for a good time. It's beer that makes everybody idiots and you don't have to be a student to be drunk." Martin agrees: "People give students a bad name but they don't really deserve it. Sure there are some rough ones, but then there is a bad apple in every basket, isn't there?"

Nevertheless, doormen maintain that they often face a lot of abuse from students. Whittle points that that: "You get people calling you thick. Really, a lot of students treat a doorman as if he is the lowest of the low." Gardener says that his staff have to deal with this problem all too often as well: "You try and talk to sensible people, who've had maybe eight or nine pints up at the Skyrack or the Oak, and the amount of abuse they can give the staff is unbelievable. Believe me, you've got to count to 110, let alone 10."

Gardener admitted that problems with

"I think that doormen have started to clean their act up. They seem to have a better attitude these days. I think they are quite protective towards women clubbers, which is nice."

Jane Dawson
Third Year History
Leeds University

queueing at the Warehouse made the situation worse in the past, but adds: "That is no longer the case. We let 150 people form and then split the queue by ten yards and form another queue behind it, and then split that etc. About five weeks ago it just went crazy. I think it was the end of exams, everyone was quite drunk, and a certain few were crushing young girls into the wall. But this splitting the queue works well."

Gardener sums up how door security are now asked to approach the job: "The art of being a doorman is either stopping it on the door or being aware of a certain situation before it gets overblown. Often, all you have to do is step in and have a chat, and a tense situation is diffused. The principle point is that prevention is better than cure."

The situation is definitely improving, and hopefully it will not be too long before the old-style, bull-dog bouncer can finally be declared an extinct species.

"One bouncer in Leeds threatened to put my bollocks in a egg slicer if I didn't give him a tenner. On the other hand, one doorman lent me a pen once!"

Cyrus Cavina
First Year Civil Engineering
Leeds University

The front line



Martin Alert has been a doorman for sixteen years and during that time has experienced all the highs and lows of door security:

"I became a doorman because of the social aspect of the job. When I leave home at night I think of who I might meet rather than who I'll fight. But the attitudes of some people spoil that. We're doormen but we're human beings as well and we can only be pushed so far. People can slag me off as much as they want, but when they start hitting you, you have to defend yourself. I get verbal abuse, and I have had my car vandalised several times. I've even had National Front slogans spray painted on the doors. Yet even though that is below the belt, I'll put up with it."

"But there comes a time when you're pushed too far. For instance, one gentleman came into the club not so long ago, last year in fact. He walked straight into the club with two girls behind him and he never bothered to pay. The girls paid for themselves and went downstairs, so I asked them if they were going to pay for the gentleman but they explained that he should've paid for himself. So, naturally I went up to him and asked him to pay. He turned round and said: 'Fuck off! Who the hell are you to ask me to pay?' I replied: 'Well, I'm the Head of Security and you didn't pay so I'm asking you to come and do so.' But he turned his back on me again. I tapped his back and he immediately elbowed me in the stomach, twice. He scraped my shins with the edge of his shoes, and I'm still thinking I'll eject him from the building. I was about to pull him out when he smacked me in the chest. So I hit him, just once, in the face. That was the biggest mistake of my life. He phoned the police, and I had to go to court. That's the sort of rubbish you have to face."

"You even get problems with girls. They think that they can push you further than men can. I caught one female customer wandering up into the Gallery when she should have been in Ricky's. The first time could have been a mistake so I just warned her not to do it again but she persisted all night and became quite abusive when I tried to reason with her. She lashed out at my face with a bunch of keys, aiming for my eye. She just missed, cutting the surrounding area. Yet I was still civil with her. I just got her coat and walked her to the door."

A club has the right to refuse admission to any individual. But, as Martin explains, people find refusal insulting: "People shouldn't take it so personally - it's for everyone's safety. If a person is too drunk they're going to knock into someone and it may lead to a fight. Then they'll be asking me to help them, won't they? I'm protecting the ones who I throw out just as much as the clientele inside. But sometimes they'll go away and get a weapon. I have had guns pulled on me, knives, hatchets, machetes, baseball bats."

"I knew a doorman who ended up in intensive care when a gang of lads, customers, set on him with baseball bats and injured very badly. He was just doing his job. The public never hear stories like that, do they? When doormen get attacked, they usually won't do anything about it. They try to keep it as quiet as possible. It's because they see it as a sign of weakness."

What Martin most wants to get across to students is that being a doorman is a lot harder than most people seem to realise and that doormen in Leeds are trying to disprove that the stereotype that doormen are always the bad guys.

VIEWPOINTS

American English

Considering that Greg Proops is, in agent-speak, "one of the hottest comedians on the circuit" and an improviser par excellence he makes a somewhat subdued interviewee. But you can hardly blame him, for this is a man who finds himself in a disconcerting state of limbo - seizing abounding career opportunities in England where he hopes to settle but missing his friends and the superior Mexican cuisine in America; hardly a household name but finding himself subjected to the press and public rigmarole associated with being the Next Big Thing.

Greg Proops first tugged the sleeve of the nation's attention when, along with the likes of Ryan Stiles and Mike McShane (with whom he goes way back) he became one of the team of American regulars on *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*. Several series later, including one recorded in his native USA, he took a solo stand-up routine to the 1993 Edinburgh Festival with spectacular success culminating in a Perrier Award nomination. On Sunday he takes in the West Yorkshire Playhouse as part of a nationwide tour, adding a second late night performance after the first sold out. Catch him tonight also, presenting a programme about memory on BBC TV called *Unforgettable*. The British, it seems, have truly taken him to their hearts. But this, he carefully points out, does not mean that the Americans haven't. It's just that the British regard comedy with a keener respect for the new and untested.

"Comedy's booming over here now. There was never an alternative scene in America. All comics play the same clubs, no matter what their point of view. It's still wildly popular - there's a 24 hour comedy channel, there's hundreds of comedy clubs, but the scene is dying out a little, I think because of over-exposure and the recession."

But what do they make of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*, which they show there in its unadulterated British form. Isn't there an inherently British psyche behind the concept of a game show where panellists look as calm and self-assured as they can despite being clueless about what to say or do next?

"People have been doing improvisation in America for forty years. I think they like the show but I don't think an American producer could get it together to do something improvised. They'd be too panicky. They'd be afraid it would fail on the night and they'd have no product. When I play at home people come up and say they've seen the show and they watch it all the time, so I think American audiences are ready for it. I just don't think American TV was ready to produce it."

As Proops perceives it, that same kind of desire for assured and instant comic gratification distinguishes an American crowd from their British counterparts, as well as our old stiff-upper-lip reservation:

"The British crowd are very attentive, probably more attentive, and more accepting of what's going down. The audience totally gives me the benefit of the doubt and will sit through ages and ages of stuff to hear what I'm going to say. They're very bright and they listen to your words which I totally appreciate. In comedy clubs in America, if your agenda is wildly different from what the crowd wants to hear and talk about they get a

Hannah Jones spoke to Greg Proops about comedy, college, improvisation and the English, prior to his appearance at the West Yorkshire Playhouse. Heckling was not an option.



What do you get if you cross Buddy Holly, Elvis Costello and John Hegley?

little bored. Like 'O.K., we came here for a beer and a laugh, we didn't come to hear the news'.

But I don't imagine Proops to be a nervous performer. I ask him about the degree of confidence which improvisational skills have lent to his stand-up routine. Doesn't it utterly eradicate the jitters knowing one is equipped to freefall if things go wrong? Well, apparently that's not it...

"I think it's just the stage time that makes you less nervous. The more time you're on the more you realise that you're going to

live, that no one's going to kill you for being bad and even if you are bad, it's just one night and there's always another game the next day."

But it must make you more adept at dealing with hecklers and that must be satisfying...?

"No, that's not what it's about at all. People who heckle are either drunk and they just want to be in the show, or they never get any attention, or they want to prove something in public, and comedy's an accepted place to do that. I talk to the

audience and engage them, improvise and go off at a tangent, but that doesn't mean I open the floor up to heckling and I think people get confused about that. And all hecklers will tell you after the show "I was just trying to help you". I don't need their help. I work alone, I can write my own material, I don't need to shout out drunken non-sequiteurs in the middle of a punchline to get a laugh. These people think that that's what comedy is. They don't realise that you're not just walking on out of the blue, but that you've done it a lot of times, you've written material and you want to say it".

Respect, patience, time...as Greg Proops gets talking I realise that this is a man who really believes in learning the trade. He constantly mentions people who have taught him. He first developed a practising interest in comedy in the late 70's at college where he studied drama. Comedy was booming in America and his heroes were Monty Python, Woody Allen and Groucho Marx. He perfected his comedy skills performing week in, week out at his college dorm. Improvisation had always been a part of his artistic make-up, but in 1979 he joined a group where he "learned how to do it". He "learned" most about acting from his fellow drama students. But is it really important to study acting and comedy? Shouldn't it be instinctive?

"Shit, I don't know. I think for some people they need to study and others are just naturally groovy. I know that no one makes it who doesn't have a background. People who you think made it overnight have probably been doing it for years. Of course as I get older I believe that you have to work at something really hard for a long time before you're good at it".

When I asked Proops what he'd be doing if he wasn't a comedian he is temporarily flummoxed. He eventually says with resignation that he'd probably be an actor, but only of a very specific sort:

"I would love to be an American rock solid tough guy like Harvey Keitel or Robert Mitchum but I know that I'm not that way. Deep inside that's what I yearn to do, but failing that I'll take the weaselly guy because I fancy that. Plus I think it's good when comedians play evil fuckers - like Keith Allen in *Young Americans*, that worked. Comics come with their own personality, more than other actors".

Wanting to be something he's not is another thing that pervades Proops's personality. He regrets not working harder at college because he's "kind of bright", spending his time instead drinking, smoking dope, chasing girls and doing the odd bit of comedy and drama. If he went back now he says he'd study history and philosophy. But it's hard to imagine Greg Proops being anything other than a comedian. Disillusion and a roving unchannelled intellect are what make him so sharply sardonic and so damn good. It's no surprise that it is through this tour that Proops has really found his voice when you realise that it marks the convergence of all the fragments which currently divide him. Here is where improvisation binds harmoniously with stand-up, here is where he can release his 'American abroad' confusion, here he does what he's learnt to do well and people listen. Here is where his heart is.

Ghost Dance

Dance, Dance, Dance

Haruki Murakami (Hamish Hamilton £9.99)

At first glance, *Dance Dance Dance* appears to offer a minefield of confusions and elaborations. What Murakami has created is at once baffling and fantastic, part ghost-story, part detective-fiction, in which dream and reality converge and interweave, and disparate narratives are chaotically thrown together. As a result, Murakami's fiction appears as if produced by the mind of a madman.

But talent perceives difference where genius sees unity, and if you read on, what emerges is a work of brilliant sanity and intricate artistry. Set in modern day Japan, the story centres around an un-named narrator, a well characterised and likable journalist, who makes his living by "shovelling cultural snow", writing pulp articles for glossy magazines and newspapers. Unsatisfied by these tasks, and jilted by a lover, he retires to the realms of his intimate dreams, which are haunted by the memory of a seedy hotel that he once visited. Resolved to return to this hotel, he finds it now transformed into a corporate dreamscape, and decides to find out what has happened to the tumble-down hotel that used to stand there.

Undergoing an elaborate mid-life crisis, and driven by the need to revise and unify his life, the hotel comes to symbolise the meeting point for all of our

narrator's crises. What he discovers is that all the loose ends of his life are intricately and bizarrely connected. Ex-lovers appear on cinema screens with old school-friends, and those he meets in the hotel have all encountered the same ghostly incarnation while exploring the hotel. This figure, the Sheep-man, is a hermit who shies away from civilisation and speaks in riddles. Appearing in the bridge between dream and reality, the Sheep-man acts as the "switchboard" between life's various experiences, finding connections and linking realities.

Murakami does not altogether avoid clichés. The successful and famous school-friend, jealous of the narrator's simple, undemanding life-style, is dreadfully familiar. But such slips are rare. Murakami shares Italo Calvino's mastery in the brilliant weaving together of disparate images. While *Dance Dance Dance* is a collision of styles and ideas, it unifies all of its parts into a dazzling whole. Murakami's way of telling is elaborate and exotic, and he is happy to digress into the fantastical. But his central tale is simple and reassuring, and is enlivened by its expert use of language. A beautiful book.

Peter Rees



The Fabulous Englishman

Robert McCrum (Picador £5.99)

Things are happening in Prague. At the cultural heart of central Europe and the highpoint of every Interrail journey, the Czech capital is the place to have been. The allure of Prague is at the heart of *The Fabulous Englishman*. Christopher Iles, the Englishman of the title, is a writer past his prime, looking for a purpose. The novel charts both the re-emergence of Iles as a writer and Iles's own reconstruction of his lost love.

McCrums captures the Zeitgeist through the consciousness of his writing. A novel about writing a novel about a novelist looking to himself for his next novel - got that? Maybe not a novel idea in itself, but McCrum has the literary flair to carry it off.

Iles receives a letter from a Czech bookseller, who having admired Iles's work now wants further contact with the author himself. Anxious to maintain a link with the home country of his lost love - a woman called Milena - Iles sends a charismatic letter in reply. Correspondence continues sporadically for decades, leading to the planned meeting between the authors of the misfit missives. Although Iles has developed a genuine affection for Cisar and their games of postal chess, it is the love he still has for Milena that spurs him to go first to Vienna, then Prague in search of the man behind the letters.

Iles had known and loved Milena when he was a young, successful author in London. The political uprisings in Prague in 1968 forced Milena to return to her home country, where she was killed fighting for her people's cause on the streets of Prague.

In the relation of his search for Cisar and the truth behind Milena's death, there are

many twists in the tale. Yet McCrum is subtle. His total control of language results in artful suspense rather than contrived deviation from the expected. Accurate and stylish, McCrum's language mirrors the elegance of his subject matter, and his characterisation is as sharp as Christopher Iles himself. Switching perspective from author to fictional author, his skill lies in making his readers think they are in on the collaboration. Suspense and conflict combined with subtle, ordered prose make this a valuable read.

Jessica Loudon

The Foul and The Fragrant

Alain Corbin (Picador £5.99)

Stepping away from the Platonic hierarchy of sight and sound, Alain Corbin explores the historical passage and scented significance of 'smell'. Tracing a historical period from late Eighteenth century through to late Nineteenth century France, he delves deep into "the ubiquitous excremental odours of city cesspools" within a realm rich in -ologies. Hold your nose and read on!

Corbin claims that the inspiration for this exploration of the depths of this particular orifice came to him while "I was reading the memoirs of Jean-Noel Halle, a member of the Societe Royale de Medicine under the ancient regime, and the first incumbent of the chair of public hygiene established in Paris in 1794." Whether the man in question mightily upheld the oppressive density of an extremely stressful position of chairman within the public hygiene services, or whether it was the great weight of the first ever very heavy toilet he stoically maintained remains ambiguous. Nevertheless, it is this man who inspires our fragrant literary journey.

Within a predominantly historical-sociological climate, Corbin explores the semiotics of smell, focusing on a time when smell was at its most putrid, its most sensual and its most tangible. One could almost see what one was smelling on the streets of nineteenth century France.

His erudite polemic attempts to overcome the prejudice of philosophers such as Kant who claim that noses, and what goes up, them can never be taken seriously as part of aesthetic study; and psycho-analysts such as Freud who would simply assign it to connections with your mum's bum. Repellent revelations such as the source of 'musk' lying in "the putrid guts of the musk deer", are numerous, and if little else, one seriously considers a revision in one's choice of perfume.

Such an innovative and original concept is not entirely obliterated by the density of the rhetoric in which it is wrapped. Heavy going at times, and arguably possessing a text-book like quality, Corbin's novel may not be bed time reading, but it emerges unscathed as an illuminating, thought provoking text; and let's face it, faeces are funny!

Sara Buys

On the Road to Baghdad

Guneli Gun (Picador £6.99)

Once upon a time, a lady and a king were having it off. The king was displeased with the woman for some reason and fully intended to have her beheaded as soon as he'd finished. To forestall such unpleasantries, and with a sense of timing that I've certainly never seen anyone display in bed, the woman began to relate some mythology. The climax of the tale was in view, but the king climaxed first.

Of course, she refused to reveal the end

of the story until the next night, and immediately commence another as soon as they were back in the royal bed. This incredible display of biorhythmic talent continued for one 1001 nights with no regard for menstrual cycles. Having saved her life thus far, and written a book, it is not recorded what happened. I guess the king developed a headache first.

Whilst this tale takes up little of the book, Gun's attitude is summed up. Men may have the brawn, and even a mastery of arcane mystical technologies, but it is women who have all the wiles and guiles. Huru is initially a naive and hopeless excuse for a girl from Istanbul in the Fifteenth Century. In sequences of lulling narration which have critics gushing terms like 'lyrical' 'magical' and 'Gabriel Garcia Marquez', she slips along storylines to become hobo, fool to kings, agent of sorcery and bride of an emperor. Along the way she becomes mistress of her own fate. Yippee.

As good listeners we are treated to many tales from the 1001 Nights. All are exquisitely Eastern and often quite amusing, as when the subjects of one kingdom observe successive enemies of the ruler eating from the same dish at a banquet and mistakenly think that eating sweet rice that is the cause of their death sentence. Almost all the tales send a woman into the fray, nobly victimised or nobly victorious. Amazons and princesses guide the hand of Guneli Gun.

The authoress makes no bones about this. With her foot firmly on the post-modern accelerator she tells us that it is her scheme to earn women their rightful place in mythology, and that many of the characters are autobiographical. It's a long book, but in friendly chunks each with its own bit of fairly accurate history of the Eastern Empires. Gun is not above the lowest common denominator, and sauce is big in Huru's self-realisation. I wonder if it's autobiographical. (Bloody hell, typical man, and so on).

Phil Weinberg

Gilding the Lilly

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra Leeds Town Hall

John Lill is a big man. This is a Pavarotti, not a Carreras among concert pianists and like the great Italian he only gets better as baldness and middle years take their toll. On Saturday the Town Hall resounded to the fireworks of both Brahms Piano Concertos as Leeds celebrated Lill's fiftieth birthday. Mr Lill barely broke sweat.

The two works come from opposite ends of Brahms' career and to hear both in a single evening is a treat. The first is a cloud-burst of youthful passion, the second a more reflective and formally innovative piece. It is this second which contains the famously tranquil slow movement in which a solo cello guards the rhapsodic melodic line, at first accompanied only by the lower strings and then the whole orchestra, before the pianist is finally allowed to take control of the argument. This brought some of the best of a great evening's music making. The high lyricism of Matt Lidstrom's cello was ideally counterpointed by Lill's rapt exploration of the pianistic development.

The existence of an equilibrium between the piano and orchestra, indeed the occasional dominance of orchestra over

soloist is a feature of the Second Piano Concerto which occurs only rarely in the First Concerto. Though it did exist in the slow movement, appropriately described by Malcolm McDonald as the expression of intimacy on a grand scale. But the outer two usually depict a sort of war between pianist and orchestra, perhaps reflecting the internal turmoil felt by Brahms as his hero Schumann declined into insanity and suicide, and Brahms tried to rationalise his complex feelings towards the widow Klara.

Nowhere is this more apparent than at the beginning of the work which has symphonic pretensions (and origins) but is followed not by a declamatory outburst from the pianist but a mournful single bar theme which is repeated over and over until transformed into the wild thing which begins the development. The soloist takes over to ridicule the rhetoric. Through Lill we could almost hear the older Brahms mocking the rash boy. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra could hardly have been bigger, but their unstinting excellence completed the performances.

Neither Concerto exists only to foreground the soloist's talent and the conductor Yuri Temirkanov, who spent the whole evening obscured behind the raised lid of the piano ensured that even when the music denies the orchestra a partnership of quantitative equality the audience received a performance of qualitative parity.

Christian White



John Lill: a big man

LUUMS Symphony Orchestra Parkinson Court

What has struck me time and again is that the Symphony Orchestra is a remarkably sophisticated outfit. And last Saturday was no exception. Seriously though, it is the plain truth of this that makes it all the more surprising they haven't performed more regularly at some of the classier national venues. They deserve it and Leeds would benefit. Because what we've got here is a real orchestra - the Classic FM sort - not some school band with five trumpets and a double bass. But while they consistently played with warmth and discipline, I felt this concert was slightly let down by an unbalanced selection of pieces to the extent that the orchestra only seemed to be going through the motions during the boring bits.

Which boring bits? They almost all occurred in the third piece of the programme, Berlioz' Harold in Italy, a symphonic work with concerto elements for viola. While Alison Gilchrist's solo viola was yummily lugubrious, it seemed as though Berlioz never quite got to Italy. I thought that country was all about fast cars and fast tempers, but this work was for the most part an underwhelming meander through a forest of introverted phrases. Yet the orchestra, despite an obvious affliction of boredom, summoned up enough energy to maintain a decent sound quality, which was more generously exploited at the end where Berlioz thankfully injected a few characteristic brass fanfares into the fray.

The concert had started impressively however, with Saint-Saen's Danse Macabre. Crescendos, to start with, were full of thriller-like scariness, and the xylophone clattered away with sinister abandonment. But its lead was never followed and the orchestra failed to get carried away enough.

The second piece, Fanfare and Chaconne for Orchestra by Antony Whyton, a student at Leeds University, was something I thought I'd hate. But I didn't, as it featured sounds that were just far enough the right side of weird to make it strikingly accessible for a modern symphonic work. It reminded me of a sort of Star Wars attack scene montage, a thought reinforced by the appearance of a solo trumpet up in the balcony. Innovation indeed! But quite disorientating for a philistine member of the masses like me.

The send-off came in the form of Tchaikovsky's apocalyptic Pathetique Symphony, a piece full of blood, sweat, tears and heartache, and if I'd been in the front row my ears would certainly be needing some therapy now. Most notably, the 'cellos and basses were gloriously deep and thunderous while the brass simply oozed with effortless power. And all this was teased from the orchestra by a remarkably assured conducting performance.

Matt James certainly knows his game. He also knows how to get his hair tousled enough from emotion to make audiences swoon. Trouble was though, I was at the now legendary Christmas concert that nearly killed us all with emotion, and as a result on Saturday I was left feeling a mite unfulfilled. Yes, it was good but, ahem, not that good.

Josh Berle

DUET

Clothworkers' Centenary Hall

Clothworkers' Centenary Concert Hall was the scene of some pleasing escapism last Thursday lunchtime. Violinist Jane Nossek and pianist Alan Hicks provided an hour of music that ranged from Bartok to Beethoven with Symanowski (no I've never heard of him either) along the way.

Things got off to a lively start with Bartok's Romanian Folk Dances - a diverse and fast moving collection which allowed Nossek to display the talent promised in the programme notes and observed by the two gentlemen sitting in front of me. She's very good - they were heard to remark. And when Nossek treated us to some fast and flamboyant finger flurries in the Fast Dance they did a quick polka round the room - well not quite but the audience was enjoying itself.

Symanowski's La Fontaine d'Arethuse in contrast proved to be a highly impressionistic affair. Hicks blended subtly with the eerie melodies of the violin, providing a richly expressive accompaniment which seemed to plunge everyone into a dream-like inertia. This was broken only by one of those is-it-finished confusions, followed on my part by disappointment that it had finished at all. I could quite happily have listened all day to this bizarre, beautiful music, but Beethoven's Sonata in F dragged me away from this charmed world.

The Spring Sonata could only be enhanced by the setting of a hall bathed in sunlight but firmly back in reality I anticipated an elegant performance. Nossek and Hicks conveyed a strong musical rapport

which was particularly pleasing in their precise Scherzo, and overall their performance was vibrant and graceful. But Symanowski stole the show and I was pleased to have made a new acquaintance.

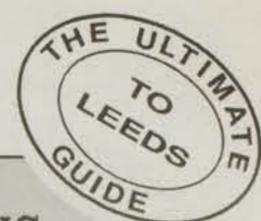
Louise Palfreyman

Robben Ford Irish Centre

Robben Ford is one of those artists who attract a loyal following from his fans. His reception at the Leeds Irish Centre on Monday with his new band the Blue Line was long overdue and eagerly received by a capacity audience.

His British tour coincides with the release of his new album called, Mystic Mile. Produced by Ron Moss and Chick Corea, it features eight original compositions and three cover versions. The album has a commercial tone about it but do not let that put you off buying at as there are many classic tracks on it, with a quality that is repeated in the live performance. The Blue Line consists of Roscoe Beck on bass guitar and Tom Brechtlein on drums and make great use of dynamics throughout. Both players lay a tight rhythmic foundation for Robben Ford's vocals and melodic, soulful and expressive guitar style. The title track, "Mystic Mile" stood out as a tune to be reckoned with as the band utilised as pacy sound to achieve the desired effect: success seems inevitable!

Tyrone Garner



Shootin' Up

Previews In Brief

Stage

Annie Get Your Gun
Riley Smith Hall LUU

Pack your pistols in your pockets and prepare to protect the pigeons around the Riley Smith Hall this week, as term draws to a close with the quick-drawin', fast-talkin', sharp-shootin' musical 'Annie Get Your Gun'. Hold on to your hat and don't shout 'pull' unless you want to be staring down the barrel of a spot-on shotgun, because next week, LUU Light Opera Society take over this joint, and you won't be able to see them injuns for dust!

'Annie Get Your Gun' tells the (mostly true) story of simple country girl Annie Oakley, her rise to stardom as one of the best shooters in the States, and her relationship with Frank Butler, top marksman with Buffalo Bill's travelling circus. And here's the lowdown on this showdown...

Buffalo Bill's circus arrives in Annie's local town, and as is traditional, they issue a challenge to the people to bring forward their best shot to challenge Frank Butler. Annie turns up at just the right time, and despite going goeey and weak at the knees over her opponent, she sends plenty of clay pigeons to the Great Clay Pigeon Rest Home in the Sky.

Buffalo Bill is suitably impressed, and takes Annie on as Frank's assistant. The circus isn't doing very well, and the novelty value of Annie, a woman, doing some tricks he hopes will bring the punters in, and away from the show's main rival, which is a similar venture run by Porney Bill. And no, the name has no bearing on the content of the

show...

Annie becomes a hit, and the circus goes on a grand tour of Europe as its fame spreads far and wide. Along the way, however, love begins to rear its ugly head, and things get just a little more complicated...

Not only has 'Annie Get Your Gun' got a great storyline and subplots to keep things moving at a cracking pace, it's funny, moving, and packed with brilliant songs. Which is just what you'd expect from a show written by Irving Berlin.

Hits you may have heard include 'There's No Business Like Show Business', and 'Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better', both of which are show-stoppers in their own right, but unlike some other musicals, the quality continues right the way through, with numbers like 'Falling In Love', 'Buffalo Bill', and 'I Hope It's Me'.

And as if all that weren't enough for your senses, the whole thing is complemented by a comical cartoon-style set and a fantastically-complicated lighting rig, both of which should show exactly how far you can stretch the resources of the Riley Smith Hall. Both the cast and the production team combine experience with loads of new talent, and if this lot don't set one of your last few evenings in Leeds alight, nothing will!

'Annie Get Your Gun' runs from Monday 21st to Friday 25th March, and starts at 7.30pm each night. Tickets cost just £3.00, or £2.50 to members of Light Opera, and are available from the Union extension, down past the Porters' Office, every lunchtime from 12-2pm. You can also buy on the door each night, from around 7.00pm onwards.

So for a night of marvellous music, firearm fireworks, comedy, romance and love, brave the bullets and roll yourselves down to the Riley Smith Hall one night next week for the biggest bang you're likely to get



before the end of term. 'Annie Get Your Gun' promises to shoot holes in other productions. With its eyes closed. From 50 yards. Standing on one leg. Get the idea?

Proops Scoop

Stage

Greg Proops

West Yorkshire Playhouse

Take the looks of Buddy Holly. Blend them with the nerdy whine and nervy disposition of Woody Allen. Insert a lightning quick brain, a cutting wit, and the ability to double people up in stitches at the drop of the hat. Congratulations! You have just made your own Greg Proops!

If you want to see how your model compares to the real thing, this weekend is your chance. The unique, fast-talking American comedian is on a whistle-stop tour of Britain, and fortunately for us, he's landing in Leeds for one night at our very own West Yorkshire Playhouse. With no theatrical things happening on the night of Sunday 20th, the Courtyard Theatre has been turned over to the comedy crew for the evening, and what an evening it should be...

For anyone who doesn't recognise the face opposite, let me first ask where the hell you've been for the last two years, and then I'll fill you in on this rising megastar of mirth.

Proops first bounced around our screens on the award-winning 'Who's Line Is It Anyway?', more often than not with Ryan Stiles (tall & geeky, as opposed to short & geeky). Having shown most of our own comic talent how to do improv, he then made appearances on another Channel 4 series, 'Viva Cabaret', and followed that up with a tour, which won him a nomination for the 1993 Perrier Award for comedy.

1994 sees no let up in the rise of his popularity, and so if you're planning on going this Sunday, ring the Playhouse box office (442111) now to check availability of tickets. Seats in all areas of the theatre cost £7.00, but the discount rate is just a fiver, so why not treat yourself to an end of term titter or two... The show starts at 8.15pm, and promises to be 90 minutes of absolute apoplexy.



'My Mother Said I Never Should', Civic Theatre, 22nd to 26th March, 7.30pm.

And she was probably right, but you never listened to her did you, which is why you've made the appointment... Superb play by Charlotte Keatley, looking at four generations of women across the century. Warm, funny and touching. A bit like what your mother said you never should do, really.

'Tom Jones' the musical, 24th to 26th March, St George's Concert Hall, 7.30pm.

Don't swoon, don't faint, and for God's sake don't throw any underwear. This is not the be-leather-trousered Welsh whopper, but a nonetheless rousing musical version of the famous novel. It claims to be a "bawdy musical romp" in the true spirit of the original, which sounds like a bloody good reason to go. Go on, it's not unusual...

New Perspectives, St George's Concert Hall, Sunday 20th March, 8.00pm.

Not a perverted precursor to the above romp, this is in fact an imaginative musical collaboration between a jazz septet and a classical wind quintet. The results are said to be stunning, although whether that means artistically, or practically speaking from 100 yards, you'll have to find out. Only £6.00. Be stunned.

Victoria Wood, Grand Theatre, Monday 28th March to Saturday 2nd April, 7.30pm.

Yes, I know this is during the holidays and is still a long way off, but the tickets are probably already sold out by now, so if you want to see one of the country's top comedienne (my God, I'm turning into a PR officer), book now. If you're going home for Easter, then rrrrssppp, those of us who stay up here and cook for ourselves have something to look forward to after all.

An Evening With Foster & Allen, City Varieties, 7.30pm, Sunday 20th March.

...is guaranteed to give you a good night's sleep.

The Holy Hour, R.H.Evans Lounge LUU, Weds 23rd, 8pm.

It's a plastic passion, apparently, with The Smiths & The Cure. Come out and find the one you love for just 50p / £1.

Monkey House, R.H.Evans Lounge LUU, Mon 21st, 8pm.

Two days earlier, and no plastic in sight, but the usual great music for just £1 / £1.50.

Atomic, LUU Harvey Milk Bar, Thurs 24th, 8pm, £1.50 adv / £2.00 door.

...and this one's for chariddy, mate. A chemically imbalanced mixture of music is on offer to create one hell of an explosive event. There's a cheap spirits promotion too, so you can pretend you're helping a good cause as you lie be-gravited under a table, unable to stand up.

Hunchback Dialogue, Friday 25th March, 1.30pm, West Yorkshire Playhouse.

£2 / £1 is all it costs to have a chat with Quasi and his mates in pre-production panic modo. Ouch.

Kenny Ball, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Sunday 20th, 8.00pm, £6.50 / £5.00.

Jazz in the city event. You should have a real Kenny. Oops.

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.
SEX CASINO at ARCADIA
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 Merchant Of Venice' - 7.30pm, from £4.
COURTYARD THEATRE
'Postcards From Rome' - 7.45pm, from £4.
GRAND THEATRE tel. 459351 / 440971
'Me & My Girl' - 7.30pm.
CIVIC THEATRE
'The Mikado' - 7.30pm.
CITY VARIETIES
Andrew Newton, hypnotist - 8.00pm
RAVEN THEATRE LUU
LUU Theatre Group present 'Cyrano De Bergerac' - 6.00pm, £3 / £2.50.
HARROGATE THEATRE tel. 0423 502116
'Three Steps To Heaven' - 7.45pm, from £5.50.
THEATRE IN THE MILL
BUTG present 'Murder? Murder?' - 7.30pm, £3 / £2
ALHAMBRA tel. 0274 752000
'Cats' - 7.30pm, from £10.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
Stuart Lee - 8.00pm, £6 / £3.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
'Pickwick' - 7.45pm.
BODINGTON HALL
'The Importance Of Being Earnest' - 7.00pm, £2 / £2.50.



Music

THE DUCHESS
Half Man Half Biscuit
THE DRUM
Maya Culpa
ROYAL PARK
Fat Family
THE GROVE INN
Folk Club
BRADFORD CATHEDRAL
The Grieg Piano Trio play works by Beethoven, Copland & Ravel - 7.30pm.



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFT1
In The Name Of The Father - 5.45pm
Caravaggio - 8.15pm
BFT2
Orlando - 6.00pm & 8.00pm

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.
VAGUE at THE WAREHOUSE - £5, cross-dressing.
SATURDAY BOP at LMU - £2 / £4 guest.



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE
'The Merchant Of Venice' - 3.00pm & 8.00pm
COURTYARD THEATRE
'Postcards From Rome' - 3.00pm & 7.45pm.
GRAND THEATRE
'Me & My Girl' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm
CIVIC THEATRE as Friday
CITY VARIETIES as Friday
RAVEN THEATRE LUU as Friday
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
THEATRE IN THE MILL as Friday
ALHAMBRA
'Cats' - 2.30pm & 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
'The Bibi Crew' - 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
'Pickwick' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm.
BODINGTON HALL as Friday



Music

LEEDS TOWN HALL
CLCM Symphony Orchestra play works by Mussorgsky, William Kinghorn, & Borodin - 7.30pm, from £3.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
Bradford Festival Choral Society & Northern Sinfonia perform
Bach's St Matthew Passion - 6.30pm.
THE DUCHESS
Bagman
THE DRUM
Grandads Don't Indicate
THE GROVE INN
Blackstone Edge
ROYAL PARK
Sonic O.D.



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFT1
Caravaggio - 6.15pm In The Name Of The Father - 8.15pm
BFT2
Orlando - 6.00pm & 8.00pm



Telly

'Kingdoms In Conflict' (C4, 8.00pm) - Never take a Caribou for walkies.

SUNDAY



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
COURTYARD THEATRE
Greg Proops - 8.15pm
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
'The Bibi Crew' - 7.30pm



Music

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
Soul Asylum - 7.00pm, £9.
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
New Perspectives - 8.00pm, £6.
CITY VARIETIES
An Evening With Foster & Allen - 7.30pm.
WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
Kenny Ball, Jazz night - 8.00pm
THE DUCHESS
E.O.S. Brothers & Slur
THE GROVE INN
Gypsy Bill Williams



Film

SHOWCASE CINEMA
27 Gelderd Road, Birstall. Tel. 0924 420071
Tickets £4.25 / £3.00 NUS
Remains Of The Day Free Willy
Aladdin The Piano
Schindler's List
Cool Runnings Wayne's World 2
My Life
On Deadly Ground
Philadelphia
House Of The Spirits
The Pelican Brief
In The Name Of The Father
Shadowlands
The Three Musketeers
Mrs Doubtfire

COTTAGE ROAD CINEMA
Cottage Road, Far Headingley. Tel. 751606
Wayne's World 2 - please ring for times
Fri & Sat late show - Reservoir Dogs

LOUNGE CINEMA
North Lane, Headingley. Tel. 751061
Remians Of The Day - 5.30, 8.10, except on Sunday at 5.00 & 7.40.

HYDE PARK PICTURE HOUSE
Brudenell Road, Leeds 6. Tel. 752045
The House Of The Spirits - 6.00pm & 8.40pm on Fri, 2.45pm, 5.00pm & 8.00pm Sat & Sun, and 6.00pm & 8.40pm Mon-Thurs.
Late show Fri 18th - Reservoir Dogs - 11.15pm
Late show Sat 19th - Edward II - 11.15pm

MGM MOVIE HOUSE
Vicar Lane, LS1. Tel. 451031
Listings not available at time of going to press.
Please call the above number for programme details.

ODEON - See Monday

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Short Cuts - 7.00pm

IMAX
Rolling Stones Live At The Max - 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.
STUDENT NIGHT at YEL - £1 a pint, £1 spirits.



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
QUARRY THEATRE as Friday
COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
GRAND THEATRE
Leeds Amateur Operatic Society present 'Chess' - 2.15pm & 7.15pm.
STUDIO THEATRE LMU
Revolver Theatre Company present 'Casablanca' - 7.30pm, £4.50 / £3.00.
RILEY SMITH HALL LUU
LUU Light Opera present 'Annie Get Your Gun' - 7.30pm, £3 / £2.50.
ALHAMBRA as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM as Friday



Music

THE DUCHESS
Suction & Gimp
BELUSHI'S
Wes Martini
THE DRUM
Very Tall Buildings
CLCM RECITAL ROOM
Chamber Music Recital - 1.05pm, free.



Film

ODEON CINEMA
The Headrow - Tel. 430031
Shadowlands - 2.00, 5.00, 8.00
Philadelphia - 2.00, 5.00, 8.00, except on Sat at 4.00, 7.30, & 10.15.
Cool Runnings - 1.25, 3.50, 6.05, 8.30
Mrs Doubtfire - 1.55, 5.10, 8.05
Not shown on Thurs 24th. In its place will be ...
Naked - 1.55, 5.10, 8.05
My Life - 1.25, 4.55, 8.10.
Sat & Sun only - Three Musketeers - 1.25
Late Shows on Saturday...
Tina - 10.50 My Life - 10.45
Reservoir Dogs - 10.55 True Romance - 10.50

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFT1
On Stage - King Lear - 7.30pm.

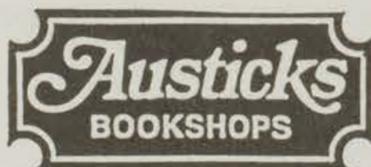


Telly

'Northern Exposure' (C4, 10.15pm) - A guy decides he is allergic to the whole world, and so isolates himself in a big dome. Now there is a chap I can identify with.
'The Exploratory' (BBC2, 11.15pm) - Part of National Science Week. Also on the agenda, everyone wearing lab coats and kinky rubber gloves. Hurrah for science!

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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.
MELT at ASHFIELDS (Merriem Centre) - 10pm to 2am, £2 entry, £1.20 bitter / lager, £1.30 cider.
GORGEOUS at LEEDS UNI HMB



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
 GRAND THEATRE as Friday
 COURTYARD THEATRE as Friday
 GRAND THEATRE as Monday
 CIVIC THEATRE
 Leeds Art Theatre present 'My Mother Said I Never Should' - 7.30pm.
STUDIO THEATRE LMU as Monday
RILEY SMITH HALL LUU as Monday
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
ALHAMBRA as Friday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM as Friday



Music

LEEDS TOWN HALL
 Lunchtime Organ Music - 1.05pm, free.
THE DUCHESS
 Spring & Friends
BELUSHI'S
 A Taste Of Honey
THE GROVE INN
 Jam Session
THE DRUM
 Suction
LEEDS METROPOLITAN UNI
 Stiff Little Fingers - £9.50
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 The Kinks - 7.00pm, £12.50.



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFTI
 On Stage - King Lear - 7.30pm



Telly

'**Torvil & Dean - The Documentary**' (BBC1, 8.00pm) - Unlikely to be as revealing as the C4 documentary on Graham Taylor. I mean, can you imagine Chris screaming "Do I Not Like That!" after finishing their free-dance programme? Or dear sweet Jane going "F***ing Hell, only Bronze. How are we going to fleece the paying punters now?" Watch and laugh.
 'The Oscars' (BBC1, 9.30pm) - Luvvies congregate to slap backs and pick up nine proud inches of solid gold. Mmm.
 'Food & Drink' (BBC2, 8.30pm) - Tonight, and I'm not kidding, a group of nuns help Jilly test some DIY wine kits. Presumably, they're blue.
 'Without Walls - Kiss My Baadaaass' (C4, 9.30pm) - Rapper Ice T presents a 'discussion' on blaxploitation films, and whether they have any relevance to the black community.
 'The Decision' (C4, 3.40) - To ski, or not to ski....

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.
70'S NIGHT at YEL
BLACK LODGE at SCRUMPIES - Hardcore / alternative, 10pm to 2am, £2 / £1.50.
A CLUB CALLED COLIN at LEEDS METROPOLITAN UNIVERSITY - £4 on the door, 9pm to 2am.
NORTHERN EXPOSURE at RICKY'S



Stage

WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE
 QUARRY THEATRE
 'Merchant Of Venice' - 2.00pm & 7.30pm
 COURTYARD THEATRE
 'Postcards From Rome' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm
 GRAND THEATRE as Monday
 CIVIC THEATRE as Tuesday
STUDIO THEATRE LMU as Monday
RILEY SMITH HALL, LUU as Monday
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
ALHAMBRA
 'Cats' - 2.00pm & 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE
 'Wrestling School' - 7.30pm.
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM as Friday



Music

ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 City Of Bradford Chamber Ensemble - 1.05pm, free.
THE DUCHESS
 Roger Scorpio & The Children Of Love
LEEDS ART GALLERY
 Lunchtime Chamber Music - 1.05pm, free.
BELUSHI'S
 The Price Of Ivory
THE GALLERY
 DIG!
THE GROVE INN
 Ray Stubbs
THE DRUM
 Bill Sykes



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFTI
 On Stage - King Lear - 7.30pm



Telly

'**Neighbours**' (BBC1, 1.30 & 5.35) - It's Brad & Beth's wedding, and all the bridesmaids are pregnant!
 'The Detectives' (BBC1, 8.00pm) - Former Jesus & Jasper Carrot become moving targets for gunmen. I think this should actually be merged with Sportsnight later on.
 'Oprah Winfrey' (C4, 5.00pm) - A surprise party if thrown for Oompah's birthday, but all the candles collapse together and form a neutron star. Hey, it's science week!

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.
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 Monday
 CIVIC THEATRE as Tuesday
STUDIO THEATRE LMU as Monday
RILEY SMITH HALL, LUU as Monday
HARROGATE THEATRE as Friday
ALHAMBRA as Friday
ST GEORGE'S CONCERT HALL
 'Tom Jones' - the musical - 7.30pm.
ALHAMBRA STUDIO
 Heartbreak productions present 'Colours Of Life' - 8.00pm.
SHEFFIELD CRUCIBLE as Wednesday
SHEFFIELD LYCEUM
 'Pickwick' - 2.00pm & 7.45pm.



Music

CLOTHWORKERS CONCERT HALL
 Dept Of Music present Puccini's Suor Anglica - 1.10pm, free.
THE DUCHESS
 The Rhythmites
THE DRUM
 Broadshot



Film

PICTUREVILLE CINEMA
 Short Cuts - 7.00pm
BFTI
 On Stage - King Lear - 7.30pm



Telly

'**Wildlife On One**' (BBC1, 8.00pm) - David Attenborough does something with his crabs. Perhaps I should rephrase that.
 'Jonathan Ross presents...' (BBC1, 11.25pm) - Tonight's guest is Gloria Estefan, who blithers on for ages about her Spanish musical influences before doing her big party turn of switching on a giant electromagnet and flying through the air towards it. Hey, it's science week!
 'Outside Edge' (ITV, 8.30pm) - Promising new comedy drama about... oh, hang on, it's got Josie Lawrence in it.
 'Love Talk' (C4, 12.05am) - Discussions on love and the problems it causes. Ha! Oh God! And it's only half an hour long? I could fill an entire series. Oh woe is me. Love is just a four letter word. And it usually makes you utter several others as it runs its course. Unsmoothly.
 'The Rector's Wife' (C4, 10.00pm) - Last episode of this pile of Trollope.
 'The Great Outdoors' (C4, 8.30pm) - Series on outdoor activities continues with advice on how to have a decent shag in a tent without everything collapsing in a pile of canvas.

TV FILMS

Friday 18th March :-
 'Coma' (BBC1, 10.40pm) - BBC1 wins the Friday-night-film war with a tense thriller designed to keep you as far from being in a coma as possible. Lots of people are dying at a futuristic medical institute, and Genevieve Bujold & Michael Douglas set out to investigate.
 'Other Halves' (C4, 12.10am) - ...tend to screw you up completely, so no great surprises in this New Zealand film about a suicidal Auckland housewife who develops a relationship with a Polynesian teenager.
Saturday 19th :-
 'Robocop' (ITV, 10.15pm) - Metal Mickey gets pissed off.
 'Les Diaboliques' (BBC2, 12.05am) - Hitchcockian thriller with a twist in the tail, about the murder of a nasty headmaster at a run-down boarding school.
Sunday 20th :-
 'The War Of The Worlds' (BBC1, 3.00pm) - 'Welcome To California' says one poor sap before being zapped unto oblivion; not a bad response, then, from the invading aliens who come up against religion and American family values. I know who's side I'm on.
 'The Man Who Would Be King' (ITV, 6.30pm) - British Army sergeants Sean Connery & Michael Caine go walkabout in the mountains of 19th century India to seek their fortune. Remote tribespeople think Connery is a God, and according to my ex-girlfriend, they're not far wrong.
 'The Searchers' (BBC2, 9.50pm) - Not a two hour behind-the-scenes documentary on the country-rock hipsters, but rather the greatest Western ever made. Probably. Well, it's got John Wayne in it, and it was directed by John Ford, and it's got four ticks down here, so watch it.

Tuesday 22nd :-
 'California Suite' (BBC1, 11.30pm) - Neil Simon comedy with a whole bunch of big names - Michael Caine, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Jane Fonda, Alan Alda, & Maggie Smith - and more hits than misses.
Wednesday 23rd :-
 'The Jewel Of The Nile' (ITV, 8.00pm) - Turner, Douglas & De Vito again in rapid-fire comic chase dialogue across a desert. Or summit like that.
Thursday 24th :-
 'Presumed Innocent' (ITV, 9.00pm) - Magnificent courtroom drama with Harrison Ford as a prosecuting attorney who has to employ his own defence lawyer Raul Julia when suspicion falls on him after his one-time lover and ex-colleague Greta Scacchi is found raped and murdered. Try untangling that lot during the News At Ten.

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Pawn Racket

Stage

Chess
Grand Theatre

You must have seen the banner in the town centre, and at last, the Leeds Amateur Operatic Society proudly present their version of the West End musical 'Chess' at the Grand Theatre. Tim Rice's collaboration with the male half of Abba will be running from Monday 21st to Saturday 26th March, with performances at 7.15pm each night, and a Saturday matinee at 2.15pm.

Originally conceived by Tim Rice when he was watching the battle for the World Chess Championship between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky, the story revolves around a similar fictional encounter between an American champion and his Russian challenger. Romance, intrigue, and political blackmail all cloud over the main event, and create a compelling night of musical drama.

Don't expect to be frugging in the aisles to the likes of 'Dancing Queen' - Benny & Bjorn shy away from too much instant catchiness - but there are still the hits 'I Know Him So Well' and 'One Night In Bangkok' to enjoy, along with a whole load more. Tickets start at just £4.00 for a balcony seat, with Monday night at a reduced rate.

This could be the beginning...

Stage

Casablanca
Studio Theatre LMU

"You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is still a sigh... the fundamental things apply as time goes by." So sang Sam over fifty years ago when a world in the grip of the Second World War was momentarily softened by Bogart, Bergmann et al. Back to the present, and a kiss is still a kiss, but Rick's Cafe has been taken down from the silver screen and placed on stage.

Yes, next week Revolver Theatre Company attempt the audacious feat of transferring the magic of the movies to the Studio Theatre, LMU, with their own production of 'Casablanca'. From Monday 21st to Thursday 24th you can feel the shimmering heat of the North African sun and the deep coolness of bar-owner Rick blending together for a theatrical evening of drama, romance, and of course, beautiful music.

Revolver, Leeds Metropolitan

University's resident theatre company, have taken the unproduced play "Everyone Comes To Rick's" as a starting point, added liberal doses of the famous film and a touch of their own theatrical magic to create the stage version of 'Casablanca'. Quite how various scenes will be portrayed (such as the climax at the airport), you'll have to wait and see, but all the famous figures will be brought to life on stage before your eyes.

Rick will obviously be there, along with Ilsa, Victor Lazlo, Captain Renault, and of course, resident pianist Sam providing the tunes. Book yourself a place at one of the most sought after tables in the world next week, and sit back to enjoy a night of stars.

"In all the bars in all the theatres in all the world, it's happening here" says the programme, and you won't be able to see 'Casablanca' anywhere else in the country, so get your tickets now for a unique evening's entertainment. Performances each night start at 7.30pm, and tickets cost just £2.50 / £1.50.

Buy now or be disappointed. If you don't, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but some day soon, and for the rest of your life. As for us... we'll always have Paris...

...of a beautiful friendship

Classic Concerts

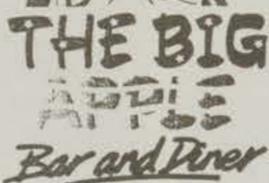
Just as at Christmas when you couldn't move without being bowled over by Handel's Messiah blasting away from every concert hall in the region, as Easter comes round you find the same effect occurring with Bach's St Matthew Passion.

Undoubtedly brilliant, beautiful, and extremely long, the St Matthew Passion, all three and a half hours of it, can be heard in full force in both Leeds and Bradford in the coming weeks. On Saturday 19th March, St George's Concert Hall plays host to the Bradford Festival Choral Society and the Northern Philharmonia who will be giving their formidable rendition under the guidance of conductor David Lloyd-Jones. Concert starts at 6.30pm due to its length.

Miss that one and there's another along in a week, as Leeds Town Hall combines the Northern Sinfonia with Leeds Festival Chorus on Saturday 26th. Tickets will be in short supply, so get yours quickly if you're intending to go.

Before that however, the Town Hall sees the traditional end of term concert from the City of Leeds College Of Music Symphony Orchestra on Saturday 19th at 7.30pm. On the programme are Borodin's Symphony No.2, a world premiere of Concerto for Piano & Orchestra by William Kinghorn, and the marvellous 'Night On Bare Mountain' by Mussorgsky, which should be familiar to all 'Fantasia' fans. Enjoy!

It's Mardi Gras Night...!



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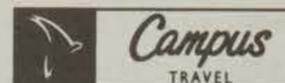
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sound of the suburbs

For all the talk it wouldn't be unreasonable to expect a morsel of something new within this fair city on the scene. With every second club walking out in this season's house screamers Leeds has become part of the national government scheme to keep those 'son of God' DJs in regular work.

When were you last startled by a club? Hold on to your leatherette elbow patches and now welcome to Soundclash where you will be astounded at the dearth of cross dressers, shocked that it doesn't have plans to go weekly and chuffed daft that it isn't playing 125bpm tote bag garage house with a central breakdown or pierced techno. Enough we have supped our fill.

Soundclash is a club with a social vendetta. But more importantly it's a club with music that could kill a dog at 600 yards. With a fearsome cacophony of bass to die too and world war three sirens produced by a home made Pandora's Box, Soundclash is the club in which to put down roots this year.

This Thursday Soundclash welcomes back the honourable Andrew Weatherall whose home turf Sabresonic is often likened to Soundclash. Since attending the opening of Soundclash last year. Our Andrew just can't get enough of those Music Factory degenerates, and called Soundclash his toppest thing to watch out for in '94. This time around he's joining us for just the price

of his petrol to Leeds, and there's no faulting that for brand loyalty.

With herds of DJs squabbling for names on the flyers of the next few outings there must be something going on here that you should know about. The next sessions team up resident Rootsman with one time visitor Adrian 'On-U' Sherwood and Alex Patterson. For a night out where the thought goes into the music and the door tax and not the outfits of the door staff Soundclash is yours. For a measly three pouns you can join the riot going on.

The next Soundclash is on Thursday 24th March with Andy Weatherall, Rootsman and Chris Madden in The Music Factory.

Hold onto your lycra Lee Hutchinson is coming to Leeds Metropolitan. He is the man emotionally prepared to launch Nightclub aerobics in Leeds. Is the only time you go for the burn when your three sheets to the wind? Now combine the two hobbies at LMU on March 24th when you should "Dress to dance or just to glance". For £2.50 a ticket it's cheaper than a night out to. Ignore the fact that Lee's aims are to increase student fitness and go along to bop till you drop in a 'nightclub atmosphere'. And whether you should get bladdered before you go or not is presumably entirely up to you.

Heaton's Trifles

With the exception of The Smiths, it was surely The Housemartins more than any other band who were responsible for affording both the harmonica and the cardigan a central place in pop music. Formed 9 years ago in Hull they wrote joyous pop assaults beneath which usually lurked a rather more serious 'message'; singer Paul Heaton being widely regarded for his socialist rhetoric and spartan living. Such traits were demonstrated admirably when he informed a bemused courtroom that, despite being a pop star with numerous top ten hits he couldn't afford his Poll Tax because (after paying his band a sobering £70 a week each) he deposited all profits into a trust fund.

Despite both critical and chart success the band split in 1989 with Paul Heaton and Dave Rotheray forming The Beautiful South. They promptly achieved acclaim with 'Song For Whoever', the first ever pencil case related



love ballad.

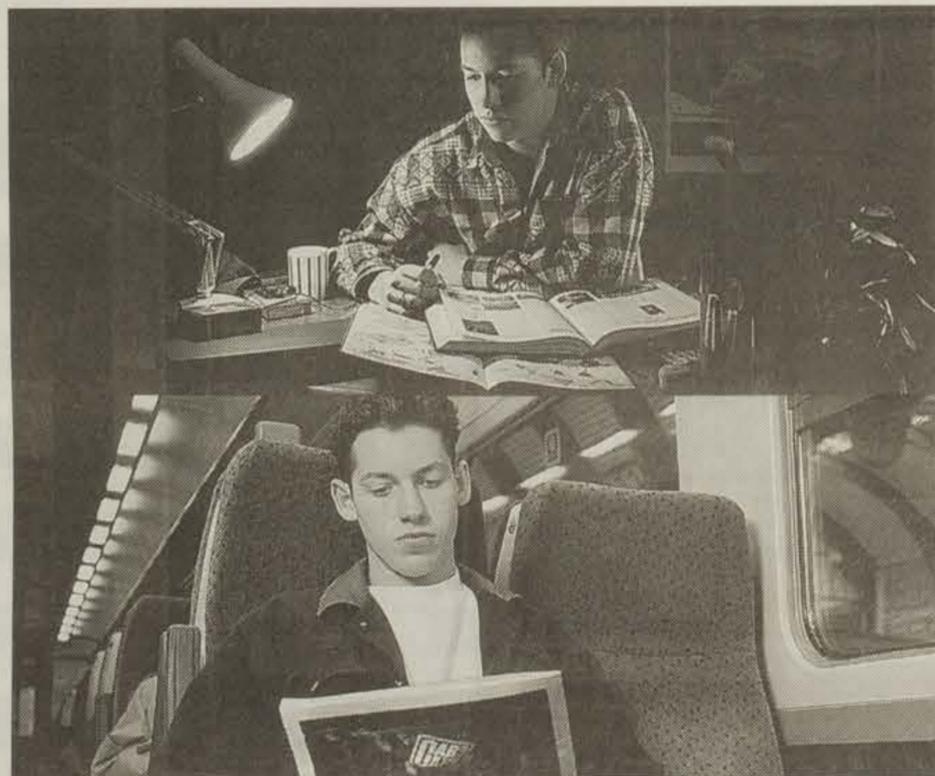
Since then the band's lyrical content has been defined by sardonic tales of blighted characters, be they OAP's, alcoholics or bored housewives (typical lyric: "When I'm 84/ I'll trip up kids/ and I'll drop my litter") while their music has remained perversely chirpy. Most remarkable, however, is their unique three way harmonies and particularly Paul Heaton's voice which prompted NME to label him

"the best soul singer in Britain"; and Q magazine to liken him to "the great Aaron Neville at his most melismatic".

Notoriously hardworking, little had been heard of the band since their sell out Wembley, shows in December 1992 until they returned last month with their fine hit "Good As Gold (Stupid As Mud)". New album "Miaow" (their fourth) attracted notoriety even before release when singer Briana Corrigan left claiming Heaton's lyrics were sadistic and misogynistic. This point was scarcely disputed by the chirpy singer who insisted "I really did set out to offend people. It's boring writing P.C lyrics all the time."

With replacement vocalist Jacqueline Abbot a snappy new set of songs, and a formidable back catalogue of top ten singles, they deserve your attention when they play at the Leeds T&C on April 5th.

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



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*TransPennine Express services.

REGIONAL RAILWAYS

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

FRIDAY

5.35 **Neighbours** Shakespeare's previously undiscovered works are played out for your enjoyment every evening by a group of cruelly undervalued classical actors with slightly suspect accents
 6.00 **Six O'Clock News** The long hand is pointing downwards
 6.30 **Look North** for the best sporting teams in Britain
 7.00 **Home Truths** But we hate Man Utd too
 7.30 **Tomorrow's World** They're not going to win everything are they?
 8.00 **A Song for Europe** No, they won't win THAT. Gone for a song...
 8.45 **The Unforgettable Show** So was the Titanic
 9.00 **Nine O'Clock News** It's a spectacular 90 degree turn!
 9.30 **Love Hurts** But hate kills, so all together now: "All you need is..."
 10.20 **A Song For Europe** "And Irish eyes are smiling again for sure; bad luck the Brits!"
 10.40 **Coma** Part Two of above
 12.30 **Joe Jackson: Laughter and Lust** and an allusive anecdote aiming at any alliteration

6.25 **The Man from UNCLE** uses Brute for men. Do you?
 7.15 **The Living Soap** was tortured by existential angst. Who am I? What am I? What is my role in the cosmos? These were the questions that continually troubled him. Then one day, in a blinding light of inspiration, he grasped the key of creation, and was about to proclaim it for all to see when he slipped out of someone's hand and vanished down the toilet.
 7.45 **What the Papers Say** would mean nothing to a Martian
 8.00 **Public Eye** Eponymous audience statistic
 8.30 **Gardeners' World**'s a stage, and all the flowers flowers
 9.00 **Red Dwarf** The Amazing Adventures Of Lenin Jnr
 9.30 **From A to B: Tales of Modern Motoring** From 2 to 3: Buttons on your remote control
 10.20 **Return to Bolton Abbey** The sequel to 'Bolton Abbey: The Original Blockbuster'
 10.30 **Newsnight** My God! It's full of stars!
 11.15 **Fantasy Football League** And Arsenal have scored!!!!
 11.45 **The Ren and Stimpy Show** Cartoon capers with the nation's best-loved comic duo
 12.15 **The Strangler** had an unfortunate upbringing

5.40 **Early Evening News** It's past afternoon - we're sure of that - but it's not quite yet evening. Over to our reporter in the field
 5.55 **Calendar** Saturday 1st January 1994, Sunday 2nd January...
 6.30 **Cryer's Crackers** Better than Robbie Coltrane's tears
 7.00 **Bruce Forsyth's Play Your Cards Right** Forsythe again masquerades as innocent 'entertainer' while transporting his own ideological baggage. I mean, have you ever seen Bruce Forsyth's Play Your Cards Right?
 7.30 **Coronation Street** If you need to spread propoganda to the largest possible audience, infiltrate television NOW!
 8.00 **The Bill** Chip the bottom right hand corner of the letter to get a compelling narrative of one woman's uplifting battle to get contraception on the NHS.
 8.30 **Time after Time** Who is this time traveller in the blue box made out of cardboard? Why it's...
 9.00 **Doctor Finlay** Doctor Who?
 10.00 **News at Ten** All together now: "Bong!"
 10.40 **Street Legal** Home illegal of course
 11.35 **Trial by Combat** John Combat's brilliant reworking of Kafka...

6.00 **Blossom** What a Keatsian word
 6.30 **Happy Days** And how they soon became our snappy ways
 7.00 **Channel 4 News** Right now we're situated in a precarious position, somewhere to the right of number 3 on your tv set
 7.50 **You Don't Know Me But...** You insist on calling me Archie
 8.00 **Faces of the Family** Interactive tv card game to throw away before Boxing Day
 8.30 **Brookside** 1, Jones' side 2
 9.00 **Nature Perfected** suggests belief in ideal forms, Now, Plato, in his...
 9.30 **Home Improvement** In LS6, a door
 10.00 **Roseanne** poignant that, like Blossom
 10.30 **The Jack Dee Show** or Sack Mee Nhow
 11.05 **The Word** and be like me, say The Word, and you'll be free
 12.10 **Other Halves** they think it's all over - but it's not yet...

SATURDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

CH 4

5.30 **Tom and Jerry Double Bill** and then - in a brilliant tactical switch - treble Ben
 5.45 **The New Adventures of Superman** One cultural icon of the twentieth century...
 6.30 **Noel's House Party** ...followed by another, which is all rather tragic in its way
 7.30 **Big Break** Formerly called Intermission
 8.00 **Do the Right Thing** "What, then, is a man that is moral?" asked Socrates. His precocious disciple turned and, pondering for a moment on the stream of philosophical waters, Terry Wogan replied: "And Irish eyes are smiling again for sure; bad luck the Brits!"
 8.45 **Birds of a Feather** Repeats of BBC comedies are of course necessary to sustaining the equanimity of the universe
 9.15 **That's Life!** And that's death! Ha ha ha!
 9.55 **News and Sport** News cannot exist on its own, as if in a vacuum; like Holmes versus Moriarty, it requires a nemesis, and that oppositional function is served by Sport
 10.15 **Match of the Day** Strike a light
 11.15 **Siege at Marion** Robin Hood proposes

5.25 **Late Again** So don't tune in for 50 minutes
 6.15 **Scrutiny** The difference between the belief that the Conservative Government is good for this country and the belief that the Conservative Government is screwing this country
 6.45 **News and Sport** Allowing of course for Sports news, which comes later, and NewSports, like snooker
 7.00 **Crufts 1994** "And Torvill and Dean make their latest comeback..."
 7.50 **The Giant Awakes** - Leeds RLFC - and promptly goes to sleep again
 8.40 **Unplugged** Bash Street Kids in parallel universe
 9.25 **Arena** How's your rena?
 10.15 **Between the Lines** of this text are imperialist hegemonic values betraying a discourse of cultural relativism unless of course the words came out by accident
 11.05 **Crimes and Passions** Fly-on-the-wall documentary set in Exec
 12.15 **Les Diaboliques** Rouge

5.10 **Baywatch** Free! when you buy our selected range of products, an authentic sun-kissed beach paradise illustration to glance at on your wrist whenever you need to know the time
 6.00 **You Bet!** We reap
 7.00 **Barrymore** Call this funny? Now I say watch Laurel and Hardy instead. 'Way Out West' is a classic: "In the blue ridged mountains of Virginia..." Come on, sing along...
 8.00 **Inspector Morse** "And how's your Morse today, madam?"
 10.00 **News** Okay, you asked for it, here it comes, pure and unadulterated. FIRST with the inside scoops. FIRST with the exclusive stories. FIRST to float as a disembodied head within a virtual reality newschamber. The headlines...
 10.15 **Robocop** Imagine doing it automatically
 1.15 **Tour of Duty** The Otley Run

5.05 **Brookside** melancholically, a sigh so deep that it stirred in me feelings of the most profound sympathy
 6.30 **Right to Reply** "Thatcherites of the world unite!"
 7.00 **A Week in Politics** is worth two in the bush. (Alone of course. Who said anything about Tory MPs?)
 8.00 **Kingdoms in Conflict** Censortroops defend Castle Rouse on the moral high ground from the evil forces of Baron Reuben and his mighty clan of Suns.
 9.00 **NYPD Blue** Not Your Perfectly Dream Blue admittedly, but what do you expect for £100
 10.00 **Don't Forget Your Toothbrush** God doesn't like un-white teeth
 11.05 **United States of Television** Brash, crass, lurid and totally over-commercialised, presumably
 11.45 **Late Licence** The Government is considering proposals to force anyone who is out of doors after 9pm to carry a 'late licence' which they must produce if required by a street-patroller

SUNDAY

BBC 1

BBC 2

ITV

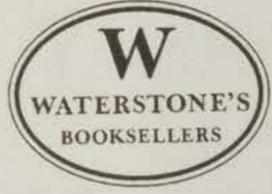
CH 4

5.25 **Antiques Roadshow** "Hellooo, and welcome to the OAP Graand Prix..."
 6.10 **News** news
 6.25 **Songs of Praise** They're singing songs of praise but not for Him!
 7.00 **Honey for Tea** we'll have to wait and see, k sirrah sirrah...
 7.30 **Pie in the Sky** the nation came to a standstill with people building bunkers in their back gardens after an Unidentified Flying Pie was sighted in the southern sky this evening, but it was just Orsen Welles's story about Desperate Dan's stomach taking a bad turn
 8.20 **Ain't Misbehavin'** Play Fats Waller CDs instead
 8.50 **News (R)** (R = Repeat)
 9.05 **Sunday Night Clive** "This is our Sunday night model of Clive, with slightly more hair than the one we turn on on a Tuesday morning"
 9.50 **Mastermind** On the slippery slope to talk of a Masterrace, and then...
 10.20 **Everyman** Everyperson if you have a PC ariel
 11.10 **The Moving Target** Dartsboard plays Lear

5.10 **Rugby Special** Rugby UnSpecial: it's Union
 6.10 **The Natural World** is male, white, able, heterosexual and middle-class. Dare you infringe on such sensibilities?
 7.00 **The Money Programme** "Just before kick-off this afternoon the team sheet: at number ten Charles Dickens returns after injury"
 7.40 **Baby Monthly** Where do they find the time?
 8.20 **Moving Pictures** Your Leeds Student pop-up edition
 9.10 **Bringing Up Baby** For those with bad digestion
 9.50 **The Searchers** are looking for people to make this meeting quorate
 11.45 **Pay or Die** or spin a coin

5.00 **Father Dowling Investigates** the miracle of condoms ascending to heaven
 5.50 **Calendar** My cali cali cali calendar girl
 6.20 **News** is extended to seven pages this week...
 6.30 **The Man Who Would Be King** Robin Johns
 8.30 **Anna Lee** Kung-Fu all-action adventure with Br - ah
 10.30 **News** ...so why are you still reading this?
 10.45 **Clint Eastwood: the Man from Malpas** Chris Westwood: the Man from Billingham
 11.55 **Urban Angel** Schwarzenegger is back! And this time he's serious in his big white shirt, huge flapping wings and ultrasonic halo
 12.50 **Quiz Night** Have you got something against Day?

5.15 **Serious Money** Not your electric-hand-buzzer squirt-water-in-your-eye-from-my-plastic-flower-while-I've-got-a-stupid-grin-on-my-face sort of banknote, I mean
 6.00 **Moviewatch** Who knows whether your film viewing is being spied on by the LUU Moral Guardian Squad
 6.30 **The Cosby Show** few prospects of being funny
 7.00 **Encounters** of the very kind
 8.00 **The Goldring Audit** Mary Goldring investigates the pop music industry. Honestly
 9.00 **The Last Tycoon** will own everything, we will own nothing, and that is how capitalism works
 11.20 **Kafka** awoke one morning to find himself transformed into a gigantic egghead
 12.20 **The Rite** thing to say would be goodbye, but why should it be good when I'm sitting here hammering out TV listings which no one will ever read except for you which says quite a lot about you too actually

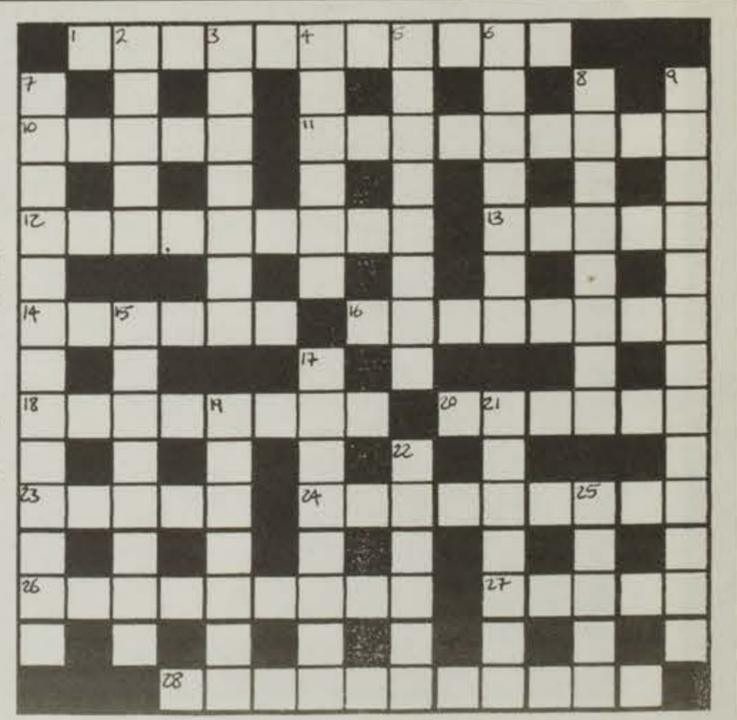


CROSSWORD

Across :-
 1. Start chatting to, and get right under the surface, perhaps! (5,3,3)
 10. Tend to shark. (5)
 11. Summary is a little charged, but has accuracy. (9)
 12. Ensembles likely to blow it? (4,5)
 13. Horn gets strange swelling. (5)
 14. Throw about a meal. (6)
 16. Unfriendly blister? (4,4)
 18. Little sound coming from nutty one? (8)
 20. Go spit over Peg. (6)
 23. Go under in Wales. (5)
 24. Men heat gold to produce temple for wise Greek goddess. (9)
 26. Where plain silly people come from? (9)
 27. Fashionable group featured by little map. (5)
 28. Perverted monarch is not applicable and

out of time. (11)
Down :-
 2. About to come undone - do it again! (5)
 3. Care about pen, but become bitter. (7)
 4. Characterising keyboard skill. (6)
 5. Coming out, like the sun, maybe. (8)
 6. A hundred had legs and arms, and so used them! (7)
 7. On reflection, you can't see why to wear dark glasses when skiing! (4-9)
 8. Do this for a ballad. (8)
 9. Am due interest, but sadly don't value highly enough. (13)
 15. Protesting hotly about being held aloft? (2,2,4)
 17. Fabled city met a different end in the ocean. (8)
 19. Troops staggered to find it level. (7)
 21. Boarding-house for OAPs? (7)

22. Star came up after the punch. (6)
 25. Relaxes, but gets tense and winds up! (5)
Last Week's Answers :-
Across :-
 5. Celery 8. Gridiron 9. Elusive 10. Items
 11. Sticky end 13. Green tea 14. Throne
 17. Mix 19. Psi 20. Cloven 23. Arrogant
 26. Penny Lane 28. Maple 29. Solving 30. Dog's meat 31. Snored
Down :-
 1. Ogling 2. Riveted 3. First name 4. Morose 5. Cold cuts 6. Lusty 7. Revenant
 12. Tab 15. Hit or miss 16. Blue moon 18. Inclined 21. Dan 22. Dappled 24. Red hot 25. Treaty 27. Never
 Last week's winner :-



The first correct answer drawn from the hat will win a £5 Waterstones book voucher. Send your answers to Crossword Competition, Leeds Student Newspaper, Leeds University Union, P.O Box 157, Leeds LS1 1UH. Answers must arrive by Wednesday the 23rd of March.
 For full answers to all your questions check out the biggest and best bookshop in the North.

Waterstone's Booksellers 93-97 Albion Street (Just off the Headrow) 0532 - 444588

Previewed by David Smith

Classifieds

Classifieds cost 10p per word and must be submitted to either our LMUSU or Leeds University Union office by 5.00 the Wednesday preceding publication.

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6pm.

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Cabinet for sale as new condition £80 0484513846

Personals

Pissed off? Do something constructive

Nat, you're just pucker, babe!

Quizgo, Quizgo, ra ra ra.

Young Labour Packhorse 8pm Wed 23rd March

Hi Rosa

Sasha - haven't you had your hair cut like Steve George?

Adriene - Hurrah fur Deutschland.

Weekend/Vacation work

Selling toys as a certified pedlar in pedestrianised town centres. Locations to suit you throughout the UK. £25 per day plus commission. Full training given. Telephone Phil weekdays 343035 for an application form or write to RP supplies, 48 Cliff Mount, Woodhouse, Leeds LS6.

To Daniel, next time you do an enormous crap take your trousers off first.

Roz, Diana, Simon - Happy Birthday, love Sam.

Sam, it's been a pleasure sharing Thunderbird, Lennon/McCartney and pavement pizzas. See ya!

Bodey's gotta lotta bottle.

Jesus Christ Hattie and Ness, you were bloody Superstars!

Pissed off? Do something constructive.

Young Labour, Packhorse 8pm Wed 23rd March

11 Mayville Place - I'll miss you

Sam. You've chundered pretty much everywhere in this country. It's about time you hit the continent. Cheers. The Hartley Ave posse.

Claire, when you shake your calves, socks fly off!

To the unhappy girl who was sitting on a bench under the arches near the University Union on Valentine's Day: I just want you to know that you're the most beautiful person and I think about you all the time. All I hope is that one day I'll see you again and have the guts to say something. From the boy who asked if you were alright.

Clarinet for sale, as new condition £80. 0484 513846

Shoot yer load in the Riley Smith Hall. Week 10. Monday to Friday at 7.30pm.

Well hello there Trixabel! Fancy a leg wax?

Given any Joe Bloggs lately Rach?

Paula from Essex, studying at the University, who was at Up Yer Ronson on Friday 11th March. Please get in contact with Alex at Coverdale 1, Sugarwell Court, Meanwood Road, Leeds.

Happy 21st Birthday Tricky-Dickie. Love from his Dev Lovers.

Mrs Tricks - my place or yours? - Mr.

Ricardo - Happy 21st Birthday - you're

still incorrigible etc.

Poo-face - my little lover - from the pink pig/dog/rabbit type rugby ball.

Annie get your gun. Riley Smith next week. Do a casteron. Nothing better. Thanks. Pen.

Shoot yer load in the Riley Smith Hall week 10 Monday to Friday at 7.30p.m.

Light Opera's production of Irving Berlin's "Annie Get Your Gun" is playing and promises to be a show full of banging, bare-chested men and frilly frocked tarts.

Blokes with big weapons in the Riley Smith, week 10 Monday to Friday at 7.30 p.m.

Who's got the stuff that made the Wild West wild?

Buffalo Bill - where did he get that name from? Woof! Woof!

"Annie get your gun" - The wildest show in the West.

Who pleases every woman, man and child? Light Opera's Production of "Annie get your gun", week 10, Monday to Friday starting at 7.30 p.m.

Loose and Ursh, goodbye and good luck in Italy, love Rupert

Come and be scalped in the Riley Smith Hall - week 10 Monday to Friday 7.30 p.m.

Do in' what comes natur'lly.

There's no business like show business.

You I thought I knew you, you I cannot judge.

Jen - There's a cat in my alley way, dreaming of birds that are blue. Sometimes girl when I'm lonely, this is how I think about you.

Fall on me.

A big hi to everyone who helped me make it through this term. You know who you are, and you know what you did, and if you've a shrink-wrapped, versatile, ubiquitous, be-stubbed romantic Northern Exposure obsessed depressive in your life, you'll know who this is from.

re: ASS face comment

further reading

Portrait of a lady by Beryl Cook

Steve: The people of Ingleton thank you (belatedly) for removing two damp hippies from their village.

The two damp hippies were pretty impressed too.

And we promise we won't do it again.

Where's the vodka Matt?

Wine Society: Penfolds tasting. Thursday 24th March. Tickets on sale next week.

Back on a winning line Jon - and again and again....

Val, Beck, Gareth, Debbie, Graham, Virg, Rob, Julian, Alicia, Simon, Steph... you're all a bunch of stars! Luv Shaun xxx

Wycombe won't beat Doncaster with Chris playing, Sam!!

Dracula, starring Keanu Reeves and Winona Rider. Tonight 7pm RBLT.

Vicki, shouldn't you be doing some work?

Very nice: an evening of sweet and cream dance tunes. Saturday 19th March, LMUSU Beckett's Bar. Tag beer £1 a bottle.

Fletch, did you really piss in my trousers

Learn to juggle! LUU Jugglesoc, Riley Smith, Wednesday 12-2pm, free!

Deputy Dawg - Bert n Ernie seem to have been keeping a low profile recently. D'ya think that gorgeous little puppy has been sharpening his teeth on them? Let's hope so, from moi.

Bargy reunion this Sunday - baggy not doing the washing up!

I know you don't believe me, but you really are the light of my life. Honest.

Justin Myers we all really fancy you - it must be those track suit bottoms. PS I'm very very beautiful! Well my left elbow is!

Arts writers, it's been a pleasure and a privilege to sub your stuff this year. The standard of the writing has never - in my four years been so good...Special thanks this week to Martin for his forbearance in the face of stupidity on my part. Next time it'll be a stella...Hannah and Eleanor, hope you enjoy the thing as much as I have. BEAT those apples into submission. And have a fine year. Yours Emma.

Hello to the best house 13 to 34, welsh wizard, Brummies are best, Italians are it, cricket lovers, shrewd from Stoke, Cheshire cat, smart scousers. Paper mates, Boss 1, Boss 2 (in my dreams), Boss to be, Hot Cross, Gazza, RON, the big N and Rosa's news babies. Sam, Phil, Ben, Mary L etc. Thanks. I'm just glad no one reads it.

To all the news writers. Love you all, especially The Hack. Any spelling queries over the holiday? - get in touch. Give me you essays to proof read, but don't expect them back till 1998 - we must be thorough. Fletch - forget about Wembley for another century. David

To the Joy Boys, faithful Jim and Mr Sheffield away day, K, S, J, R at 42. Chris - hope your not washed out mate. Richie great mate, mate and Cuz J. Grim, Lary, RON, PC Gaz, Woolly and Misprints. How's it goin'?

Zany Janey Super Brainy from Cheyney. Always knew you could do it! Well done. Love Pickle xxx.

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July work experience all the way

To all my "news babies" - may your headlines be snappy, and your quotes accurate. The news team have been dazzling. Name check: Sam R, Paul G, Simon G, Sam M, Phil, Gemma + Alison (thanks for the lack of blackmail!), Howard, Al, Darren, Pat, Mark L, Lucie S, Toby, Nick C/R, Amelia, Nick V, Bridget, Isabelle, and the seething hoards I've forgotten, not to forget all you funky photo people, esp. Harriet and Ed the Ed. Now my super tasty sub babies: Nicola, you'll get there kid, Martyn and John my original partners in grime, Sam G the only other one with any morals around here, RON the man, Gareth for revelations and avoiding interesting questions, Tim tra la la, Matt the big Chief, for being a nice honourary woman (soz), and Helena, Burt and Ernie are doing fine thanks, just busy hatching a plan to torture (cut the ear off) that mutt down the road. And, who have I forgotten? Um, that smelly guy who used to pop in the office once in a while. I forgive you for all your crimes and misdemeanors, if you forgive me for being a stropky old cow. We've sobbed, smoked and fought our way through this term, and now it's drawing to a close. Boo hoo.

Well thanks to everybody who has helped out for the last two terms. I'd like to mention you all but it's impossible. Firstly those who have kept me sane. At LMUSU; Bill for the constant advice and roll ups - Coffee Bar Linda (Wembley here we come?) and Print Shop Linda. At LUU; most importantly the Porters - Tony for the cartoons, Dennis for giving up smoking and Jack who began the year laughing at my devotion to Leeds (Wembley here we come!) and Eric - when will I actually see you doing some work? and of course everyone in Finance and Secretariat. The old guard - Alison, Robin and Dames. The printers - espically Neil, Mick and Glynn, Andy for driving me mad and Julie for keeping me sane. Now for the most important bit. Thanks to Sam for rarely telling me to piss off when my immediate reaction was to reach for the phone and John Mc-It seems a long time since we were printing out the ideas last summer. I can't thank either of you enough. Those who bought a well needed dose of 'culture' to this

tabloid rag Liz and Emma, the gruesome twosome Alex and Johnny-what will I do on Monday nights without you, Mark Funnell-the only arts writer who risked letting me near his pages, Stuart Davies, you red scum, and of course Steve and Juliette for hours of devotion to the Guide. Rupert-the most unpopular man on campus-Hamer, Ed Crispin for enlarging and developing in the dark (phnarr), Roger for typing in endless sport's reports and Helen Sage for sextatures. The various members of the news team - who by some miracle have filled five pages of news every week. John and Martyn-what happened lads? Gareth 'hang them up' Hughes, David 'the only man who still cares about correct English at 7am on Thursday morning' Smith, Matt 'give us a headline' Roper, Helen-how do I make you mad? and Tim 'my fellow boy reporter according to some'. And finally Rosa-cheers Darlin' without you it certainly wouldn't have been possible thanks for putting up with me and pulling it all together. Well five weeks of pure bliss, bed on a Wednesday night and a life of my own. I'm off to kill a few of the legal profession, watch Leeds thrash St Helens, get pissed in Backpool and the Peak District and fall even further into the tabloid gutter in London and Manchester. I'll see you all next term! Are you alright mate/darlin.

Yes we are alright mate! As the Sun rises over Morrisons Cogito ponders are we alright? Who are we as mere mortals to consider such ephemeral transient thoughts. Gotcha mate it's us, Gis us a headline, have you seen my ciggies, chuck us that lighter mate, chuck us that lighter mate, FOR FUCK'S SAKE CHUCK US THAT LIGHTER...sorry mate. Mate? Talk to me mate. Have I pissed you off mate? Who's going on a Macd's run then mates? Fletch superb, excellent mate, you're a star! Thanks a lot, Cheers mate Ring me on my mobile. We (I) can flog this one Hello is Damien/ Robin/ Alison/ Kelvin there please? Whitney Houston? Pump this one up mate. Thanks for everyone who's helped out this week, Fletch you know who you are. A big fuck off to Les. It'll get better I promise.

Are you alright darlin/mate?

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STUDE

STEVE LIZ JIM DAWN 'HUNGRY' HAL

DUE TO THE RECENT SAD DEPARTURE OF TWO OF OUR FAVOURITE ANTIPODEAN SOAP STARS, BOBBY & JIM, THERE WILL NOT BE A 'STUDE' FEATURE THIS WEEK - INSTEAD, A PERSONAL SELECTION OF SOME OF THEIR FINEST MOMENTS. SNIFF!



Leeds Student always needs new writers. If you're interested in helping produce the biggest and best weekly student paper, come along next term. Drop into the Uni or LMU office, or call 434727

Varied results for LMU swimmers

At the weekend the B.U.S.F. Long Course Swimming and Diving Championships were held at Leeds International Pool. With the team having put in 'loads' of training, they were raring to go.

The LMU put out a good team who swam with varied results. On Saturday, Sarah Fisher made the final of the 200m F/S and came a good 6th. On the Sunday, Sarah also made the final heat of the 400m F/S, coming 5th. Claire Orman also made the final heat and swam well having only 2 races before he swam the 200m Butterfly in which she came 4th.

Although tiring, the weekend went well and it was a good team performance.

Thanks to Lean for all the coaching over the last year.



The swimming team

Bronte old boys snatch it

On a windswept afternoon, Bronte Old Boys took away the prestigious title of Leeds Metropolitan University Inter-Mural League Championships. The 'Boys' were pitted against the much fancied Mike's Carpets.

In a fiercely competitive first half, chances were few and far between, with the Old Boys defence of Jones and Davies holding strong. Ten minutes before half-time, Bronte managed to break the deadlock, with a sweeping move down the right by Knight centring for the ever-alert Rowsell after good work from Wilson in the box.

The second half was again slow to get going but was set alight in the final twenty minutes which started with a controversial penalty awarded

to the carpets after Robinson, the keeper had allegedly pushed the Carpet's centre forward. The penalty was duely converted and five minutes later after a mix-up in the Bronte defence the carpets took a seemingly unbeatable lead.

The last five minutes were very frantic with Rowsell bagging the equaliser and in the very last minute Jones, who had been brought up from the back, burst through the Carpet's defence and secured a famous victory for the Bronte Old Boys.

Final Score: Bronte Old Boys 3-2 Mike's Carpets.

Bronte side from: Robinson, Cameron, Davies, Jones, Brown (Broome), Barnard, Finny, Knight, Hartley, Wilson, Rowsell.

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Network

Friday

9.00am Claire Morrissey
11.00am Bongo Expresso
1.00pm Richard Bond
3.00pm Controversy: Rob & Mel
4.30pm The Review Programme
5.00pm Extended News
5.10pm How's the Tour Going?
5.30pm Live News: The Week In Review
6.00pm Richard Joran
8.00pm File Under Rock Mark Walton
10.00pm Chris Gregg's Phone In
11.30pm Network Overnight

Saturday

9.00am 80s Flashback: Greg Edwards

11.00am Elliot Reuben

1.00pm Tony & Rob's Show
3.00pm Froggat & Perry
5.00pm Network Sports
5.30pm Network Partymix: Matt & Nicola
7.00pm Julian Humphries: Soul
8.30pm Mike Proctor: House/Garage
10.00pm Dominic Walsh & Louis Louseau
11.30pm Network Overnight

Sunday

2.00pm Music by Jules
3.00pm Sunday on Sunday -Live from London
4.00pm The Long Lie in: Edwin & Co.
6.00pm Reel to Real with Mark

Walton

7.00pm Around the World In 60 Minutes
8.00pm Angels in the Architecture
9.00pm Network Rundown
11.00pm CG's Peugeot Link-Up
1.30am Network Overnight

Monday

9.00am Adam Foreman
11.00am Nick Olus
1.00am Tony Austoni
3.00pm Levell & Metcalfe
4.30pm New Releases
6.00pm USA college tracks
8.00pm Indie - Neil Wareham

10.00pm Chris Gregg's Phone-In
11.30pm Network Overnight

Tuesday

9.00am Mike Kohn & Raff Blume
11.00am Tony Surdhar
1.00pm Daniel Musikant
3.00pm Paul Rayner
4.30pm The Review Programme
5.00pm Extended News
5.10pm How's the Tour Going?
5.30pm Live News: Discussion Slot
6.00pm Unusual eighties
8.00pm Ambient/Acid Jazz: Mark & Dan
10.00pm Chris Gregg's Phone In
11.30pm Network Overnight

Wednesday

9.00am Mark Wagman anagram: Wankmag Man
11.00am Russel Chamberlain
1.00pm Carter & Edwards
3.00pm Paul Smith
4.30pm The Review Programme
5.00pm Extended News
5.10pm Live News: Network International
6.00pm 'Circus Circus' with Helen, Ben and Andy
8.00pm Obscure Indie: Adam Warne
10.00pm Chris Gregg's Phone Bill
11.30pm Network Overnight

Thursday

9.00am Slinky Rhumba with Hannah Lawrence
11.00am Mark Wagman
1.00pm Sara
3.00pm Gavin McBride
4.30pm The Review Programme
5.00pm Extended News
5.30pm Live News: Women's Slot
6.00pm 'Genome Night' with Andy and Fred
8.00pm The Jim Crow Show: Jazz
10.00pm Chris Gregg's Phone In
11.30pm Network Overnight

Listings

Water shame we lost

Leeds University water polo team journeyed down to Bristol for the UAU quarterfinals, to face Oxford, Bristol and Swansea Universities.

The first game (Oxford vs Swansea) saw a massive win by Oxford (7-3). Leeds then came up against Bristol whose team contained national swimmers and players.

The games were all played over over 2 halves instead of the usual 4 quaters. During the 1st half 2 quick goals put Leeds ahead 2-0. Bristol caught Leeds on the

break and the score was 2-1.

The second half was frustrating as Bristol caught Leeds for a 3-3 draw. Leeds scored one goal which was disallowed due to a questionable offside decision.

Leeds' next match was against Oxford and a frustrating but entertaining game ensued with Leeds taking a 3-2 lead in the first half. Oxford came out for the second half tactically changed and took the game 7-5.

Next match was to be Leeds' nightmare as a win by Oxford over Bristol would provide

Leeds a chance to go through to the semi-final (with a large win over Swansea).

Against all odds Bristol overcame and outplayed Oxford for a 7-4 win. This destroyed Leeds' chance to go through even though Leeds would eventually beat Swansea 14-3. The Leeds team showed potential for future UAU championships if they can develop open pool play and a more disciplined, tactical outlook to the game. The squad was Ian, Ralf, Jesus, Mat, Glynn, Tony, Andy, John, Sven, Carlo and David.



LUU water polo team

Les Frogs legs 'UAU'reaka

The advent of March and the imminent descent of springtime, heralded the arrival of the Eighth International Paris relays.

With the cross-country season nearly over a select few runners from Doss AC once again packed their toothbrushes and spikes and set out for foreign parts in search of glory. Leaving behind the gloomy, overcast weather of Leeds in favour of a much more pleasant, calm and sunny climate.

The race was a well organised event, except for a few problems with results and presentation due to errors in timing.

Each team consisted of 6 runners, 4 male, 2 female with the women running the first and fourth legs. The course,

which wound its way around a pleasant local park, comprised a run of 5km for the men and 3 km for the women. The start fielded 70 teams ready for the gun and there was much bustling and jostling when finally the race began. Following a very impressive Austrian lead, with their starting runner not only completing the course in the fastest female time but also putting the 'usi-wein' team in a commanding position which was not to be taken away from them, the Leeds team set out not to be disgraced.

Indeed they weren't Pete Steele took the fastest overall men's time with a new course record of 13.46 minutes although due to the problems with timing, this was not found out until everything had

been sorted out the following morning. Jenny Hunter and Mitch Birdsall both had good runs, both finishing in the top 25. Duncan Welberry finished in 16.14 minutes, and Chris Maxwell doing well, despite having not quite recovered from the previous days journey, with a time of 17.13 mins.

The 'A' team finished in satisfying ninth place although they missed out on a couple of places by a tantalising few seconds, an overall time of 1hr 27 mins 36 secs. The 'B' team did well to maintain 37th place with good runs by Paddy Hough (18.53) Ralph de Mosquito (20.21), Tony Bemett (20.48) with long-jumper Tom Hallett bringing up the rear as the final Leeds runner in 22.37.

Last Wednesday Leeds Uni. 1st XV took the field to face a highly fancied Nottingham side with both sides desperate for a place in the final.

With the wind behind them Leeds soon set the stall for the rest of the match by scoring two glorious early tries.

The first created by a telling and incisive break up the middle by centre Toby Sargent, who then linked with the rest of the backs. Some slick handling released Matt Coley to streak in at the corner. Leeds maintained the pressure in the Nottingham 22 and from the unassuming scrum Sargent once again broke clear to put Andy Cox in the near posts.

Dan Sparks stroked the ball between the uprights to give Leeds a 12-0 lead to the delight

of the 'large and 'strong' home support.

Leeds sitting complacently on their lead handled Nottingham on opportunist try through some acrobatic yet highly ineffective defence. Nottingham converted to make the half time score Leeds 12 Nottingham 7.

Inspiring words from skipper Sparks and vice-captain Vyron steered Leeds for the final 40 minutes as they turned to face the howling gale.

With the half time words ringing in their ears Leeds forwards, with Vyron the outstanding pack leader at the fore, stamped their authority on the game, allowing Sparks to relieve the pressure frequently.

Nottingham launched attack after attack on the Leeds line only to be thwarted by large and

strong defence from every Leeds man.

Dominance was restored through Davies and Wilde, excellent in line-outs. Leeds used this possession well and the icing on the cake was added in the last five minutes. The pack gained vital yards providing a solid platform from which to launch Sargent once more. A quick ball from the resulting ruck allowed Jeremy Rowe to cross for the final try. Sparks again converted. To give Leeds a 19-7 win.

This superb all round performance sends Leeds to Plymouth to contest the UAU Plate final on Wednesday.

The Squad: Smith, Hanson, Green, Wilde, Davies, Vyvan, Ramus, Gay, Rowe, Sparks, Henderson, Sargent, Cox, Miller, Coley

THE ARMCHAIR

Saturday 19th March BBC1 12.15pm Grandstand 7.30pm Big Break 10.15pm Match of the Day C4 8am Transworld Sport 10am Pro-Celebrity 11am Gazzetta Football Italia 2.15pm C4 Racing Sunday 20th BBC2 5.10pm Rugby Special C4 1.45pm Football Italia Monday 21st BBC1 8pm A Question of Sport ITV 12.05am Nigel Mansell's IndyCar '94 Tuesday 22nd BBC1 8pm Torvill and Dean Facing The Music BBC2 5.30pm World Figure Skating Championships C4 12.05am Football Italia Mezzanotte Wednesday 23rd BBC1 10.20pm Sportsnight BBC2 5pm World Figure Skating Championships Thursday 24th BBC2 6.30pm World Figure Skating Championships

THE TERRACES

Friday 18th March: Bradford Northern vs Salford 7.30pm (a). Saturday 19th: Leeds Utd vs Coventry (a). Bradford City vs Cambridge (a). Huddersfield Town vs Fulham (a). Sunday 20th: Wakefield Trinity vs Oldham (a).



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SPORT STUDENT

Tae-kwan-do success for LUU

Leeds University sent a team of over 40 to compete in the National championships at Worcester last Sunday. They returned with an impressive haul of 3 gold, 2 silver and 7 bronze medals, many were participating in their first competition, and it was particularly encouraging to see a higher entry of girls than usual. In the Ladies' heavyweight white/yellow belt sparring, Gillian Croston and Emma Davies battled it out in an all Leeds semi-final before Gillian went on to win gold.

A similar situation prevailed in the Men's middleweight Green belt sparring with Ben Chalwin and Ohene Blake having to fight each other in the semi-final. Despite taking an early lead Ben was defeated by two well timed

head kicks, Ohene went on to take gold.

Julian Lorea also won bronze in that category, giving Leeds three out of a maximum 4 medals in that division. In the Men's Blue belt sparring, bronze medals were won by Lee Evans (lightweight), Jim Lam (middleweight) and Paul Landreth-Smith (heavyweight). In the ladies' blue-belt sparring, Sarah Wordsell was crowned champion in the middleweight division. Chris Home fought exceptionally well in his first competition to win a silver medal in the mens lightweight white/yellow belt category. Finally, in the Men's Middleweight red belt sparring, Tim Jones picked up a bronze medal, while Mark Tranter won the silver completing a very successful day for the team.



LUU kick bottom.

Leeds bounce on

Leeds saw off all opposition to ensure victory in the Trampoline section of the Christie Cup, held on Saturday in Liverpool. Leeds beat the home team and Manchester due to outstanding performances from Ewan Laws, Janet Hopkins and Dawn Crosby.

Leeds showed superiority on both levels of the competition, elementary and advanced. Ewan Laws came second in the Advanced competition, behind a

very strong contender from Liverpool, and Janet Hopkins narrowly missed out on 3rd place with a well executed routine. It was in the elementary competition where Leeds showed their strength, winning the first 3 places, Samantha Bapty, Severine Convert and Lisa Flanagan were placed respectively, Samantha winning an easter egg for her efforts. Despite the 7.00am start, Leeds had an impressive attendance, with the biggest team there.

Thank you to all who have contributed reports and articles, and helped on the sports pages. See you next term.

League victory for LUU

Leeds duly won the Yorkshire League Division 8 by securing the draw they needed against second placed Rotherham. Leeds had a clear cut chance in the first half when Matt Robinson had his initial shot saved only to see his follow up illegally stopped on the goal line. Instead of a penalty flick a short corner was given. After this neither keeper was troubled with the

ball seldom entering either 'D' Leeds were cheered vociferally from the side lines and the welcome final whistle brought jubilant celebrations from the Leeds players themselves.

The team which had come together at the beginning of the season clicked together very well. It had both the best defence and forward lines in the league, Aye being the league's top scorer. The team

played fine attacking hockey exemplified best by the 10-1 demolition of Bardsley.

The teams pursuit of a league and cup double resumes on May 14th when Leeds play in the League Cup final.

The Squad: Ashmore, Forcreau, Dyer, Rich, Bake, Seals, Nisbett, Anderson, Aye, Harris, Paul, Shaw, Bell, Kenton, Robinson.

Leeds rowers go close

Strong winds buffeted over a hundred crews last weekend in the Yorkshire Head of the River, yet Leeds University Boat Club remained undeterred.

Amidst challenging water conditions the men's experienced novice eight (stroke T. Creutburg; J.O'Connell; B. Bruton; C. Proud; N. Cenn; R. Cunningham; J. Newman; S. Pruveneers, showed commendable oaranship. Cox,

Riley steered a tight line along the river's winding 5000metre course, assisting the crew in a strong finish more than 20 seconds in front of their rivals Oundle

The mens' first eight rowed a scratch crew to take second place in a time of 16 minutes. In their first race the freshmans' eight revealed promising integrity taking three and a half lengths off

a leading crew before falling victim to a broken seat.

Leeds senior open coxless four (stroke R. Scott, R. Stoney, R. Dooley, A. Bowden) gave a polished performance two weeks earlier on the River Trent Nottingham. One of the few crews able to race in the gale force winds, they narrowly missed winning one of the most competitive events of the day.



THE FINAL WHISTLE

For ages there's been debate as to which sport has the best claim to the title of the true 'football'. Is it Rugby or is it Football?

Lets look at the two arguments. First there's Association Football. This, in various forms, has been around for about 500 years. We all know the rules and if some one says to you "look there's a game of Football" it is probably this you think of.

Rugby Football, in both its forms, is a fairly late addition to the sporting scene. It was not invented until William Webb Ellis got tired of kicking the ball around and had the novel idea of picking it up and running with it. It gained its name to the simple fact that Ellis went to school in Rugby.

Rugby enthusiasts virulently claim that Association Football is soccer. Their opponents will claim that this is an American word. However they are wrong the word soccer is a British invention made to differentiate between the two species of football, coming from the 'soc' in Association (obvious really).

Historically speaking it would seem that soccer has the greatest claim to the use of the word Football. However now there are so many types of football; (American; Gaelic; Australian Rules) it doesn't seem that Association Football will ever be able to claim the title as its own.

Personally I'm not really bothered as far as I'm concerned Football will always be Football and Rugby, Rugby. If I want to know what sport someone is playing I'll just look at the shape of their balls.

R. Domeneghetti